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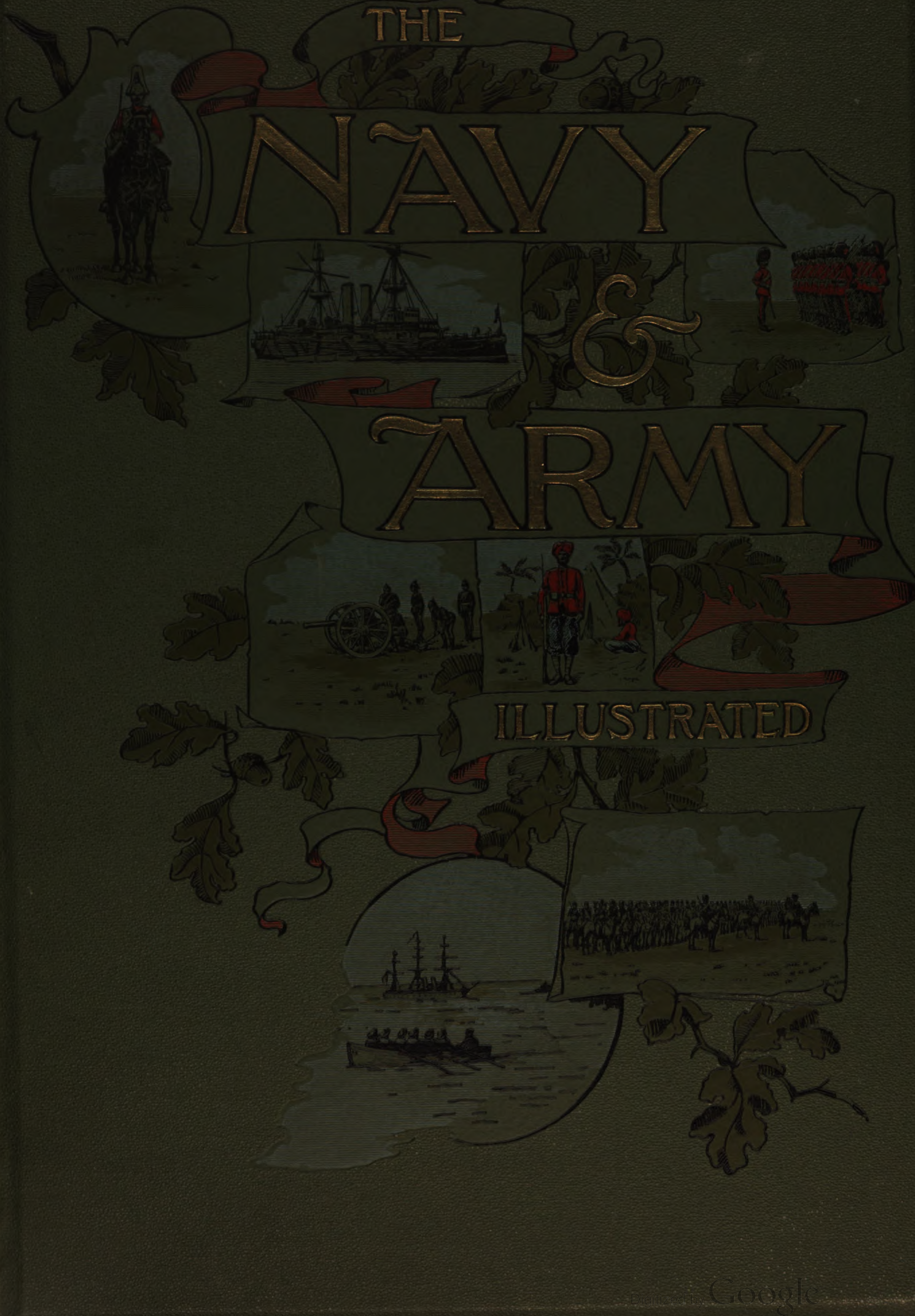

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 60.] SATURDAY, MARCH 26th, 1898.

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THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CHANNEL SQUADRON, AND STAFF.

IN the accompanying illustration we reproduce an excellent photograph of Vice-Admiral Sir H. F. Stephenson, K.C.B., now in command of the Channel Squadron, and his staff. The group is taken on the quarter-deck of the "Majestic," and the officer in the centre with the telescope under his arm is the vice-admiral. On his left is his flag-captain, H.S.H. Prince Louis of Battenberg, on his right his secretary, Staff-Paymaster Gillies, while the fourth figure in the group is his flag-lieutenant, Lieutenant Everett. The vice-admiral has a record of service that would be hard to beat. He served in the Russian War both in the Baltic and Crimea; through the second China War; was with Peel's brigade in the Indian Mutiny; commanded a gun-boat on the Canadian Lakes during the Fenian disturbances in 1866; was captain of the "Discovery" in the Arctic Expedition of 1875-76; and finally served in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. He obtained his promotion to lieutenant for his services in the Indian Mutiny, was promoted to captain from the Royal Yacht, holds the Order of the Osmanieh 3rd class, and is a Grand Cross of the Danish Order of the Danneborg. He is one of the very youngest of our vice-admirals, being not yet fifty-six years of age. His flag-captain has also seen active service in Egypt, but is better known as one of the most scientific officers in the Navy. He is the inventor of a "course indicator" which has been adopted for use in the Navy, of an instrument for calculating the speed of ships, and—in conjunction with Captain Percy Scott—of a cone signalling apparatus, which, tested under various weather conditions, has given very satisfactory results.

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WITH THE CHANNEL SQUADRON.

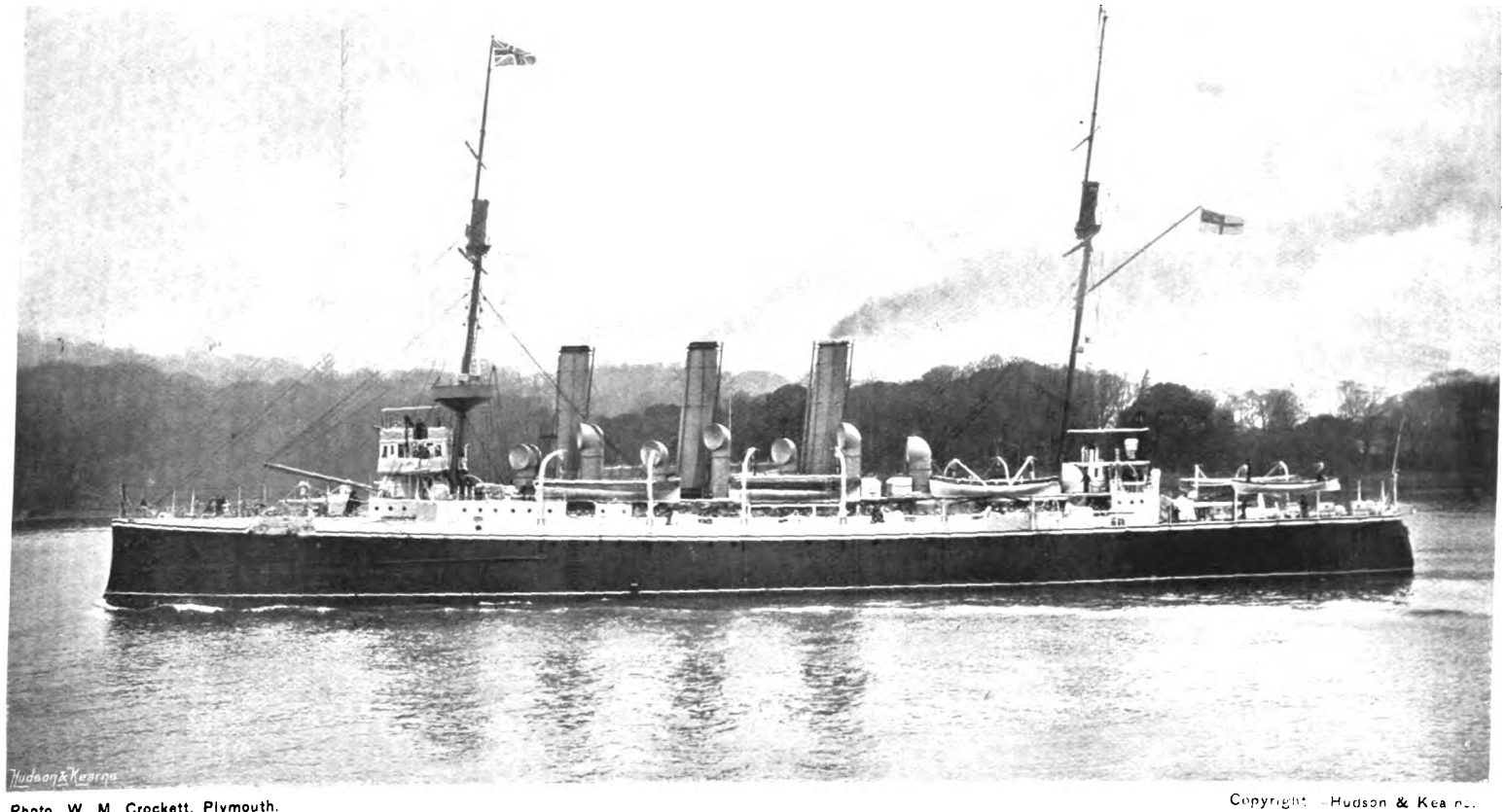
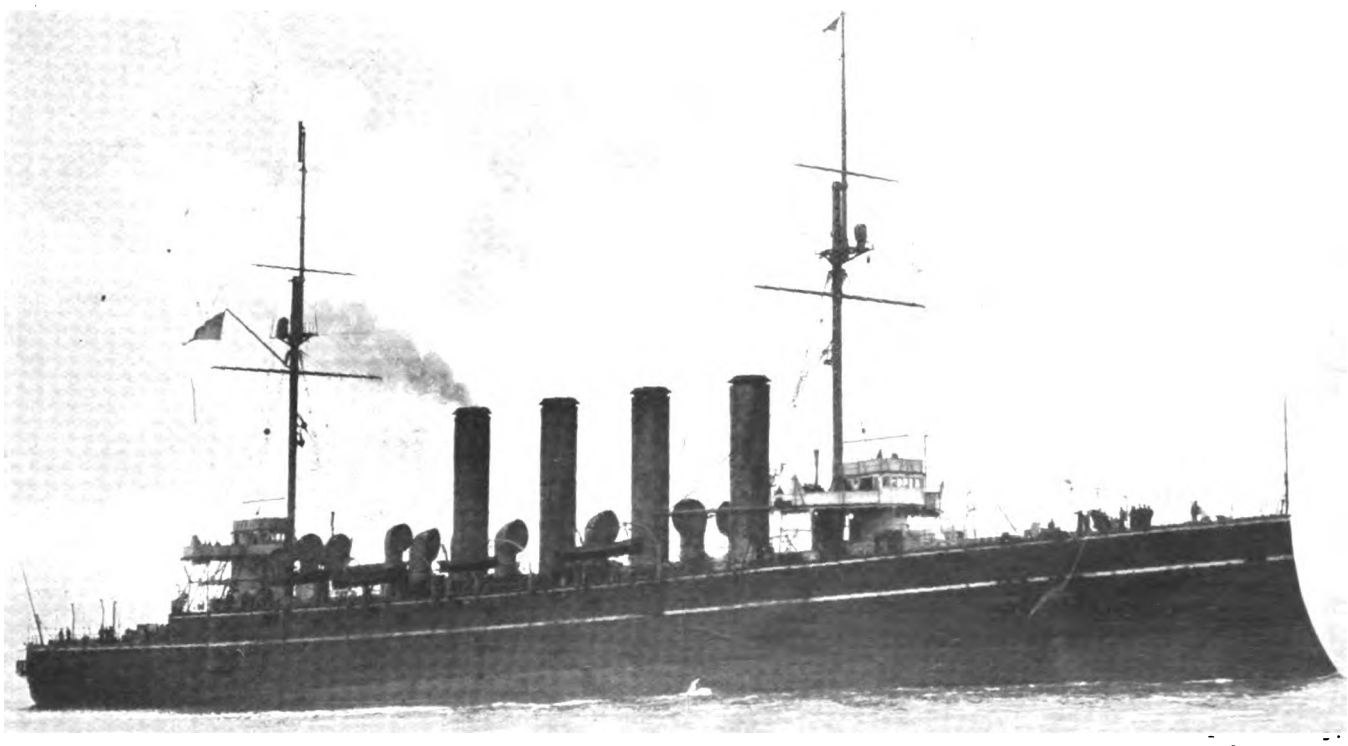


Photo. W. M. Crockett, Plymouth. Copyright Hudson & Kearns.

THE NEW CRUISER "ARROGANT."

THE Channel Squadron, which is now on its winter cruise in the Atlantic, is as typical of a thoroughly modern war fleet as any collection of ships that could be put afloat. It comprises eight first-class battle-ships, two cruisers of the first-class, two of the second-class, one of the third-class, and one torpedo gun-boat. All of these ships are of the most modern type, with perhaps the exception of the two first-class cruisers, the "Blake" and "Blenheim," which, though by no means out of date, are the prototypes of the many large first-class cruisers which we have of late added to the Royal Navy. These ships will probably soon be relieved by later types, and an illustration of one of the most recent is here given. This is



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THE NEW CRUISER "DIADEM."

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THE SHIP'S COMPANY OF THE "ARROGANT."

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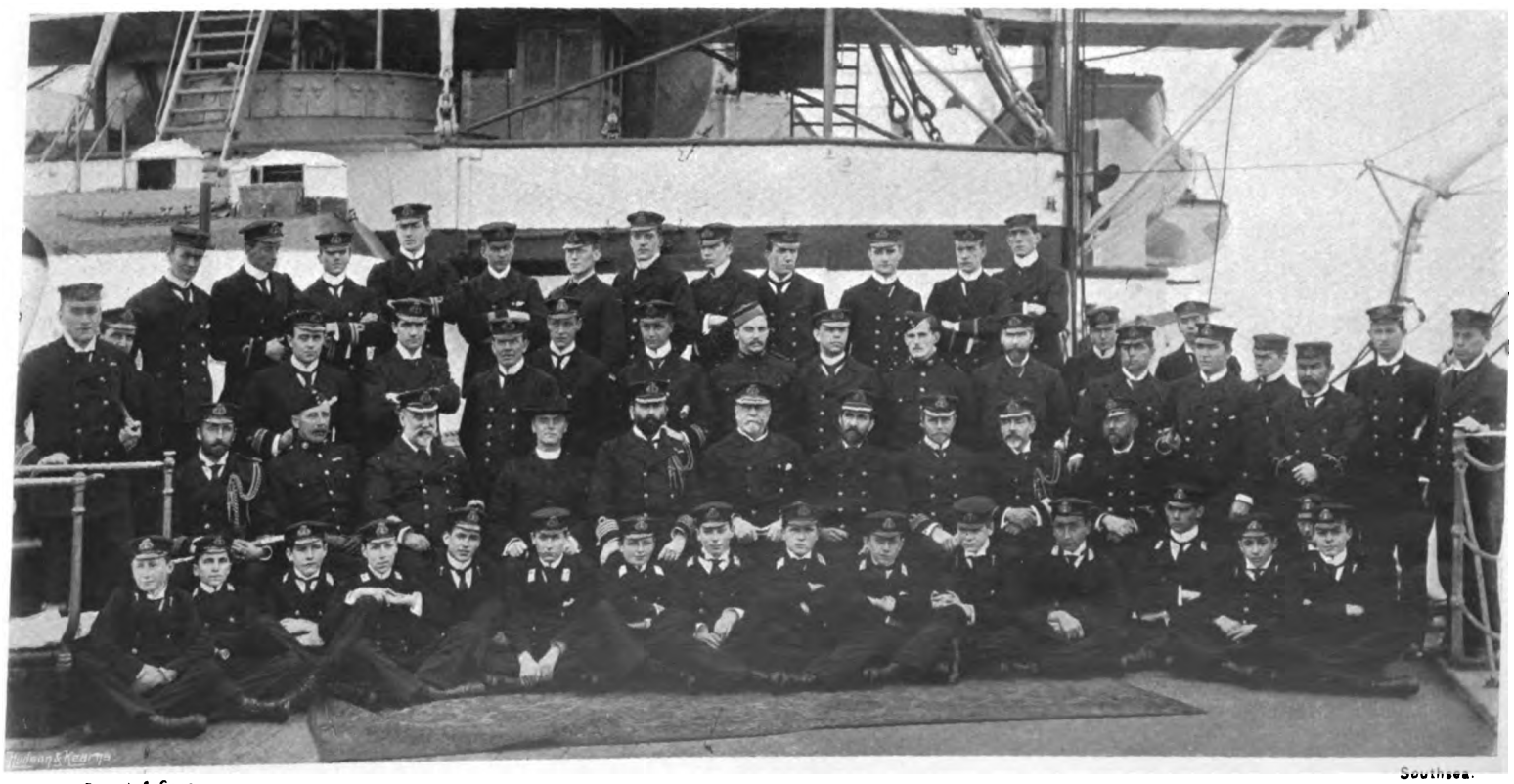
THE OFFICERS OF THE "ARROGANT."

the "Diadem," one of a class similar to but somewhat smaller than the cruisers "Powerful" and "Terrible." The "Diadem" carries the same broadside armament as the "Powerful," namely, twelve 6-in. quick-firers; but the 9·2-in. bow and stern chasers of the latter ship are in her replaced by two 6-in. quick-firers in lieu of each 9·2-in. The three-funnelled war-ship in another illustration is the "Arrogant," the latest thing in second-class cruisers, which has recently relieved the "Hermione," one of the vessels of the Naval Defence Act Programme, in the Channel Squadron. For a second-class cruiser her armament is exceptionally powerful, for she can bring to bear, direct ahead, the fire of three 6-in. quick-firers; direct astern, the fire of one 6-in. and two 4·7-in. quick-firers; and, on the beam, the fire of three 6-in. and three 4·7-in. quick-firers.

One of our other illustrations is a group of Vice-Admiral Sir H. F. Stephenson and the officers of the "Majestic," the flag-ship of the Channel Squadron. This photograph was taken on the quarter-deck below the after bridge and beside the after barbette, with its two great 12-in. guns. Another group shows us the captain and officers of the "Arrogant," Captain Ferris being in the centre, with Commander Hutchison on his left.

Another interesting photograph is that of the crew of the "Arrogant," which carries a complement of 450, just 150 less than the crew of the "Diadem." The stokers in the foreground are recognisable by the propeller blades worked on the right arm, and the two seated near the anchor chains and one or two others in the group have, from their begrimed condition, evidently just come on deck from a spell in the engine-room.

The Channel Squadron always prides itself on its smartness, and it runs our smartest squadron, that in the Mediterranean, very close, a fact the more to its credit as it is in truth, to a great extent, a training squadron for ordinary seamen.



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THE OFFICERS OF THE CHANNEL SQUADRON FLAG-SHIP.

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THIS is the first number of our sixth volume, and also the first number to appear weekly, according to the announcement already made in these columns. There may be some of our readers who will regret the non-continuance of the Special Historical Numbers, but I think they will find almost as much as they can want of the histories of regiments and ships in the short descriptive articles which will still appear from time to time. Every other feature of the paper will be found in the volume, with several that are new. There are those who imagine that by this time we have illustrated everything about the Services that is interesting. I recommend these critics to buy a copy or two of the new volume and see if it looks like it. In any case there are more than 50,000 people who have given me substantial reasons every fortnight for believing that they are not of this opinion. One special feature, of which I intend to make as much as possible, is the up-to-date illustration of every important incident or event connected with the Navy or Army, such as, for instance, the launch of a ship, a military field day, and of course anything connected with "our little wars."

* * * *

ARE there any forts around London, to defend the City in case of invasion, and where are they situated? No comprehensive scheme for the defence of London by a chain of works was presented to Parliament until a few months since, when, by the Military Works Bill, a sum of £1,349,000 was appropriated for the purchase of Salisbury Plain, for the laying out of new ranges for the magazine rifle, and, lastly, for the completion of a series of defensible positions, including works for the mounting of medium-sized guns upon the chain of heights surrounding the metropolis. Practically the first two items will require about a million of the above sum, so that only about £400,000 will be available for the carrying out of the third part of the programme, viz., the chain of defensible positions. But several works for the mounting of medium-sized guns are already completed or in progress, notably one or two in the valley of the Weald, on the chalk range in the vicinity of Dorking, on the hills near Berkhamsted, and in several other spots. The finished works are armed with 6-in. breech-loaders, some in emplacements with disappearing mountings. It is however understood, by the explanatory statement made when the Bill was introduced, that the rest of the defensive features will be earthworks of powerful profile, and that they will be armed with medium-sized quick-firers, as well as ordinary breech-loading guns. The earlier works were projected by the late Sir William Crossman.

* * * *

IN reply to a correspondent who asks in what special points the battle-ship "Cæsar," just added to the Mediterranean Fleet, differs from her sisters of the "Majestic" class. The "Cæsar" may be described as an improved "Majestic." In all essentials the two ships are sisters, and have the same speed, tonnage, and armament. The special point of difference that makes the "Cæsar" a better ship than the "Majestic" lies in the gun-loading arrangements. The "Majestic" has a fixed loading position, with auxiliary all-round loading arrangements. The "Cæsar" has no fixed loading position, but has the same auxiliary arrangements as the "Majestic." The result is that while the empty gun of the "Majestic" has to come to a fore and aft position to load, thereby presenting itself as a target to the enemy should the ship be fighting broadside on—apart from any loss of time there may be if the gun has just been fired on the beam—the "Cæsar" can reload as she fires, keeping her guns in any position, owing to improvements in the design of the mounting and supply machinery introduced within the last two years.

* * * *

THE great mortality among camels in our recent little wars, and in fact in all wars in which camel transport is employed, is a painful fact which can more easily be accounted for than remedied. An eminent authority says that the great gawky, long-legged creature who strides majestically over a level plain soon comes to grief on a stiff hill-side, and therefore, for hill work, compact, well ribbed up camels, with plenty of depth, on short legs, are the best; but, as the same authority points out, if 500 camels are required for an expedition at short notice, it is impossible to obtain them all of the right sort. The pace also at which they have to travel generally prevents them from browsing, and consequently impairs their condition. Wounds and sores become frequent, and the animals are, many of them, incapable of carrying their regulation load. In short, the camel mostly owes his death to cruelty. Whether or not the latter is necessary deserves consideration.

* * * *

THERE is a case on record of an officer resigning his commission on account of religious convictions against "blood-guiltiness." In January, 1825, Captain Thomas Thrush, R.N., an officer who had seen service in the Great War and served afloat as a commander in that period, from 1806-9 in charge of H.M.S. "Avon" on the Jamaica station, resigned his commission "on the ground of the unlawfulness of war," at the same time publishing the fact and his views in a pamphlet entitled "A Letter to the King."

THAT demon, "Red Tape, who for so many years has reigned supreme at the War Office, paralysing to such an extent the action of general officers within their own commands, and hampering the Army in so many different ways, is about to be assailed in no half-hearted spirit. Formerly, the erection of any small building, or the carrying out of repairs in his command, could not be sanctioned by a general officer until he had applied to the War Office and received its permission. This was often delayed owing to the amount of unnecessary correspondence passing between various officials in London, who, though located in the same building, preferred writing to personal interviews. Meanwhile, damage to Government property too often resulted owing to the delay, and in the end more expense was incurred in carrying out the improvements than would have been necessary had the general officer been empowered to give the necessary instructions. The Secretary of State for War has determined that in future general officers will be given a freer hand financially with regard to stores, forage, and improvements. This will have the effect of greatly diminishing the number of communications from general officers to the War Office.

* * * *

IT has frequently been proposed by Members of Parliament and others that our coaling and certain other stations abroad should, in the interests of public service, be garrisoned by men of the Royal Marines. Without entering into the merits and demerits of the system, it is interesting to note that the authorities have decided to place a guard of Marines over the new magazine at Simonstown, South Africa. The men detailed for this duty are to be sent from one of the divisions at home, probably Chatham. This would appear to be "the thin end of the wedge." As soon as the "Jollies" have taken up their quarters in South Africa, it is possible that we may hear of other detachments being despatched to similar stations abroad. The Marine is well known as a general handy man—as Mr. Kipling describes him, "soldier and sailor too"—and can be thoroughly relied on in such responsible positions

* * * *

MY correspondent, "T. W. M.," should consult, if he has not already done so, a small pamphlet entitled "The Advantages of the Army." It is issued with Army Orders, and can be obtained gratis at any Post Office. He will there see the height prescribed for the men of Line and other regiments. With regard to joining a regimental band, which he desires to do, there should not be much difficulty if he is master of an instrument. The plan is to enlist as a musician in such regiment as he may select, and if there be no vacancy in the band, he will be placed in the ranks until one occurs. Messrs. H. Potter and Co., of 30, Charing Cross, are always glad to advise and assist young men desirous of starting on a military musical career, and "T. W. M." could not do better than call on them. There certainly is a promising field for a well-educated man of musical tastes in the military services. Good pay, possible promotion to a commission, and a comfortable pension, are among the attractions of a musician's lot. Indeed, the same may be said of a soldier's life in general. It all depends on his own character, ability, and smartness, whether he rises to a very superior position or not, and there is no civil employment in which a well-conducted man is so sure of fair treatment and remuneration.

* * * *

A FEW RECIPES FROM JACK'S COOKERY BOOK.—The following recipes, together with the names of the dishes, are genuine, and as I have tried them all I can recommend them. One of the first well worth trying is the *sea-pie*, which is made of fish, meat, and vegetables according to season. These are thoroughly mixed together and placed between crusts, two or three such crusts being used; hence the pie is either a two-decker or a three-decker. The *lobscouse* is another favourite in the fo'c's'le. It is composed of salt meat, biscuit, potatoes, onions, and spices. All these are very finely mixed together, then stewed. The *pillau* is made of salt beef, fowl, rice, and onions cooked together. It is really an Eastern dish. Another curious dish is the one known as *twice laid*, by allusion to rope being made from the best remnants of old rope. This *twice laid* is composed of remnants of salt fish thoroughly beaten up with potatoes. The dish known as *chowder* is a stew of fresh cod-fish, rashers of pork or bacon, and biscuit, highly seasoned. This is frequently eaten on board Newfoundland bankers, where fresh cod is not very scarce.

* * * *

HORSES for the Army are supplied by the Remount Department, which purchases them from the breeders and dealers. France and Germany buy their Army horses at three and a-half or four years old, and keep them on maturing farms till they reach the age of five. This plan has the advantage of securing proper feeding and treatment for the young animals at a critical period of their lives, and it likewise anticipates the general public, by whom all the best horses are bought up at the age of about five years. There is thus in those countries a valuable supply of young horses always in the hands of the Government for Army purposes. The number of horses in France is three millions, in Germany three and three-quarters, in Russia nineteen and a-half, and in Great Britain and Ireland little over two millions. The Hunters' Improvement and other societies have, however, recently done good work for our breeds of horses, and it would be well if the authorities were able, like those in neighbouring countries, to lay their hands on a reserve and supply of animals capable of being immediately sent into the ranks in case of need.

* * * *

THE United States Government is constructing a huge 16-in. breech-loading gun to be employed at Sandy Hook. The projectile which it is to fire will weigh 2,300-lb.; the muzzle velocity will be about 2,000-ft. per second. The gun will be capable of throwing a projectile a distance of fifteen miles, but ten miles is regarded as the range at which it could most advantageously be employed. It will weigh 126 tons, and the cost of construction will be 120,000 dollars. The Fortification Appropriation Bill lately passed by the Senate shows plainly that the United States mean to carry out the defence of the country in a business-like manner; 3,000,000 dollars is to be spent on gun and mortar batteries; for repairing fortifications, 100,000 dollars; and for reserve powder and projectiles, 950,000 dollars; 545,725 dollars is to be spent on rapid-firing guns, and for coast defence, 224,656 dollars. All the materials purchased in connection with the national defences are to be of American manufacture, unless in the judgment of the Secretary of War it is advisable in the interests of the United States to make purchases in limited quantities abroad. Such material will be admitted free of duty.

THE EDITOR.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Captain Wood is an officer on the staff of the Intelligence Department of the War Office engaged with certain confidential questions pending with the United States Government. It is the height of the London season, and he is sleeping late after a ball, when he is roused to hear some startling news. A lawyer, Mr. Quinlan, has called to tell him that an unknown relative, an American millionaire, has left him a colossal fortune. Almost at the same moment an American detective warns him that he has enemies plotting against him and his fortune, and that he goes in imminent danger of his life. Arrived at the Intelligence Office, he is given some confidential work to carry through connected with an attack on New York. Returning to his chambers, he again meets the American detective, who details the nature of the plot against his fortune and the military secrets he possesses. He is invited by an American acquaintance, Lawford, to join a party at the opera, where he meets the Duke and Duchess of Tierra Sagrada. At the opera, Wood's suspicions of foul play are strengthened, but he goes on with his new friends to other entertainments and, at last, meets Frida Wolstenholme at a ball, where he proposes, and is accepted. He picks up a cab, and scarcely settles into it when he is attacked, hocussed, and loses consciousness. Recovering at length, he finds himself tied and bound, and subjected to a cruel and painful ordeal. Snuyzer, the American detective, having shadowed Captain Wood all night, sees him carried off towards Hammersmith, follows his tracks, and believes he has run him to earth. Sets an assistant to watch the house, and returns to London. Hears at Wood's chambers that he has met with an accident, and at the American Consulate that Wood had been there. Now Sir Charles Collingham supervenes with anxious enquiries for confidential papers that are missing. Miss Wolstenholme is informed of Captain Wood's disappearance, and the whole party, with Wood's collie dog, proceed to Hammersmith. The villa is broken into, with the assistance of the police, but no Captain Wood is to be found. Snuyzer's boy Joe, whom he had placed on watch, has gone, leaving a few words chalked on the gate saying he is following some clue. Snuyzer is now much discredited. Strong doubts are thrown upon the story of Wood's capture, but Joe now turns up and tells a strange story.

CHAPTER XV.

"AFTER I had been caught out," Joe went on, "for which I'm very sorry, sir, I judged I'd better keep off a bit if I was to do any more good.

"It was time, too, now they'd dropped on to me, to send word to the office what was up; that they was a-moving down here. I was a-making for the nearest post office to send a wire, when, from where I was, I saw the carriage drive straight into the garden.

"The road was clear, so I crept back, keeping out of sight and scrouging inside the pillars of the next gate, where I'd got my eye on what went on. The carriage was nowheres to be seen. They must have took it right inside the stables, for the coach-house doors was open."

"That was to get Mr. Wood away," said the American detective.

"How do you know that? You don't even know that he was there at all," sneered the Colonel.

"Hah! You wait. Guess you'll see," retorted Mr. Snuyzer. "I believe the carriage came on purpose, or they were uneasy at seeing the boy. Suspected something, someone had got wind, someone was on the track, and wanted to clear out."

"All pure conjecture," said the Colonel.

"Anyway they did remove him," argued Snuyzer.

"If he was ever there," retorted the Colonel.

"Well, well. Go on, Joe. Did you see anything more of the brougham?" I asked.

"Did I, mum? Of course I did. That's what I was waiting for. It was half-an-hour or more afore it come out again. And there was three chaps come'd out first, a-laughing and a-talking. I heerd one of 'em say, 'Not much fight about him now.' T'other says, 'He went like a sheep.' 'A dead 'un,' says another. 'Mutton, you mean.'"

"Oh! had they hurt him? Oh, Sir Charles!" I burst in, finding great difficulty in restraining myself.

"No, miss," put in the American very kindly. "I've told you they've no cause to hurt him as I look at it; he's too precious to them, besides. Fire ahead, Joe."

"The carriage, it was druv out fast through the gate into the road and straight on for London. I had to settle what I'd do, and quick, too. You'd told me, sir, to watch the house, and if anyone come out to let you know. Well, I judged they'd all come out, so anyways I was bound to let you know, and I'd an idea that the carriage'd help me to the next move. If I follered it I'd find where they'd all gone too.

"So with that I scribbled a message on the gate, case you come'd down and missed me, and I started running all I knew to catch up the carriage. I picked it up long way this side of the bridge, although I was near baked and don: brown. But I hitched on to the back part like as I've done a thousand times afore, and rode like a gentleman all the way up the 'Ammersmith Road right into Kensington.

"There one of your blooming interfering coves wot sees me on my perch gives the office to the man a-driving, who rounds with his whip and gives me wot for. I held on for all the cuts of the cord, though they stung like hot nettles. I was pretty well slashed all over, when all at once the jarvey stops his 'osses, and before I could climb down a feller—the same little black-faced moocher—came and copped me right where I sat behind. He was awful mad.

"'You devil's spawn! It's you, is it? Aha. This is the second time I've caught you spying. Tell me who sent you. or by'—some foreign talk—'I'll do for you.'

"But mum was the word with me. I wouldn't 'a' let on if he'd cut me to ribbons. 'Chuck it,' I said. 'Chuck it, or call the coppers. If I've done wrong it's for them to pick me up, not you. I'll answer to them.'

"He didn't much like the talk of the police, I could see that; they might want to know more about him than he chose to tell. That settled him, I think, for he dragged me up to the carriage door, opened it, and shoved me in. I saw the lady, the same dona, was there, and by her side a big bundle of something, a figure of a man it might 'a' been, all wrapped up in rugs and blankets and things, might 'a' been a dead 'un. Then the feller began talking foreign again to the dona, and she answered back the same, and there was a great shindy.

"It was all about me. I guessed that; and the end was that the feller hoisted me on to the front seat, and said to me mighty sharp:

"'You stick there. Don't move. If you try to get out I shall see you from the box, and you won't get far, even if you don't break your neck leaving the carriage. Watch him, Susette. She's responsible for you, my lad, and she knows what I'll do to her if you play any tricks.'

"With that he left us, and we rolled on.

"'Who sent you?' asked the dona directly he'd gone. 'Do you come from his friends?' she nudged the bundle alongside. 'Do you know Captain Wood?'"

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"Ha, you see!" interposed the American. "You bet that was our man hid up among those rugs."

The others were compelled now to admit the fact, and they did so ungrudgingly. As for me, my heart was beating fast, for I felt that at last I had come upon the track of my love.

"What did you tell her? Go on, my good boy," I said, breathlessly.

"You see, miss, I'd never heard tell of no captain, but I wouldn't let on," Joe continued. "The boss 'ere had only told me to watch, saying it was a cross job, but he mentioned no names. So I ups and asks, 'Is that Mr. Wood?' and I could 'a' sworn that the bundle moved, and there was struggling like inside."

"Gagged, of course," put in the American.

Joe went on:

"'Anyway I am his friend,' she says. 'I don't mean he shall come to harm. And I want him'—the bundle moved again—'him and others to know that, and I'd like you to tell 'em so when you get out of this mess.' 'When'll that be?' I asks, a little bit on the hump, you know. 'Now, if you're game to hop out; I'm not a-going to stop you,' and she was for turning of the handle then and there.

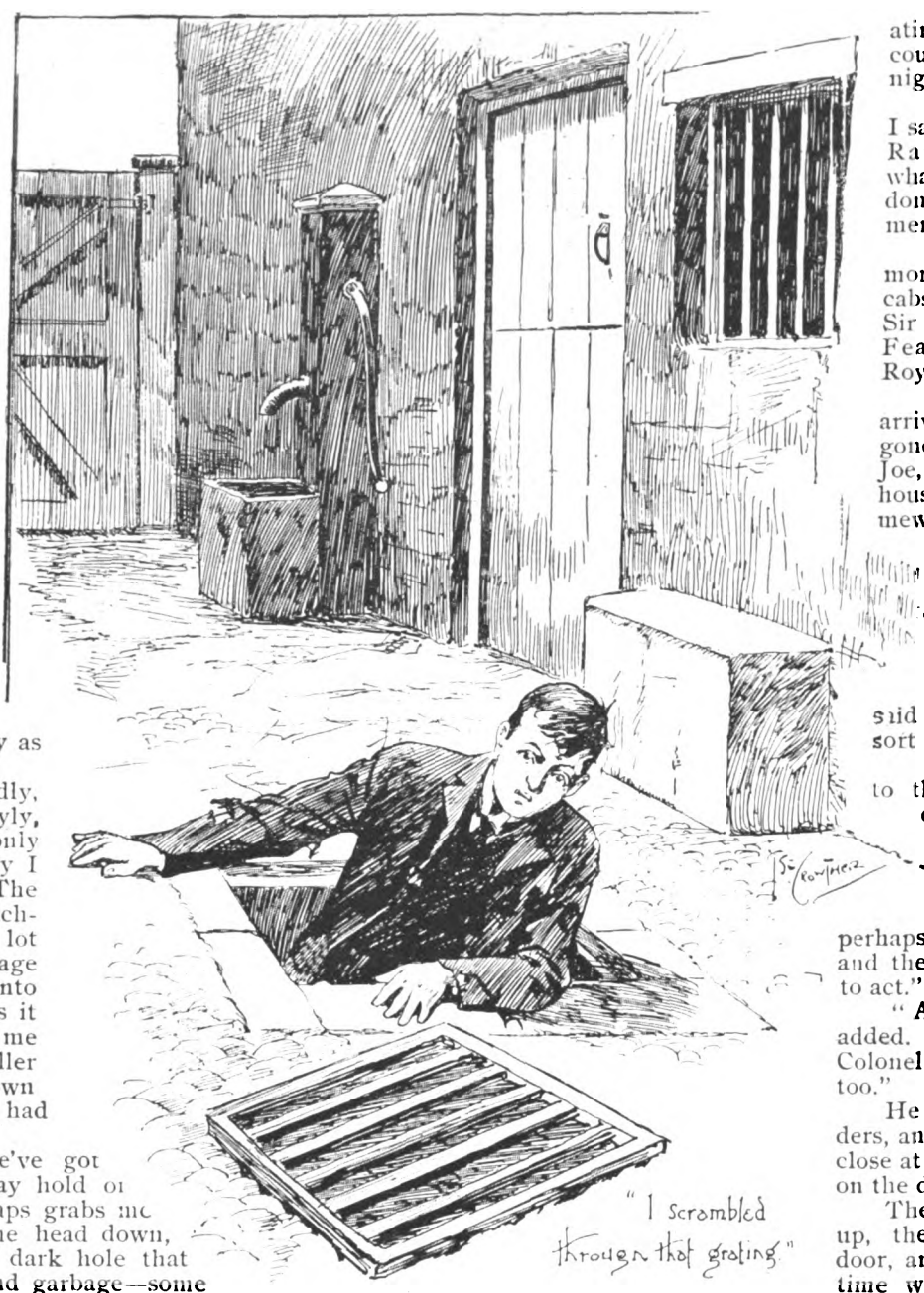
"But I considered a bit, and the thought came in my head that now I'd got 'ere I had ought to stick 'ere. There was the gentleman opposite me—as I judged—and if I was to do any service to him it 'twasn't by cutting away I'd got to see the thing right through: where they took him, what they did to him, who and what they were."

"You're a brave lad," I said, stretching out and shaking hands with him, and, indeed, I should have liked to hug him, dusty and dirty as he was.

"Thank you, kindly, miss," he answered, shyly, and went on. "The only way out of it was to say I was afeared to jump. The cove on the box was a-watching me, I says, and a lot more. Then the carriage settled it by turning into some yard, a private mews it looked like, but they gave me no time to spy, for the feller from the box came down directly we stopped and had me out in a jiffy.

"'Ere,' he says, 'we've got first to do with you. Lay hold on him.' Then two other chaps grabs me by the arms and rushes me head down, jam, ram, straight into a dark hole that smelt of mouldy straw and garbage—some sort of cellar, where they locked a door on me, and I was laid up in limbo like a crook in chokey or a rat in a trap.

"It took me half-an-hour or so to shake myself together. First thing that gave me heart was a streak of daylight up atop of the calabooze, and when I struck a match I found it come'd through an old iron grating, which I soon overhauled. 'Tworn't set so tight that I couldn't soon loosen a brick, although I tore my hands a bit before I got the thing right out. Then I'd a job to lift myself up by my arms; but I'm strong in the arms, and by-and-by I scrambled through that grating—that's what tore my clothes—and out on to the yard above. It was the one as we'd druv into. A stable-yard at the back of a tall house all shut up, windows shuttered, blinds down. No one at home, you'd say. The stables was empty, no horses, helpers, no traps. I couldn't find that the stables joined on to the house neither, but I judged it was better not to hang about too long or they'd be copping me again. So I makes for the yard doors. They was only barred on the inside, and I got out right enough into the back lane. That's about all. I come'd on then straight to you, sir, to make my report."



"I scrambled through that grating."

"You were in a monstrous hurry," said Colonel Bannister. "Why didn't you mark down the house, the neighbourhood, the exact spot?"

Mr. Snuyzer took his part.

"Joe knows his business. Yes, sir, as well as the best professionals. Tell us, Joe."

"The stables was in Featherstone Mews, No. 7. To make sure I chalked something on the doors. The stables was at the back of Featherstone Gardens, and belonged, I should say, to No. 7."

"There's no more time to be lost then. We must be going," I said, jumping up. I was still in my hat and things, just as I had come in.

"My dearest Frida," mildly protested my mother. "Have you any idea that it's nearly seven o'clock, and that we are dining at the Ransfords? It will be a good quarter of an hour's drive. They live on Chelsea Embankment."

Mother is too exasperating at times. As if I could dine anywhere on a night like this!

"You must go alone," I said. "Explain to Lady Ransford that—that—whatever you please. I don't care. Come, gentlemen."

In a few minutes more we had started in cabs—I in a hansom with Sir Charles—straight for Featherstone Gardens. Roy came with us.

We were the first to arrive, but the others had gone round, escorted by Joe, to the back of the house, so as to verify the mews and the situation exactly. When they joined us at the entrance of the Gardens, Colonel Bannister, who now took the lead, dismissed the cabs, and said in his brief, ordering sort of way:

"We can't all go up to the house. It might create a scandal. The whole thing may be a mistake. I'll take this lad first; he may, perhaps, identify somebody, and then we shall be entitled to act."

"And me, please," I added. "Oh, yes, indeed, Colonel Bannister, I shall go too."

He shrugged his shoulders, and we three, with Roy close at my heels, soon stood on the doorstep of No. 7.

The house was all shut up, the chain was on the door, and we waited a long time while someone inside fumbled with it and several bolts.

"Well, what is it?" asked an old man who at last opened the door, but held it ajar. He was of very respectable appearance, with white hair under a black skull-cap, and wore a decent blue and white striped jacket—the type of an old servant in a good family. "May I enquire——?"

"We wish to see your master," said the Colonel, promptly.

"I am afraid that is impossible, sir," replied the man, civilly. "The family have gone out of town. The Duke left yesterday for Spain."

"The Duke——?"

"The Duke of Tierra Sagrada; he is my master, sir. If you will leave your card I will see that it is sent on to him. Or any letter; I have his address."

"In Spain?"

"Certainly, sir. Casa Huerta Hermosa, St. Sebastian. They have gone to the seaside. No, please"—this was to me, for I was quietly trying to get Roy past him into the

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house—"that dog mustn't come in. My orders are strict against dogs."

"Call him back, Miss Wolstenholme, at once," said the Colonel, in a tone which I resented, but he cut me quite short.

"This farce has gone far enough. I wash my hands of it. Good night" (this to the old man-servant as we walked away). "And if you will be guided by me, Miss Wolstenholme, you will do the same. It's all humbug, from first to last, I give you my word; I do not believe one syllable of this story, except, perhaps, about the papers, and even then I am not quite satisfied. For they were sent to Captain Wood in the despatch-box, that we know———"

"But not at Captain Wood's request," I said, hurriedly.

"His man thinks not, and I admit the box was not specifically mentioned in the letter; but the letter said papers, and the expression was seemingly one that Wood used, for the man, as a matter of course, sent the despatch-box."

"But what do you imply?"

"Just this, that Captain Wood intended to keep out of the way—for reasons I do not presume to conjecture—and while out of the way to go on with his work. He'll turn up in good time, take my word for it, and will give his own explanation of his absence. It may not be absolutely satisfactory, his excuse may be bad; but he will make one, and you will have to take it or leave it," were the cynical police-colonel's last words.

I hated and loathed him for taking this view, and I turned my back on him.

Sir Charles did not console me, for he was thinking more about the official papers than Willie's disappearance.

"By the Lord Harry, we shall be in Queer Street if they don't turn up," he said, with much emphasis. "Wood or no Wood, we've got to get them or there will be a jolly row. A Cabinet question, Gad, and the devil's own complications. The matter can't rest here; so cheer up, Miss Frida, we'll all do our level best."

"Why, certainly," added Snuyzer, "we don't depend entirely on police-colonels, and this one is not so almighty clever. I've got to get on the inside track of this business, and I'll do it yet, you bet your bottom dollar."

It was kind of them, but I would not be consoled. When I got to Hill Street, I crept up to my room, very sorrowful and sick at heart, and cried myself to sleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEXT morning while I was dressing they came and told me that Mr. Snuyzer had called. He had something important to tell me, and was rather in a hurry.

"Captain Wood's not in that house," began the American, abruptly, when I got downstairs.

"How do you know? Why are you so sure?" I asked.

"Haven't the smallest doubt of it. I know, because I went right through the house last night, every single room."

"What! Did they let you in?"

"No, miss, I broke in. Burglary you call it in this country, I believe. Forcible and unlawful entry no less, and you may give me into custody if you please. But the detective that's not good enough to break the law on an occasion, as well as break into a house and stand the racquet, had better give up the business."

The man's audacity staggered me. I was quite terrified, but I liked him for it. It was an utterly indefensible act, yet I could not blame him, for it was in our interests that he ran such risks.

"You see, miss, I can't afford to stick at trifles. My professional reputation is at stake, and the more I thought it over the more I hungered to get inside that house in Featherstone Gardens. I had a fixed idea that I should either find my man there or get some clue to him. Would you care to hear how I managed it? It's a full, true, and particular confession, and if you choose to give me away it will land me in State's Prison. But I guess you won't do that, will you?

"Well, this is how I worked it. First I set a close watch on the house, front and back, and found before midnight that no one had gone either in or out. I reckoned that there were not very many of them, and we mustered half-a-dozen, two of them practised 'crooks'—professional burglars—miss. Yes, I was in real earnest, and they took it quite seriously, those toughs. They were to be paid handsomely for the job, it being understood that there would be no robbery, only an abduction, and that as an act of justice. Rum game they said, but they agreed. We were a pretty crew, all with six-shooters and black crape masks. I guess I never felt so mean a man in all my life before.

"We got into the house right enough, the crooks managed that, in half-an-hour. First thing was to lay hands on the caretaker. You never saw such a dude. He was soon roped up, and one of us stood over him with a shooting iron till he told us what he knew.

"There was no one else in the house. He swore to that, and we soon saw that he was speaking truth, for we drew every room, ransacked every corner, turned out every cupboard, but nary soul was to be found. They'd all cleared out but this one critter. So I went back to him and threatened his life. He was very stiff, but Colonel Colt is a mighty fine persuader, and presently he outs with a story, lies may be, may be truth, but good enough to make him worth keeping till we could get some corroboration."

"What was his story? Anything about Captain Wood? Did he admit that they had taken him?"

"You bet he did. Told us the whole game from first to last. The first we knew pretty well before. The last is that they have taken him out to sea in a steamer."

"A steamer!"

"The steam yacht 'Fleur de Lis,' auxiliary screw, 274 tons register. Cleared from Victoria Dock yesterday at 3 p.m. I've been there and verified it this morning."

"Already? Wonderful!"

"Why, certainly, miss. But this is the second night I've had no sleep, and it's not good for me, that's a fact. I'm of delicate constitution really, but I know my duty, and try to do it in spite of ill-health."

I was sorry for him, but with his red face and portly figure he did not look very bad, and I fear I did not spend much time in commiserating him. I was so eager to know more.

"Yes," he went on, with a sigh. "The yacht 'Fleur de Lis,' Chapman, master, left the dock at 3 p.m. yesterday. They knew her well there. She was waiting, ready for sea, fires banked, blue peter flying, waiting only for her owner, and left her berth directly he was got on board. He was an invalid, came in a carriage to the dockside, and had to be carried on board wrapped up in blankets."

"Ah! Joe was right then."

"A lady helped him, thought to be his wife, but she did not accompany him to the ship. She stayed on shore—very much upset, they told me who saw her, and could hardly be persuaded to re-enter the carriage. But a gentleman at last made her, and they drove away together. So the parties have split up; one lot are afloat with their prisoner, meaning, I've no doubt, to keep him away at sea, incapable of interfering, while the others carry on their spoliation in New York. That's how I figure it now," said the detective, shrewdly.

"I dare say you're right," I interrupted him, hastily. "But surely these speculations will not help us. We've got to give chase to that yacht. How is it to be done?"

"You see, she has a tremendous start."

"No auxiliary screw can do more than eight or ten knots, I believe. Mother and I were in the Mediterranean last year with one of the best. Let us hire something faster. There must be plenty of steamers. I will pay any price gladly."

"Then we have no idea what course the 'Fleur de Lis' has taken."

"There are signal stations all along the coast, I believe. We hear of ships being reported every hour almost, as long as they are in sight of land."

"She will fly no signals, and will certainly get out of sight of land."

"Oh, dear, dear," I said, almost crying with rage. "You only make difficulties. It's too terrible to think of. Is there nothing you can suggest? Have you no advice to give?"

"My opinion is that we should find out what the two people, man and woman, left behind are after. They ought not to be difficult to find. Joe knows them. They will perhaps go back to Featherstone Gardens."

"And see at once what has happened—that they are detected."

"It will only drive them over the quicker to New York, for that, you may depend, is their point, and to be reached in all haste. That is where they must be followed and circumvented if Captain Wood's fortune is to be saved."

"Psha!" I said, indignantly. "What is that compared to his life? You think only of the profit to be made out of all this. As if the money mattered. I would give it all to save one hair of his head. No, the first thing is to organise pursuit. If you won't help, I know plenty of others to do it."

"Fire ahead, miss. Don't mind me. But I tell you you'll have to start off the whole British Fleet if you want to pick up that yacht. That's so, and don't you forget it."

"I'm not likely to forget it. And a man-of-war certainly will be best. I will get Sir Charles Collingham to take me to the Admiralty and secure one, a fast cruiser."

Mr. Snuyzer was rude enough to laugh in my face.

"You'll be smart if you manage that, miss. I can't say how the British Navy is worked, but it could not be done with Uncle Sam's. Anyway we're only losing time quarrelling here, and I take it we've both the same object in view—to do the best for Captain Wood. As I look at it, 'taint much use saving his fortune if he's not spared to enjoy it, and contrariwise he won't like, when he turns up again—as he will, and you may take that from me—to find half his money gone."

(To be continued).

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Photo. W. M. Crockett, Plymouth. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns.

A COOK-HOUSE YARN.

THE above illustration is typical of one phase of life on board. Here is a party gathered round the cook's galley door, probably smoking and yarning in the dinner hour. The centre figure, a worthy specimen of a tar, who is evidently entertaining the group, looks as if the provisions on board agreed with him; his jolly and ample figure is well flanked by the huge joints behind. The remainder of the group consist of Marines, light infantry and artillery, or "red" and "blue," as they are styled on board. If the tar is "spinning a yarn to the Marines" it seems to be amusing them anyway. Jack, and Joe the Marine, are always the best of good friends, and if there ever was any bad feeling between them, which is very doubtful, it has long ago disappeared. Certainly Joe *will* wear heavy boots to tread on Jack's naked toes, but then he's a jolly heavy addition on a rope.

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A NAVAL FIELD DAY AT MALTA.

MARCHING PAST IN LINE OF QUARTER COLUMNS.

TO the inhabitants of Valetta, the sight of a party of seamen being landed for field exercise is no uncommon one; the facilities afforded by the close and quiet harbour favour the adoption of this practice, and far more efficient instruction can, of course, be imparted than on the ship's deck.

By way of testing the efficiency of his officers and men in this respect, Sir John Hopkins organised a review of 1,500 bluejackets from the vessels present, and the review took place on the Marsa, where are the race-course and polo ground, the three battalions, under the command of Captain Des V.

RETURNING TO FORM IN REVIEW ORDER.

Photos. R. Ellis, Malta. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns.

STARTING ON THE RETURN.

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Photo. R. Ellis, Malta. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns

MARCHING DOWN STRADA LEVANTE.

Hamilton, chief of the staff, as brigadier, being first drawn up in line of quarter columns to receive the admiral, who, after the usual salute and inspection, took up his position at the saluting point, and witnessed the march past in three formations—open column, in mass, and finally in line of quarter columns, as will be seen by reference to the first illustration. In the next illustration the brigade is returning after the march past, to form up in review order, preparatory to marching straight up to the saluting point. Finally, the brigade again passed the saluting point when marching off the ground on their return, but this time in fours, with fixed swords, this being the usual and more convenient formation in route marching, as presenting the smallest front. The third illustration represents a battalion marching off in this fashion, preceded by the band. A glance at the above picture will serve to explain at once the necessity of marching with a small front, especially when the route lies through streets. A battalion of the Naval Brigade is here represented marching down Strada Levante, one of the thoroughfares of Valetta, and they pretty well fill up the street, even in this formation. On emerging into open ground the front can be increased in a moment to that of a full company by a simple manœuvre, on the order "front form companies," and this, of course, would invariably be done on active service, so as to have the force available for extension as skirmishers, should occasion arise; for a company or battalion in fours would be simply a prey to the enemy's fire. The battalions, on passing down Strada Reale, again encountered the admiral by the Opera House; and on such occasions the orthodox salute is given by calling each company in turn to "shoulder arms" as it passes the chief.

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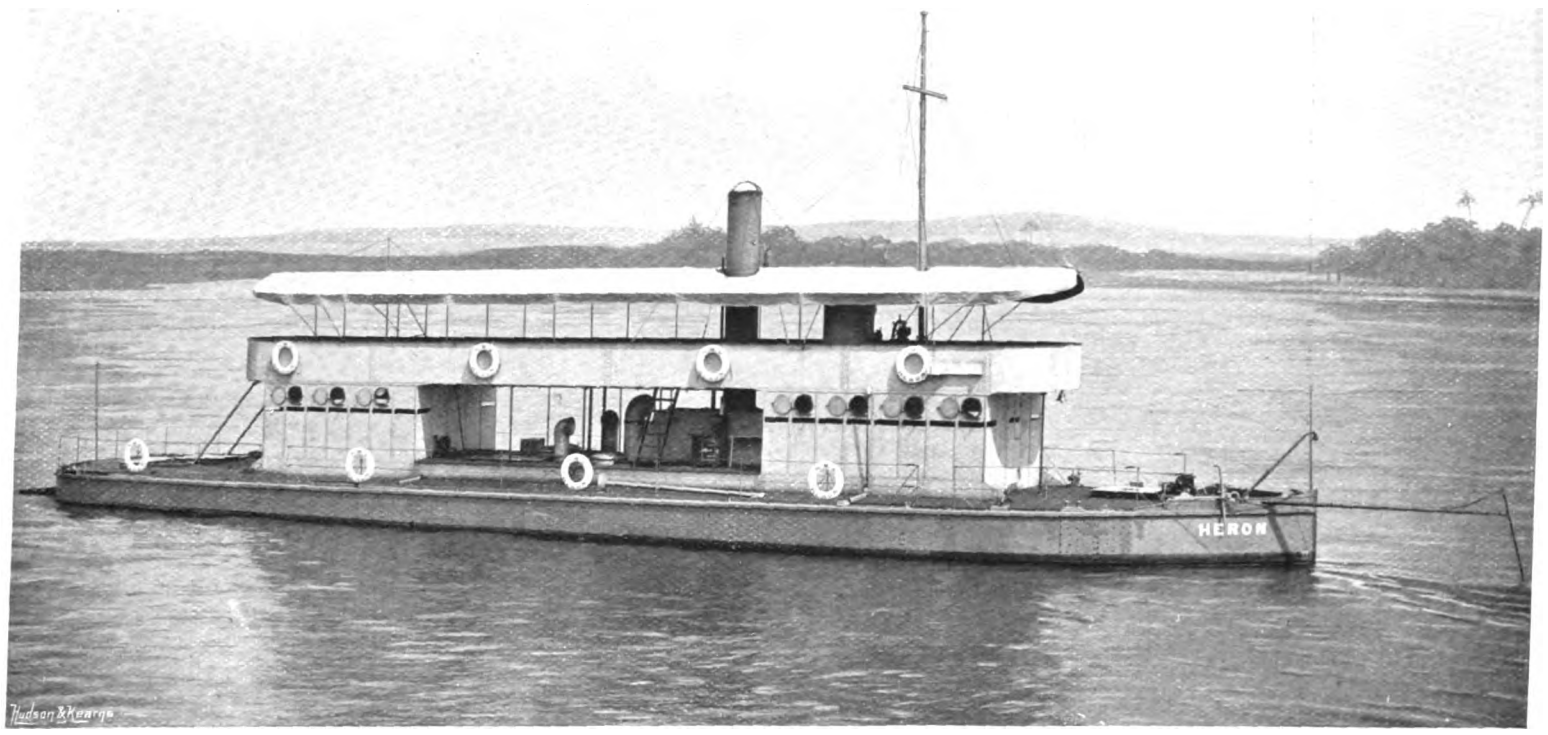
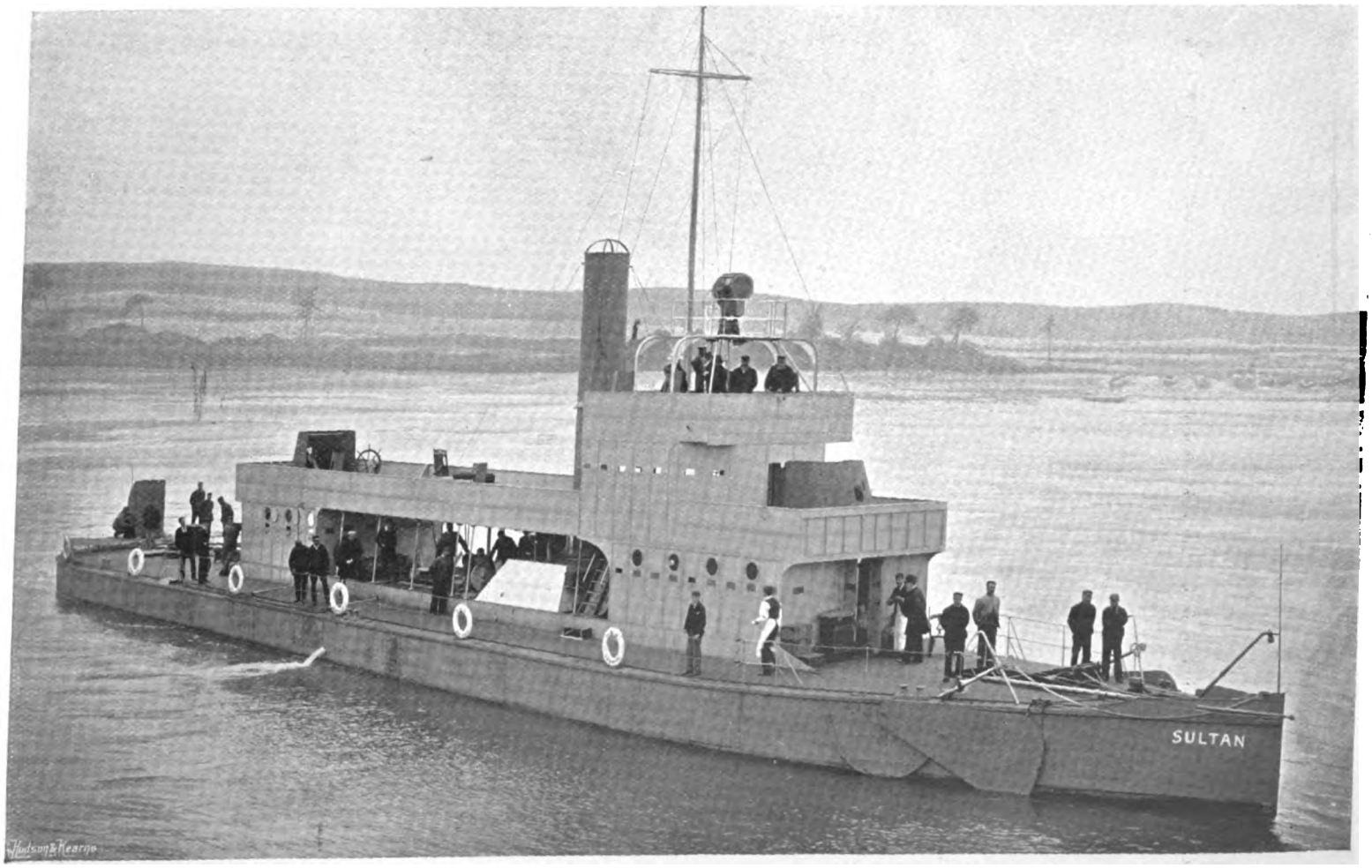
OUR GUN-BOATS AT THE FRONT.



THE SHALLOW-DRAUGHT GUN-BOAT "HERON," NOW ON THE NIGER.

IN expeditions against savage races in tropical countries, shallow-draught gun-boats have proved of some value. The "Sultan," which is now in Egypt, was built by Messrs. Yarrow and Co., and is armed with two 12-pounder quick-firing guns and eight Maxim guns. The boat is capable of accommodating 1,000 troops. It is of course intended to bring fire to bear on the banks in any direction, but such boats are not designed to come into action against batteries of artillery. By means of their quick-firing guns, supplemented by judicious rifle fire, however, they would be in a position to inflict great loss on a body of troops attacking them in the open, more especially if the latter were semi-disciplined. The "Sultan" was built in such a way that it can be easily transported. The hull is composed of eleven sections, and each section is separately floatable. A boat of this nature is also useful in such countries as West Africa, where often the undergrowth on either side of a river is so dense that the movement of troops is hampered. A gun-boat like the "Sultan"—having a draught of 2-ft. only—can, under such circumstances, render assistance by transporting troops to a given place in a given time. The "Heron"—the subject of the first illustration on this page—is similar in construction to the "Sultan," and is now employed on the Niger in conjunction with several other gun-boats.



THE SHALLOW-DRAUGHT GUN-BOAT "SULTAN," NOW ON THE NILE.

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Photo. Elliott & Fry. Baker Street.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL HENRY FANSHAWE DAVIES.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL DAVIES, like the present Adjutant-General (Sir Evelyn Wood) and Lord William Seymour, is an ex-midshipman of the Royal Navy. Like the two well-known officers just named, he is also among the lucky few who, having for one reason or another many years ago transferred their services from the Queen's Naval forces to the land forces, have eventually attained to rank and distinction on the generals' list of the Army while still full of energy, and with good prospects of active employment before the day of compulsory retirement arrives. He first saw war service as a Naval officer in the Burmese War of 1852, and then in the Baltic in the Russian War in 1854, for each of which campaigns General Davies wears a medal. After the first year of the Naval operations in the Baltic, General Davies joined the Army, his first commission being dated December 19th, 1854. Three years later he got his captaincy. As colonel, General Davies took part in the Zulu War of 1879, commanding at various points within the field of operations, particularly at Conference Hill and at Fort Newdigate, his services being rewarded with mention in despatches and a clasp to his medal. He became major-general in 1886, and from 1889 to 1894 commanded the Cork District, becoming lieutenant-general (his present rank) in 1893.

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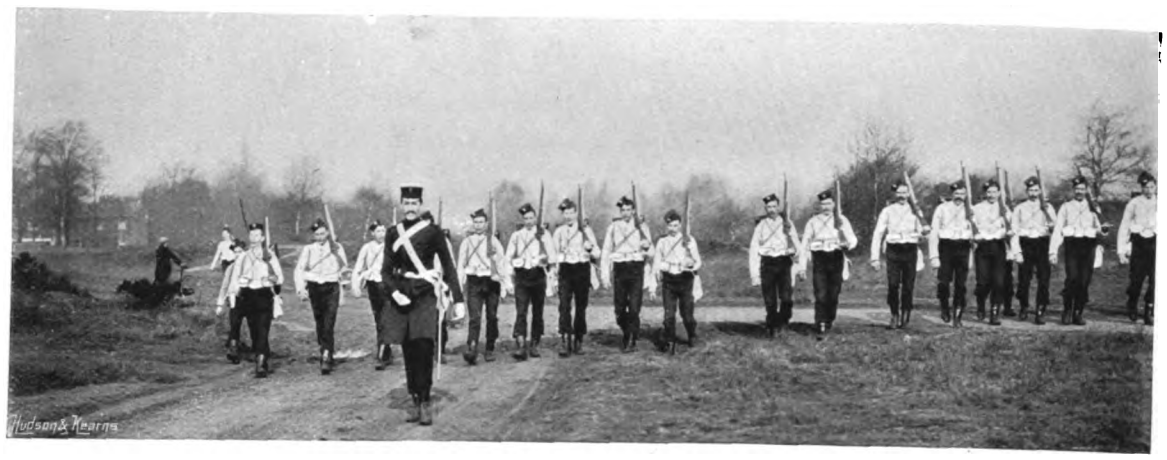
A FIELD DAY AT WIMBLEDON.

THE work of the Household Cavalry and Foot Guards is not, as some believe, confined to protecting such buildings as Buckingham Palace, St. James's Palace, or the Horse Guards. Like soldiers of the Line, they are called upon to take their share of route marches and field days. In this respect the regiments stationed in London are somewhat unfortunately situated. No matter in what direction they are ordered to march, some miles of streets must be traversed before open country is reached. One of the most convenient sites for manœuvres near London on a small scale is undoubtedly Wimbledon Common. Here it is that the battles arranged by the officer commanding the Home District are usually fought. The accompanying photographs were taken during a recent encounter between two rival forces on the Common.



MARCHING TO THE BATTLE-FIELD.

WITH THE CADETS—A HOT CORNER.

The troops ordered to rendezvous at Barnes were three squadrons of the 2nd Life Guards, two guns of the Royal Horse Artillery, half of the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, and the 1st Battalion Scots Guards. To these were added a battalion of Volunteers, consisting of detachments from Eton, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, and Highgate. The whole was placed under Colonel Oliphant as an advanced guard to a force supposed to be stationed at Hammersmith. His orders were to push forward and seize a position at the Windmill, and if attacked to drive the enemy back. To this force was opposed one under Lord Falmouth, consisting of the 1st Life Guards, 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, and the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, and covering their main body at Raynes Park. Lord Falmouth had instructions to march on Hammersmith, attacking any force he might encounter, and expect the co-operation of two guns and two squadrons of Royal Dragoons from Kingston.

The guns and cavalry of Colonel Oliphant's force advanced up Roehampton Lane, followed by the infantry. The latter, on reaching the end of the Lane, debouched without being molested, but the rival cavalry and guns had already come into action.

The Volunteers were deployed to the right, and the Guards to the left, and both pushed on to attack Lord Falmouth's force, now on the defensive near the Windmill. The young Volunteers were threatened on flank by the Dragoons, but pressed on steadily, and in the end Lord Falmouth was compelled to retire, fighting, on Cæsar's Camp. While executing this manœuvre, he was hotly pressed by the Eton boys, who showed themselves "eager for the fray."

The fight lasted about an hour and a-half, and Major-General Trotter, Umpire-in-Chief, expressed himself well satisfied.

REPELLING AN ATTACK.

THE STAFF IN CONSULTATION.

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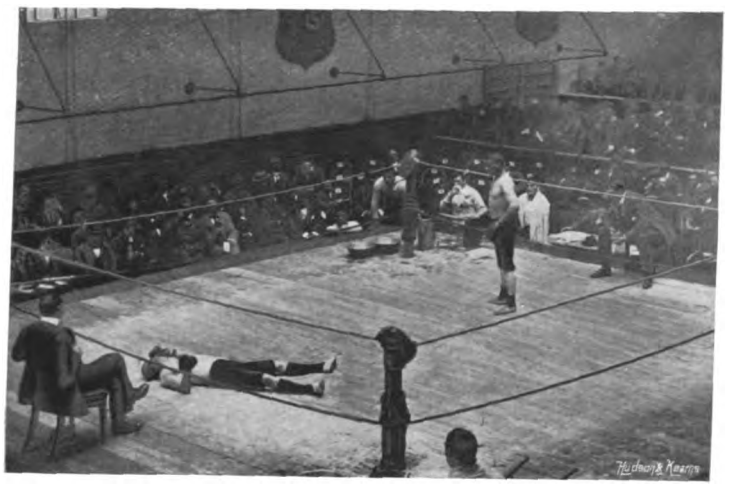
Army and Navy Annual Boxing Competition.

THE Annual Boxing Competition, open to Army and Navy alike, is always a popular event at Aldershot, and that held recently was even more successful than anything that has been witnessed in previous years.

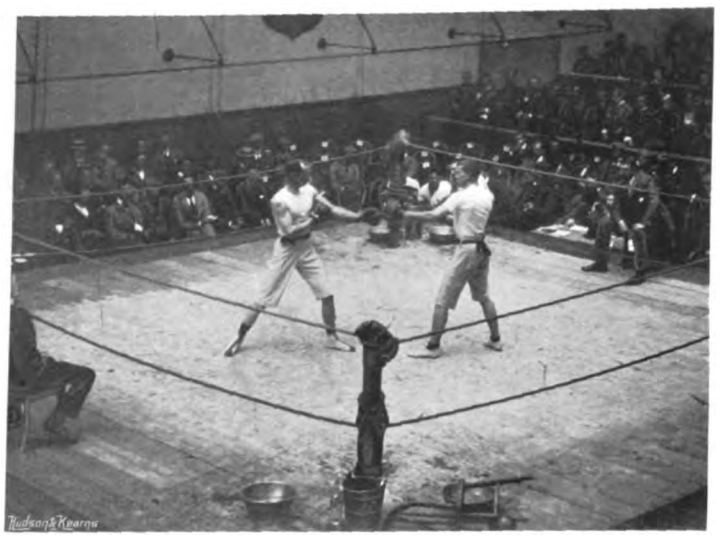
The officers' contests attracted a good share of attention. The first round of the heavy-weight championship was fought between Lieutenant Shine, Royal Marine Light Infantry, and 2nd Lieutenant Taylour, 2nd Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment. Both officers showed pluck and determination.



DRIVER WELSH v. CORPORAL MERCKEL.

but in the end the victory was given to the Marine, who was the heavier of the two. On the second day of the meeting, the latter met Captain Goodwyn, of the 2nd Battalion Devonshire Regiment, and succeeded in defeating him. In the middle-weights, too, another Marine, Captain Graham, was victorious against Captain Harrison, A.S.C., although the latter was the stronger.

The competitions open to non-commissioned officers and



LIEUTENANT SHINE v. CAPTAIN GOODWYN.

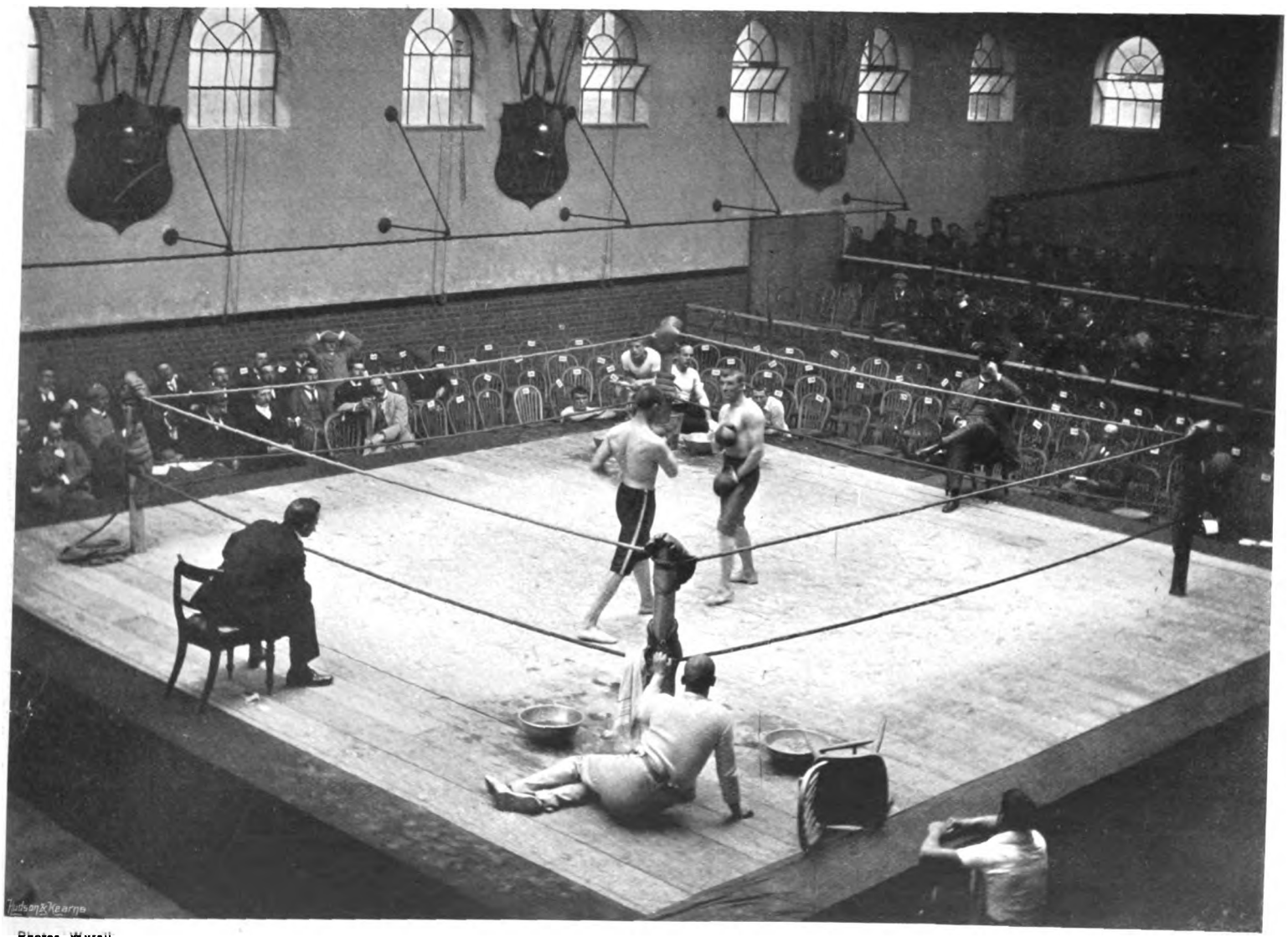
men were even more entertaining. In the final round for the heavy-weight championship, Private Fisher, 1st Battalion Scots Guards, beat Driver Weedon, A.S.C.

On the first day of the meeting, the former beat Private McDermott, 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, after a hard tussle, which the referee thought right to bring to a finish.

In middle-weights, Driver Welsh, R.E., beat Corporal Merckel, R.M.A., but was beaten by Driver Pincher, R.H.A., in the final, after spraining his wrist.

The fight between Sapper Miles, R.E., and Drummer Smith, K.O.S.B., on the first day was a very determined one.

On the second day, Miles had to meet Private Regan, 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, and secured a decisive victory, knocking out his opponent, and thus becoming light-weight champion.



Photos, Wyrall. Aldershot.

SAPPER MILES v. PRIVATE REGAN.

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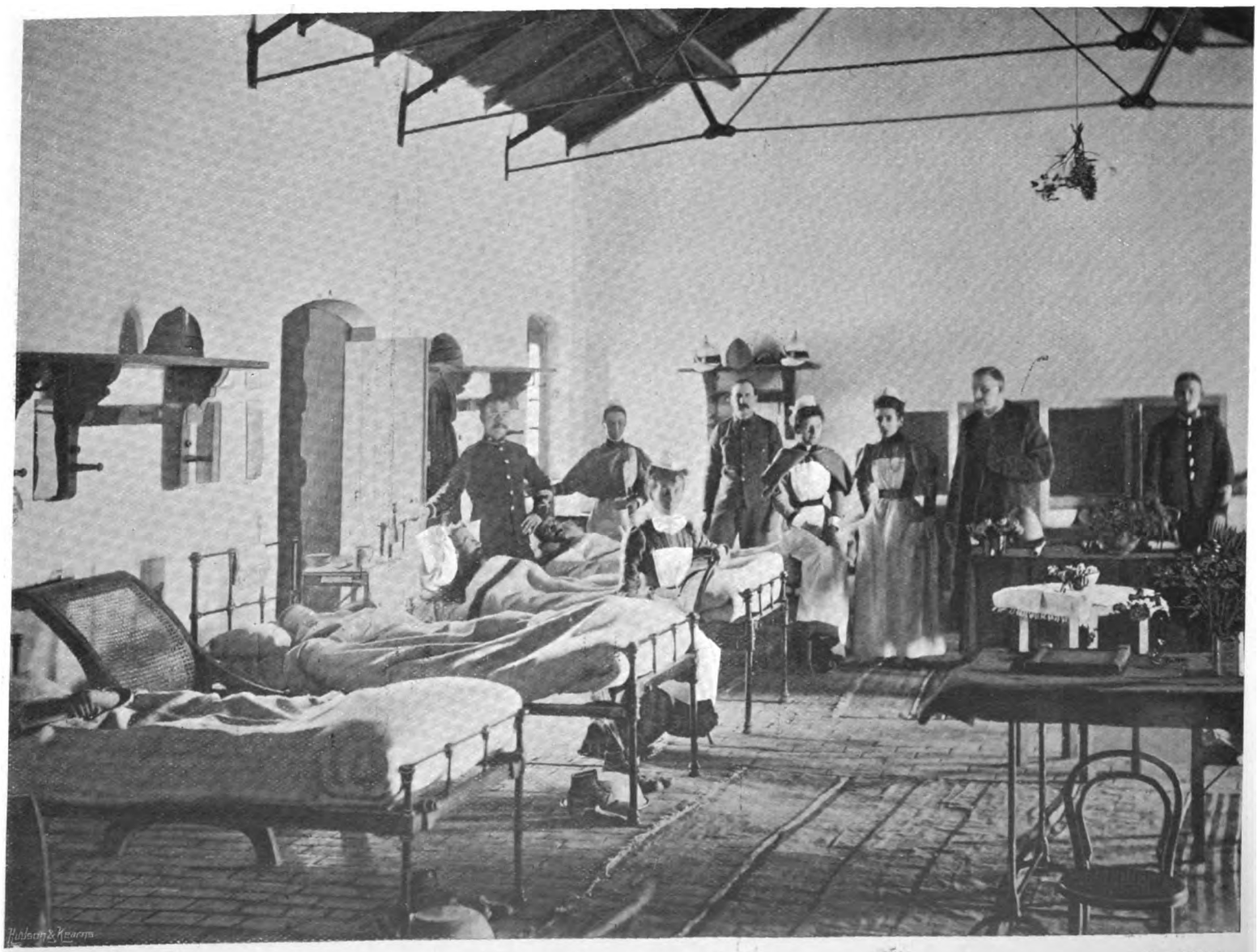
MINISTERING ANGELS.

PROBABLY in none of the many campaigns on the Indian frontier in which we have been engaged have the casualties been greater than in that which is now being brought to a successful conclusion. That the sick and wounded in it have had the benefit of skilled European nurses, the Army owes to Lady Roberts, for it is to her devoted energy that the establishment of Nursing Sisters for the Indian Army is due. The two pictures we give herewith were taken at the base hospital of the Tirah Expedition and Tochi Field Force, and represent a group of Nursing Sisters and one of the wards in the hospital. The lady in the centre of the group is Miss Loch, the Lady Superintendent of the Indian Army Nursing Sisters, the others being Sisters Barker, Ramsay, Rait, Baines, Harris, Weighell, Barker, and Chambers. The base hospital where the sick and wounded were sent is at West Ridge, a healthy spot, not many miles from Rawal Pindi. The total number of admissions has been about 2,300 men and 114 officers; of this large number not one wounded officer or man has died, though it has been found necessary to perform many amputations. Unfortunately the medical cases have not come off quite so well as the surgical, for it was found that the sick men from the Tochi Valley were in such a weak and deplorable condition, owing to the bad water, trying climate, and hardships that they had had to put up with, that not even the skill of the medical officers or the care of the Nursing Sisters could restore all to health, and some died, in spite of all their efforts. There are eight Nursing Sisters, six of whom are on day duty together and two on night duty, and the nursing work has been divided equally between them.

THE NURSING SISTERS OF THE TIRAH EXPEDITION.



Photos. T. Winter. *A WARD IN THE HOSPITAL.* Rawal Pindi.

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I TOOK up with very pleasurable anticipations "Lines from my Log-books," by Admiral the Right Hon. Sir J. C. Dalrymple Hay, Bart. (David Douglas), to find it one of the most interesting of Naval biographies I have read for some time back. It is simple, direct, and forcible, just like the handsome, clear-cut features of its gallant author, facing the title, who has served with distinction in every sea, and was retired by the unjust incidence of Mr. Childers's new rules, when he might yet have saved himself by accepting the command on the East Indian station, if he could but have abandoned his friends whose cause he had undertaken to plead in the House of Commons. Sir John Hay entered the Service in 1834 as a first-class volunteer, finding the advantage of his public school training, but in the days when a contemporary could tell him that *he* had only had "to write out the Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments, and, going into the examination-room, pull his father's coat-tail to ask how many 'I's' there were in 'hallowed.'" But there was no lack of zeal, fine spirit, and gallantry in those times, though the first order young Hay heard in the Service was, "D—n your blood! how dare you lay out without orders?" It was spoken by a Puget,—what kin I know not to gallant Peter Puget of the "Foudroyant" in 1804—who explained his forcible language by the newness of the ship's company. The book is full of interest concerning the life on board, and Sir John Hay records how he was mast-headed in 1835, the year before that punishment was abolished. An incident of another extinct type was a duel arising from skylarking in the midshipmen's berth, one of the principals being killed, but his opponent receiving no other punishment than retarded promotion, which the Commander-in-Chief on the South American station thought a hardship. The book gives a spirited account of the events in Syria, the disastrous failure at Tortosa, and the capture of St. Jean d'Acre, in which the author bore a gallant part. Promoted to flag-lieutenant of the "Agincourt" in China, he tells us that in full dress in 1845 he wore *red* cuffs and collar, white or blue trousers, with straps and Wellington boots (or Chinese imitations, called "cheaty-cochs," *i.e.*, "cheat Cochranes"), and an ordinary chimney-pot black hat with a piece of lace and a button on one side, generally called the "lightning-conductor." Cochrane, with whom remained the choice, preferred this to the cap and peak, with gold lace band. Some of the most interesting pages in the book describe Commander Hay's destruction of the pirate fleets of Chiapoo and Shap'notzai in China in 1849. But I have left myself no space to speak of the stirring chapter which tells of the Black Sea operations of 1854-55, or of Sir John Hay's Parliamentary career, which was largely devoted to the good of the Naval Service.

Those who desire to be possessed of a detailed and yet more handy account than is to be found in the voluminous works of Kaye and Malleson of our Indian troubles in 1857-58, will be glad to know that Mr. T. Rice Holmes's "History of the Indian Mutiny" (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.) has just appeared in a fifth edition. It is both a military and political history, though, as the author admits, it cannot, for military readers, attempt to rival the exhaustive treatment the events of the Mutiny received at the hands of Colonel Malleson. The colonel has had many critics, and his book has given rise to a great deal of discussion. Mr. Holmes is one of those who have descended into the arena, but I shall not here follow him. He has revised his pages by the light of recent publications, of which many have been of high value, but has altered few of his judgments. But the book is sound and scholarly, and its qualities have justified its success.

I should like to draw attention to a charitable work recently undertaken by Italian Naval and merchant officers. The case of the orphans of seamen is often hard, but kindly hands are stretched forward to help. However, the need is great, and a number of officers have united to produce a very handsome "Numero Unico a Benefizio degli Orfani dei Marinari Italiani." It is an issue of the *Italia Navale* published at Florence, and sells at 3 lire, the whole of which goes, I believe, to the orphan school. Lieutenant Leone Strozzi, Duke of Bagnolo, and Signor Vittorio Vecchj seem to have been mainly instrumental. The form is large and handsome, and the artistic and literary contents are excellent.

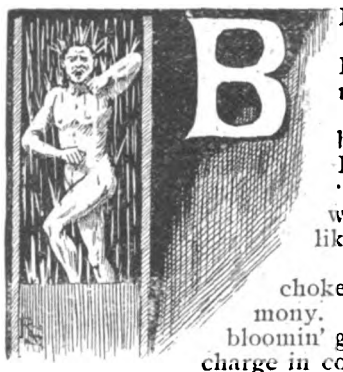
Although I cannot deal with the thronging magazines, which lie thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, yet there are some things not to be passed over. More for its remarkably clever illustrations, by F. Remington and R. F. Zogbaum, than for its subject, which is, nevertheless, interesting enough, do I note "An American Army Manœuvre" in *Harper's Magazine*. The same number contains a gossip by Julian Ralph on his experiences in Macedonia and Thessaly "in the wake of a war." It makes the blood run quicker to read Mr. Fitchett's "Anson and the 'Centurion'" in the *Cornhill*. We all know the saying that, though the sturdy seaman went round the world, he was never in it. But the silent seaman was, indeed, a sagacious, downright sailor, and it was said of him that he had trained the admirals of the Seven Years' and American Wars. Nothing can better illustrate his cool fortitude, bull-dog tenacity, and magnificent fighting energy than Mr. Fitchett's account of the famous voyage, in which he contended with ice, storm, and terrible pestilence, fought much superior odds, and brought home the famous Mexican galleon. As Carlyle said, "that memorable voyage of his is a real poem in its kind, or romance of all fact; one of the pleasantest little books in the world's library at this date."

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that, on the 21st inst., Messrs. Methuen and Co. published "Across the Salt Seas," Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton's romance which ran last year in our columns, and was received with so much favour. Simultaneously, Stone and Co., of Chicago, published the book in America, and a large edition for the Colonies is also to appear. Judging by the opinions expressed upon this romance during its career as a serial in this journal, its reception in volume form will undoubtedly be extremely cordial.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Private Tomkin's Mistake.

By DRAPEAU.



"LEST if I don't 'ave er bloomin' shy at it, anyhow," remarked Private Tomkin, in the tone of a man who has made up his mind.

"Don't yer git actin' the bloomin' goat, chummy," said Private Lurkins sententiously. "Better 'ave er go at er jew'ler's winder. It will come more nat'ral like to yer."

"Yus, an' git six months in chokey and discharged with ignermony. Then when I've a-done the bloomin' graft the gen'ral carncel the discharge in conserkense er my previous good character. Not me, my son. I'll 'ave er try at somefing a bit softer."

Private Lurkins slowly emitted a mouthful of tobacco smoke, deliberately removed his short black pipe, and expectorated into the fire with the artistic finish of an expert. Then he shook his head sagely.

"Don't you be a fool, Billy. You take my word for it them doctors aint no bloomin' jugginses. If they gives yer yer ticket *you* aint much bloomin' good arter. I've seen a many er *their* jobs in my time." Tomkin laughed quietly.

"That was 'cause the mugs swallered their slops an' sich like. *I* aint a goin' ter be such a silly josser, you bet yer boots."

"All right, my pippin, I wish yer luck," said Lurkins, and refilling and lighting his pipe, he sauntered out of the barrack-room.

Private Bill Tomkin remained seated before the fire, his elbows on his knees, and his chin on his hands, cogitating deeply. In the adjoining hut the band were at independent practice. Those who have lived in proximity to a gentleman with a predilection for the trombone or cornet know the amount of agony that can be drawn from one brazen throat. Let them imagine thirty or forty instrumentalists in one room, all practising their scales and exercises at the same time, and they will have some faint conception of that pandemonium a military band-room.

The noise, however, by no means disturbed Private Tomkin. He was used to it. It is doubtful if he heard it even. Yet, so strange is habit, when a bugle sounded on the barrack square he sprang up at once. "The quarter for defaulters," he growled. "Now for it. I bet I'll astonish them a little bit."

He strolled over to his bed-cot, where his uniform and accoutrements lay ready to put on. Everything was clean as a new pin. He looked at his traps ruefully for a moment, then a grim smile flitted over his pimpled face, and he glanced furtively round him. Then he did a strange thing. Taking his pipeclay pot from beneath his bed, he worked the sponge round and round for a minute or two, till, having got the pipeclay to a sufficient consistency, he passed the charged sponge over his polished boots till he got them perfectly white. Then with his blacking-brush he went in the same careful way over his white belts, whistling softly to himself the while.

Having finished, he regarded his work with an air of satisfaction, and proceeded to dress himself for parade. His manner of doing this was certainly as unusual as his method of cleaning. He put on his leggings upside down, with the laces inwards; pushed up one leg of his trousers so as to show a goodly portion of a stout and not over-clean calf; turned his kersey jacket outside in, and at considerable trouble put it on with the front to the rear, and carefully buttoned it up the back. Having got so far, he looked at himself and nodded, adjusted his belts, hesitated for a moment as if in doubt, then dragged a sheet from his bed, wrapped it picturesquely round his head, leaving a long end dangling down his back, seized a broom, and, shouldering it for a rifle, rushed out of the barrack-room with a blood-curdling yell, just as the "fall-in" sounded.

Surgeon-Major Beamish O'Slatherin sat in his office in the station hospital signing papers, when a knock came at the door, and a smart-looking sergeant stepped in, and, saluting, handed him an envelope, with the laconic, "From the colonel, sir."

The surgeon-major opened the letter a little anxiously, for of the colonel he stood in wholesome dread. Two papers dropped out. One was a yellow form, on which the following particulars were set forth:

"Sick Report—Regimental No. 5,927, Private W. Tomkin, 'C' Company, Religion—R.C., Defaulter."

The surgeon-major glanced at this, and throwing it down

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with a smothered growl, took up the other. It was a short note, and ran as follows:

"DEAR O'SLATHERIN,—

"I am sending Private Tomkin over to hospital for observation. I am not sure whether the man is a rogue or a fool, but I think the former. You will observe how he has turned out for Defaulters' Drill. I think he has overdone it, but you may be better able to form an opinion than I am.

"Yours truly,
"H. W. LANGLANDS."

"'Tis very koind av yez, colonel, to admit that same," muttered the doctor sarcastically. "Oi *may* be better able to form an opinion than you? Very koind av ye indade. Where is this man, thin, sargint? Where is he, Oi'm axin'?"

The sergeant went out, and presently marched in an escort between which was our friend Tomkin, just as he had turned out for parade, with the exception of the broom. As he entered the office he let a yell out of him that startled the doctor in his chair, and the peak of his cap jumped a couple of inches. At this phenomenon Tomkin shrieked with laughter, and pointing his finger at the surgeon-major's head-dress he commenced to buzz like a nest of wasps.

The surgeon-major looked at him uneasily.

"Whath's the matter wid yez, me man?" he asked soothingly, but with a quaver in his voice.

Tomkin shrieked out another unearthly laugh, and pointed his finger at the doctor's cap, now rising still higher with a weird motion.

"Buzz! Buz-z! B-uz-z!"

"Take him into the padded room, sargint, and apply for a gyuard for him. 'Tis mad he is, mad as a March hare."

"Buzz! Buz-z! B-uz-z-z!"

Tomkin was taken to the padded ward, and the usual guard of three men having been obtained from his regiment, he entered upon the period of observation which he fondly hoped would end in an Invaliding Board and his "ticket."

He enjoyed his life immensely, and for a month managed to sustain his character of lunatic so well, that it was decided to bring him before the first Invaliding Board, with a view to his discharge from the Service. By some means or other he managed to get wind of this decision—it is wonderful how office secrets leak out—and he was jubilant. The irksomeness of military life, with its enforced regularity and cleanliness, would soon be a thing to look back upon as a bad dream, and he would be able to resume the loafing existence for which his soul longed.

But there is many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip, and Mr. Tomkin's dreams were doomed to end, if not in smoke, in something very much less to his liking, as we shall presently see.

It arose in this way. About a week before the Invaliding Board took place, Surgeon-Major O'Slatherin had the misfortune to fall sick. Overwork he himself called it, uncharitable people gave it another name, but at any rate his place was taken temporarily by a certain Surgeon-Major MacDougal, a hard-headed old Scotsman of a somewhat sceptical turn of mind. On his first visit to the lunatic ward, Tomkin commenced his usual programme. He danced round the room, pretending to catch flies on the wall, then rushed up to the doctor, pointing his finger at him, and buzzing all the time.

MacDougal watched him quietly for a minute or two, then shook his head sadly, and remarked in a low tone to the sergeant, but loud enough for Tomkin to hear: "Puir fellow, I'm afraid he'll never get better. Mad as mad can be. What medicine is he taking, sergeant?"

"Surgeon-Major O'Slatherin has not been giving him medicine, sir."

"Ah! probably thought it was no use. Very sad! Very sad!"

"Rushed out with a blood curdling yell."

"We must try something for him, sergeant," he continued commiseratingly. "I'll make him up a prescription. Does he take his food well? Show me his diet board. Ah! yes, I see—chop, sago pudding, milk, beef tea. Yes, yes, puir fellow! puir fellow!" The doctor seemed much affected. Tomkin hugged himself.

At the dinner hour, much to our friend's astonishment, in place of his appetising grilled chop and potatoes, a small mug of beef tea was placed before him. He had been in the open air all the forenoon, and was ravenously hungry. His face fell perceptibly when he saw the meagre fare. He drank his beef tea, and was as hungry as ever.

At the surgeon-major's third morning visit, Tomkin went through his performance with decidedly less enthusiasm. There was a queer twinkle in the corner of the doctor's eye.

"Getting worse rapidly, sergeant; getting decidedly worse, puir fellow. Dear! dear! Very sad! very sad!"

Tomkin would have liked to have knocked him down, but the old Scotsman was a powerful man, and he might have got the worst of it.

"I should like to examine him thoroughly this morning, sergeant. Just bring him down to the office and have him stripped."

Tomkin was marched down to the office and divested of his clothes. The doctor proceeded to examine him very carefully. Outside, the snow was on the ground, and the office window was open. Tomkin's teeth were chattering.

"Seems to be losing flesh, sergeant. Just take him into the next room and have him weighed."

The sergeant took him into the adjoining room, opened a door at the further end, and gently pushed Tomkin within. A slight noise, then a sound as of waters rushing over a precipice, followed by a yell sufficient to wake the dead.

"Oh! oh! Let me out! Let—me—o—out! (Gasp.) Oh! Gorblimy! That's enough. (Gasp.) Oh!—(gasp)—oh!"

"Puir fellow, he's dreadfully bad. That, I think, will do him a world of good." And still the icy waters poured down on poor Tomkin from a height of twelve feet, and, from the construction of the shower-bath, a tall narrow box, he was forced to remain in the same position and receive the full force of the torrent, every drop of which scorched him.

"Oh! For God's sake—(gasp)—doctor, let me out. Oh! Lor' lummy, this ere's awful. Oh! doctor—(gasp)—I'm alright now. S'help me, doctor, I'll go back to my duty. Oh! Lor'!"

"Ah! puir man, I hope this treatment will do him good. It's dreadful to see a fine young man taking leave o' his senses."

"Oh! doctor, let me out. You old Scotch brute (savagely), let me out. *Dear doctor*, for God's sake let me out. This is killing of me. Oh! oh! oh!"

"I think half-an-hour of this, sergeant, say twice a day."

"Oh! ye old brute! Murder! Oh! For Heaven's sake let me out er this."

Suddenly the shower ceased and the door opened. Private Tomkin stepped out looking rather sheepish.

"Well! my man, ye are better now, are ye not?"

Tomkin made no reply, but he clenched his fist furtively.

"Dress yourself, my man." Tomkin sullenly complied.

"Shall I take him back to the ward, sir?"

"No, sergeant. He has had enough of the hospital, I think," said the surgeon-major. "*Take him to the guard-room.*"

Next week Private Tomkin was tried by court-martial for malingering. As he was marched to the military prison—in the sweet retirement of the classic shades of which he would spend the next six months of his soldiering—his sentiments were in full agreement with those of his chum Lurkins—"that them doctors aint no bloomin' jugginses."

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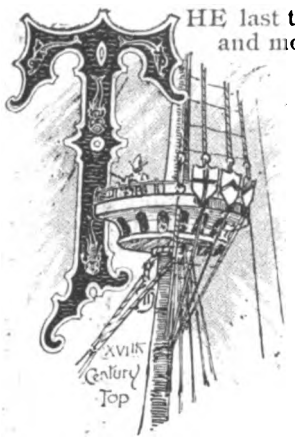
ACTION ALOFT.

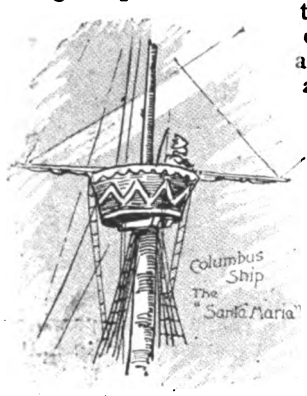
(MILITARY MASTS AND FIGHTING-TOPS.)

By MAJOR C. FIELD, R.M.L.I.

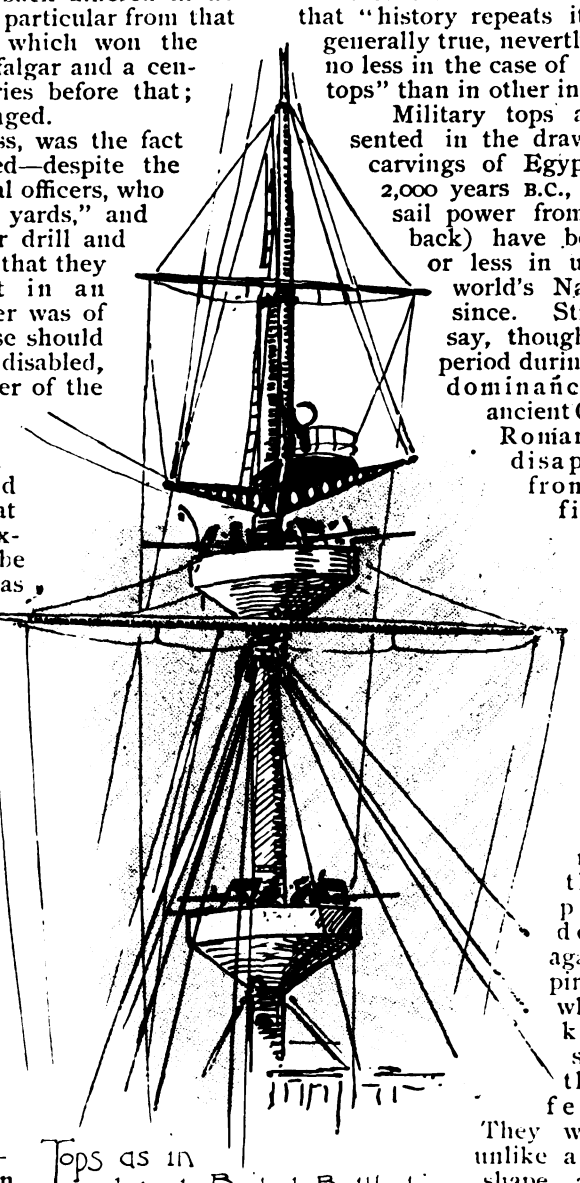


THE last ten years have witnessed a greater and more sudden change in the outward appearance of our own and foreign men-of-war than is ever recorded in the history of Naval affairs. This is in the main due to the almost complete banishment of sails, yards, and the more or less intricate rigging necessitated by their use, in favour of what are known as military masts, or, in some cases, mere signal poles. The rig of the ironclad battle-ship of ten years back differed in no very essential particular from that of the ships which won the battle of Trafalgar and a century of victories before that; but now in a single decade all this is changed.

The primary cause of this, doubtless, was the fact that it had become generally recognised—despite the stout fight made by the old school of Naval officers, who clung desperately to their "masts and yards," and the facilities for drill and evolutions aloft that they afforded—that in an action sail power was of less than no use should the engines be disabled, and the danger of the screw being fouled by the entanglement of ropes and spars that might be expected to be shot down was very great, and therefore their "room was better than their company."

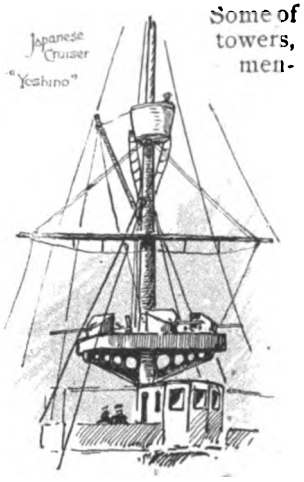


But before this decision some progress had been made in utilising the ordinary tops in action by placing riflemen or machine guns in them, in order to direct a plunging fire upon an enemy's deck. The deadly nature of this fire has had an illustration which should have brought it home to us more than any nation, as it was by a shot fired from the mizen-top of the "Redoutable" that the immortal Nelson fell in the moment of victory.

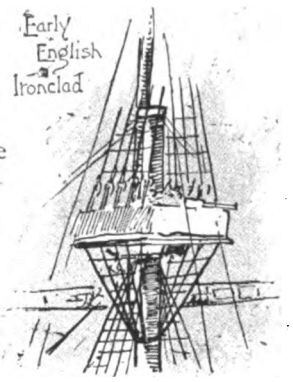


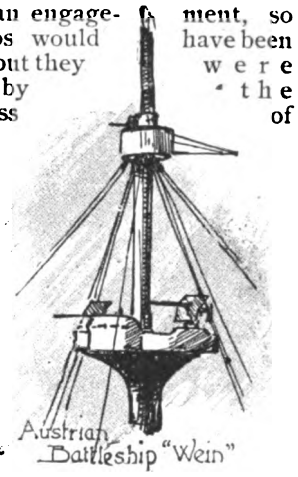
Tops as in latest British Battleships.

Still, for many years before and after Trafalgar we did not attempt to make much use of our tops for this purpose; and though, on the advent of machine guns in the eighties, we made use of them aloft as related above, yet our tops were not in any way altered to adapt them for their use, or provided with protection for their crews. A makeshift in the shape of a canvas screen was, it is true, provided, but this was no protection, except to a certain extent from view. Our neighbours the French, on the other hand, commenced at once to fortify their tops with steel breastworks, and were early in the field with military masts whose primary purpose was fighting as opposed to carrying sails, and have since launched out in the most extravagant creations of this kind, not only in their battle-ships, but in quite moderate-sized cruisers. Some of the remarkable masts, or rather towers, which are carried by their modern men-of-war, are pictured in the sketches which accompany this article. To such an extent did their Naval constructors run riot in this direction that the massive towers, which they constructed under the name of masts, seriously impaired the stability of several of their war vessels, and in a good many cases one or both of them have had to be removed. It is an old saying that "history repeats itself," but generally true, nevertheless, and no less in the case of "fighting-tops" than in other instances.

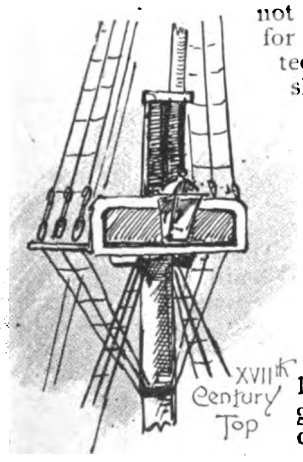


Military tops are represented in the drawings and carvings of Egyptian and Asiatic war-ships nearly 2,000 years B.C., and (except during the heyday of sail power from about 1,600 A.D. to twenty years back) have been more or less in use in the world's Navies ever since. Strange to say, though, at one period during the predominance of the ancient Greeks and Romans they disappeared from their fighting Navies, and became the mark of a merchant vessel. At this time the masts of the Greek and Roman men-of-war were lowered during an engagement, so that tops would have been useless, but they were carried by the larger class of merchantmen for the purpose of defence against the pirates with which all known seas were then infested. They were not unlike a cask in shape, and accommodated two or three men. They were fastened round the mast not far above the yard, and provided with hooks or rings on either side, which served as blocks for the halyards.





In mediæval days the fighting-top was a recognised part of a ship of war. In the famous Bayeux tapestry, the "Mora," William the Conqueror's ship, is shown with a queer-looking construction at the masthead which may well represent a fighting-top, though it is just possible that it may be intended for a species of standard. Later on representations of these elevated tub-like platforms are frequent on coins and in illuminated manuscripts, and there is no doubt that they played no inconsiderable part in the Naval wars when the English, French, Genoese, and Spaniards fought hand to hand in their cogs and galleys up and down the



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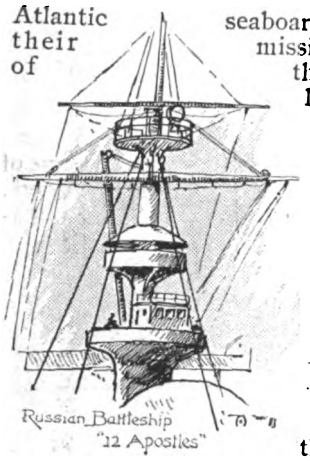
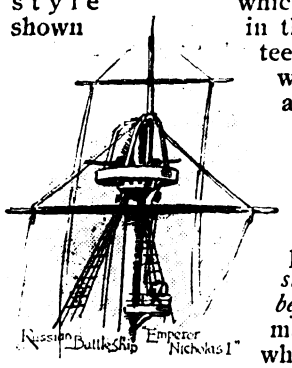
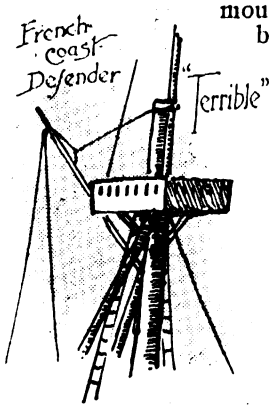


Atlantic seaboard. Archers and slingers poured their missiles down from them on the decks of their enemies, or stones, quicklime, and Greek fire were hurled upon the heads of the opposing crews. In the earlier days the top was at the extreme summit of the mast, but as ships got bigger, and masts loftier, it was placed lower down, as in the "Santa Maria," the ship in which Columbus discovered America. The next step was also rendered necessary by the growth of masts and spars, for when heavily-rigged ships, such as the "Great Harry" and the ships which took part in the Armada fight, came to be built, it was necessary to enlarge the circumference of the top to give a support to the shrouds which upheld the topmast. From this period the top, as a fighting platform, disappeared till recently, except in the war-galleys of the Mediterranean and Baltic, which had a curious basket-looking top at their mastheads, known as a "gabie."

After a period of round, flat, open tops, the style which took its place is shown in the sketch of a seventeenth century top, which is taken from a painting by Peter Monamy. We may note in passing the curious way in which the topmast is placed at the *side* instead of *before* the lower mast, a method which would seem to give but little strength. The after side of the top is provided with a species of breastwork or fence, which, in this instance, is painted red, with a white border.

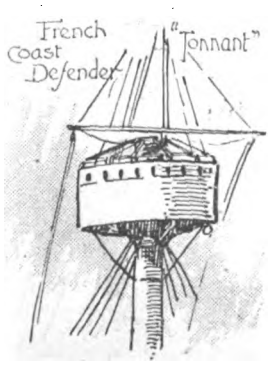


This lasted for about a couple of hundred years, and was painted different colours in various ships and Navies. Sometimes it was utilised to mount a small swivel gun, but this was usually in the French Service. The shape of the platform, square aft and rounded in front, has lasted up to the present day in ships that carry sail.

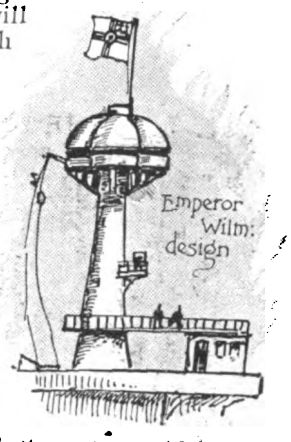


This brings us up to our military mast proper of to-day, constructed primarily to carry guns, and secondarily for signalling purposes, for it must be remembered that in all those cases in which ships have been equipped with fighting-tops since their very first inception, the primary duty of the mast which upheld it was to carry sail for the propulsion of the ship.

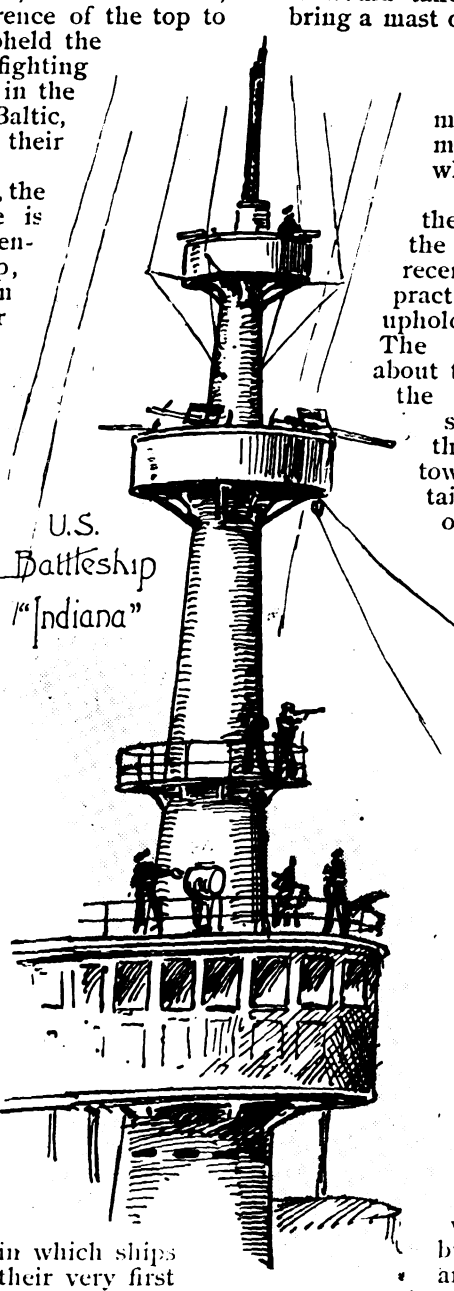
But "*nous avons changé tout cela*," may well be said by the French, and some of their truly remarkable designs in masts may be seen in the illustrations. The "Tonnant" and "Terrible" are comparatively early types, with loopholes for riflemen; then we have the lofty foremast of the "Formidable," with an upper top for the electric light, a peculiarly-shaped edifice below to enable three quick-firing guns to be discharged right ahead, and a species of conning-tower below, from which the captain can overlook the smoke-clouds and so see to direct his ship in action. The later types are all constructed with much the same ideas.



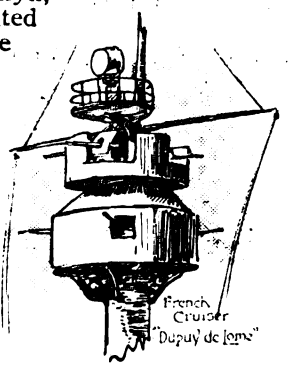
Some have a look-out or conning-tower, others have not, but all have 3 or 6 pounder quick-firing guns and electric light projectors, and one or two lighter machine guns in addition. It will be observed that in all the French types, with the exception of the tops recently fitted to the "Redoutable," the idea is to completely enclose and cover men and guns. The masts generally are comparatively low in the later ships of the French Navy, and so big in circumference that they require little or no support externally, and contain a spiral stair giving access to the tops above, and a hoist for the ammunition.



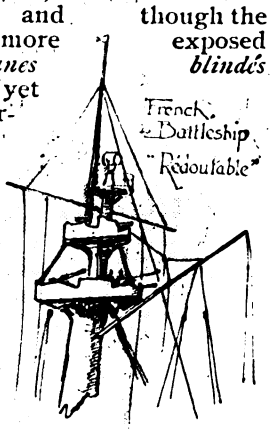
This system, though it offers a big target, has the advantage that it would take a big projectile to bring a mast down, but then, if it did, "great would be the fall thereof." However, the Germans are adopting it in the designs for their new battle-ships and cruisers, and the Yankees have done so in most of their recent men-of-war. One of their masts is here pictured, that of the "Indiana," which is similar to those of her sister ships.



That of the "Brooklyn," the vessel which represented the United States at the recent Jubilee Review, is practically a stumpy tower upholding a signal pole. The remarkable point about these masts is that the lower part is of such a diameter that the conning-tower proper is contained in it. In our own Navy and in English-built ships, like the "Yoshino" and "Chiyoda," two Japanese ships which played a prominent part in the battle of the Yalu, rather lofty masts with large, shallow open tops are the rule almost without exception.



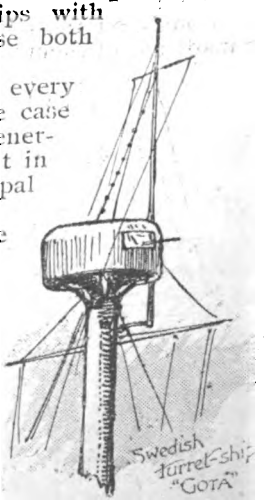
These give a more complete sweep to the guns, and offer a more difficult target; and though the men may appear more exposed than in the *hunes* of the French, yet it must not be forgotten that the *blindés* thin plating is of no avail against anything larger than a rifle bullet, and a small shell might pass harmlessly over the heads of the men in an open top which in a closed one would have been burst by the iron sides and scattered death and destruction within.



The Russians for a long time favoured open tops, but latterly have built several battle-ships with closed ones, while the Austrians use both varieties.

Italy follows our lead, and has in every case shallow open ones; while in the case of smaller Naval Powers the style generally varies according to that prevalent in the country where they buy their principal war-ships.

The curious umbrella-like structure which is shown in one drawing is, as can well be imagined, the production of the brain of that extremely versatile genius, the Emperor of Germany, and was intended to be placed on board the ship which was to be built to replace the old "Preussen." However, a design more like the French fighting mast has eventually been approved for this vessel, the Emperor's design not being practicable.



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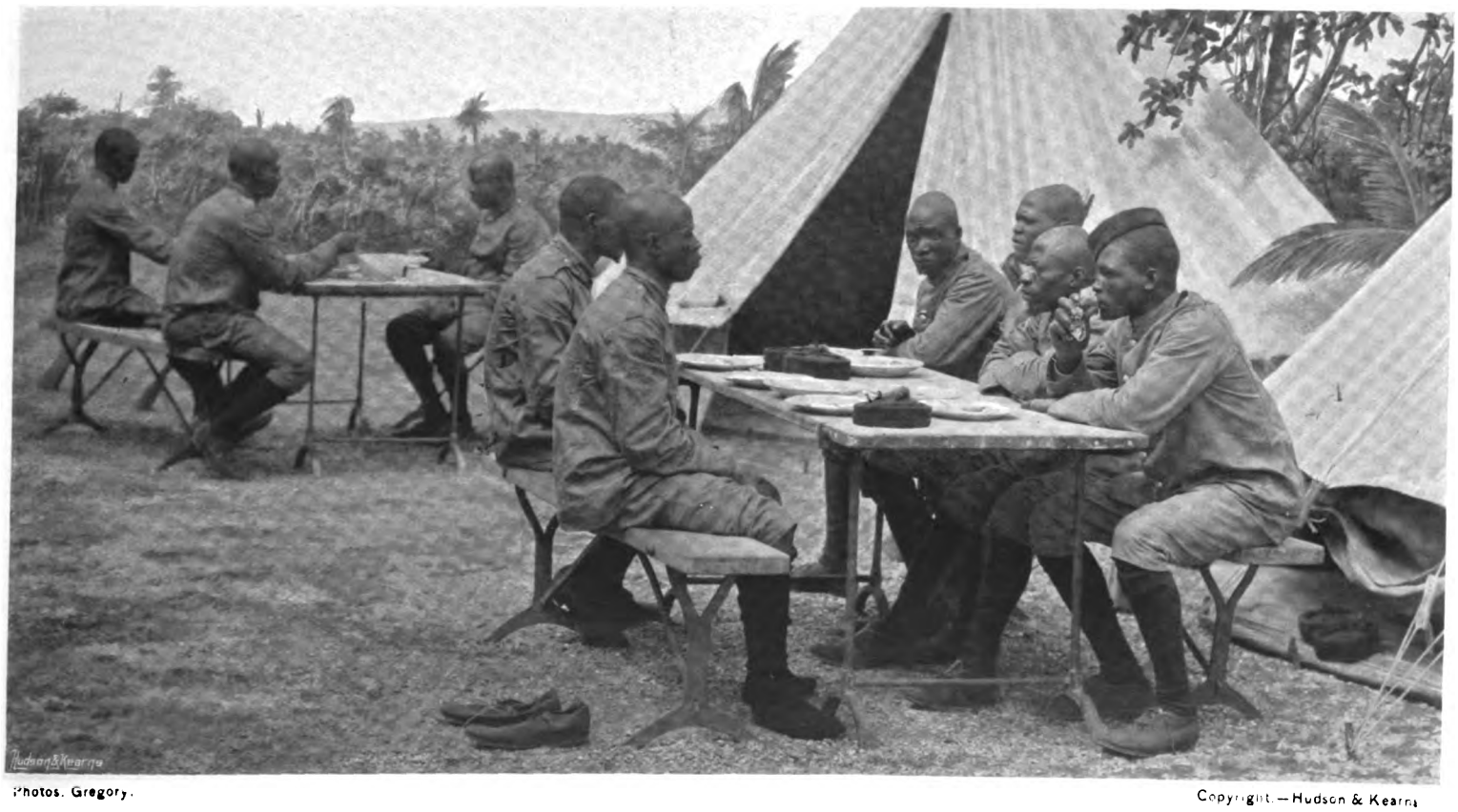
THE WEST AFRICAN DIFFICULTY.

THE controversy with our neighbours as to the respective rights of France and Great Britain over certain portions of West Africa does not appear as yet to be nearing a satisfactory conclusion, though certain progress has undoubtedly been made in that direction. There are, no doubt, great difficulties to be overcome in mapping out a newly-occupied country; imperfections of former surveys; absolute ignorance, or complete apathy, even among the "oldest inhabitants," as to where the line should be drawn; the natural jealousy on the part of the newly-arrived British, French, or German settlers as to any apparent encroachment; to say nothing of the fragile and perishable nature of treaties with natives, who are usually ready to drive a coach and four—or whatever may be the native equivalent—through them at the instance of the latest arrival, provided he offers some extra inducement. Hence one cause of these territorial disputes. We make treaties with certain chiefs, and adhere faithfully to our part of the bargain; some other Power comes along and makes treaties with the same chiefs, and then proceeds to claim equal rights of protectorate, regardless of our priority of date. Now we are, presumably, prejudiced judges of our own cause; nevertheless, it can be proved pretty conclusively that we at least have *not* stepped in and made treaties over other people's heads, for in every instance of dual treaties we have been first in the field. Furthermore, in the interpretation of the adopted word "hinterland," borrowed from the Germans to denote the territory reaching inland from any given piece of coast line, we can certainly claim to have been more moderate and reasonable than our neighbours, whose rendering of the term appears to be, as "Truthful James" hath it, "painful and frequent and free."

It is not proposed to give long strings of heathen names, which are spelt differently in every atlas, except where they are altogether omitted; it is sufficient to point out, that by virtue of treaties and arrangements dating back, in some instances, ten or twelve years, we have acquired rights in certain localities, every one of which is within the boundary lines of what may reasonably be assumed to be the hinterland of our coast possessions, and not one of which is within what would appear to be the boundaries of French or German hinterland, except where, in consequence of the curly nature of the line separating our territory, lines drawn straight from the coast necessarily include a portion of hinterland common to both. Can a Frenchman say the same? By no means; his flag is dotted about in all directions in the immediate back country of Lagos and the Gold Coast; his treaties succeed ours, often by a few months, sometimes by a year or two; he appears to dog us about and persist in making a treaty wherever we do so, and declines to accept our priority of right. The principle on which this intrusion is based results from the astounding interpretation, before alluded to, placed on the word

NON-COM. OFFICERS AND PRIVATE, ROYAL NIGER HAUSSAS.



Photos. Gregory. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns

"AL FRESCO"—ROYAL NIGER HAUSSAS AT DINNER.

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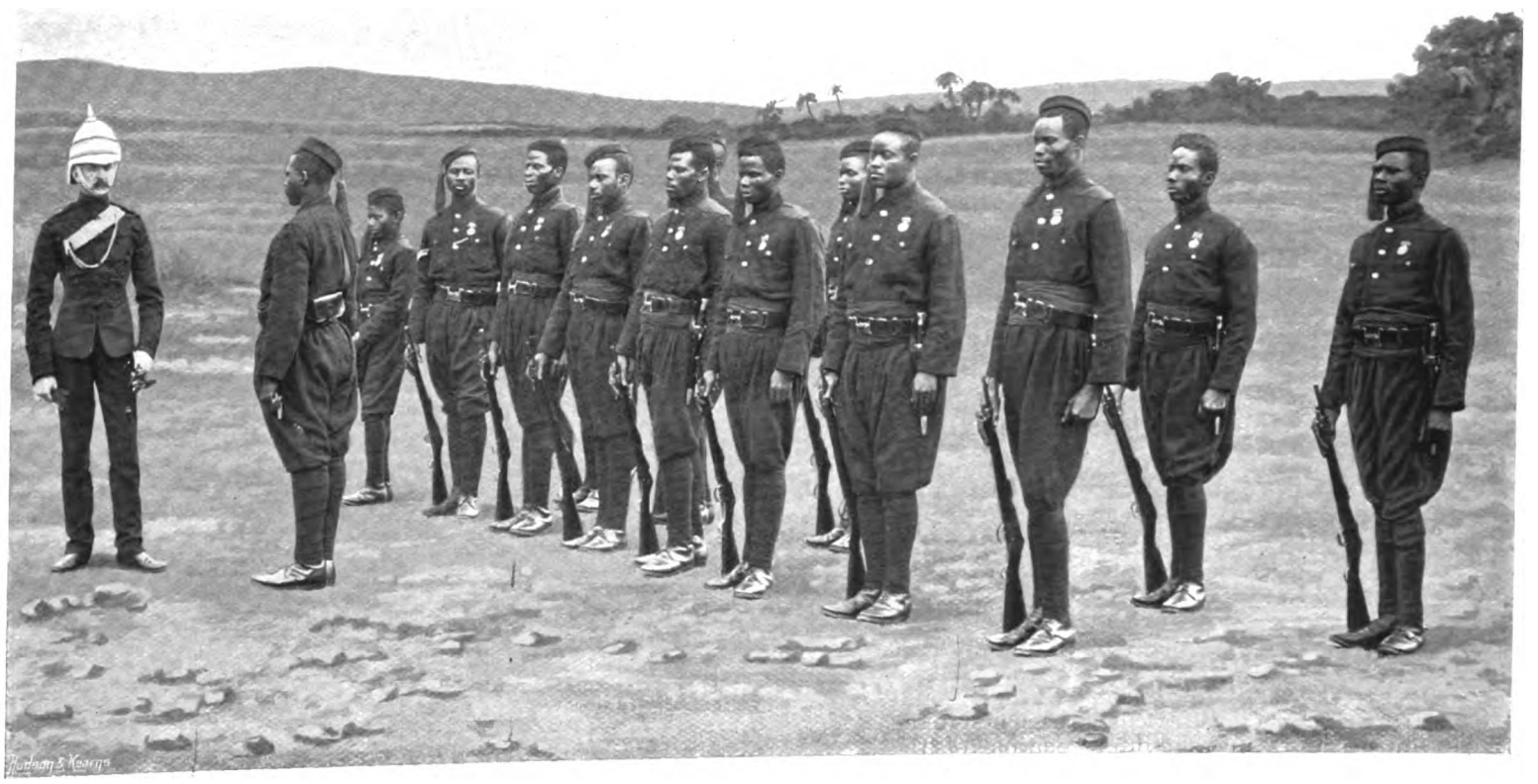
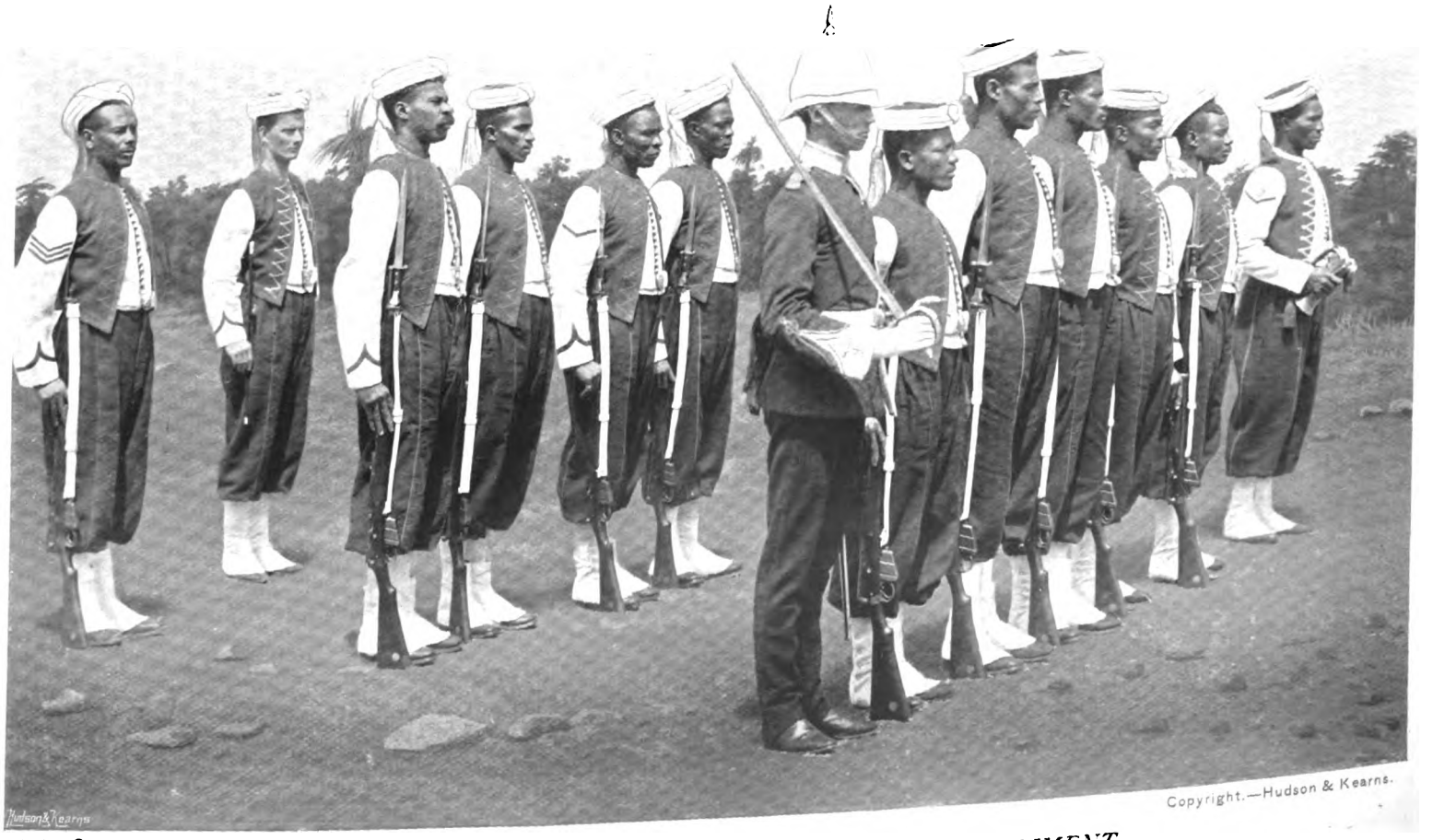


OFFICER, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER, AND DETACHMENT, SIERRA LEONE FRONTIER FORCE.

"hinterland," for it appears that France claims the country immediately north of the Gold Coast as the hinterland of Algeria! "It's a far cry to Lock Awe," says the Scotchman, but what shall be said of it from Algeria to Lake Tchad? Why not claim a strip of Africa from Algeria right down the centre to Cape Town? It is by virtue, apparently, of this ridiculous claim that advances are also being made from Senegal, on the west; and at one place, which is beyond all doubt within the hinterland of the Gold Coast, and only about 350 miles inland, the British and French flags are positively flying side by side! If the Paris Conference can give a definite value in miles to this new diplomatic term hinterland, it will certainly have accomplished something. Then, again, there is the territory of the Royal Niger Company, the western boundary of which is the river, and the northern boundary is a line agreed upon with the French in August, 1890, all the territory south of this line and east of the Niger being clearly acknowledged as British territory. Now the Niger Company is, of course, chartered and recognised by Government. The Company's interests are, from one point of view, identical with those of the Government, and the agents of the Company wired some time since that French expeditions were crossing the Niger eastward and advancing upon Sokoto, which is clearly in the Niger Company's territory. The French Government denied



Photos. Gregory.

OFFICER AND DETACHMENT, 2nd WEST INDIA REGIMENT.

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Photo. Gregory. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns.

SERGEANT GORDON, V.C., AND PRIVATE, 2nd WEST INDIA REGIMENT.

this, and everyone concluded that the story, if true, could only be explained on the hypothesis that the French officers had either strangely misinterpreted their orders, or had initiated a policy of their own, and counted upon the support of the authorities when they had consummated their act of trespass. That such things have been done is matter of history; and it is only owing to the firmness of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues that any such schemes, if attempted, have been frustrated. Enough has perhaps been said to afford a tolerably clear idea of the points which are in process of discussion, and, as is confidently anticipated, of amicable settlement, at the Paris Conference. The immediate result of this series of misunderstandings, or lax interpretations, or gratuitous assumption of territorial rights—whichever definition be accepted—is that for some months past detachments of native troops, under British and French officers respectively, have been gradually closing in upon each other at several different points, and actual conflict has been imminent. With this necessarily somewhat lengthened preamble, we come now to the subject of our illustrations, which represent some of the troops engaged, or likely to be engaged in the event of further encroachments, in carrying out practically the

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protest of our Government against what we maintain to be unauthorised and unjustifiable proceedings.

The Royal Niger Haussas come first, and are, as their title implies, in the service of the Royal Niger Company. The force was raised in 1887, and now musters 1,000 rank and file, with seventeen British officers, Captain Arnold (with local rank of Major) being in command. The non-commissioned officers are mostly English-speaking natives, but there is a sprinkling of British sergeants, chiefly as instructors in gunnery; for the men are not armed merely with infantry weapons, but also handle 12 and 9 pounder Whitworth field guns, 7-pounder guns, Nordenfelt quick-firing guns, and Maxim machine guns, besides some old-fashioned howitzers and shell guns, which are found to be of great service under certain conditions.

The headquarters of the force is at Lokoja, about 250 miles up the Niger, at its confluence with the Benue.

It will be of interest to our readers to learn what manner of men are these Haussas, who, under their British officers, are responsible for the protection of the interests of the Niger Company, and, through it, those of Great Britain. They are chiefly recruited inland, and must not be confounded with the Coast Haussas, from whom they differ widely, at least in the matter of creed, being Mahommedans.

It was anticipated, in raising the force, that these men would make reliable soldiers when trained in the use of modern weapons, but it was scarcely expected that they would turn out such admirable fighting men as they have proved. Since their first formation in 1887 they have been constantly engaged in more or less important expeditions for the protection of the frontier and maintenance of order; and last year they covered themselves with glory at the capture of Bida, where some 500 of them faced thousands of rebels, and carried the day.

The Sierra Leone Frontier Force, some representatives of which are shown in the next picture, were reorganised in 1891 from the Sierra Leone Police. The present strength is 520, with 15 British officers, Major Tarbet being in command. The duties of this body are to guard the French frontier of Sierra Leone; the boundary which they patrol is not at present in dispute, but unquestionably the events of the past few months will have stimulated them to increased vigilance, and the emphatic adoption of the well-known motto, "*Si vis pacem, para bellum.*" They are armed with Martini-Metford carbines and Maxim guns.

The two following illustrations represent some members of a corps of very much older standing, the West India Regiment dating back well into last century. The 1st Battalion is now stationed in the West Indies, and the 2nd on the West Coast of Africa, where, with Lagos as their base, they can work up into the interior should occasion demand it. They are an extremely fine body of men, and their uniform is very picturesque and serviceable. Sergeant Gordon, in the second group, is the proud possessor of the Victoria Cross, which he earned in the

CAPTAIN D. HOUSTON, GOLD COAST HAUSSAS.

expedition against the Mandingoes, by bringing in a wounded officer under a heavy fire.

The Gold Coast Haussas were raised about 1870, chiefly through the exertions of Sir John Glover. They number about 1,000, and are commanded by Major-General Sir Francis Scott, their headquarters being at Accra, on the Gold Coast. Many of them took part in the last Ashanti Expedition, and some veterans can also display the medal for the former one, 1874. Their officers—one of whom, Captain Davidson Houston, is here represented—speak well of them as soldiers. Captain Houston was in England with a detachment of his men for the Jubilee, and brought with him a native officer of long and distinguished services, his breast covered with medals.

In addition to those of whom we give illustrations, there is a force of Lagos Haussas; and a movement is now on foot by which will soon be organised the West Africa Frontier Force. This is to be an Imperial force, for the protection of our important interests in these regions, and to obviate the necessity of despatching our regular troops in case of emergency. This is the more important in face of the facts, that there is more than enough for our Army to do in all quarters of the globe—as witness the considerable augmentation during the present session of Parliament—and that the existing local forces in West Africa are much needed for police duties; and any expedition which is despatched to the scene of a territorial dispute must necessarily deprive some district of a portion at least of this salutary check on irregularities.

The present difficulties, as has been remarked, appear likely to be solved by the peaceful recognition of our rights, or, at most, by a little diplomatic bickering over hitherto doubtful boundary lines; and the event, it is to be hoped, will prove beneficial to the best interests of all concerned. It is incumbent upon our Government, in any case, to take such steps as will secure the inviolability of our just claim of priority in every instance.

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THREE SERGEANTS, GOLD COAST HAUSSAS.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—NO. 61.] SATURDAY, APRIL 2nd, 1898.

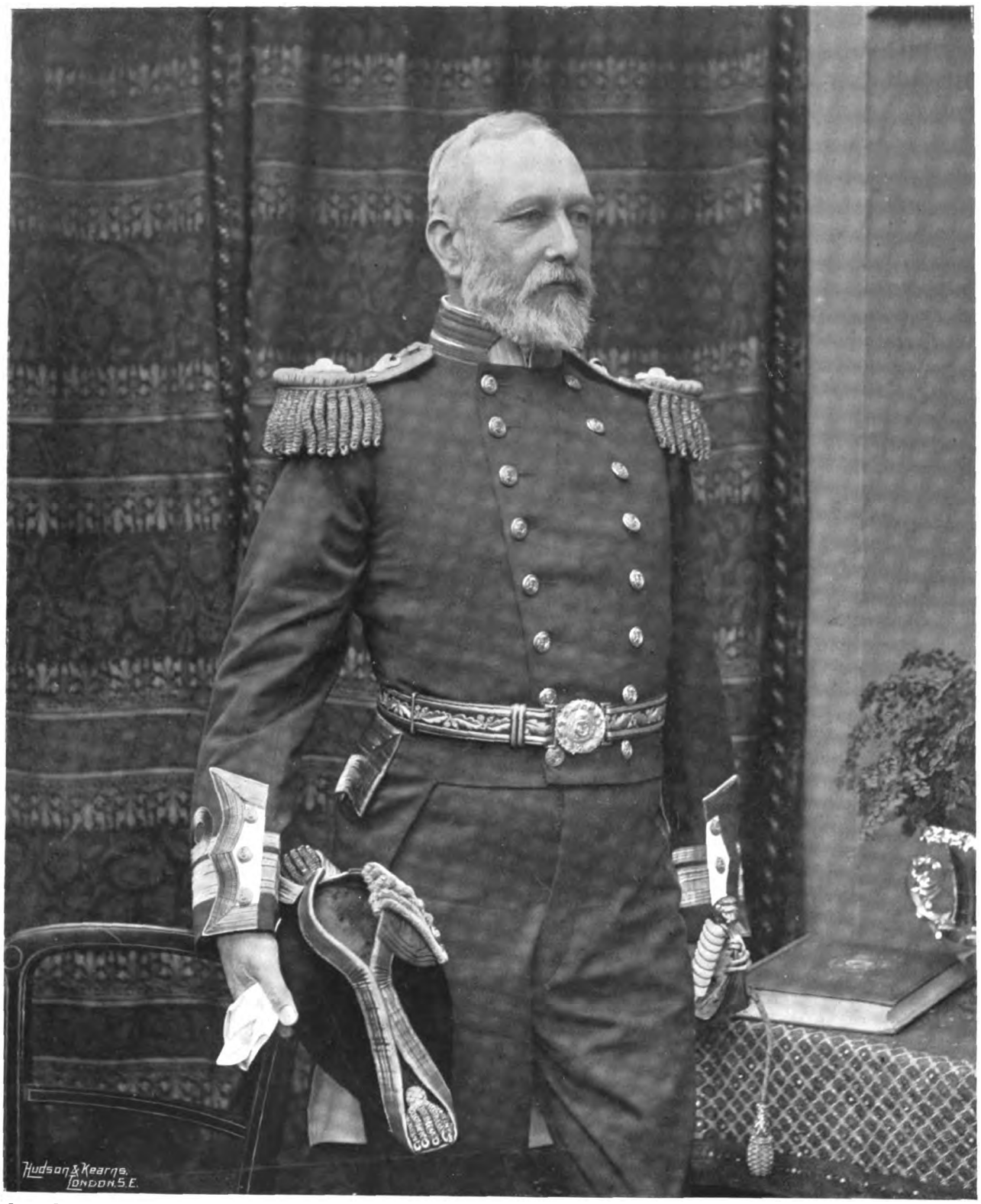

Photo. Russell & Sons. Southsea.

THE ADMIRAL-SUPERINTENDENT OF DEVONPORT DOCKYARD.

REAR-ADMIRAL HENRY JOHN CARR was born in 1839, and entered the Royal Navy in October, 1852. He became sub-lieutenant in 1859 and lieutenant in 1860. While holding the latter rank he, in the 84-gun ship "Bombay," was present on the afternoon of December 14th, 1864, when that wooden two-decker was burnt at sea, thirteen miles off Monte Video, a terrible catastrophe in which between ninety and one hundred men, including two officers, met their death. On the occasion, of course, all on board displayed extreme gallantry, worthy of the traditions of the British Navy, but Lieutenant Carr's coolness and intrepidity was considered so particularly conspicuous that his name was specially mentioned in despatches.

He became commander in 1871 and captain in 1879, during the tenure of which latter rank he, from January, 1892, to June, 1894, served as senior officer at Bermuda in charge of the Naval establishments there.

Rear-Admiral Carr was promoted to flag rank in June, 1894, and became Admiral-Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard in 1896, in which post he has won the affection and regard of all with whom he has had to do.

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The Welcome Home to the "Philomel."

AN interesting sequel to the home-coming reception given to the officers and company of the "St. George" at Portsmouth is afforded by the special banquet given by the inhabitants of Stonehouse to the officers and men of the cruiser "Philomel." The "Philomel" has lately come home from serving on the same station with the "St George," the Cape and West African station, and, being a West Country ship, it seemed good to the townsfolk of Stonehouse that her company should receive from them some public recognition of their services, in the same way that Portsmouth had greeted the "Philomel's" flag-ship. The banquet was given at the Town Hall, Stonehouse, two days before the "Philomel" paid off, and proved a brilliant and unqualified success. The streets of Stonehouse through which the gallant "Philomels" marched to the Town Hall were ablaze with flags, while all along the line of march the public turned out in crowds and greeted the "Philomel's" company with unbounded enthusiasm. They were received and welcomed in the Town Hall itself by the Chairman of the District Committee, Mr. S. Vosper, to whose patriotic personal efforts the setting on foot of the whole proceedings was due, with Sir Edmund Fremantle, General Sir Forestier Walker, and a brilliant assembly of Naval and Marine officers and others

CAPTAIN O'CALLAGHAN, C.B., AND OFFICERS OF THE "PHILOMEL."

The "Philomel" has returned from serving two commissions on the Cape station, in the course of which she saw active service, particularly at the bombardment of Zanzibar and with the Benin Expedition. When inspected by Sir Edmund Fremantle on their arrival in Plymouth Sound, the admiral warmly congratulated the "Philomels" for their smartness and alertness in every duty and drill as displayed before him. They had, he said, also maintained the highest record for character and good work throughout their very happy commission, and he granted the whole ship special leave, with the full approbation of the Admiralty. Our photographs show, first, the officers of the "Philomel" and their commander, Captain Michael P. O'Callaghan, C.B.; the second, the company of the "Philomel."

Photos. W. M. Crockett, Plymouth. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns.

THE COMPANY OF THE "PHILOMEL."

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SAILORS AT CUTLASS DRILL.

THE cutlass has always been associated with our seamen as their special weapon, and in pictures of the old wars they are represented as boarding with cutlass in hand. It has undoubtedly done a fair share in helping us to the Naval supremacy we have so long enjoyed, but modern improvements have tended rather to reduce its importance as a weapon for our seamen. Until the magazine rifle was introduced into the Navy a seaman was armed with rifle and sword very similar to the cutlass, which could be fixed on as a bayonet, and in addition a certain percentage of the men were armed with the regulation cutlass and pistol only. This latter arrangement is still continued, but the sword-bayonet has been done away with and a short sort of dagger-bayonet substituted in its place. The bayonet exercise is rather a show performance with the soldier, and in the same manner the cutlass exercise is and has been for some time with the sailor. The men, stokers and all, are trained to perfection at it, and almost every evening at sea after the work is over single-stick play may be seen going on both on the forecastle and quarter-deck. This is most excellent practice to teach a man to guard himself, and also to keep his wits about him and temper within bounds. The punishment which can be

Photo. Russell & Sons Southsea.

FIRST CUT.

inflicted by the best man on his opponent is not too severe, but quite sufficient to make him very careful of exposing any part of his body, etc. The cutlass has a large basket-shaped steel hilt, and is slung in a frog from a leather belt round the waist.

The drill exercise consists of four cuts, three guards, and a point. In the second illustration a seaman is shown standing in the position of "engage" or "guard." This forms the first guard, and the man should be capable of guarding his entire body and legs from this position. The cutlass and arm are nearly straight, the hilt covering the elbow so that the opponent cannot see it, the left arm out of the way, and the legs bent ready to spring either backwards or forwards. In the next illustration, entitled "cut one," the man has stepped forward with his right foot, and turning his hand cuts downwards towards his left toe; the rapidity of motion of course is everything. Also his hand and sword should not be drawn back, otherwise the adversary is warned of his intention. The next illustration shows "cut two," which is from the direction of the left shoulder to clear of the right foot, the man stepping forward with his right foot again. The third cut is from left to right horizontally, and "cut four" from right to left horizontally. Of the three guards the first has been described. The second shown in the illustration guards the head, and the third the sword arm. The men are drilled with the cutlass in the left hand just as much as the right. It seems doubtful if in modern warfare boarding

FIRST GUARD.

Photos. Russell & Sons Southsea.

SECOND CUT.

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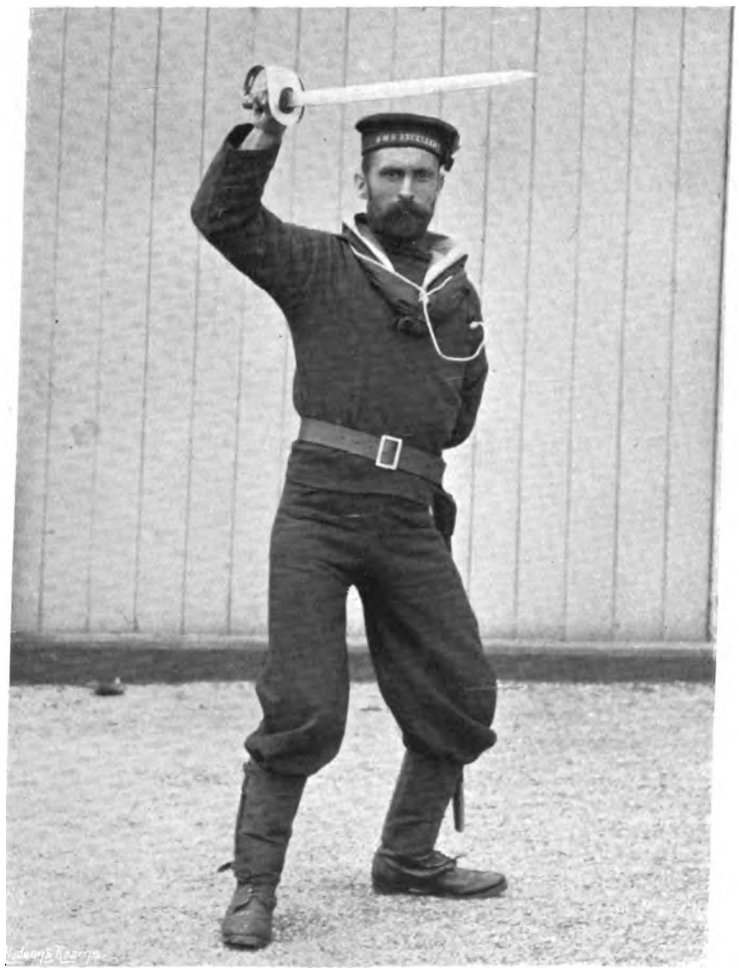
will be resorted to, or, at any rate, so much as in the old wars, and thus there will not be so much use for the cutlass as previously, for when landed on active service the seaman is now armed with a magazine rifle, chief petty officers and a



SECOND GUARD.

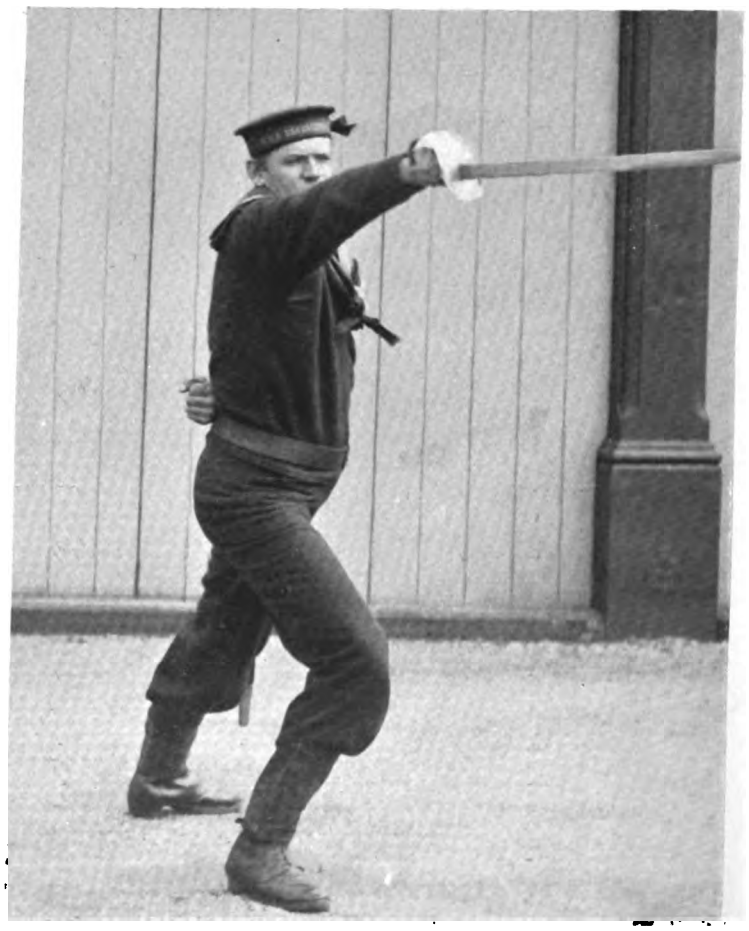
few others only having the cutlass and pistol. The men shown in the illustrations have canvas gaiters on. These are supplied for the use of the men when landed on service.

Photos Russell & Sons. Southsea.

THIRD CUT.

THIRD GUARD.

and are very necessary, as the bluejacket is in the habit of having his trousers made very wide at the feet



Photos Russell & Sons. Southsea.

POINT.

and rather long as well. In the last illustration the seaman is shown delivering the "point," which is about the most effective attack which can be used by a skilful hand.

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GREAT importance is now attached by the Admiralty to the coaling of war-ships with rapidity, and it need scarcely be said that the replenishment of the bunkers without delay may be of vital necessity in time of war. The loss or gain of a few hours in the coaling of a squadron of battle-ships might seriously affect the results of a modern Naval war. So strongly is this felt in our Navy that the operation of coaling ship has become a recognised exercise in our squadrons, and the crews are encouraged to compete with one another, and are praised or censured by the admiral commanding according to the time occupied. The process of coaling ship is a very disagreeable one, as all who have made a voyage in a steamer are probably aware; but it is not shirked in the Navy on that account, and the very smartest officers set the example of braving the insidious coal dust when the work has to be done. As a rule, the crews perform the coaling unassisted, but there are certain ports, such as Malta, Gibraltar, and others, where the natives carry the coal aboard in baskets, and perform the work more rapidly than it could be done, usually, by the bluejackets and stokers.

* * * *

IN the matter of food the soldier of to-day has much to be thankful for as compared with his predecessor of five-and-twenty years ago. He, from his pay of 1s. per diem, was mulct in a ration stoppage of 4d. for his one pound of bread and three-quarters of a pound of meat, in addition to a grocery stoppage varying from 3d. to 4d. a day. The grocery stoppage still exists, but the rations are free. The quality of the supplies, thanks to the system of inspection now adopted, is excellent, which was by no means invariably the case in former days. The system consists in the appointment of officers who are trained experts as inspectors of rations, and who travel from station to station, dropping into an abattoir, bakery, or ration-stand, without warning. Much care is taken in the cooking to obtain the maximum of nourishment with the minimum of waste. Tables are prepared at the beginning of each week, showing the proposed menu for each company for the next seven days, and the joints are distributed in the manner best adapted to meet the requirements of each mess. Monthly prizes are given in each company for the best-cooked meals.

* * * *

IN no item of the bluejacket's bill of fare has so marked an improvement been made of late years as in that of preserved meats, familiarly known as "Fanny Adams." The process dates back to the "small and earlies" of the current century, and meat so preserved was in general use in the Navy in 1831, having prior to that time been included in the list of articles supplied as "medical comforts." So inferior was the quality, however, that in 1852 a Select Committee of the House of Commons was directed to enquire into the causes "which have led to the receiving into the Government stores, and to the issuing for the use of Her Majesty's ships on foreign service, certain preserved meats which have proved to be unfit for human food"—a condition of things which is not, perhaps, surprising, when we read that the meat was obtained under a running contract from a contractor who was also the proprietor of a tallow factory, and who admitted that with him "the production of tallow was the first and chief object and that of meat quite secondary."

* * * *

THE probable causes of the infamous quality of the meat so obtained were the lowness of the price paid, especially considering the then expensive nature of the process—that the contractor could supply good meat was shown by the fact that the tinned provisions for the "Erebus" and "Terror" were obtained from him—and the practice of issuing in large tins containing 9-lb. and 12-lb. each, the weight of which rendered them peculiarly liable to damage in transit. The quality may be guessed when it is stated that in 1850 the stock at Gosport became so offensive that the local authorities intervened, and eventually every canister in store was opened, and that which was good given to the wives and children of the sailors and marines in the neighbourhood, whilst the bad was thrown overboard. Such a result is scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that one of the witnesses before the Select Committee stated that the meat purchased was the "worst beef that can come into the market," and that the practice was to fill up the tins with a sort of glue made from the skins of the beasts. All that has been changed, and especially of late years the quality of the meat supplied is of the very highest character, as befits an article which has been described by an eminent authority as "the greatest boon ever given to the men."

* * * *

"LANDSMAN" writes as follows:—"Can you please tell me the origin of the sailor's phrase, 'Davy Jones's Locker'? I have heard several derivations assigned to this curious expression, but they are none of them quite satisfactory. The most poetical is from the Hindustani—'Deva Loka,' the 'Goddess of Death.' In the so'c's'le 'Deva Loka' would be easily corrupted into 'Davy's Locker,' and 'Jones,' as the commonest English name, is supposed to have been added as an afterthought to give the necessary national colour to a foreign phrase. I suppose 'Davy Jones,' like 'Mother Carey,' the owner of the chickens, is a sort of nautical 'Mrs. Harris,' whose origin is shrouded in the dimmest tradition." I have my own opinions on this subject, but should like to hear those of some of my correspondents before committing myself.

"I HAVE just come across," writes a correspondent, "a curious old Naval book printed just at the time that our first 'Britannia' was named and launched, a quotation from which, in connection with your recent very interesting special supplement, 'The Story of the "Britannia" in War Time and Peace' (published on January 14th), seems in point here, as showing what our forefathers of 200 years ago thought of her. It describes our first 'Britannia' in terms that show the widespread admiration that the sending afloat of so magnificent a vessel called forth: 'By the concordant voice of all the curious judges of Naval Architecture allowed to be the best ship in the world, and far exceeding in excellency of building and strength the great first-rate of the French, called the "St. Lewis," on which is engraven this proud inscription:—

"Je suis l'unique de l'Onde
Et mon Roy du Monde."'

The author of the book goes on: 'An admirable Draught or Sculpture of the ship "Britannia," in four large sheets of Dutch paper, will shortly be published, with the modest but just encomiastick Verses in Latine, English, French, and Dutch under it, which I have thought fit to copy out on sight of the Draught.'

* * * *

"THE verses, in the form of a sonnet or epigram, are given by the author in Latin—their original vehicle according to the custom of the day—and in English, thus:—

'AD NAVEM "BRITANNIAM."

'Nomine digna tuo Navis, cui vela Britanni,
Imperii titulo jure superba tument;
Quid Tormenta vehis? Patrium pro fulmine Nomen,
Fluctibus et Terris quo modereris habes.
Tum Caesa tibi Numen adest dextraque refulgent
Majora Aequorei Sceptra Tridente Dei.
Quod Natura potest, potuitve Ars praestitit in Te.
Ingenio Artificis, Robore tuta tuo es.'

'TO THE SHIP "BRITANNIA."

'Hail, mighty ship! None hath so just a claim
To swell her sails with great Britannia's name.
Thou need'st no guns; that name o'er sea and land
Thunders aloud and gives thee full command.
Thy prince's hand a triple sceptre wields,
To which great Neptune's trident homage yields.
Thy builders' skill equals thy strength; in thee
What Nature could, what art can do, we see.'"

* * * *

IN reply to "Trooper," he may join the Yeomanry if a natural-born or naturalised subject of Her Majesty, and between the ages of seventeen and forty-nine. He need not reside in the district all the year round. The annual training is known as "permanent duty" and lasts for six days, exclusive of the days of marching to and from the places of assembly. In addition recruits must perform twelve drills mounted or dismounted, and yeomen six squad drills and five mounted squadron drills, annually. This does not include the regular course of musketry. During "permanent duty" the pay is 7s. per diem, but few if *any* yeomen attempt to live on their pay. An allowance at the rate of £2 is made in aid of providing clothing and appointments for each efficient yeoman. Arms and accoutrements are provided by the War Department, but the yeoman must supply his own horse or borrow one when necessary. Under certain conditions a yeoman may quit his corps after giving fourteen days' notice.

* * * *

IN reply to a Wolverhampton correspondent, I may state that steam-machinists and engine-drivers and erecters are amongst the approved trades recognised in the Royal Engineers. Moreover, engine-driving is one of the special courses taught to selected men at the School of Military Engineering at Chatham. All men enlisting for dismounted units in the Royal Engineers must have a trade, and must, moreover, prove their efficiency in it before being accepted as recruits. Before being posted to service companies and employed at their respective trades, recruits are instructed and made efficient in their more purely military work, viz., drill, construction of field works, use of explosives, military bridging, pontooning, etc. When efficient, men of the corps can earn "engineer pay," in addition to their regimental pay, at rates which vary from 4d. to 2s. per diem, according to their skill and qualifications, but to earn the highest rate a man must be a distinctly superior workman at his own speciality. To young, steady, and skilled workmen, this fine old corps offers an excellent career.

* * * *

IN reply to a query as to the uniform of a brigadier-general, I regret that I have not space to reproduce the three pages of the dress regulations which deal in detail with this subject. But I may mention that the uniform is identical with that of a full general, except that the badge of rank, instead of being a crossed sword and baton with crown and star above, is a crossed sword and baton only. Officers commanding infantry volunteer brigades (except in the case of those officers commanding Guards regiments who are *ex officio* brigadiers of volunteer brigades) are entitled to wear uniforms and horse furniture as for a brigadier-general. The following are the principal articles of attire worn by a general officer in full dress:—Scarlet tunic with blue cloth collar and cuffs, blue cloth trousers with 2½-in. lace down the side-seams, oak-leaf pattern embroidery, and oak-leaf gold lace. Cocked hat or white helmet with white swan-feather plumes. Mameluke gilt-hilted sword with brass scabbard. Gold and crimson silk net sash 2½-in. wide. Brass spurs.

* * * *

COMPARATIVELY few people outside Service circles are aware of the importance of the duties performed by the infantry colour-sergeant. Upon him, as his title implies, devolves the honourable duty of guarding the colours in action. He is responsible to his captain for the discipline and training of his company; he keeps all the accounts of pay and clothing, equipment, bedding, and messing. On his firmness and tact depend the smartness and efficiency of the other non-commissioned officers. His experience is invaluable to the youthful subaltern temporarily in command, and his watchful eye is quick in noticing any tendency to bullying on the part of newly-fledged lance-corporals, or slackness in those in which the novelty of power has worn off.

THE EDITOR.

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FOREWARNED
a Story of the Intelligence Department
By Major Arthur Griffiths
Author of "The Queen's Shilling," "The Rome Express," "The Wellington Memorial," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Captain Wood is an officer on the staff of the Intelligence Department of the War Office engaged with certain confidential questions pending with the United States Government. A lawyer tells him that an unknown relative, an American millionaire, has left him a colossal fortune. At the same time an American detective warns him that he has enemies plotting against his fortune and his life. At the Intelligence Office he is given some confidential work to carry through connected with an attack on New York. The same day the American detective details the nature of the plot against his fortune and the military secrets he possesses. He meets Frida Wolstenholme at a ball, where he proposes, and is accepted. He gets into a cab, when he is attacked, hocussed, and loses consciousness. Recovering at length, he finds himself tied and bound, and is subjected to a cruel and painful ordeal. Snuyzer, the American detective, having shadowed Captain Wood all night, sees him carried off towards Hammersmith, follows his tracks, and believes he has run him to earth. Sets an assistant to watch the house, and returns to London. Hears at Wood's chambers that he has met with an accident, and at the American Consulate that Wood has been there. Now Sir Charles Collingham supervenes with anxious enquiries for confidential papers that are missing. Miss Wolstenholme is informed of Captain Wood's disappearance, and the whole party, with Wood's collie dog, proceed to Hammersmith. The villa is broken into, with the assistance of the police, but no Captain Wood is to be found. Snuyzer's boy Joe, whom he had placed on watch, has gone, leaving a few words chalked on the gate saying he is following some clue. Snuyzer is now much discredited. Strong doubts are thrown upon the story of Wood's capture. The police suggest Wood is hiding, when the boy Joe, Snuyzer's assistant, is brought in with the report that he has seen Wood's transfer in a carriage from Hammersmith to Featherstone Gardens. The house in Featherstone Gardens is visited, but appears to be respectable—a Spanish Duke's, family out of town. The police now declare they wash their hands of the whole business. Snuyzer finds out from the caretaker that Wood is not in the house at Featherstone Gardens, but has been kidnapped and taken to sea in a steamer; it is determined to follow in a fast cruiser, if such can be obtained from the Admiralty.

CHAPTER XVI. *(continued).*

"I THINK nothing of that, I tell you. He is the first consideration with me." I was still quite hot about it. "This talk is wicked waste of time. I shall go and consult Sir Charles Collingham. He is a man in authority, and can help, I believe. I shall tell him what you have discovered."

"Keep it dark about the burglary, please. He might take it amiss. But what can he do for you, anyway?"

"He shall go with me to the Admiralty, to the shipping agents, to Lloyd's, help me to hire a steamer—I don't know, something, anything. It would drive me mad to be sitting here helpless, inactive."

"Well, miss, let's each go our own way. But see here; take this. I've noted down a description of the 'Fleur de Lis' just as I got it from the dockyard mateys. It's the only guide you'll have in tracing her, for she won't fly her number, you bet."

CHAPTER XVII.

SIR CHARLES COLLINGHAM lived out Kensington way in a new red house on Campden Hill. I got there in less than half-an-hour, for my carriage was at the door, and, although I knew something of his ways from Willie Wood, I hoped to catch him before he left home. It was not yet 10 a.m.

He was out already on his bicycle when I arrived, but he came up fortunately just as I was asking for him.

"Come for news or brought some, hey, Miss Wolstenholme? If it's the first, I can't help you, worse luck; if the other—and, egad! by the look on your bonnie face I believe you've something to tell. Is that it?—ha!" He hopped off his "bike" with all the alacrity of a young man, and led the way into the house.

"Surprising chap that American!" he cried, in his brisk, abrupt tones. "I suppose we're bound to believe him? Actually did break in and all that, hey? Anyhow, he's forwarder than we are, for I've been down to Clarges Street to enquire if Master Wood had turned up, and drew blank, of course."

"Oh, but, Sir Charles, how could he?" I said, quickly. "And ought we to be talking, wasting time here? He *has* been kidnapped, as you see. Surely it is our business to follow up this clue without a moment's loss of time. He must be rescued, recovered."

"And the papers. They will have carried off the papers with them, you may depend upon that. By the Lord Harry, you are right. But how, how—in God's name—how are we to overhaul that yacht? I do not see my way."

"By following in another, to be sure. I will pay anything. Only do please let us lose no more time. Could not we get a man-of-war?"

"By Gad, you're right; if we could have a fast cruiser, now. Upon my soul, I believe it might be done. If I could only persuade them at the Admiralty—it's an affair of national importance to recover those papers. By George, I'll try. Come on, Miss Wolstenholme, we'll go straight down and see Gaye-Luttrell, or one of the Sea Lords, or someone. Just wait while I change. Here, Sabine! Sabine," he went to the door and hailed up the stairs, "come and entertain this young lady, will you?"

Lady Collingham came in, a still very pretty person, although not exactly young. She had the most charming manners, for she had lived much abroad; indeed, her first husband had been an Italian. This second marriage of hers had been a rather romantic affair, made up quickly after a terrible episode in a train. The General, dear old soul, had behaved, as I heard, with tremendous chivalry.

She knew the whole story, of course, even to my share in it and the reason for my anxiety, and, although I scarcely knew her, she came up and kissed me with great kindliness and sympathy.

"It will all come right, dear," she said, still holding my hand. "These trials are sent to us, I think, to prepare us for the greater happiness of winning through them. I know how it is with you. Charles told me, and I like Captain Wood greatly. Courage, child. The darkest hour is that before the dawn."

She talked on in the same consoling, friendly way, and when I rose to leave she caught up both my hands and kissed me again.

"Trust to Sir Charles, my dear; I know what he can do in any great difficulty."

We drove straight to the Admiralty in Whitehall, where the General was admitted without question or delay The messengers and porters smiled obsequious welcome, and every door flew open before him I began to take heart of grace when I saw his influence, and felt that all must surely go well now

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Sir Charles had thought it best to go first to the admiral who held a post corresponding to his own, and was the head of the Naval Intelligence Department of the Admiralty, with whom he had to do daily business, and was on most friendly terms.

They were in strong contrast, the sailor and the soldier. Sir Charles, brusque, impetuous, with a fierce face and abrupt speech; Admiral Gaye-Luttrell, suave in manner, soft-voiced and gentle, with a thin thoughtful face, and clear-cut aristocratic features.

"Well, Collingham," he said, slowly and deliberately, sawing at his blotting-pad with a paper-knife, a trick of his I soon noticed. "In plain English, you've lost some valuable papers, and one of your staff-officers—a much smaller matter, Miss Wolstenholme, although it sounds brutal—and you want the Admiralty to recover them, the papers, not the officer. Is that the exact state of the case?"

Sir Charles nodded.

"Of course, it's not a thing I can settle. It must go before the First Lord, and all the Lords—before the whole Board, in fact, which means time, and time is the essence of the situation, eh, Miss Wolstenholme?"

He flashed a bright smile at me, and then added, encouragingly:

"Believe me, I'd send off the whole Channel Fleet now, instanter, if I had the power to do it, but as that's not possible, we'll go to those who can. We must recover those papers."

"Miss Wolstenholme is not interested in the papers," said Sir Charles, horridly. "Her anxiety is chiefly for——"

But Admiral Luttrell had risen from his seat, and with great considerateness pretended not to hear. He took us now to another room, and we were introduced to a Captain Pulteney, who proved to be Naval Secretary to the First Lord, and a very charming man, I daresay, but I took a great dislike to him, for he began at once to make difficulties, speaking, I thought, in a sneery put-you-down sort of way, which was very irritating.

"What could we send? There isn't a ship," he said, addressing the others, and seeming to imply that the whole British Navy had ceased to exist. "Besides, if I could lay hands on a gun-boat or despatch vessel, what course would she steer? What is she to look for? The whole thing is a wild goose chase. I'm dead against it."

"I think we'll see Sir George," remarked Admiral Gaye-Luttrell, quietly. "We can discuss these points better with him"; and we again moved on, Captain Pulteney following, grumbling and growling all the way.

"Sir George" (he was the First Sea Lord) "will do nothing, you'll see—certainly not without reference to Mr. Goschen, perhaps to the Cabinet. It has an ugly look: using Her Majesty's ship like Thames police wherries."

Sir George Fitz Hugh sided with Captain Pulteney; the information was too vague, nothing was positively known, neither about the papers nor about Captain Wood.

"You see, Sir Charles, you have nothing to go on about those papers, were they stolen, seized, whatever we may call it. Who can be certain of that, or of anything, except that they have disappeared, as Wood has? And you infer that the same people have taken them both. How do we know that? You take too much for granted. Or, let us admit they were taken, how do we know that they were put on board the yacht? It is all pure conjecture. I should be very sorry to act—to take upon myself to act; we must wait for the First Lord."

"When do you expect him?" I asked impatiently. I was getting cross at all these difficulties and delays, and I could see that Sir Charles Collingham was dangerously near losing his temper. He only controlled himself by remaining stolidly silent.

"He is always here in the afternoon; takes the office on his way to the House. You might see him then, Sir Charles, if so minded," said the Naval Secretary.

"The afternoon! Probably four good hours hence. Absurd!" I cried hotly. "When every moment is precious. Why, this pirate yacht has already had twenty-four hours' start. Oh! come, Sir Charles. Let us go somewhere else. There are other ships besides war-ships—steamers, yachts, in dozens for hire. Why do you hesitate? Will no one help me?"

"Yes, indeed, all of us, with anything in reason," answered Sir George. "And I'm sure your suggestion is best. Certainly it will be the most expeditious. We can intervene later. I don't say we won't; but we must know more. Find out for certain the yacht's course, that the papers are on board her, and I promise you shall have a ship, a cruiser, the fastest at Spithead or Plymouth."

"I really think, Collingham, that Sir George's advice is sound," said Admiral Gaye-Luttrell. "You will be doing something, Miss Wolstenholme, in the meantime, and I promise you the matter shall be laid before the Board this very day."

We had to be content with that, although I was far from satisfied, and said so, possibly with some warm **h**, for I heard someone say as we went off, Sir Charles and I:

"My word, what a little fury!"

At which I heard someone laugh, and Admiral Gaye-Luttrell say, sweet man:

"That's how I like them. 'Fore Heaven, I wish it was for love of me!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

From Whitehall we drove into the City by the Embankment, and the General took me to Lloyd's. He knew the secretary, he said, and something of the ways of the place, its wonderful organisation, and the vast machinery at their command for knowing all about ships, almost from hour to hour.

But the secretary, a grave gentleman, with a sly twinkle in his eye, shook his head very doubtfully when he heard the whole story.

"I fear we shall not be able to lay our hands upon that yacht—at least, for some time to come—if she wishes to keep out of the way. We can track her down the river, of course, as far as Southend on one side, the North Foreland on the other. But if after that she steers a straight course Eastward till out of sight, she will be lost in the German Ocean."

He touched a bell on his table, and gave instructions to a clerk.

"Communicate with signal stations down the Thames, and then with those on the East and South-east Coasts, and inquire for a yacht answering this description—it is the 'Fleur de Lis,' in fact; she is registered here, you can verify her from the books; ask if she has been seen or spoken with, and, if so, what course she is on. That won't take half-an-hour. In the meantime you might be inquiring for a steamer to send in chase. That is your idea, is it not?" and again he signalled in a desk-tube, summoning another subordinate.

"Can anything come of it?" asked Sir Charles, doubtfully.

"Why not? You will, of course, have to send a posse of police in her. It will not be enough to overhaul her—you will have also to overawe the abductors, always supposing you come up with and can positively identify the 'Fleur de Lis,' neither of which is very probable."

"It is just what I tell this young lady; we've got first to catch the boat, and then to be sure it is the 'Fleur de Lis,' before we go a step further."

"Exactly. Ah! Trevor"—this was to another clerk who

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now came in—"let me know with all despatch what steamers could be hired for a special mission. Class of no consequence; but she must have a speed of 15 to 16 knots, and be ready for sea this afternoon. Price of charter by week or month, all found, crew, captain, coals on board. Sharp's the word, you understand. Who is going in her? You should have some police-officers, in case there is any arrest to be made. Perhaps you will see to that, Sir Charles?"

"I should like to go in her," I now said.

"My dear child," protested Sir Charles, "that is pure nonsense. In the first place, I think it is highly improbable that she will catch up the yacht. But if she does, there will be some rough-and-tumble work—fighting, perhaps. Those villains, after going such lengths, will not be very willing to give up their prize. It would never do for you, Miss Wolstenholme."

"I cannot bear to remain inactive. I want to be doing something," I contended.

"I expect you would be inactive enough on board the steamer," said the secretary. "Ranging up and down the waters probably, a wretched sort of cruise, and always in ignorance as to what was going on at home. I think you would be wiser to find some other outlet for your energies."

At this moment the first clerk came in with a slip of paper in his hand.

"'A small steam yacht, flying no colours,' he read aloud, 'was reported passing the North Foreland about 8 p.m. last night; and a steamer, the same no doubt, was seen from Beachy Head this morning at 5 a.m. Her course, apparently, W.S.W. westerly. Nothing seen of her since. Start Point and Lizard have been warned specially to look for her and report.'"

"She is making for the Atlantic, I expect," was the secretary's commentary. "At least, that would be a fair inference. But once in the wide ocean, who shall say what will become of her?"

"Could she not be intercepted from Plymouth or Falmouth?" I suggested. "What would you calculate her rate of steaming at the progress she has made?"

"It is a good suggestion, Miss Wolstenholme. I should imagine the yacht would be off the Start soon after midnight, and Plymouth by early to-morrow morning. I could wire instructions to Lloyd's agent to send out a tug, and no doubt Sir Charles could arrange for police-constables with search-warrants and authority to detain the 'Fleur de Lis.'"

"That will I, by the Lord, and send an officer of my own besides. I have other reasons, official reasons, for wishing to come up with that yacht and detain her for search. On the whole, I think that this is the most prompt and sensible course. You would hardly get a steamer off from this or any other port under twenty-four hours, and that would be a fatal loss of time."

"Can I go in the tug?" I still stuck to my point.

"Quite impossible," replied the secretary. "They have no proper accommodation, and you would have to pass the night in utter discomfort on the open deck."

"I should not be afraid of that. But someone who knows Mr. Wood and everything else must accompany the tug," I argued.

"My officer, Swete Thornhill, knows him, doesn't he?"

"Yes, but not the others, or the meaning of the whole thing."

"Send the Yankee, then. He will be quite equal to the emergency. Can you get hold of him?"

"Easily. He is on the telephone. Besides, I know his address."

Then we left Lloyd's, having given *carte blanche* as regards expenditure, and with full assurance that all proper arrangements would be made.

Later, Mr. Snuyzer answered my summons, and was pleased to express his approval when he heard what I had done.

"I don't admire another night out of bed," he said, grumblingly. "But it is in a good cause. There's sense in the plan, and it may succeed. The chase was mere idiotcy. You could never have caught up the yacht. Besides, I can be back in London on Saturday at latest, which is most important."

"Yes?" I asked, rather indifferently.

"Yes, truly. Sunday I sail from Southampton by the Great River Line's steamer 'Chattahoochee' for New York."

"What! Why is this? What reason—have you found out anything?"

"Here is a preliminary list of passengers by the 'Chattahoochee.' Run your eye over the names. See? Duke and Duchess of Tierra Sagrada. Know the name? You heard it in Featherstone Gardens; but the man said ('I've still got him as a lodger,' with Joe Vialls on the watch, but now Joe will have to come with me), this man, the caretaker, said they had gone to Spain. He admits now they are going across the Atlantic."

"You are indeed wonderful, Mr. Snuyzer," and in sheer admiration I gave him my hand.

"But that isn't all. Have you gone right down the list—well?"

My eyes swam, my head turned round; I felt giddy and faint. For there, at the end of all, was the name of———

"Captain William Wood!"

"I was pretty right, you see, miss. I see all their cards as though they were on the table. The right man held up, the wrong paraded with full papers of identification to make a clean sweep of all they can acquire. It's time someone should go over. Perhaps it will be Mr. Wood himself. If I can pick him out of that hooker and bring him on shore, I shall put it to him that he had better cross the pond right away to protect his own interests. That would be far the best. But someone must go."

"Mr. Snuyzer," I said, with a sudden irresistible impulse, "if you do not return by Friday night, I will go over to New York. If you and—Captain Wood—go, I needn't; but only give me full directions, and I'll act for him, although I am only a girl."

"I wish there were more like you, miss—one more, anyway, and she'd take up with Saul J. Snuyzer; I'd want nothing more on earth."

It was honest, his admiration, and, in its way, a comfort to me; for I knew that he would do his very best to befriend us, and work for us in what was to come.

CHAPTER XIX.

DIRECTLY we sat down to lunch I broke it to mother.

"I am going to New York on Sunday," I said, very quietly.

The words had no meaning for her at first. I had to repeat the statement more than once, and when at last it dawned upon her she could say nothing.

"Of course, I cannot go alone," I went on in the same matter-of-fact voice; "at least, I'd rather not, so you will have to come with me."

"Frida, are you stark staring mad? I was never fond of the sea, and I like it less since you took me to the Mediterranean last year. Nothing would induce me to cross the Atlantic."

"Then I must accept someone's escort—for I've got to go. That American detective has offered himself. He's not quite a gentleman, perhaps, but that is all the better. He will know just how to behave, and will certainly be exceedingly useful."

"Am I to understand that you are really in earnest, Frida? That you think of going—alone—with that man?"

"Fanshawe will of course be with me. She is not a first-rate traveller, but I must have a maid."

"Frida, I forbid it absolutely." Mother said this in such a piteous, helpless sort of way, that I knew she would yield in the end.

"There is only one way to prevent my going to America alone, mother."

"And that is?"

"To come with me. Now darling, don't be disagreeable. It is a matter of the utmost importance. I must go—I cannot help myself."

"It is something to do with that wretched Captain Wood. of course? Dear, dear, how I wish you had never settled it that way. I don't know what to think of him; whether we ought to trust him. Suppose he is deceiving you; suppose he has run away?"

"Mother, you must not hint at such a thing. I have unbounded faith in him, as I am sure he has in me, and I want to show him that I am attentive to his interests. It is for his sake I am going, and mother, forgive me—whatever you say or do, I shall go."

To close the matter I struck while the iron was hot, and secured our passages that very afternoon, paying the deposit. Mr. Snuyzer's name was also down on the list of passengers, which was a comfort to me, for I saw that he was confident of success in his present mission. If he intercepted the yacht and rescued Willie, we need not start, mother and I, and I would gladly forfeit the deposit. What Willie would do there was no saying.

I bustled about trying to be busy. I had some friends, American girls, whom I had met in London and at country houses. They gave me much good advice—what to take and what not to take, warning me that the Custom House was too horrid for anything, and that I would want nothing but one or two dinner dresses and lots of cotton frocks. New York would be a howling wilderness, they said, and we should be sure to go to some summer resort in the White Mountains or by the sea.

(To be continued.)

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Photo. F G.O.S. Gregory & Co., 51, Strand. Copyright. - Hudson & Kearns.

"RIGGING CHURCH."

"CARPENTERS rig church" is the order called in a hoarse voice by a petty officer after a shrill pipe, which intimates to all on board that Divine service will be performed in a quarter of an hour's time. The man told off as cook of each mess for the day carries the stools from his mess to that part of the ship where service is to be held. The carpenters bring capstan bars and buckets, and with these implements pews are formed, then the carpenters put the reading desk together, which is made for taking to pieces and lying flat when not in use. The officers' servants bring chairs and place them ready for their masters. The reading desk is covered with one particular white flag, which has five black crosses on it. Special positions are assigned for the captain, the commander, and the harmonium or band, as the case may be. The bell is tolled, men and officers take their places. The captain and chaplain are then informed that all is ready. In the illustration the chaplain is seen standing by the reading desk, which is covered with the flag. The man in rear is the writer, who very often plays the harmonium. The boys are always seated together near the reading desk, and, assisted by some others of the crew, form the choir; the orchestra is often supplemented by officers or others of the crew who play some instrument. In a small ship this is often the only music provided. Jack is very fond of singing, especially the hymns that he knows, and a certain number of those in the "Ancient and Modern" might be formed into a Naval hymn-book, as Jack knows and sings them very well indeed, but in a way peculiarly his own often, and it is no use to seek to deviate from this list, as apparently he very much prefers the long-established ones, many of which are by no means the easiest in the book.

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The Elswick Ship-building Yard.

A VISIT to the world-famed ship-building yards and works of Sir William Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., at Elswick and Walker, on the Tyne, is a perfect revelation of certain of the very greatest achievements of human genius, enterprise and energy. The stupendous nature of the operations conducted, the colossal forces brought to bear in the utilising and moulding of material, and the character of the work carried on, all appeal powerfully to the imagination and appreciative faculties of observers. To Englishmen and British citizens especially such establishments have peculiar attractions. In ships of war we have our bond of security, and therefore, in illustrating Elswick—to use the famous name for the whole establishment—and describing something of its work and productions, we are sure of presenting a subject of absorbing interest to our readers. In some respects Elswick is greater than either Portsmouth or Woolwich, for it combines the operations of both, besides constructing hydraulic machinery, and turning out a vast deal of work in which neither is engaged.

True it is that much of "Armstrong's" construction is for the account of foreign Governments, but the progress made and the skill and experience acquired are there for the advantage of the country. Of British vessels, the ill-fated "Victoria," the "Sirius," "Spartan," "Pactolus," and "Rattler," and the "Boomerang," "Karakatta," "Katoomba," "Mildura," and "Wallaroo" of the Australian squadron, with several more, have been built at the Elswick yard. We cannot but feel proud of the extent and character of the work that Elswick has done and is doing for the world, and something will be seen, as we go forward, of the ships that have been built or are building in the yard for the fleets of Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Norway, as well as for the Far East and the Republics of South America. Ships launched at Elswick were engaged in the war between Chili and Peru and the Naval revolt in Brazil. When the struggle between Japan and China began, it was the Elswick "Naniwa" which sank the "Kowshing," and, with a single exception, the ships of the flying squadron of Admiral Tsuboi at the Yalu had been built in Armstrong's yard. Many other vessels for the same Power have been constructed at Elswick, and the launch of the battle-ship "Yashima," of which some account will be

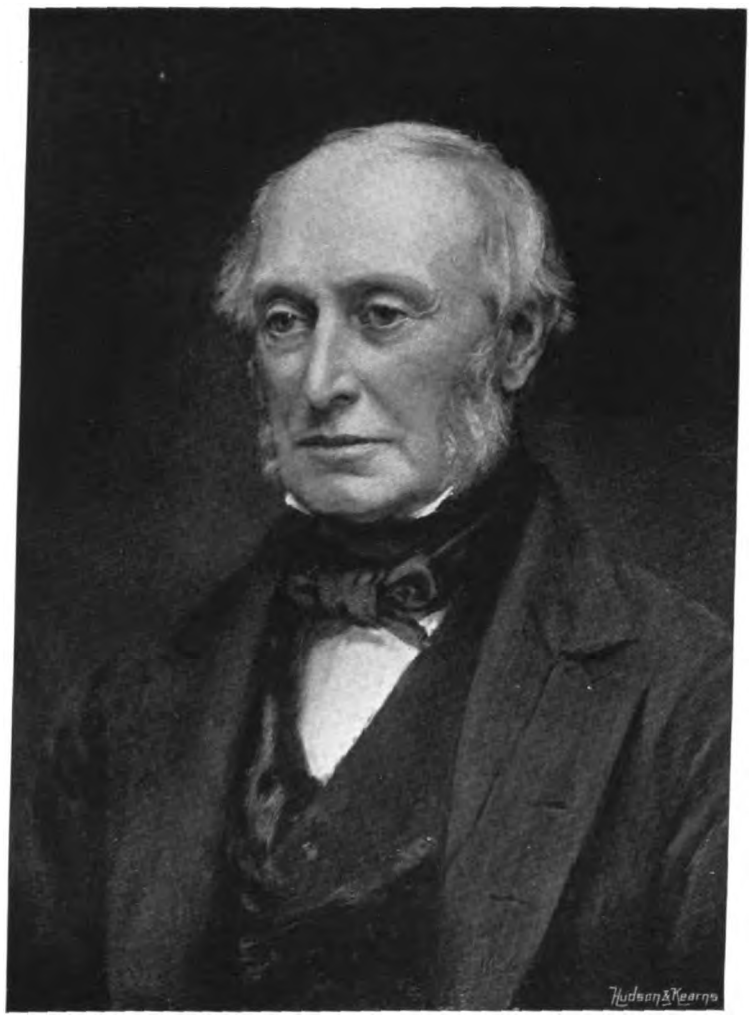
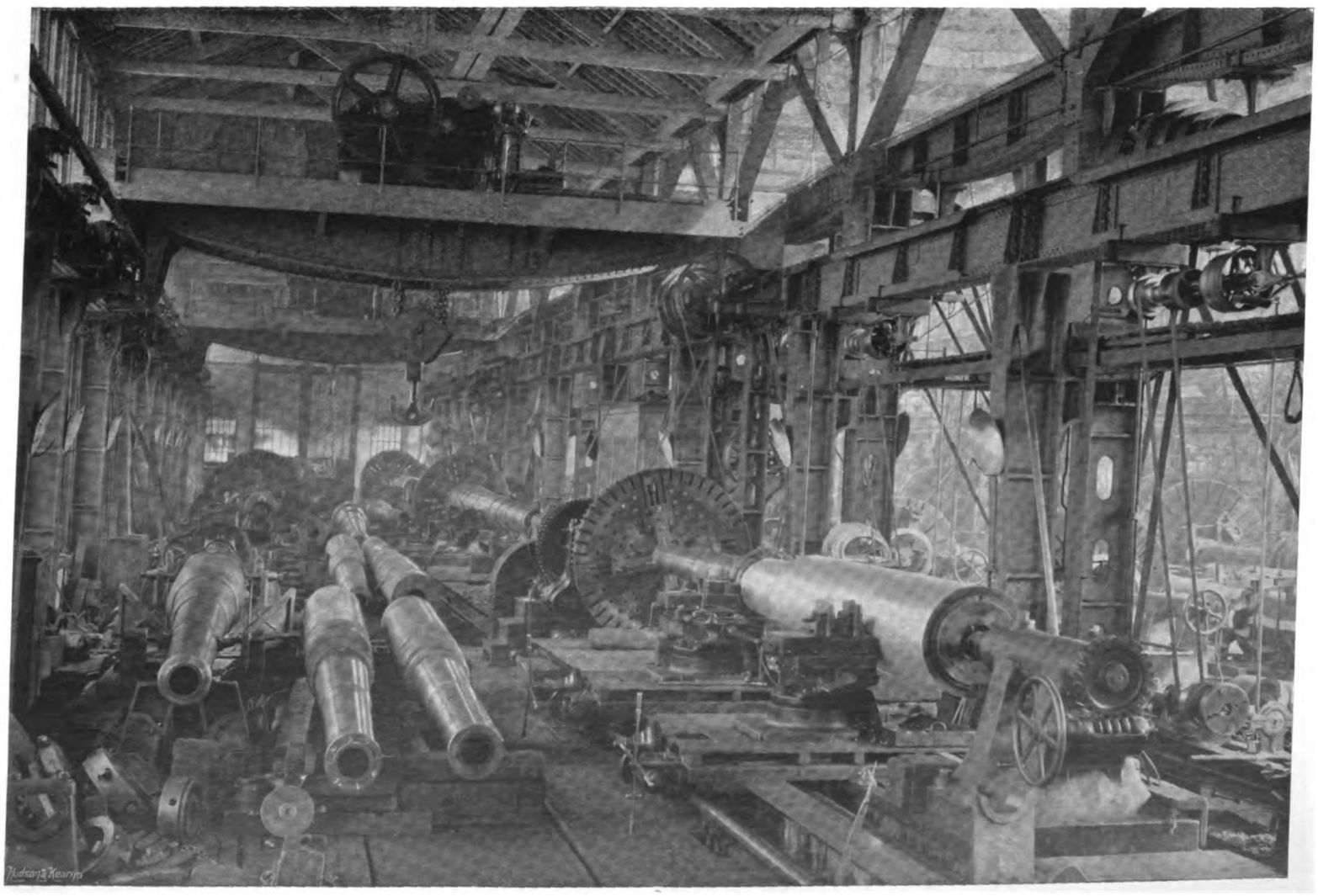


Photo. J. Worsnop. Rothbury.

LORD ARMSTRONG.



No. XI. SHOP—THE NORTH BAY.

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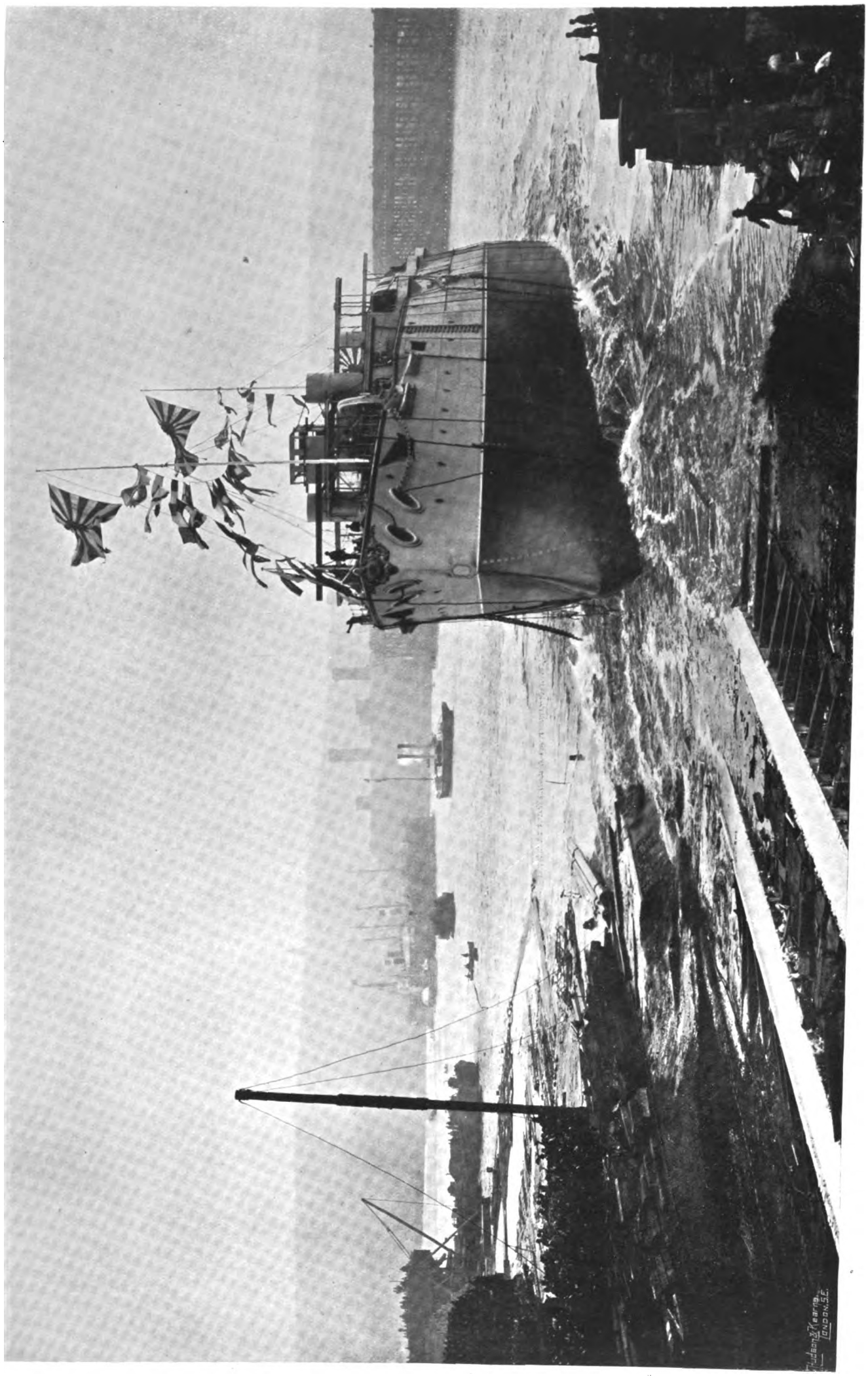
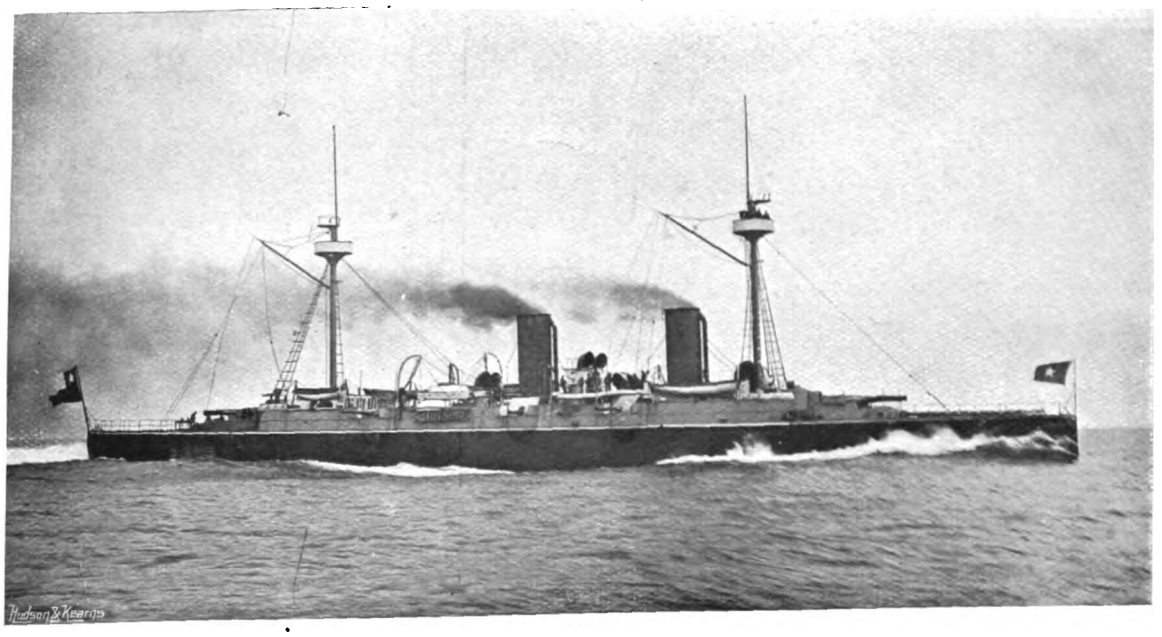


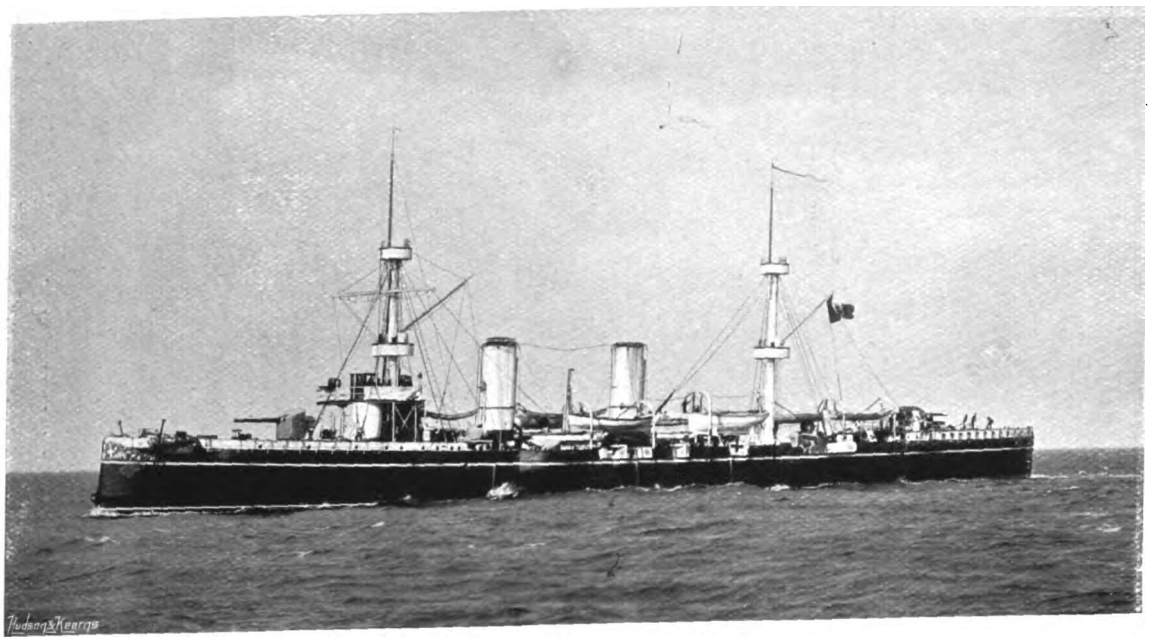
THE LAUNCH OF THE "YASHIMA."

given subsequently, is illustrated to-day.

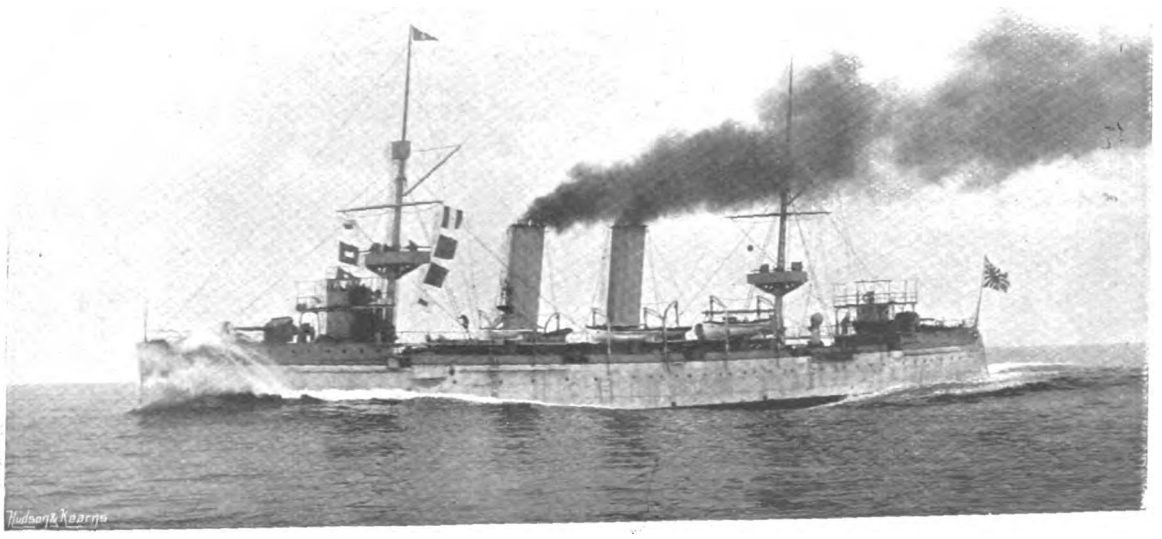
Just over half a century ago there might have been seen in Newcastle the brass plate intimating where was the office of Mr. William Armstrong, solicitor. But Mr. Armstrong, though a man of the law, had already turned his attention to hydraulic power, and had erected a crane, so operated, on the Quayside at Newcastle, which afterwards led to the opening of the Elswick works, where hydraulic and other machinery was made. Such machinery, of immense power, for hydraulic gun-mountings, dock-gates, cranes, steel forging, and a multitude of other purposes, is now both made and used at the works. Then came the Russian War, with its lessons, leading Mr. Armstrong to conduct experiments which brought about the formation of the ordnance works at Elswick for the manufacture of rifled breech-loading coil-built guns. Of the "Armstrong gun" something shall be said later on. Its inventor, afterwards Sir William, and now the venerable Lord Armstrong, became so famous a gunmaker, that he was invited to take charge of the department of rifled ordnance at Woolwich, an office he held until 1863. For many years War Office guns were made at Elswick, and now the Armstrong Company is in the very forefront of all gun-builders. Some of its most remarkable constructions in this line will be illustrated subsequently. Thus, if we described Elswick historically, we should deal with hydraulic machinery and ordnance first. Ship-building was added later, and the amalgamation of Elswick and Walker was a fine stroke of administrative power. But the earliest vessels were built at Walker—the "Giovanni Bausan" for Italy, and the first "Esmeralda" for Chili. She is here pictured under the name of "Idzumi," which she received from the Japanese, who bought her in 1895. The "Idzumi" may be described as the prototype of the modern cruiser. At the time of her building in 1884 she steamed at 18·3 knots, and was the swiftest vessel afloat. But Japan had already bought from the same Power the "Tsukushi," launched at Walker in 1882, under the name of "Arturo Prat."



THE JAPANESE CRUISER "IDZUMI" (EX-"ESMERALDA").



THE ITALIAN CRUISER "PIEMONTE."



THE JAPANESE CRUISER "YOSHINO."

Fought at the Battle of the Yalu.

In January, 1883, Sir William (then Mr.) White, the present distinguished Director of Naval Construction at the Admiralty, took entire charge of the creation, equipment, and work of the new shipyard to be laid down at Elswick. "When I went to Elswick," he said, "it was a mudbank on the river-side; when I came away (September, 1885) we had the 'Victoria' very largely in frame, and we had built and launched several vessels." The Italian "Piemonte" (2,500 tons) was also the fastest vessel afloat when she was launched in 1888. The "Yoshino," which the Japanese found invaluable at the Yalu, was a further improvement, with her displacement of 4,180 tons, her speed of over 23 knots, and her heavy armament of quick-firers. We shall next illustrate the tremendous machinery at Elswick for forging steel.

(To be continued).

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Photo, Elliott & Fry. Baker Street.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN SCOTLAND.

GENERAL EDWARD FRANCIS CHAPMAN, C.B., who commands the Scottish District, with his headquarters in Edinburgh, is a very distinguished officer of the Royal Artillery.

Entering the Service in 1858, he first saw fighting in the Abyssinian War of ten years later, during which campaign he served with No. 5 Battery, 21st Brigade, and then as aide-de-camp to the general officer in command of the Royal Artillery, Brigadier-General Petrie. In Abyssinia he was present at the action of Arogee and at the fall of Magdala, being mentioned in despatches for his services.

Ten years later still came the Afghan War, in which General Chapman won the two brevets of lieutenant-colonel and colonel for staff services as deputy adjutant-general and deputy quartermaster-general. He was with Sir Donald Stewart in the adventurous march north from Candahar to Cabul, including the fierce fight at Ahmed Khel, and with Lord Roberts in the better-remembered Cabul-Candahar march, including the final battle of Candahar. For the Afghan War General Chapman was twice mentioned in despatches.

Since then, in 1885-86, General Chapman has seen service in Burmah. He became major-general in 1889, lieutenant-general in 1892, and general in March, 1896. General Chapman is a Staff College graduate, and from 1891 to 1896 was Director of Military Intelligence at the War Office.

He was appointed to command the Scottish District in May, 1896.

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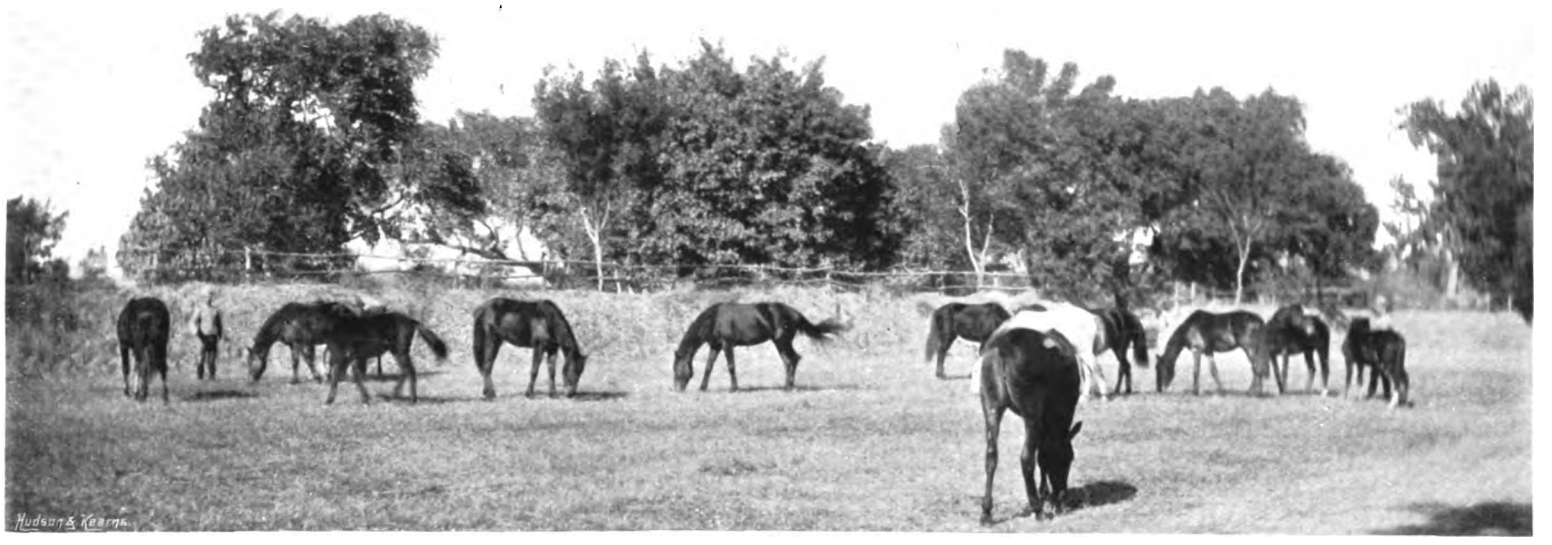
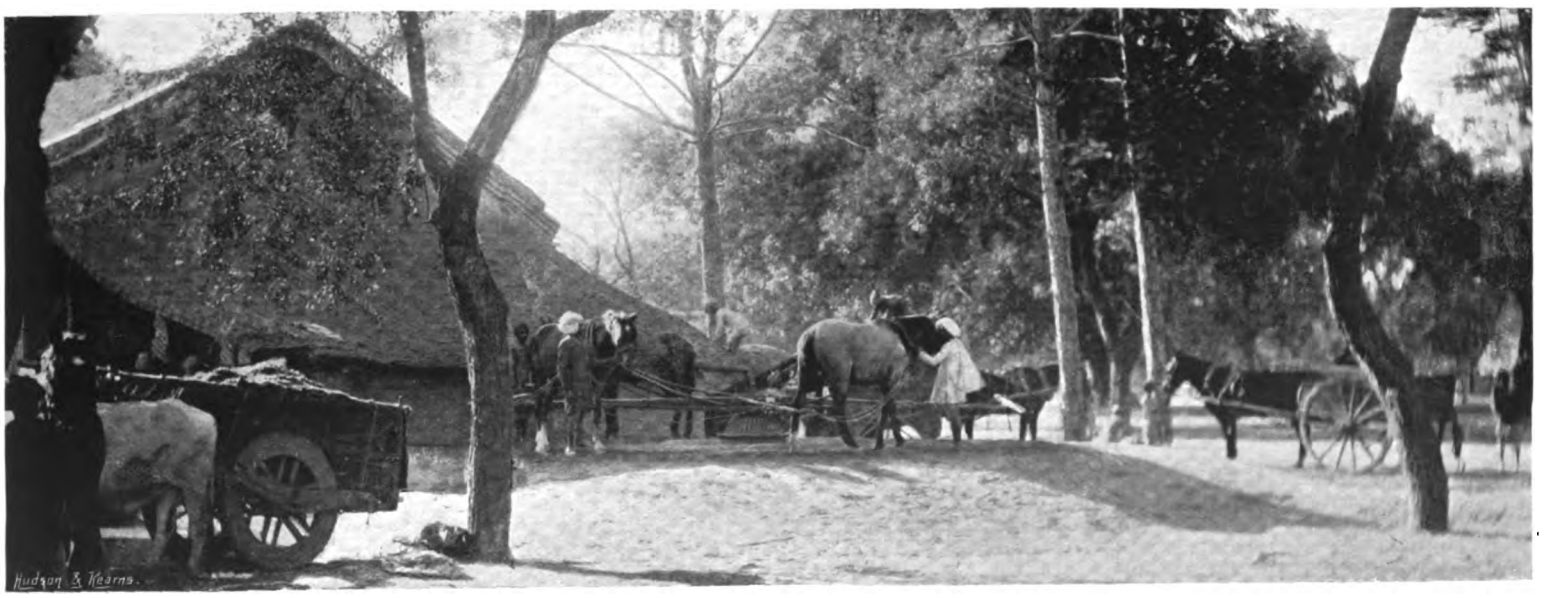
Government Remount Depôt, Saharanpur, India.

HORSES AT WATER.



HERD OF YOUNG COLTS BEING TRAINED FOR THE ARMY IN INDIA.



Photos. Sergeant F. Mayo, R.E. India.

CUTTING CHAFF.

HORSES employed on Army Service, even if treated with the utmost consideration, must, from the nature of their work, become worn down at a comparatively early age. The principal Remount Depôts in India are at Ahmednagar and Saharanpur, and it is the duty of the staff attached to both establishments to furnish suitable horses for the Army in India in place of those which are cast from time to time. The officers are assisted by a number of non-commissioned officers, termed overseers, who are usually qualified rough-riders, with some knowledge of Hindustani. The latter assist their superiors in selecting horses for the various branches of the Service, for it must be remembered that all horses in the Remount Depôts are not suited for artillery for instance, and therefore some skill is required in placing each animal in the position which it appears most qualified to fill. The stable accommodation is good, and there are extensive paddocks attached where the young colts may roam at will, as shown in the centre illustration. Food and drink are as necessary for horses as for mankind; they are, therefore, regularly watered, as shown in the first picture. In the third some natives are depicted cutting chaff to mix with the horses' food.

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THE annual contest for the Military Racquets Championship is always an event of great interest to military men. This took place recently at the Prince's Club, and was witnessed by many of the "powers that be," among them Lord Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller, and Sir Evelyn Wood.

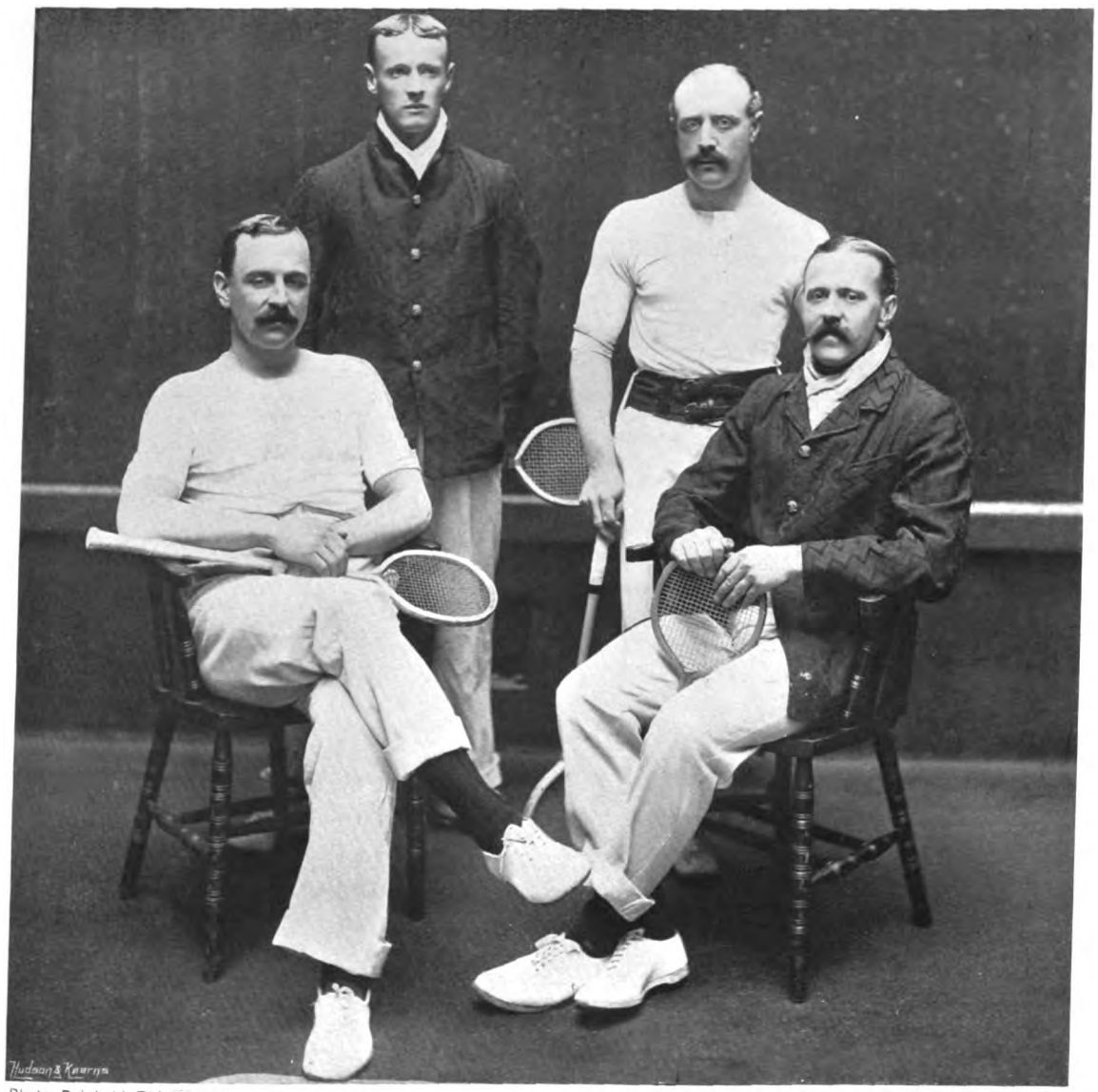

Photo. Reinhold, Thiele, & Co. Chancery Lane.

VICTORS AND VANQUISHED IN THE FINAL ROUND.

Eleven couples originally entered for the competition, representing the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, 1st Battalion Scots Guards, 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, Royal Artillery (Aldershot), 1st Battalion East Lancashire Regiment, Royal Engineers (Plymouth), 2nd Battalion Shropshire Light Infantry, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, Royal Engineers (Aldershot), Royal Engineers (Chatham), and 1st Dragoon Guards.

In the final round the 12th Lancers (Captains C. T. B. Eastwood and Eustice Crawley), the champion team for 1897, beat the Royal Artillery, Aldershot (Captain C. D. King and Mr. W. L. Foster) by four games to two in a match lasting over an hour. The third and fourth games were, perhaps, the most exciting, and marked by several well-contested rallies, but the Lancers were undoubtedly more skilful than their opponents. The championship has been instituted for seven years, and the Lancers have proved victorious on six occasions.

Captain Crawley is a fine racquet player. He helped to win the Public Schools Cup for Harrow in 1885 and 1886, and the famous Harrow coach, Stevens, often boasted that he was one of the best boys that ever came under his tuition. Captain Eastwood acquired his racquet skill at Eton.

An Interesting Relic.

THE blowing in of the Kashmir Gate will ever remain vivid with recollections of the Sepoy Mutiny. The explosion party consisted of Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, of the Engineers; Sergeants Smith and Carmichael, and Corporal Burgess, of the Bengal Sappers and Miners; and Bugler Hawthorne, of the 52nd Regiment, to sound the advance. The party proceeded in the face of a deadly fire, reached the gateway, and lodged their burden against the gate. The enemy kept up a heavy fire upon them. Sergeant Carmichael was killed and a sapper wounded, and Lieutenant Salkeld was mortally wounded. He handed over the slow match to Corporal Burgess, who was also mortally wounded. The demolition being most successful, the gateway was carried with complete success. Lieutenant Home escaped unhurt, as did Smith and Hawthorne, who were duly rewarded for their heroism with the Victoria Cross. A tablet was erected by Lord Napier to perpetuate this noble deed, giving the names of all engaged in the operation. This slab is now in very bad condition, the names being nearly obliterated.

From a Photo. By a Military Officer

THE KASHMIR GATE, DELHI.

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"SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN."

DURING the past two years attention has been drawn to instances of families all the sons of which are serving in the Army or but recently discharged from the colours. By no means the least interesting of these is our portrait group of the James family of Chewton Keynsham, a Somersetshire hamlet near Bristol. Our photograph shows the father and mother—Tom James, a gardener, aged 60, and Annie his wife—and their six sons. The eldest son, Colour-Sergeant George James, is shown in the centre of the group. He served from 1876 to 1879 in the 61st Regiment (2nd Gloucestershire), and re-enlisted in the Grenadier Guards, whence in 1894 he was transferred to the Recruiting Staff. Colour-Sergeant James holds the long service and good conduct medal, Egyptian medal, star, and clasp for Tel-el-Kebir. His height is 6-ft. The second son, Sergeant Albert James, entered the Grenadiers in 1888, and is now in the Bristol police. His height is 5-ft. 11-in. The third and fourth sons are Corporals Herbert and Arthur James, both of the Grenadiers. Their heights are (Arthur) 6-ft. ½-in. and (Herbert) 5-ft. 9½-in. The fifth and sixth sons, Tom and Hedly James, are both gunners in the 63rd Field Battery Royal Artillery. Their heights are 6-ft. and 5-ft. 11-in. respectively.

Photo Watts & Co Clifton.

THE JAMES FAMILY OF CHEWTON KEYNSHAM, SOMERSETSHIRE.

ON FOREIGN SERVICE.

HERE we have two photographs of a soldier in the regulation field service kit, such as is worn when campaigning in the field in tropical climates. The same man is shown in a front and back view. He is seen in both wearing khaki uniform with the white pith helmet usual at all stations abroad—Bermuda, Jamaica, Gibraltar, Malta, in Egypt, at the Cape, in India, and in China—and with leg bandages or putties, which all our troops are supplied with on active service.

The British soldier's campaigning kit, the details of which

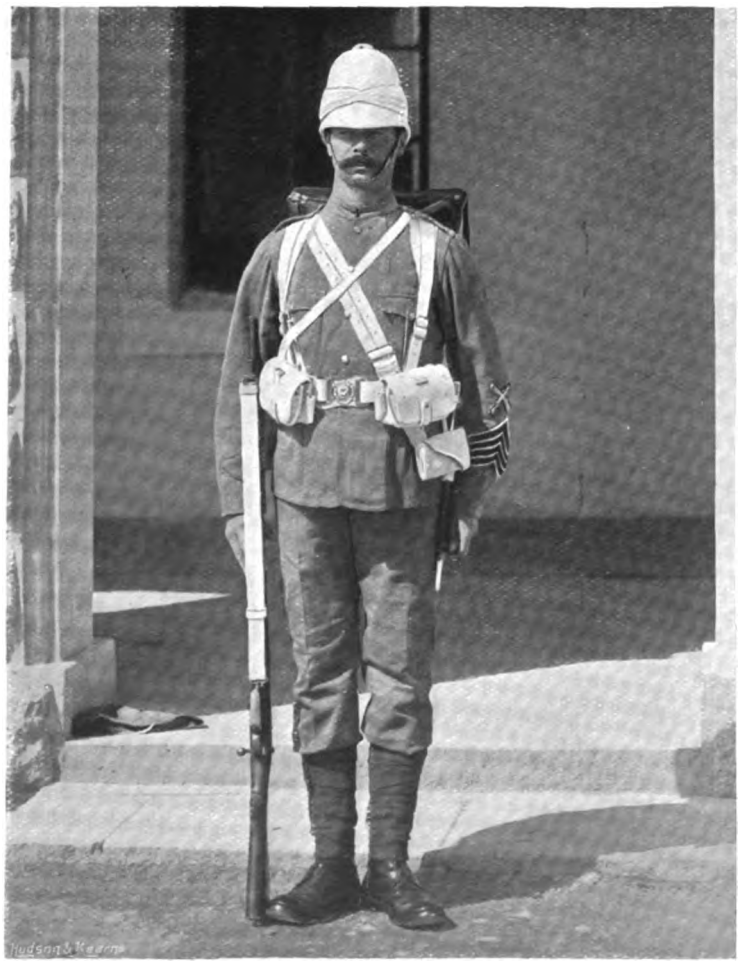

Photo R. Ellis, Malta Copyright.—H. & K.

FIELD SERVICE KIT—FRONT VIEW.

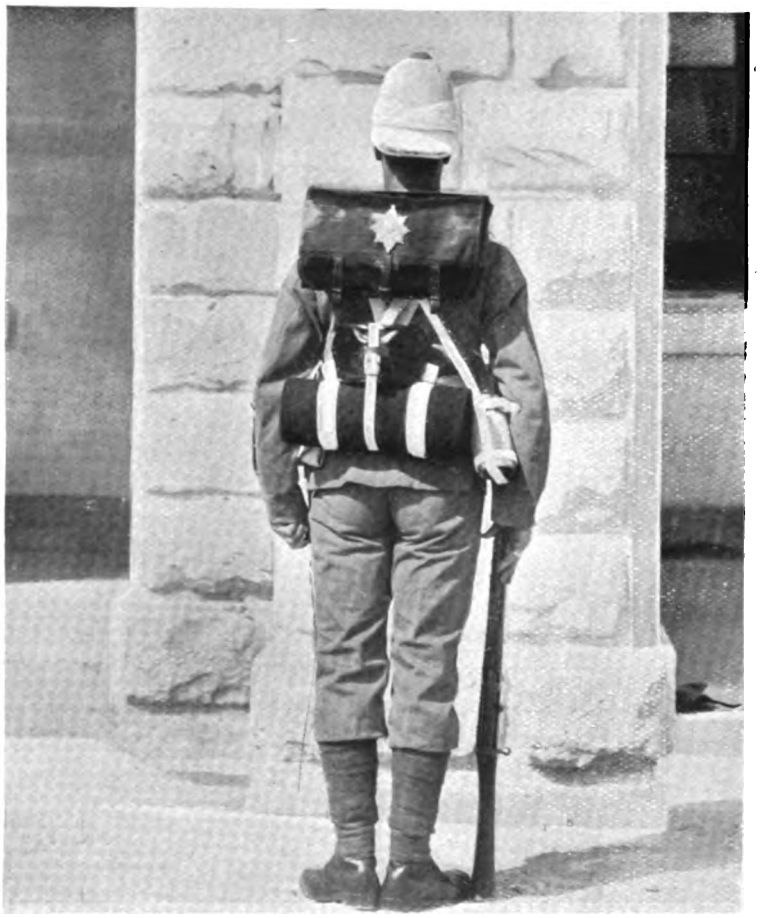

Photo R Ellis, Malta Copyright.—H. & K.

FIELD SERVICE KIT—BACK VIEW.

are shown, comprises a valise or glazed leather bag, carried on the back, which contains the "field kit," together with twenty rounds of ammunition; it is attached to the straps (called "braces"), which are on the body of the soldier, passing over the shoulders and fastened to a belt round the waist. The great-coat is carried on the waist-belt behind, and the mess-tin between the valise and the coat. The two pouches contain eighty rounds of ammunition, and are worn in front fastened to the waist-belt. At the side is worn the haversack and water-bottle, each being worn over the shoulders with separate straps.

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MR. JULIAN CORBETT'S "Drake and th Tudor Navy" (Longmans, 36s.) is a proper complement to the flood of literature of Imperial dominion which has now long been issuing from the press. That Tudor times were the beginning of Empire is no new theme, though the wide public has yet to receive the revelation; but for the man of letters, the student, and the thinker, Mr. Corbett seems to have done the work once for all. He has happily linked with his story a "History of the Rise of England as a Maritime Power." That is the real significance of Drake and his companions, and fortunately for this country she has produced many seamen to carry on the work Drake began. Perhaps the most significant passage in either of Mr. Corbett's volumes is that in which he shows, contrary to the popular conception, that the galleon, which we associate so closely with the armaments of Spain, was in fact evolved chiefly by Englishmen. The type was received from Italy, and the Dons, who clung to the galley, were perhaps the last of the oceanic Powers to adopt it. Suffice it to say that the galleon was a weatherly ship of sea-keeping powers, having in her the fighting elements which were the strength of the wooden walls of Trafalgar. In other words, the world lay open, and the great oceanic seamen were Englishmen.

Drake was the chiefest of them all, the first and foremost of monopoly-breakers, the man who never missed success when he had sole command, who never failed save when he was hampered by a colleague of lesser calibre. I do not know where his character and achievements can be so well understood as from Mr. Corbett's volumes. The treatment is masterly and generally convincing, and equal freshness, insight, and knowledge inform this admirable life of a man whom we now recognise as having been a veritable prototype of Nelson. There was not that sweetness in his character that wins us to Nelson, but he belonged to a sterner time, in which seamen thought themselves the favoured servants or practical emissaries of the Most High. Thus did famous Hawkins, with his holdful of slaves, buoy himself up with the certitude, when the storms howled around, that the Lord would not suffer his elect to perish! Thus did Drake, returning from singeing the King of Spain's beard, having condemned to death his vice-admiral, who had dared to deprecate temerity, with the huge prize of the "San Felipe," which put £17,000 into his pocket and £40,000 into the Queen's, exclaim, "Our enemies are many, but our Protector commandeth the whole world."

To pursue the analogy which I have set up between Drake and Nelson, I think nothing more dominates the character of both than the fiery zeal with which one hated the Spaniards and the other the French. And Drake, as Mr. Corbett points out, like Napoleon, "was inspired with so firm a belief in his fortunate star, and, like Nelson, with so resolute a faith in his instincts, that it was impossible for him to stop to persuade a colleague by reason." There was in both seamen the same downright determination to attack, and if, in Captain Mahan's words, Nelson was the "embodiment of the sea power of Britain," Drake was not less the exemplar of its beginning. The Spaniards had done an immense work for the world, but England claimed her share, and the seaman who ravaged the transmarine possessions of Spain, captured her laden galleons, destroyed the shipping in her ports, and was the informing spirit of the operations in which she was undone, became the idol of his countrymen.

The wonderful story, which is, indeed, a romance, is admirably told in Mr. Corbett's fascinating pages, with knowledge and critical acumen, and his work bears full evidence of the wide research he has made. He is impartial also, and sets in a right light that curious "sea divinity" which inspired the pirate with the comfortable faith that "Papists" were as Egyptians for the spoiling, or Amalekites to be destroyed. Thus might the stream of Pactolus be diverted, and conscience be easy the while. With the expeditions to San Juan de Ulua, and the deeds of Nombre de Dios, steps were taken in our relations with Spain not to be retraced. Then we follow with Mr. Corbett the great circumnavigation, with its tragedy of the death of Doughty, and its world-changing pronouncement that henceforth, in English ships, if the reverse was the case in those of Spain, "the gentleman must haul and draw with the mariner, and the mariner with the gentleman." This was a cardinal factor in our superiority in 1588. But I have said nearly enough. Mr. Corbett describes with luminous skill the events of that memorable year, and those which were grouped around it. Many points he raises of archæological and professional interest. His account of the tactics of galleys is admirable, though I think he makes a mistake in omitting to describe that evolution by which the galley-master sought, on laying his own oars inboard, to sweep through the bank of his enemy, so as to scatter the slaves within, and make the galley an easy prey to the boarders. Mr. Corbett addresses himself to thinking readers, and his volumes will command the attention they deserve. They are illustrated by many excellent illustrations, and must hold a high place in Naval and Imperial literature.

I would signal some few articles in the March magazines as worthy of reading and record:—In *Macmillan's* the diary of Private John Timewell in the disastrous expedition to New Orleans, 1814-15, and an ingenious application to the present time by Mr. David Hannay of the advocacy by Sir Charles Pasley in 1811 for an active military policy abroad; in the delightfully-illustrated *Century*, some interesting reminiscences of Mexico during the French intervention, and of Maximilian and his associates; in the *Badminton*, Captain Gerard Ferrand's well-told story of the shooting of his fiftieth elk. If any seek an art magazine let him choose the *Artist*. There is nothing like it for beauty and variety of illustrations and subjects.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

TOM'S PROMOTION.

By LADY POORE.

FOR three years and one month Tom had been away, and he and Emma had been engaged three years and two months. A very weary time it had been for her, all but that one month before he sailed. No one in a higher class of Society can realise the irksomeness of the the life led by a respectable young woman, married or single, living alone in a big dockyard town. Few entertainments other than an annual Sunday-school treat come to break the monotonous round. Emma at twenty-eight was neither plain nor pretty. She had honest brown eyes and a neat little figure. Her father, who had been something in the dockyard, had died when she was a little girl, and her mother had supported herself until her death by taking in needlework or going out to work, just as Emma did now.

It was when Emma was working for the wife of Tom's last captain that she first met him. He was bowman in the galley, but the coxswain was on the sick-list, and it was Tom who came up to the house for orders one wet and stormy March morning. Poor little Emma, in her thin black waterproof, had been nearly whisked down the area steps along with the bits of paper and straw eddying round and round in front of Southsea Terrace, and Tom Burt, opening the kitchen door in a hurry, almost fell over her, as she stood upon the back door mat, breathless, and trying to free herself from the clinging garment which had blown over her head.

"Beg pardon, miss, I'm sure," he cried, in his hearty voice. "'Ere, let me take it off for you. A body wants a oilskin in this weather; and by the looks of you, I think ye'd 'ave done better to stop at 'ome."

"I'm sure you're very kind, sir," answered Emma, primly, "but them as 'as to work for their livin' mustn't take no notice of the weather."

She had had a whole week's work at Mr. Granville's, and the rightful coxswain was in hospital all the time. Twice she and Burt had taken their dinner together, and three times he had managed to walk home with her in the dusk. On the last occasion he asked her if she would keep company with him. On the following Saturday they were photographed together—Tom in his unbecoming plain clothes, and Emma wearing the great silver brooch and the small gold "keeper" he had given her. A few days later, Burt, who had thought himself safe for a three-months' gunnery course at Whale Island, heard that he was to join the "Aphrodite," "shortly to be commissioned for service in the Mediterranean."

* * * * * * *

The "Aphrodite" had fair winds on her homeward voyage, and reached Devonport several days sooner than she was expected. Emma was in a fever the moment she heard the news. "They'll be in to-morrow, sure," she said, and tried not to count the hours and minutes. Next day she went and stood on the sea-wall by Southsea Castle, and gazed out to the westward. A Marine postman came along. "I never set eyes on the young man before," said Emma, shocked at her boldness, "but I up an' ask 'im 'When will the "Aphrodite" be in, d'ye know?' 'Why, there she is now,' says 'e, pointin', an' there she was comin' into sight that very instant. Well, about six o'clock it was Tom knocked at the door, an' Mrs. Pearman she opened it. When I 'eard Tom's voice in the passage I fainted dead away. I couldn't 'elp it. The first thing I says when I come to was, 'Why, Tom, you're clean shaved, I declare, an' you told me as you 'ad the full set!' (you do think of such dreadful silly things to say at first). 'I stopped down in Portsea an' shaved 'em off,' 'e says, 'for fear ye wouldn't know me.' Then 'e says, 'Emma, 'ave ye got a place o' your own?' (you see, 'e never got my letter at Devonport telling 'im as I 'ad). 'Yes,' says I, an' I did feel proud as I could say it. 'Yes, Tom, an' I'll take you there d'reckley. But where's your third stripe, my dear? You told me as you'd got it in Janiwerry.' 'That's all right, bless you,' says 'e. There aint a scratch agin my name, an' I'm a first-class P.O., now. Don't you fret,' 'e says; 'maybe I'll 'ave it on o' Sunday when I come ashore after the dinner hour.' An' then we went over to my place—two nice clean rooms an' a little kitchen. 'Is it paid for?' says Tom, when 'e sees the furniture. 'Every stick of it,' I says 'an' a fortnight's rent in advance.' 'E's been that good about 'is pay, sendin' me every penny of it (all but five shillin's every month). 'E gets £3 a month now, but I wish 'e could get

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the chief rate. That 'u'd be 6d. a day more—enough to pay the rent. We're savin' up for the weddin' now; it's to be Saturday week."

At ten o'clock on Midsummer morning the business of pulling the poor old "Aphrodite" to pieces was in full swing. She was to be completely dismantled and sold out of the Service. The first lieutenant was giving orders from the break of the poop; the boatswain, quite as hot as if he had been actively engaged in the work of destruction, was dancing about on the fo'c's'le, and the topsail yards were being sent on deck. Burt was captain of the maintop. The sun was scorchingly hot, and the man next him grunted and growled as he fumbled with the pin of the starboard tyeblock.

"Beats the Mediterranean, don't it, mate?" said Burt, wiping his face on the sleeve of his jumper.

"Mediterranean be blowed! It's more like Aden.

Burt nodded an assent. He felt suddenly sick and faint, and held on to the topsail tye to steady himself.

"Captain of the maintop!" sang out No. 1, "clear the heel of the port topgallant studding-sail boom"; and, though there was a queer rushing noise in his ears, Burt caught the words, and obeying mechanically, as one well used to discipline will do, lost his balance and fell.

He lay quite still in the gangway in a crumpled heap. The work of the ship ceased instantaneously. In a very few seconds the doctor was on the spot, and then the captain. The chaplain stood near by waiting for the doctor's verdict.

"Take him into the after-cabin," said the captain. "It is cool there, and you can put him on the sofa."

"I should like to go and fetch the girl he's engaged to, sir," said the chaplain. "I was to have married them on Saturday. I'll be back in half-an-hour."

"Very good, Pearson; do what you can for the poor chap.

Emma was at the wash-tub, and the chaplain waited in the narrow passage while her landlady called her in from the yard. "Somethin's 'appened Tom!" she cried at once.

"He has fallen from aloft," said the chaplain, briefly. "Will you put on your bonnet and come to him?"

"Is there *no* 'ope?" asked poor Emma, unpinning her skirt and smoothing her hair with shaking hands.

"While there's life there's hope," he answered, gently, "but I fear he is very seriously injured."

When Emma came downstairs the tears were running down her cheeks, but she got quickly into the cab and sat far back in her corner, saying over and over to herself, in a trembling whisper, as though it were a spell, "While there's life there's 'ope, while there's life there's 'ope."

She stumbled up the gangway, which was steep now that nearly everything was out of the ship. The sentry threw open the fore-cabin door, the chaplain hurried on ahead, and as Emma timidly entered the after-cabin by one door, he left it by the other. Burt opened his eyes. He could not turn his head towards her. There were bandages on it, and his arms and hands were covered with a sheet. "Sit here, won't you?" said the doctor. "Don't let him tire himself with talking, and give him a sip out of this glass now and then. I shall be just outside if you want me."

Emma knelt down beside the sofa and very gently laid her cheek against Tom's.

"It's all up," he whispered.

"Are you feelin' very bad, my dear?"

"Not now, but it's all up. I wish we'd been married, an' I could a got the chief rate. I'm sorry to leave you, Emma—such a good gal as you've been." Emma set her teeth, and, turning back the sheet, softly kissed his hands again and again. They were all swollen and bruised and cut.

"Don't cry, my dear," he said, when he felt her hot tears on his hands. "Don't cry. Maybe you'd a got a good pension if we'd been married, an' if I'd got the chief rate. You'll 'ave to lose your 'ome, Emma, as you worked so 'ard for."

"Never you fret about that, Tom; I've got the sewin' machine an' my two 'ands. Never you fret about me, my dear."

"Emma," he said, suddenly opening his eyes, "couldn't we be married now? Our banns 'as been up three Sundays. Perhaps the chaplain 'u'd marry us now if you was to ast 'im."

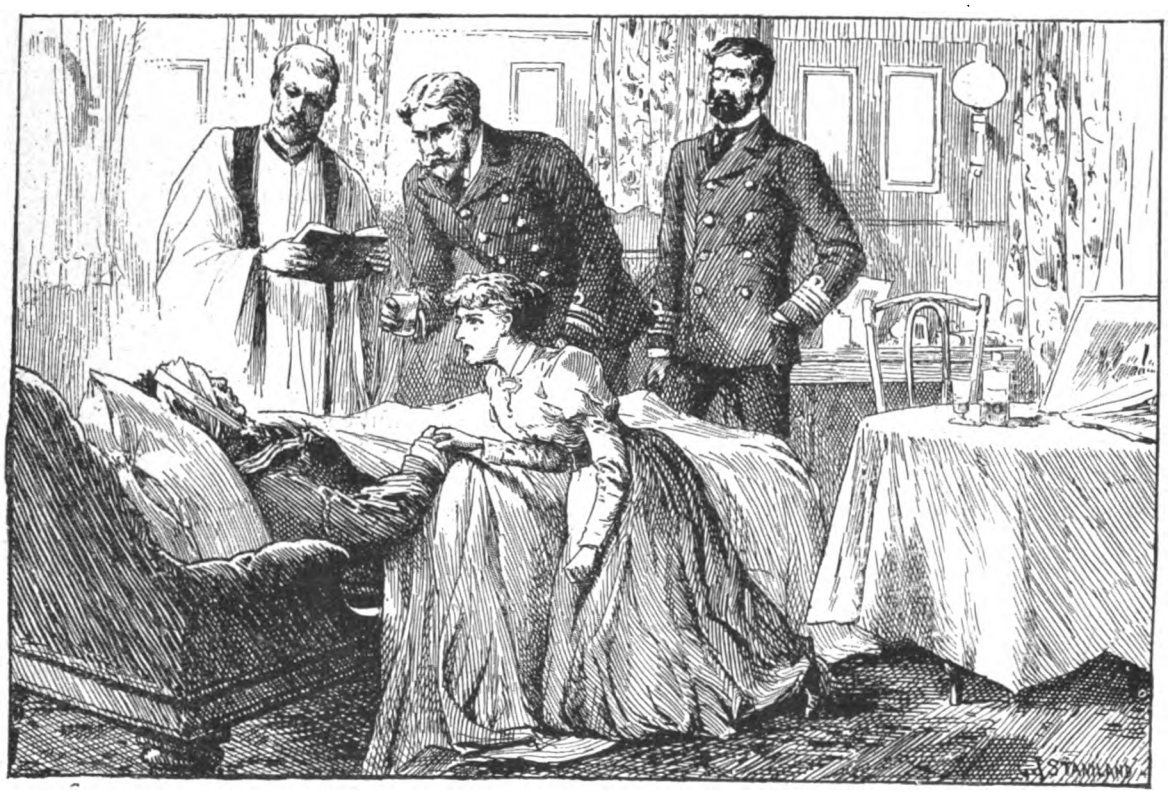
"I will, my dear; I'll go and ask 'im now, only lie you still an' don't worrit yourself."

Tom's eyes closed wearily as Emma held the glass to his lips and wiped the dew from his forehead with a corner of the sheet. Then she crept quietly out of the cabin.

"Could I see the chaplain, sir?" she asked the doctor. "My young man's worritin 'isself somethin' crool about leavin' me so bad off, an' perhaps the chaplain would marry us now, before—before——" She could not go on.

"What can I do for you, Miss Smith?" asked the chaplain, coming in answer to the doctor's summons.

"Will you marry Tom an' me, please, sir? We've been ast three times, you know, an' 'e says if I was 'is widow I might get a pension from Gover'ment. It isn't as *I* care. I can earn my livin' same as I've earned it these six years. But if it'll 'elp 'im to die easy"—and poor Emma turned away, so that the chaplain might not be incommoded by the sight of her piteous face and weeping eyes. Just then the captain, who had heard Emma's request, came in. "I think I may promise you a chief petty officer's widow's pension," he said, "or, rather, compassionate allowance, if Mr. Pearson will marry you now. These allowances are for the widows of men killed in the performance of their duty. Poor Burt will be glad to know that you will benefit by his promotion. It's stretching a point, Pearson," he continued aside to the chaplain, "but if the authorities won't see it, why, I'll make it right myself somehow."



"HIS GREY LIPS FRAMED A 'THANK YOU, SIR.'"

In five minutes the chaplain was back again in his surplice. "I will make it very short," he said, taking Emma's little hard-worked hand and leading her into the after-cabin.

Before the service was over Tom was beginning to grow very drowsy—anæsthetics were doing their work—and then the doctor, bending over him, said, in a loud, clear tone, "The captain has something to say to you, my man."

"Burt," began the captain, and when Tom heard his voice he made a pitiful attempt to salute. Emma gave a sharp cry as he lifted and let fall his poor maimed hand.

The captain spoke again with a lump in his throat. "Your wife shall be well looked after. I will see that she gets the compassionate allowance of a *chief* petty officer's widow."

Again Burt's hand rose an inch or two and fell, and his grey lips framed a "thank you, sir." The doctor made a sign to the chaplain. "Let us pray," said he.

While the solemn words of the commendatory prayer were being said, Burt's breathing grew harder, and Emma, falling on her knees by the sofa, heard nothing but his gasping sighs, felt nothing but his death-agony, and cried aloud, "O God Almighty, let 'im go—let 'im go!"

When the chaplain rose from his knees he and the captain and the doctor remained standing for a while in silence, and with bowed heads, as became men in the presence of God, and death, and widowhood.

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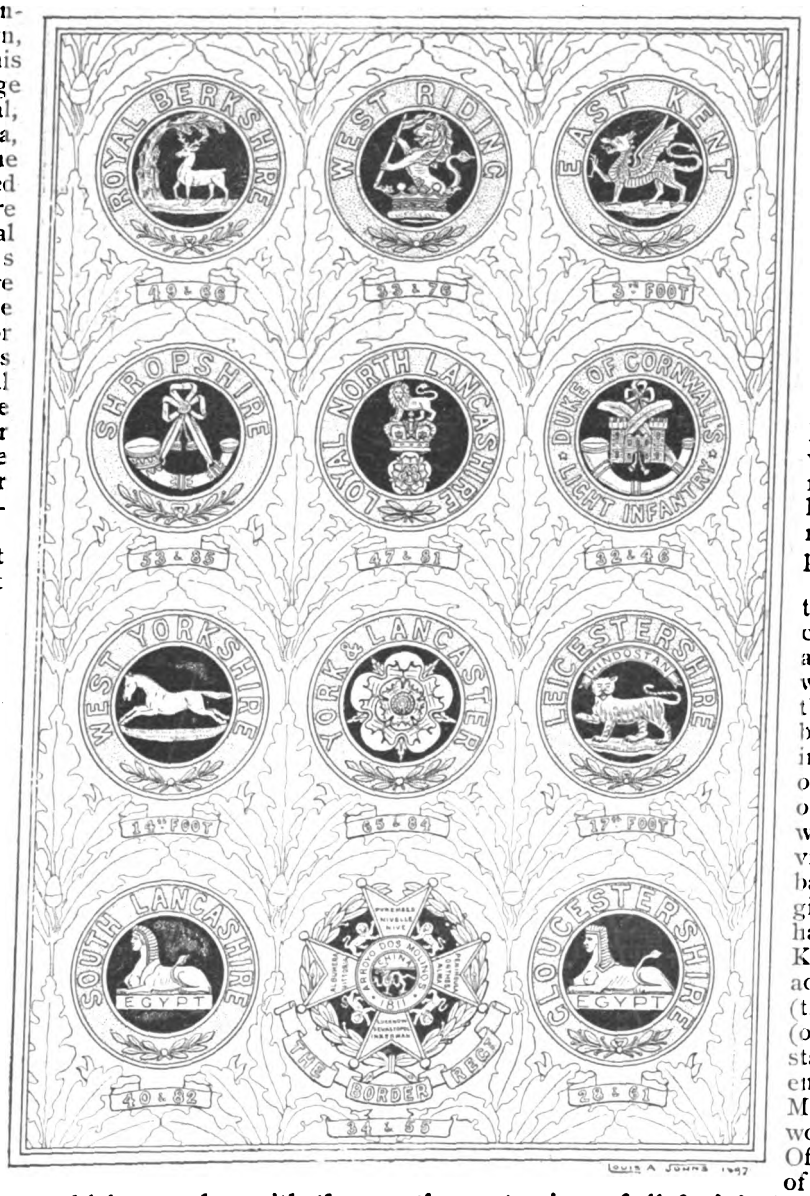
"For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?'
But it's 'thin red line of 'eroes' when the drums begin to roll."
RUDYARD KIPLING.

TO the soldier his regiment is, as Kipling puts it, "the best shooting, best drilled, best set-up, bravest, most illustrious, and in all respects most desirable regiment within the compass of the Seven Seas." Its renown is to him what his creed is to the zealot, his lady's honour to the lover, his country to the patriot. Its badges are to him the tangible tokens of this renown, and in them the fulness of his pride centres. A very large percentage of badges are royal, national, or territorial insignia, and in not a few cases the cognisances of some renowned personage, family, or clan are to be found as regimental badges. Other regiments again have some old badge that has been worn by the corps for generations, and for the origin of which there is often nothing but regimental tradition. Finally, there are numerous badges given either for participation in some notable campaign, siege, or battle, or gained by some specially brilliant feat of arms.



The Royal Crest or Crest of England is one of the rarest of royal badges, as it is worn as a colour badge in only four regiments. One or two other regiments, however, wear it on their appointments, as, for instance, the Loyal North Lancashire, who display it, as illustrated, above the Lancashire rose. Curiously, however, they do not display it as the Royal Crest, but as the crest of the Duchy of Lancaster, a Royal appanage. The Prince of Wales's plume is a much more common badge, and three of the badges illustrated show this insignia. The North Staffordshire derive it from an old 98th, disbanded in 1813, the predecessor of their 2nd Battalion, which was known as the "Prince of Wales's Tipperary." The Cheshire wear it as the insignia of the Earldom of Chester, which, together with the Princedom of Wales, is always conferred by patent on the heir apparent at birth or succession. The Leinster are also the "Prince of Wales's Royal Canadian" in right of their 1st Battalion, the old 100th, raised in Canada at the time of the Indian Mutiny. It will be noticed also that they couple the plume with a national badge, unique inasmuch as it is the only colonial badge in the Service, the maple leaf of Canada.

Of national badges the commonest is, perhaps, the Union Rose, the badge of the Tudors, assumed by Henry VII. after Bosworth. "And then as we have ta'en the sacrament, we will unite the White Rose with the Red." To the York and Lancaster the badge is naturally an especially appropriate one. The Harp and Crown is, of course, the distinctive mark of Irish regiments, but in the case of the Royal Irish it is a distinct war honour, for it was conferred on the regiment by William III., as a mark of distinction for their superb valour at the storming of Namur. In addition he also gave them the right to wear the Lion of Nassau, and the proud motto, "Virtutis Namurcensis Præmium." Another illustrious badge—shown in the illustration of the West Yorkshire—is a relic of the days when the crowns of Great Britain and Hanover were linked. This is the White Horse of Hanover, a badge of special interest on account of its story and antiquity. It was inherited by the House of Brunswick from Henry the Proud, of Bavaria, who married a lineal descendant of Wittagond, the last king of the Saxons. The latter had assumed the badge on his conversion to Christianity by Charlemagne, taking it in lieu of his previous badge, a black horse, the white colour being emblematic of his new faith. Its introduction into the Service dates from the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745, it having been conferred on all regiments engaged in the suppression thereof.

Territorial insignia, in the shape of county or municipal badges, are displayed by a number of regiments, and with a few rare exceptions these derive from the militia battalions, and date from the introduction of the territorial organisation in 1880. The old White Horse of Kent, with the proud motto "Invicta," has been the Kentish badge from the days of Hengist and Horsa, and as such has been always worn by the Kent Militia, and from them adopted by the East Kent (the Buffs) and West Kent (old 50th and 97th). The stag under an oak is an emblem of the old Berkshire Militia, and as such now worn by the Royal Berkshire. Of personal insignia the crest of the Duke of Wellington is the most unique of all, for it is the only personal—as apart from clan or family—insignia in the Service that derives from a personage other than Royal. It is the proud boast of the West Riding Regiment that it is the name child of the great hero who "gain'd a hundred fights, nor ever lost an English gun." Intensely interesting are those old badges which some few corps possess, and for the origin of which there is only regimental tradition or legend. Such are illustrated by the green dragon of the Buffs (East Kent); the lion of England, the badge of the King's Own (Royal Lancaster); and the figure of Britannia, the time-honoured emblem of the old Norfolks. The former, with its motto,—"Veteri frondescit

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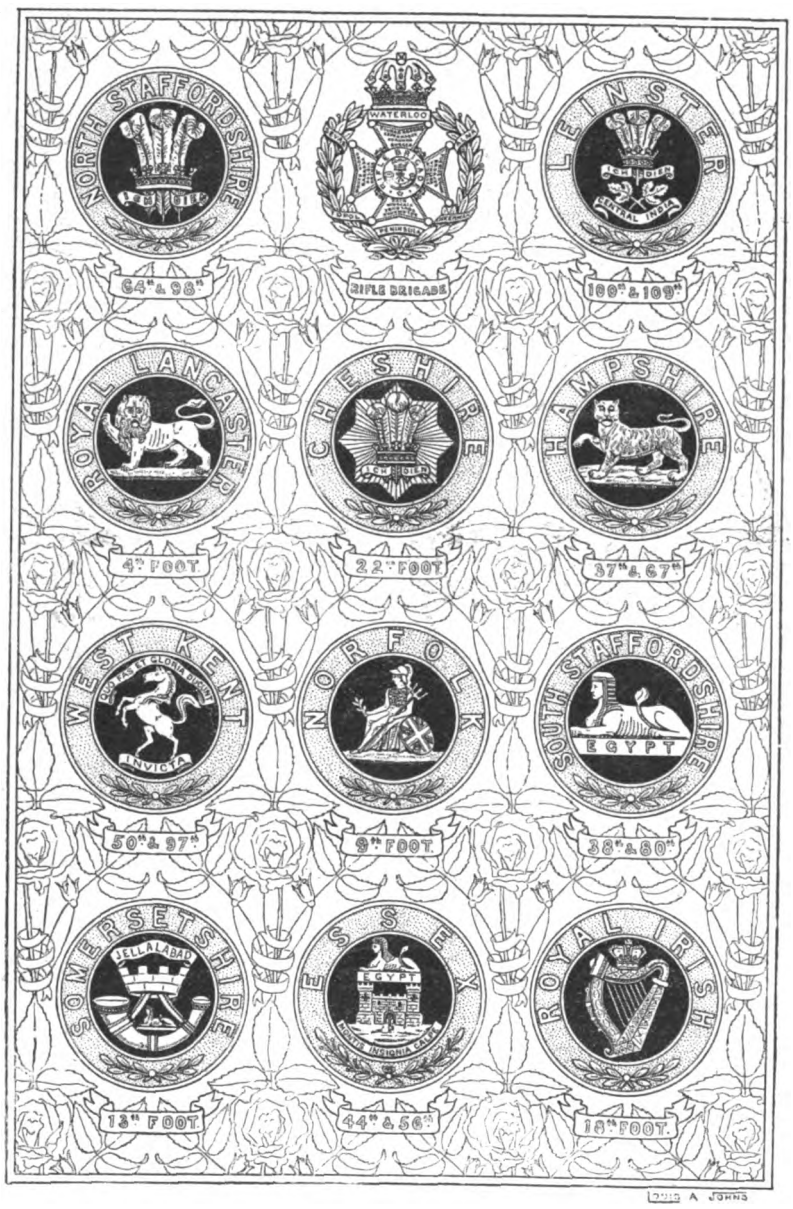
honore," is a badge the origin of which is lost in obscurity, but that the regiment has worn it from time immemorial is certain. Probably the Buffs derive the emblem from their connection with the old "trained bands" of London. As regards the lion of England, regimental tradition has it that the badge was conferred on the King's Own by William III., because the regiment was the first to join his standard on his landing at Torbay, and, whether this be so or not, it is certain that the badge was conferred by that monarch. It is generally asserted that the figure of Britannia was given to the 9th Foot by Queen Anne for its gallantry at the battle of Almanza, fought during the War of Succession in Spain. The regiment there covered itself with glory, losing 24 officers, and having 300 killed and wounded out of a total of 467.

The bugle and strings, of old the distinctive badge of the light companies of all regiments, is now worn by all light infantry and rifle corps. It will be seen in the Rifle Brigade, Shropshire, Somerset, and Duke of Cornwall's badges. In the case of the last two regiments it is combined with other badges of great interest, for in each case they commemorate specially gallant feats of arms. The mural crown superscribed "Jellalabad" recalls the heroic defence of Jellalabad by the Somersetshire, then the 13th Foot. During the first Afghan War this corps formed the European portion of the force that held that fortress for five months against an overwhelmingly superior enemy, and in spite of the fact that frequently their defence works were destroyed by earthquakes. The turreted archway of the Duke of Cornwall's also commemorates an heroic defence, that of the Residency at Lucknow, of which the old 32nd, its 1st Battalion, formed the main part of the garrison. "Hold it for fifteen days! We have held it for eighty-seven! And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew." The two red feathers were earned by the 2nd Battalion, the old 46th, during the American War of Independence. The rebels, incensed at a repulse they had received at the hands of the light companies of the 46th and some other corps, formally announced that no quarter would henceforth be given to "Light Bobs." To insure that no other British troops should be refused quarter by mistake, the several light companies dyed their plumes red, and so wore them to the end of the campaign. The light company of the 46th always retained the peculiarity, and on the abolition of flank companies the distinction was adopted by the regiment, and in the shape of the feathers now survives in the badge.



Interesting also are those special badges which have been conferred on all the corps engaged in certain operations or campaigns. Of these the rarest and oldest is the castle and key, with the motto, "Montis insignia Calpe." This badge represents the insignia granted to the fortress of Gibraltar in 1462 by Henry IV. of Castile, after he had captured "the Rock" from the Moorish King of Granada. This grand old badge is to-day worn by the Suffolk, Dorsetshire, Essex, and Northamptonshire, and commemorates the fact that these regiments served continuously throughout the great siege from June, 1779, to October, 1783.

The Sphinx is another badge which was conferred on all the regiments that shared in Abercromby's victorious campaign in Egypt in 1801. It is the most numerous of all this class of badges, as it is worn by two cavalry, two guards, and twenty-seven territorial regiments.

The Gloucestershire, whose badge forms our tail-piece, have the unique honour of wearing it on the back and front of their helmets, to commemorate the fact that at Alexandria the old 28th, their 1st Battalion, repulsed an enormously superior force of the enemy's cavalry which attacked them before they had time to form square, and simultaneously in front and rear. The tiger badge shows long and hard service in the earlier Indian wars, and is generally coupled with the legend "Hindostan," or some battle honour, such as Plassy, or Assaye.

Another badge of this character also won in the Far East is the China dragon, shown in the badge of the Border Regiment, which was conferred on all regiments engaged in the first China War, 1840-42. It will be noticed in this badge that the dragon is displayed on a parti-coloured ground, surrounded by the legend "Arroyo-dos-Molinos, 1811" (The Millbrook). To this distinction a glorious tale attaches. At this battle their 1st Battalion, the old 34th, captured, single-handed, a number of French officers of distinction, and also a whole battalion of the French 34th. For many a long year the brass drums and the drum-major's staff of the latter were in use in the British 34th. To commemorate this feat the 34th were allowed to wear red and white tufts in their shakos, and to-day the parti-coloured ground on which the dragon badge is placed continues the distinction.

Finally, another interesting case of a battle honour being used as a badge distinction is the tablet inscribed "Waterloo," which supports the crown in the Rifle Brigade badge. The prominence given to this great battle is not on account of its importance, but to commemorate the fact that at it the gallant 95th, as they then were, most specially distinguished themselves, and in recognition of their great services they were, as an honour, taken out of the Line, and constituted into an independent corps under the title of the Rifle Brigade. The days when the sight of the colours on parade reminded the soldier that with luck he might one day under them

> "Live in one hour more than in years do some
> Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins,"

are, alas! gone, but his badges are always with him.

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OUR CAVALRY REGIMENTS.

OUR photograph shows in a general way the difference between the undress uniform of our cavalry in India and at home. The non-commissioned officer of Hussars is in undress khaki uniform, and is turned out and equipped in the every-day garb ordinarily worn in cantonments in India, and at the usual regimental drills and parades during the cold weather. His corps, the 18th Hussars, is at present stationed at Lucknow. It arrived in India on its present tour of service on December 17th, 1889, and was stationed at Mhow and Umballa before it went to Lucknow. Our present cavalry regiment noted in the Army List as the 18th Hussars is actually the third regiment to bear that number that the British Army has seen. The first was the 18th Dragoons of the Seven Years' War period, raised in 1759, and in 1763 renumbered the 17th Light Dragoons, which regiment, in fact, was directly the predecessor of our present 17th Lancers. The second was originally numbered the 19th Light Dragoons, raised in 1759. The corps was renumbered the 18th in 1763, and forty-four years later—in 1807—was made a Hussar regiment, and specially equipped in the distinctive Hungarian dress worn by Hussars in all armies. It was one of the first group of Hussar regiments in the British Service, being so uniformed, with the present 7th, 10th, and 15th Hussars, some years before any other of our cavalry regiments were made Hussars. The 7th, 10th, and 15th were first appointed Hussars in 1806, the 18th a few months later. All four, however, continued to be officially styled "Light Dragoons (Hussars)" for many years afterwards. This corps, after rendering admirable service under Wellington in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo, was disbanded in 1822. Among the distinguished officers connected with the old 18th Light Dragoons was the Duke of Wellington himself, who, as Captain Arthur Wellesley, had a troop in the regiment for a short time before his promotion as a field officer into the 33rd Foot. The present regiment known as the 18th Hussars was raised as the 18th Light Dragoons in February, 1858, at Leeds. It was constituted Hussars in August, 1861. The uniform of the 18th Hussars is blue, like that of all our Hussar regiments, but with a blue busby-bag and a scarlet and white plume.

Photo. Law. Umballa.

A SERGEANT OF THE 18th HUSSARS.

The present regiment, by special authority, bears as appointments the honours of the old 18th Light Dragoons of Wellington's time—"Peninsula" and "Waterloo"—and it possesses the silver trumpets provided for its predecessor out of the proceeds of the French horses captured at Waterloo.

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Our Colonial Forces: CANADA.

IN treating of the forces which exist for the defence of our Colonies, it appears only natural and fitting that Canada should receive the first attention. The vast extent of the Dominion—something like three and a-half million square miles—is in itself a sufficient pretext for the distinction of priority; and those who have any acquaintance with the characteristics of our Canadian brethren will be prepared to find this distinction justified on other grounds, and this without detriment to the claims which those of other colonies may have upon our consideration. Climatic influences must always have their weight in moulding the temperament and physical qualities of a people; and where, as in Canada, these tend to develop hardihood and independence of character, we should naturally expect to find the material for good soldiers and loyal subjects. The severe winter which prevails in most parts of Canada, and the long distances which frequently have to be traversed for some comparatively trivial purpose, tend to raise the standard of physical endurance, and to promote a corresponding disdain of petty difficulties, which loses nothing by being transmitted from one generation to another, though railways and other modern luxuries have no doubt a tendency to discount to some extent these valuable characteristics, which, however, the Canadians possess in a remarkable degree; and those who saw anything of the military contingent which came over last year could not fail to be impressed by their excellent physique and soldierly bearing. The officials and correspondents who went to meet them at Euston, at some very late hour, on their arrival, were loud in praise of the discipline which prevailed, and the ease and tranquillity, characteristic of old regular soldiers rather than militiamen, with which they got into their places and marched off on a long tramp to Chelsea Barracks.

Militia they are, however, with the exception of a small number of permanent troops, who are, to all intents and purposes, regulars. The total force in Canada amounts to about 37,000 of all ranks, and about 800 of these are regulars. Major-General W. J. Gascoigne is in command at present, the appointment usually being held for five years. General Gascoigne served with the 1st Battalion Scots Guards in Egypt in 1882, and with the 2nd Battalion in the Soudan in 1885, and wears the medals and clasps, as well as the Khedive's bronze star. He is appointed by the Canadian Government, and has been in command since September, 1895.

The Militia consists, by statute, of all the male inhabitants of Canada, with certain exemptions, between the ages of eighteen and sixty; the first call, however, by voluntary enlistment usually affords a sufficient supply, some corps, indeed, being considerably over strength. The period of service is three years, during which every man has to go through a certain number of days at drill, either at headquarters or at a camp of exercise, according as he belongs to a city or a rural corps. Most of the city corps do a good deal more drill than is actually required of them, and are at a high standard of efficiency.

The permanent force involves three years' continuous service, with regular garrison duties; and the headquarters are constituted schools of instruction in military training.

The Dominion is divided into twelve military districts, of which the first four are in the province of Ontario, the next three in Quebec, and one respectively in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Manitoba, British Columbia, and Prince Edward Island, a deputy-adjutant general, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, having charge of each.

Having given an idea of the strength and constitution of the Canadian Militia, it is time to devote some space to our illustrations, and to a few details respecting the various corps of which the force is composed.

The central figure in the first picture is that of Colonel the Hon. Matthew Aylmer, the Adjutant-General of Militia, a post which he has held for about two years, after serving on the staff in Canada for a long period. He was formerly in the City of London Regiment, and served in Canada during the Fenian raids of 1866 and 1870; but he left the regiment in 1871, as lieutenant, on obtaining a post on the staff of the Canadian Militia, and there he has been ever since, steadily climbing to the top of the tree. The other officers are Major Evans, of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, to the left, and Captain McDougall, of the Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry—both regulars, as we shall see. All these officers were in England for the Jubilee last year, Colonel Aylmer acting as chief of the staff to the whole Colonial contingent, and Captain McDougall as adjutant to the Canadians.

In noticing the various regiments, etc., precedence is naturally given to the cavalry, and, among them, to the regular cavalry, which consists of the two squadrons of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, mustering 145 all told, one being stationed at Toronto, and the other at Winnipeg. One point

Photo. F.G.O.S. Gregory & Co., 5h, Strand. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns.

SOME CANADIAN ARMY CHIEFS.

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which will be very much in evidence in our Canadian pictures is the close resemblance which all the uniforms bear to corresponding branches of the British Army. The military authorities in Canada appear to have set their faces against the picturesque but somewhat fanciful dresses which have been so largely adopted in our other colonies, and gone in for good old-fashioned dragoon and hussar, infantry scarlet, and rifle green uniforms. They have been influenced, perhaps, in this choice by their strong loyal and conservative spirit, and also possibly by some desire to emulate the British Army in their general efficiency of turn-out.

In this latter respect no one who saw the cavalry paraded with their fine mounts at Chelsea Barracks would hesitate in saying that they succeeded; and most of the infantry men were nearly up to the standard of the guards—picked men, of course, both cavalry and foot; but if they have plenty more of the same kind in Canada, they will prove awkward customers for any invader to tackle.

The Royal Canadian Dragoons were originally raised as a Troop of Instruction in 1884, but with the development of the permanent force they were given, some years later, the title of Canadian Dragoons; and in 1893 they were placed on their present footing, and received Her Majesty's permission to assume the prefix of "Royal," and to wear the Imperial cipher V.R.I. on the uniforms and mountings. They are commanded by Major Lessard, who is also an Inspector of Cavalry on the Headquarter Staff.

Some of the officers appear in our third illustration; there are, however, ten officers in all, including surgeon and veterinary surgeon. There is also, as will be observed, a strong staff of non-commissioned officers, more than

Photo Steele & Co. Winnipeg.

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS—SENTRY IN WINTER UNIFORM.

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are really necessary, under ordinary circumstances, for the complement of men. The Dragoons are, however, still utilised as an instructional body, though they have attained to a more honourable title, and a certain number of non-commissioned officers are required for duties in this connection. Three of the sergeants come, indeed, from the Imperial cavalry, to wit, Sergeant-Major Baxter, 4th Dragoon Guards, Sergeant-Instructor Dingley, 15th Hussars, and Sergeant-Instructor Charlwood, 7th Dragoon Guards; and the presence of these men is a guarantee that the Royal Canadian Dragoons, and other cavalry which may be trained by them, will preserve the best traditions of our fine cavalry regiments.

In the picture of the squad on parade, it will be noticed that the men carry lances. The practice has been adopted in Canada, as at home, of arming some of the dragoons with lances—the front rank men as a rule—though there are no lancers, properly so-called, among the Canadian Militia regiments. The horses are very good, serviceable animals, ranging from 15.2 to 16.1 hands, and very much the same type as those of the Imperial cavalry, though they are said to be more hardy, and to stand the severe winter better.

We must not forget our sentry in the second illustration, who has been left literally out in the cold so long. His rig is not exactly a dragoon's turn-out, though he makes a fine picture of a soldier, and is none the less efficient as a sentry on account of being adequately protected from frost-bite. Even the Imperial regiments who are called upon to serve in Canada are glad to adopt some such dress during the winter, for when the mercury runs out at the bottom of the thermometer appearances must be sacrificed to expediency. Canadians complain, however, that their climate is much maligned in England, and maintain that, as a matter of fact, the clear dry atmosphere renders quite pleasant and bearable a degree of cold which would be intolerable in England This is perfectly true no doubt, and it carries with it another truth, and that is, that a greenhorn may have his ears or his nose partly frost-bitten before he realises how cold it is!

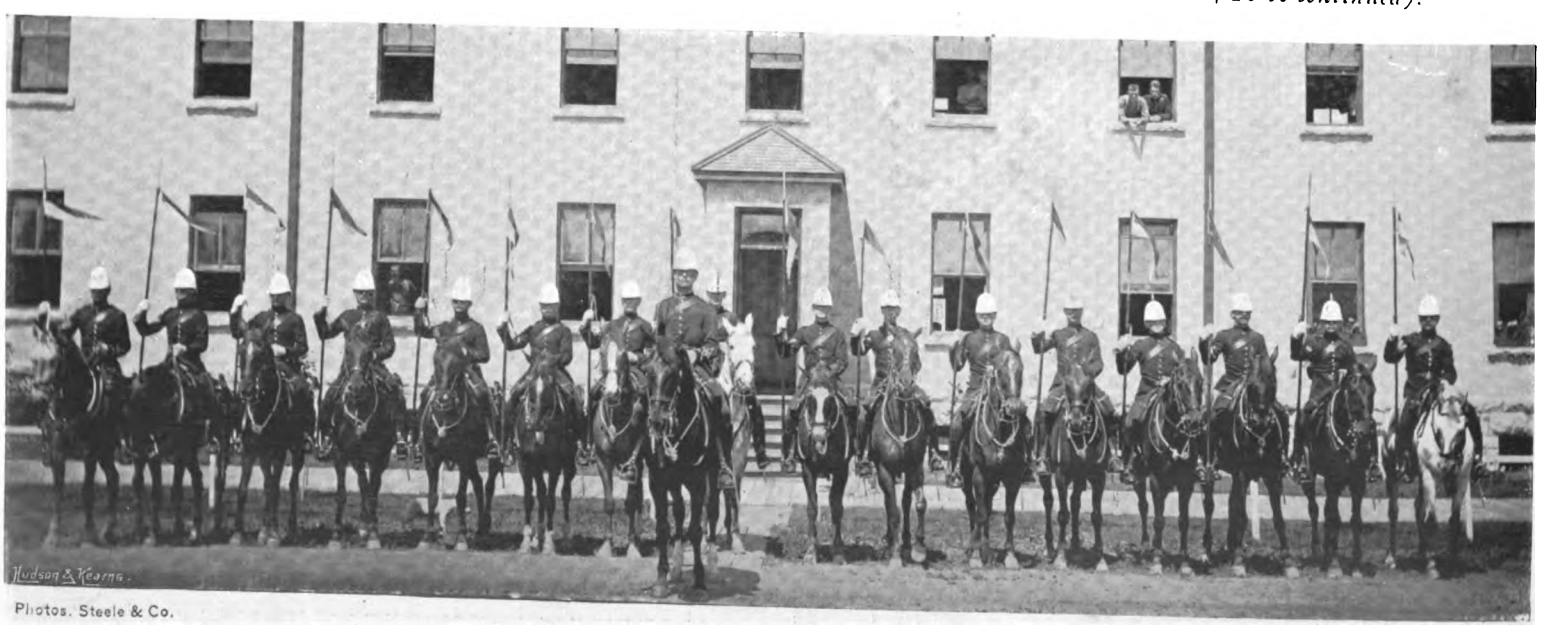
OFFICERS, ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS.

Also while their summer lasts—which is in most places quite as long as ours does—it beats our record in the upper register as much as the winter does in the lower; so that, on the whole, there is no lack of "weather" in Canada such as we have been twitted with who dwell, it is said, as regards climatic consistency, in a land of "samples." Of actual fighting, the Royal Canadian Dragoons can scarcely be said to have seen any; they were engaged in the expedition sent to quell the rebellion in the North-West Provinces in 1885, and rendered excellent service in scouting and keeping open communications, which can scarcely be over-rated, under the circumstances, though they may not have been actually under fire. The expedition was undertaken in March, when the weather was still bitterly cold, so much so that a man falling accidentally into a stream became on emerging immediately frozen as hard as a board. A long day in the saddle under such conditions is not precisely what would be selected as a treat; and the Royal Canadians had many such days, acquitting themselves with characteristic courage and hardihood. Indeed, the conduct of a campaign of any description under such circumstances must of necessity demand a higher degree of fortitude and discipline than is entailed in a brush with the enemy in hot blood, and those who come out of it with credit are good men.

The Royal Canadian Dragoons were represented in England last year by eight men, including Sergeant Dingley. In our next notice it is intended to deal with the remainder of the cavalry.

(To be continued).

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.



Photos. Steele & Co. Winnipeg.

A SQUAD ON PARADE.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 62.] SATURDAY, APRIL 9th, 1898.

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ADMIRAL SIR ERASMUS OMMANNEY, KT., C.B.

SIR ERASMUS OMMANNEY is one of our Navarino veterans, at which battle he was present, in the "Albion," as a midshipman of fourteen months' standing. In the thirties he was with Captain Ross in Baffin's Bay and off Greenland. In the forties, as commander of the steam-sloop "Vesuvius," he saw a variety of service in the Mediterranean, being present at the French bombardment of Tangiers, and at Athens during the Greek Revolution. In the early fifties, as captain of the "Assistance" in the Arctic Seas, he was personally the "discoverer of the first traces ever found of Sir John Franklin's ships," besides making important geographical discoveries in the Far North. In the Russian War he commanded the British White Sea Squadron of 1854 with great success, and in 1855, as senior officer of a squadron in the Baltic, blockaded the Gulf of Riga, fighting a successful action with a Russian gun-boat flotilla. From 1862 to 1865 he was Naval officer in charge of Gibraltar. Sir Erasmus became rear-admiral in 1863, and vice-admiral in 1870. He retired in 1874, and was promoted admiral and knighted in 1877. He is Vice-President of the Royal United Service Institution, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and an Oxford LL.D., besides possessing other degrees and distinctions specially awarded by national scientific institutions and societies.

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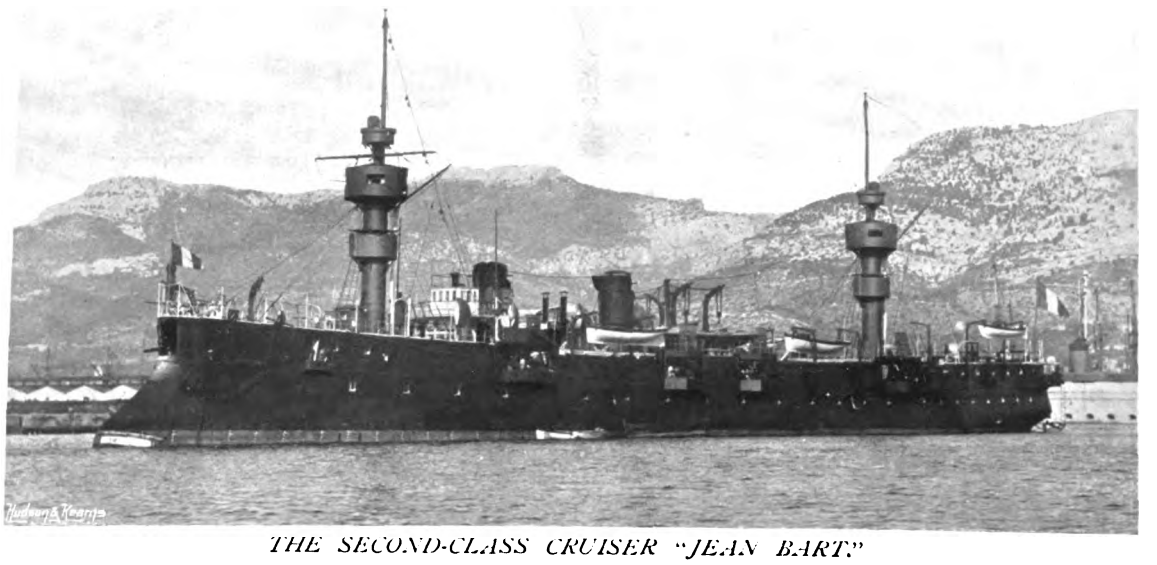
THE FRENCH IN CHINA.

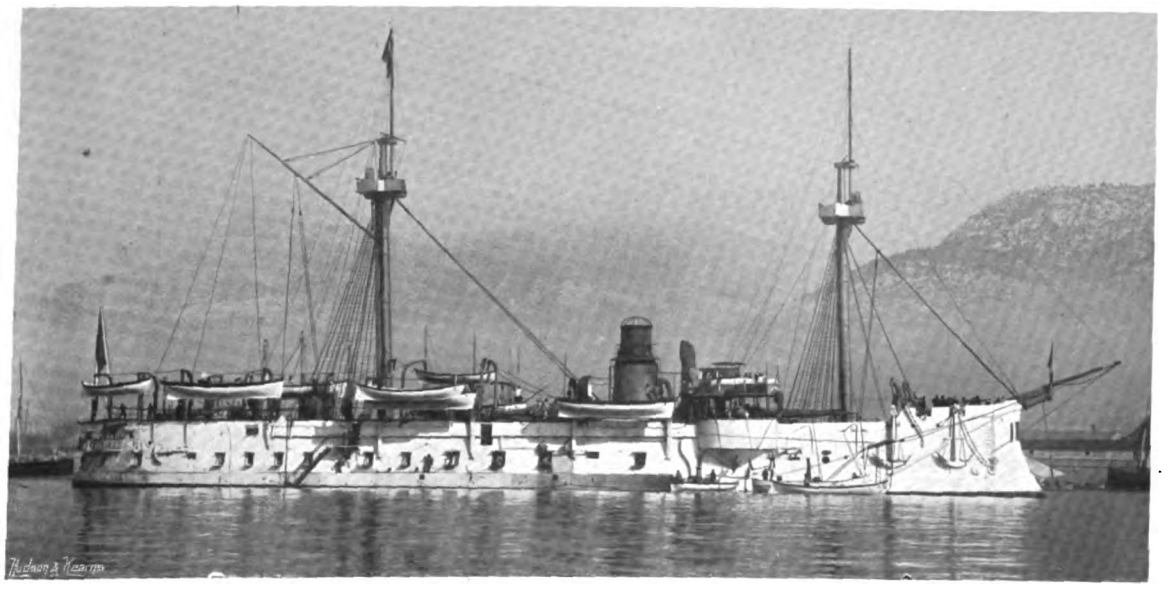
TIMES have changed wondrously since the year 1884, when we had upon the China station only the then fifteen-year-old "Audacious" (joined shortly by the "Agamemnon," fresh from the dockyard hands), with the "Wivern" laid up at Hong Kong. Russia, as despondent people remarked, was better off with the "Minin," "Vladimir Monomach," and "General Admiral." As to the Germans, they were nowhere. The French had, indeed, a Chinese history. After the outrages at the Taku forts, they threw in their lot with us, and were parties to the Treaty of Tientsin. They fought with China later on in relation to Tonquin, and, but for the timidity of their statesmen, might in 1885 have held on to Formosa, or to the splendid anchorage and harbour which had been occupied in the Pescadores. The Treaty of Tientsin respected the integrity of China, and the French honourably held to its engagements. The signatories would certainly have stood aghast if they could have foreseen the day when the talons of the German eagle should lay hold of a part of the Celestial Empire.



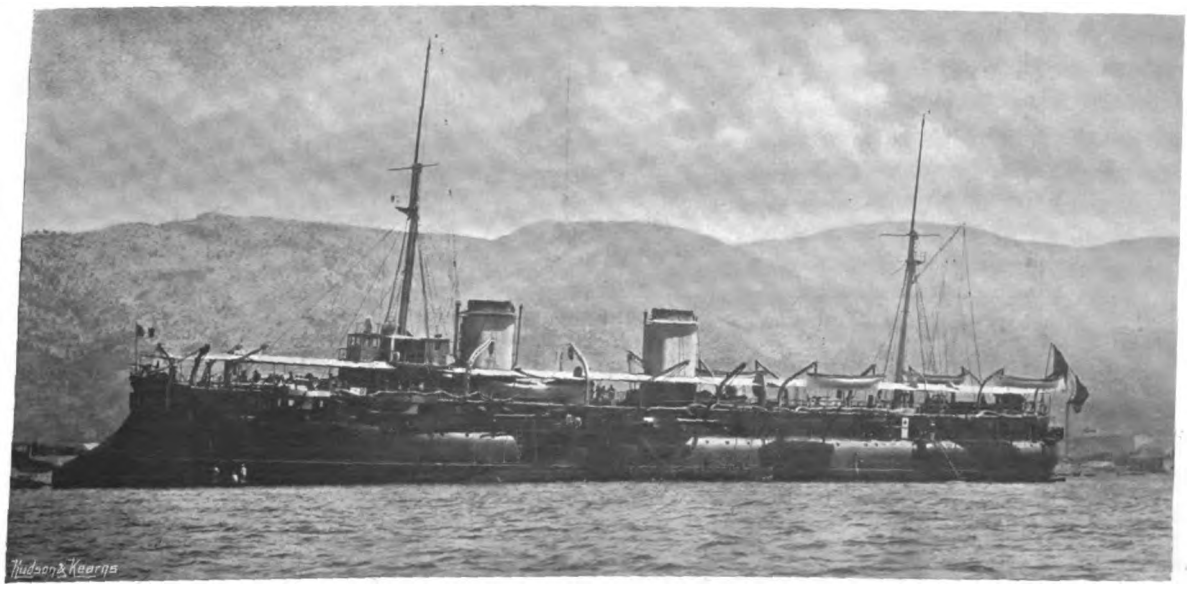
THE SECOND-CLASS CRUISER "JEAN BART."
Before her fighting masts were removed.

The great fleets which are maintained in Chinese waters are a measure of the increased political and trade importance of the region. Commercially, we had in those days no rival, but now keen competitors, in hardy Teutons, astute Muscovites, and smart Frenchmen, are clutching at the lion's share. The French do not forget the name of Courbet, and the achievements of Foochow and the River Min, with other exploits, are writ large in their Naval annals. They will not remain content with their difficult advance China-ward from Tonquin when the sudden grasp of Germany and the more silent advance of Russia are pointing the way to move.

Hence we see our interesting neighbours strengthening their fleet to keep pace with other Powers. Three months ago it had but a meagre catalogue. There was the old "Bayard" of wood and iron, flag-ship of the division, but a veritable *sabot*, with the "Descartes" and "Eclaireur." Now the force has been constituted as a squadron of two divisions, with Admiral Gigault de la Bédollière in command. The "Bayard" is still the flag-ship, with her masts and bowsprit, as will be seen, reminiscent of a former time, but with ten stout inches of armour on her sides, and two 9·4-in. guns abreast in sponsoned turrets forward, and two more in line further aft. It was on board this same "Bayard," in the harbour of Makung in the Pescadores, which he had forcibly urged the French Government to retain, that Admiral Courbet died in June, 1885. She is a good old ship, but is to be replaced by the "D'Entrecasteaux," which is also depicted. Now this splendid vessel—which is named after an intrepid explorer of the South Seas, and is at present undergoing trials off Toulon—is the latest achievement of the French in the way of heavily protected cruisers. Mark her far-projecting, ram-like bow—a characteristic feature of French war-ships—the sharp "tumble-home" of her flanks, and the general business-like look of her. She displaces 8,114 tons, and with engines of 13,500 horse-power is to steam at 19 knots. There are 9·4-in. guns fore and aft in turrets, and twelve 5·5-in.



THE OLD ARMOURED CRUISER "VAUBAN."



Photos. M. Bar. *THE SECOND-CLASS CRUISER "PASCAL."* Copyright.

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A 5·4-in. GUN (1884 PATTERN), WITH RECOIL MOUNTING, IN A FRENCH ARMOUR-CLAD.

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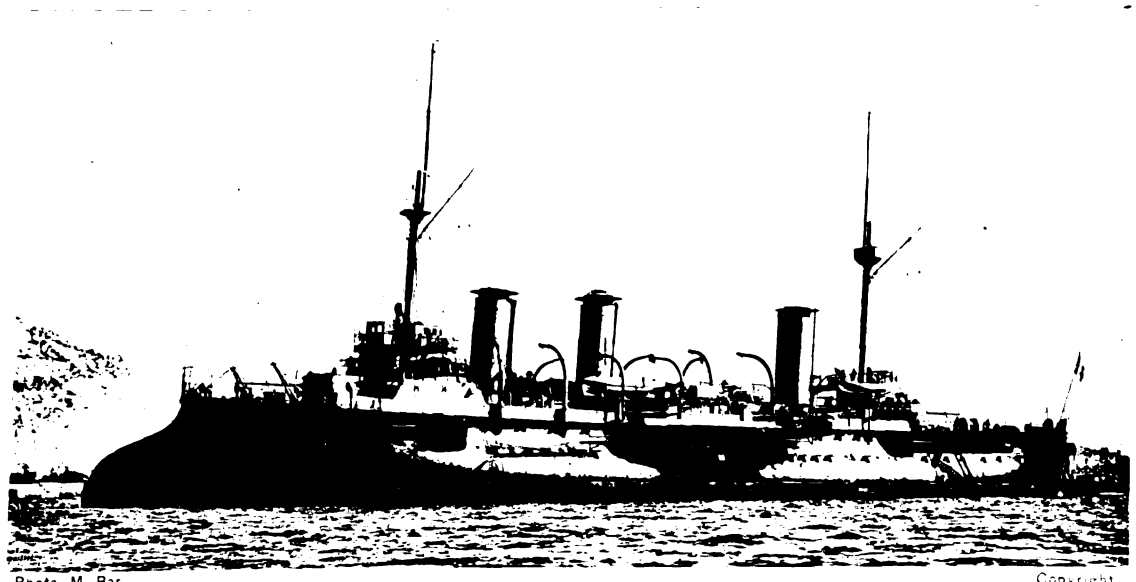
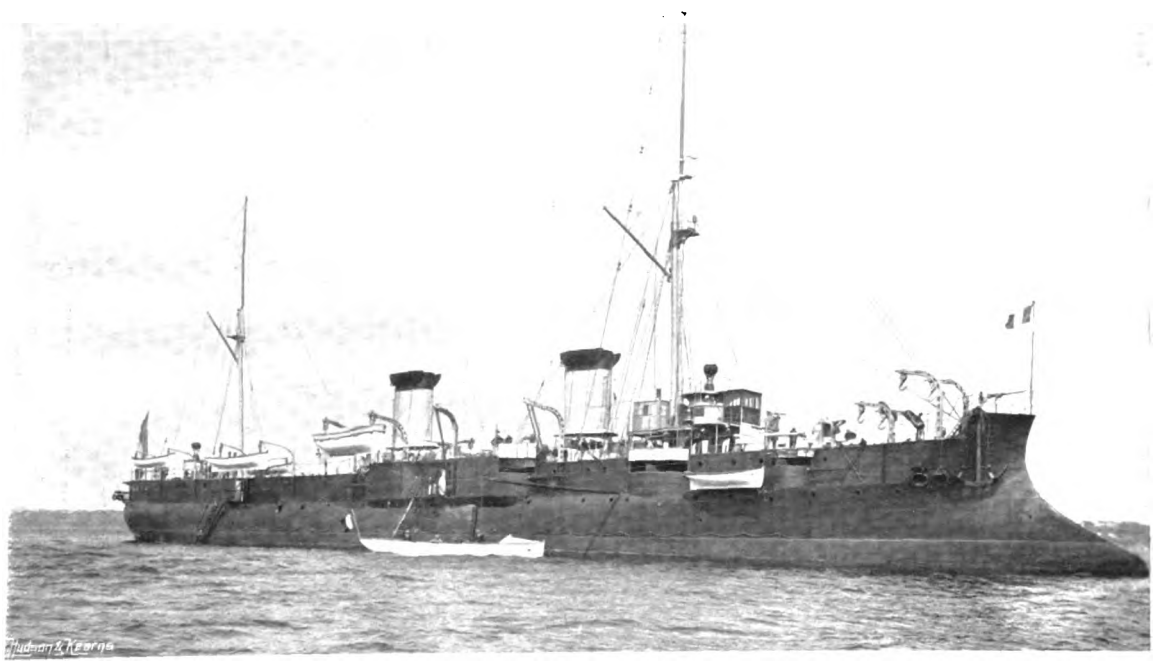


Photo. M. Bar. Copyright.

THE PROTECTED CRUISER "D'ENTRECASTEAUX."

Future flag-ship, now under trial.



THE SECOND-CLASS CRUISER "DESCARTES."

Photo. M. Bar. Copyright.

THE "BAYARD," FLAG-SHIP OF THE FRENCH CHINA SQUADRON.

and as many small quick-firers, with six torpedo-tubes. The turrets are protected by 10-in. of Harveyed steel, and there is a turtle-back deck, 4-in. thick at the sides.

The most powerful armoured ship in the fleet is, perhaps, the cruiser "Bruix" (4,754 tons). She is one of four modern armour-clads, heavily armed and well protected by side, turret, and deck plating, which have been a success. We have nothing quite like her, and it is not probable that the class will have further representatives in France, where the tendency is all towards the construction of larger vessels. Six powerful cruisers of 9,517 tons, and three others of 7,700 tons, have lately been, or are about to be, laid down. The "Vauban" (6,208 tons), which is illustrated, is of the "Bayard" type, though later, and with two masts instead of three.

These ships have all pole masts, but the "Jean Bart," a second-class cruiser of 4,100 tons, is illustrated with those formidable-looking fighting structures which have found so much favour in France. This is interesting, for before the ship went out to China these heavy masts, like those in many other French ships, were found to endanger the ship's stability, and were removed, so that now she carries only pole masts like her consorts. The same thing has happened to the sister second-class cruisers "Descartes" and "Pascal" (about 4,000 tons). On many an occasion France has led the way in the building of war-ships; but latterly a good many errors have been made. The "Descartes" steamed at 21 knots at her trials and the "Pascal" at 20. These are powerful modern ships of 1894 and 1895, with protective decks and large quick-firing armaments. They have been specially built for foreign service.

The only other vessels of importance on the station are the old wooden "Duguay-Trouin," which joined from the Pacific, and the third-class cruiser "Eclaireur." The "Duguay-Trouin," like the "Bayard," is a veteran of the China Seas. She was launched at Cherbourg in 1877, and, in 1884, was attached to the division of Rear-Admiral Lespès, which was placed under command of Courbet. She was one of the ships which co-operated in the capture of Kelung in Northern Formosa, and was actively engaged throughout the war.

The "Eclaireur" is a vessel of 1,770 tons, built in 1877, but supplied with new machinery two years ago.

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"A CURIOUS memento of the Trafalgar 'Britannia,'" writes a correspondent, "of which mention was omitted in your recent interesting yarn about the 'Britannia,' probably through pressure of space, is preserved in the form of a theatrical address recited as the prologue to a dramatic entertainment given on board the 'Britannia' by the officers and midshipmen a few days before the battle of Trafalgar. By way of lightening the hardships of blockade duty, theatrical entertainments were often got up on board the 'Britannia,' as was the case in most of our ships in Nelson's fleet, at which Lord Northesk, the Admiral, and the captain and principal officers of the ship, were present. At the last of these performances given in the week before the battle, on the curtain going up, Lieutenant L. B. Halloran, of the Royal Marines, came forward and delivered the following lines:—

'ADDRESS

'SPOKEN ON BOARD HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP "BRITANNIA," OFF CADIZ.

'My Lord and Gentlemen,—Alas! off Cadiz,
How hard it is we can't address the ladies!
For "if the brave alone deserve the fair,"
Britannia's sons should surely have their share!
But since their valour, tho' upon record,
Like other merits, is its own reward;
Tho' female charms inspire us not—again
We welcome you, my Lord and Gentlemen.

'You, too, brave fellows, who the background tread,
Alike we welcome—jackets blue or red!
And humbly hope, "that while we give our aid
To cheer the tedium of a dull blockade,
To banish *ennui* for a few short hours,
However feeble our theatric powers,
Our well-meant efforts to amuse awhile
Will meet the wish'd reward—your fav'ring smile."

'For tho', while thro' our parts we swell and pant,
We stun your ears with mock-heroic rant,
We trust "to pay their sufferings through your eyes,"
By the bright splendours of the gay disguise;
In which our heroes—nor let critics grin—
Bedight in robes of "bunting laced with tin,"
As kings or emperors, with mimic rage,
Strut their short hour upon this "floating stage."

'In times of yore, as grave old authors write,
Poets possessed a kind of "second sight,"
And could (tho', *entre nous*, 'twas all a hum)
Inform you clearly of "events to come."
Oh! could the bard who, to amuse your time,
Has manufactur'd all this "doggrel rhyme,"
From mortal mists clear his desiring eyes,
And pry into your future destinies:
He would foretell (nor ask you, as a charm,
Like other soothsayers, "to cross his palm").
What—yes! he sees—must on your courage wait,
"An happy fortune, and a glorious fate."

'Yes! he foresees—confirm his prospects, Heav'n!
"You coop'd up boasters" to your wishes giv'n!
Sees their proud ensigns from their Standards torn;
Their vanquished Navies in glad triumph borne;
Sees added laurels grace our Nelson's brow,
And Victory hov'ring o'er his glowing prow;
His conq'ring banners o'er the waves unfurled,
And Britain's thunder rule the wat'ry world.
If aught of prescience to the muse belong,
Soon, soon the scenes that animate her song,
In glowing colours shall salute your eyes,
And Heav'n shall bid th' auspicious morn arise
When France and Spain shall be again subdued,
And your "brave leader's victories renewed."

'Then, to reward your persevering toils,
With honours crown'd, enrich'd with hostile spoils
(Her bravest sons, her guardian sailor's friend),
"Your grateful country" shall her arms extend
To greet your glad return with conscious pride,
And in her bosom bid your cares subside!

'And while our fam'd "Britannia" shall resort,
In awful grandeur to her wish'd-for port,
Her loveliest daughters shall with pleasure meet,
And bless "the heroes of the British Fleet."
Your wives, your children, and your friends shall come,
With tears of joy, to bid you "Welcome Home."
No storms nor battle more your bliss shall mar,
"But peace and plenty crown the toils of war!"'"

* * * *

PROBABLY most people are nowadays aware that minor breaches of discipline in the Army are punished by confinement to barracks. This ordinarily means that the delinquent is forbidden to leave barracks for the number of days specified—evasion of the punishment being guarded against by making him parade and answer his name at frequent intervals, usually every hour—and performing several hours' drill daily in marching order, known as "pack-drill." In departmental and working corps, such as the Army Service Corps and Medical Staff Corps, while the confinement to barracks holds good, the punishment drill is usually impracticable, and as a set-off the man loses his "corps pay"—that is, the extra pay he gets for doing special work—for every day's "C.B." This may vary from 4d. to 1s. per diem. Thus a man on the latter rate, unfortunate enough to incur ten days' "C.B.," loses 10s., and possibly a good conduct badge as well, the restoration of which will necessitate a year's immaculate conduct. His total loss is therefore £2 5s. It is right to state, however, that the men of these corps are extremely well conducted.

* * * *

ONE of the many devices resorted to to obtain funds for the endowment of Greenwich Hospital was that of "Malt Tickets." It would be interesting to know how many people in England, even in these days of "cram," could explain at short notice the meaning of this term. Malt Tickets, so called from being secured on the proceeds of the Malt Tax, were of much the same nature as Exchequer Bills, with which they are coupled in an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of William III. Other sources of revenue were found in the Chatham chest, which has been frequently described, and the original of which, appropriately enough, finds its last resting-place at Greenwich; a lottery styled the "Charitable Adventure," which, though ushered into the world with the expectations of a seventeenth century Klondyke, proved little less than a delusion and a snare; and the proceeds of the unburied estate of Kidd the pirate, valued at over £6,000, which shows that that worthy, whatever treasures he may have buried in hiding-places still unknown, kept a decent sum by him as a balance at his bankers. The greatest haul, of course, was the Derwentwater estates, which were of a very considerable yearly value, and, thanks to judicious nursing, now yield, through themselves or their equivalents, comfort and assistance not only to many a veteran, but also to his widow and children.

* * * *

"LANCE-CORPORAL" asks me to explain the system on which the Indian Staff Corps is worked. Briefly, this is as follows. As regards entrance to the Indian Staff Corps, a certain number of appointments are offered to candidates for admission to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Queen's cadets (British and Indian) and honorary Queen's cadets nominated by the Secretary of State for India in Council have the option of accepting these appointments to the Staff Corps, and the remaining available vacancies are allotted to successful candidates in order of merit, those appointed completing their course of instruction at the Royal Military College. On passing their final examination at Sandhurst they are gazetted second lieutenants on the unattached list of the British Army, are sent to India, serve a year with a British regiment, and are then admitted to the Indian Staff Corps and appointed to a native regiment. After passing certain examinations in the native languages, an officer becomes eligible for appointment as quartermaster or adjutant, for advancement, after a fixed number of years' service, to the higher ranks, and for employment on the General Staff.

* * * *

THE medical returns relating to the health of officers and men of the Royal Navy have been published annually in their present form since 1856. Complaints are sometimes made in the Press of the delay in issuing these reports, but it should be remembered that the statistics cannot be calculated as rapidly as returns dealing with trade, and other matters of public interest relating to the United Kingdom. The Naval medical officers in all parts of the world have to work out the statistics of sickness, invaliding, etc., for the ships and hospitals in which they may be serving, and submit their reports to the senior doctor on the station. This officer has then to make his own report to the director-general of the medical department of the Navy, making special reference to the increase or decline of sickness, and all this is a work of time. The various reports have next to be studied by the director-general, and the final report is then printed as a Parliamentary paper.

* * * *

THESE medical returns are of considerable value, not only to the Admiralty, but also to the medical profession generally, and to the insurance offices. Not many years ago the life assurance offices were in the habit of enforcing heavy premiums in the case of Naval officers, but to-day there are many first-rate offices willing to assure officers' lives at very moderate rates. This change may clearly be traced to the publication of the yearly returns, for it is seen that the risk to life and health is scarcely greater on foreign stations than in England, whilst in some parts of the world to which our ships are sent the climatic conditions are far more favourable than those of this fog-stricken land. Take, for example, the last official returns for 1896. These show that 72,620 officers and men were serving afloat, and enable us to compare the ratios of mortality and of sickness for each station, as well as for the home station. The lowest sick rate was on the south-east coast of America, where we maintain a small squadron, and which is always a healthy climate. The highest sick rate was actually in the United Kingdom. The ratio per 1,000 of men on the sick list at home was 41·85; on the south-east coast of America it was 31·78; East Indies, 41·3; China station, 41·09; Mediterranean, 32·11; Cape and West Coast of Africa station, 35·94; North America and West Indies, 36·98; Pacific, 35·13; and on the Australian station, 35·5 per 1,000.

* * * *

THE apparent unhealthiness of the home station is partially explained by the larger number of boys included in the home returns of health. Our training-ships are all in ports of the United Kingdom, and amongst young lads, massed together in large numbers on board ship, it is inevitable that the sick list should be swelled by minor epidemics and ailments. But even allowing for this, the fact remains that several of our foreign stations are more favourable to health than England. The total number of officers, men, and boys invalided out of the Navy during 1896 was 1,299, being in the ratio of 17·88 per 1,000. The number of deaths was only 384, which was in the ratio of 5·28 per 1,000, and exhibits a decrease of 1·75 on the average of the last nine years. Out of our total personnel serving afloat (72,620), the average sick list was 2,838, which was in the ratio of 39 per 1,000. The sick list is always swelled, however, by minor hurts to fingers and toes, and the like, which prevent men from discharging their ordinary duties for a few days only.

THE EDITOR.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Captain Wood is an officer on the staff of the Intelligence Department of the War Office engaged with certain confidential questions pending with the United States Government. A lawyer tells him that an unknown relative, an American millionaire, has left him a colossal fortune. At the same time an American detective warns him that he has enemies plotting against his fortune and his life. At the Intelligence Office he is given some confidential work to carry through connected with an attack on New York. The same day the American detective details the nature of the plot against his fortune and the military secrets he possesses. He meets Frida Wolstenholme at a ball, where he proposes, and is accepted. He gets into a cab, when he is attacked, hocussed, and loses consciousness. Recovering at length, he finds himself tied and bound, and is subjected to a cruel and painful ordeal. Snuyzer, the American detective, having shadowed Captain Wood all night, sees him carried off towards Hammersmith, follows his tracks, and believes he has run him to earth. Sets an assistant to watch the house, and returns to London. Hears at Wood's chambers that he has met with an accident, and at the American Consulate that Wood has been there. Now Sir Charles Collingham supervenes with anxious enquiries for confidential papers that are missing. Miss Wolstenholme is informed of Captain Wood's disappearance, and the whole party, with Wood's collie dog, proceed to Hammersmith. The villa is broken into, with the assistance of the police, but no Captain Wood is to be found. Snuyzer's boy Joe, whom he had placed on watch, has gone, leaving a few words chalked on the gate saying he is following some clue. Snuyzer is now much discredited. Strong doubts are thrown upon the story of Wood's capture. The police suggest Wood is hiding, when the boy Joe, Snuyzer's assistant, is brought in with the report that he has seen Wood's transfer in a carriage from Hammersmith to Featherstone Gardens. The house in Featherstone Gardens is visited, but appears to be respectable—a Spanish Duke's, family out of town. The police now declare they wash their hands of the whole business. Snuyzer finds out from the caretaker that Wood is not in the house at Featherstone Gardens, but has been kidnapped and taken to sea in a steamer; it is determined to follow in a fast cruiser, if such can be obtained from the Admiralty. On application this is found to be impossible, but at Lloyd's they agree to send a tug after the steamer, the "Fleur de Lis," and Miss Wolstenholme determines to accompany Snuyzer to New York, the detective having found out that the Spanish Duke and family, together with Wood, are going there in the "Chattahoochee."

CHAPTER XIX. *(continued.)*

THE evening of that first day (Friday) Sir Charles Collingham came in with a long face.

"Have you any news, Miss Frida? No? And I haven't, not a syllable, although my orders to Swete Thornhill were to wire me directly he touched the shore."

"What does it mean? That they have failed? Been beaten off? What?"

"No, only that they've missed the yacht. She must have given them the slip. But it's incredible. She was steering that course, we know that now for certain; at least, until nightfall yesterday, for they have news of her at the Admiralty or at Lloyd's. My fear is that after dark she got into the open sea before the tug could cut across her."

"Would they follow?"

"Some distance, no doubt, but the yacht would have the heels of any tug, and they'd never catch her, even if they were prepared to follow right across the Atlantic."

"You mean that the yacht will now make for New York?"

"Not certainly, but for that or some other port on the far side—some place within reach of Washington, for they will want to pass on those papers of mine—worse luck."

"And Captain Wood? What will they do with him?" I asked, with a sinking heart.

"Drown him, hang him; what do I care? It's all his fault, confound him. No, no, forgive me, Miss Wolstenholme," he said, correcting himself; "but this is a much more serious business than you can imagine There is no saying what would happen if those papers fell into the hands of the United States Government. Terrible complications, and open rupture, perhaps war. It will all recoil on me and my department. Hang Willie Wood and his millions."

"I wonder you don't try and do something more," I said, hotly, "instead of abusing a poor fellow who is not really to blame, and whose life is in danger through no fault of his own. At any rate I mean to help, if I can. I am going to New York on Sunday."

"You, Miss Frida! You *are* a trump. By the Lord Harry! but why? What takes you; what can you do?"

"Some of the conspirators are crossing by the 'Chattahoochee,' and I go in the same ship. One of them calls himself Captain Wood. Mr. Snuyzer was to have gone, but as he may not return in time, I shall take his place."

"But why—why—why?"

"To warn Willie's agents over there; to put them on their guard against the villain who means to personate him. I can swear he's not the real Captain Wood. I have my instructions all pat. I have them from Mr. Snuyzer."

"And who will certify to you? Have you thought of that, Miss Wolstenholme?"

"Certainly. My mother's cousin, Cavendish Chester, is in an embassy at Washington. I shall cable to him to meet us if we go. But it still may not be necessary."

"By George, Miss Frida, you are all I say and more—one of the real salt of the earth, and you make me ashamed of my weakness."

He got up briskly, and walked towards the door.

"I'll go back to the Admiralty. They must and shall give me a ship—a fast cruiser. I will hunt down that yacht if we have to chase right into American waters."

He left me in better spirits, for I did not feel quite so friendless and alone, and I slept better that night. But next day (Saturday), the last before departure, passed without news from him or from Mr. Snuyzer, and all my anxieties returned.

How I got through the time I can hardly say. Mother saw that I was wretched, and thinking I was fussing and fretting over our rash expedition, tried timidly—sweet mother—to get me to give it up.

But I was only the more determined to go. The day wore on; I was hoping against hope, and in my own secret heart I was becoming terribly frightened, almost out of my wits, but I fought hard against that. I knew that if I gave way one little bit I should break down utterly.

CHAPTER XX.

I NEVER felt so deserted and forlorn as when I stood on the platform at Waterloo on the Sunday morning waiting for the special train for Southampton. There was a great mob of people crowding and clamouring around passengers and their friends to see them off—all strangers to me, many of them talking an uncouth, unintelligible language; the porters were

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too much overpowered with luggage to attend to me, and I had Roy to look after.

He was very fractious, dragging at his chain, yelping in short angry snaps with fierce shows of teeth, and keeping everyone at a distance. I cannot say what I should have done but for the kindness of a man, a gentleman who spoke with a strong Yankee twang, and who found us seats. He persuaded the guard to allow Roy to remain in the carriage with us, and the dog was, for the moment, good. I don't know why I burdened myself with him; but I clung to him feebly, desperately, for no other reason than that he was Willie's, the only real living link left me with my dear missing friend.

This new acquaintance was a youth, little more, in a straw hat and a light check suit; he wore no gloves, and had a diamond ring on one finger, and a great diamond brooch in his slip-knot tie. He was not handsome, far from it—freckled face, red hair, and ferrety eyes—and yet there was kindliness, good feeling, chivalry in his face, that many a better born gentleman might have envied him.

"Guess you're new to this kind of thing," he said, affably, as we started. "Never been across before?"

Mother frowned at me from her corner as though to check this forward stranger, but I was so sure he meant well, and so grateful to him for his kindness, that I smiled and let him talk on.

"You see, there are a lot of big toads in this puddle, and outsiders are left a long way behind. Quite a number of swells on board the train—Dukes and Duchesses, young millionaires, that Crœsus British captain"

My heart bounded at the names he mentioned, for I knew that he was referring to the conspirators, and I asked him, rather nervously, if he knew any of these people by sight. I dared not tell him, of course, how deeply they interested me.

"Why, certainly. The whole hypothec. There's the Duchess of Tierra Sagrada. The title is Spanish, not much, I take it, like their castles. But she's an amazing fine woman, tall and handsome. Reckon that's won her her Duke. She was on the boards once, some Boston variety show. The Duke's like a bit of dried root, and black as sarsaparilla."

"And this millionaire ——?"

"Wood. You will have heard of him. Is that so? The young English captain who got all the McFaught millions. I needn't show him you, guess you know him by sight?"

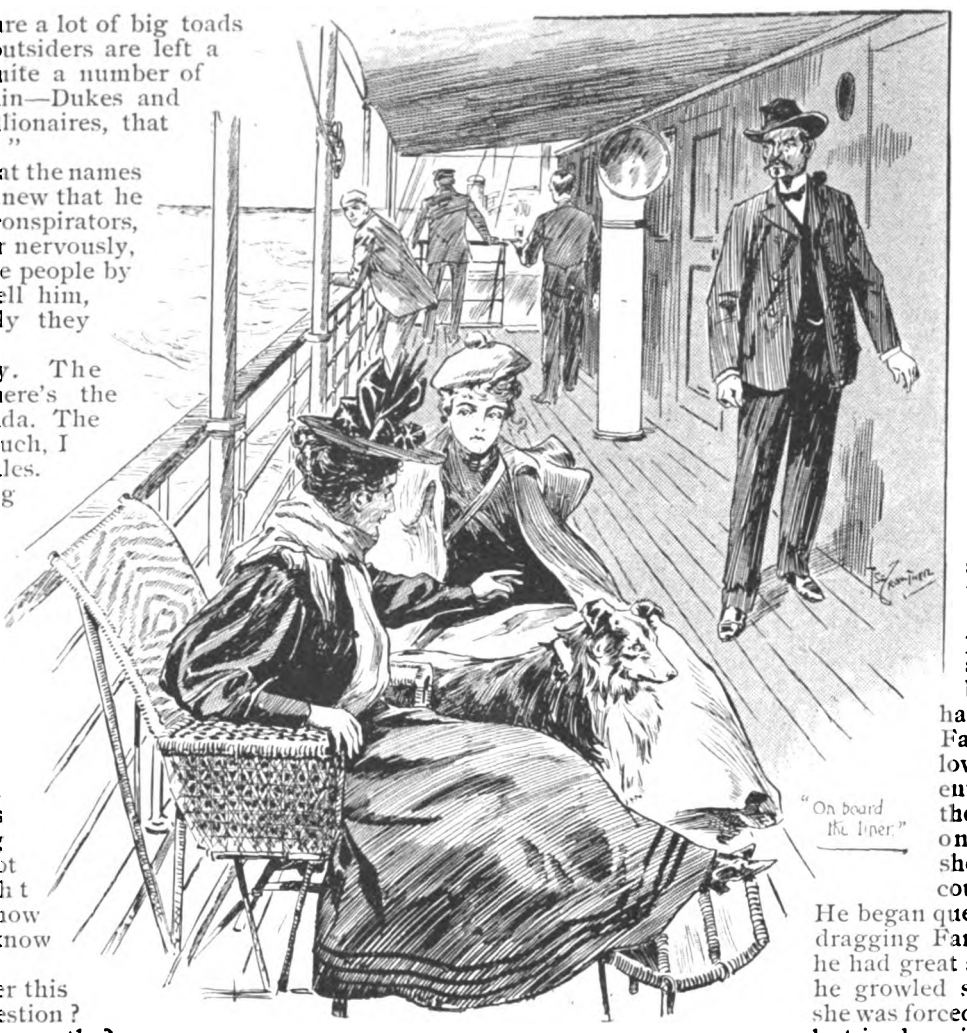
How was I to answer this most embarrassing question? Was it put quite innocently? Had this man any suspicion? I looked into his little pale blue eyes, but they never faltered, and I replied that, like the rest of the world, I had heard the story.

"He's no great shakes, you'll say, not for a British officer. Don't fit his fortune quite. It's a good deal to live up to."

When the train ran into Southampton and we left it for the wharf where lay the little tender that was to convey us to the big liner, Mr. Rossiter (my new friend's name) showed us the people he had named. We were crowded now into a narrow space, and sat almost in each other's pockets. It was easy to make out everyone, and I soon learnt all I wanted to know.

First, there was the arch-impostor, the villain who was masquerading as my dear Willie Wood. I saw a short, thick-set, vulgar-looking man, very much over-dressed, smoking a long cigar, holding his head high, as though arrogance and hauteur were in his part. He was not alone; his two companions, the only persons to whom he spoke, were the Duke and Duchess of Tierra Sagrada, as my friend whispered me.

I confess I stared at them with all my eyes, my heart beating tumultuously. If I only knew what they did! They had been with Willie—were the last to see him, probably, in the Victoria Dock.



"On board the liner."

The man, a small man, thin, twisted, snake-like, and venomous, was no doubt the ringleader, one of the prime movers in the plot. As I looked at his dark sallow face, heavy, brooding, with dull, savage, bloodshot eyes, I trembled to think I might have to measure strength with him—that I, a weak helpless woman, might be called upon to unmask him, and bring him to account.

What chance should I have alone against these unscrupulous, murderous, coldly deliberate villains?

I got some little comfort, however, from my examination of the woman. Duchess or no Duchess, accomplice and confederate or hapless tool, willing or constrained, I knew that within her poor means she had been kind to Willie, and would have helped him if she could. She was not wholly bad, I felt sure. A handsome woman, undoubtedly; very tall, with a fine figure and a beautiful face, although with a sad, worn, anxious expression—the face of one who had known some trouble. Was she vexed, harassed, tortured perchance, by a past that was irrevocable, at present hateful and intolerable, which she was powerless to mend? There could be but little sympathy between her and her husband. They hardly spoke to each other; when they did, the man seemed to snarl, and if she answered at all, it was only in sullen monosyllables. When the false Willie Wood addressed her, which he did from time to time with an air of easy familiarity, she disdained to reply at all. It was clear the conspirators were not a happy family.

While I sat looking intently at these people and engrossed with very serious thoughts, I was disturbed by Fanshawe, my maid, who came up and said, in a very fretful, disappointed tone:

"Please, Miss Frida, I'm worrited to death with this tiresome dog. Whatever made you bring him is more than I can say. I can do nothing with him."

Roy had been pretty good till now, and when we got on board the tender I handed him over to Fanshawe. He had followed her very obediently from the train to the quayside, but when once embarked had shown the most unaccountable restlessness. He began questing about the deck, dragging Fanshawe after him, for he had great strength, and besides, he growled so threateningly that she was forced to give in to him. At last in despair she appealed to me.

I took the leash out of her hand and tried to pacify him. As a rule I could manage him; he had taken to me long before; in the early days of our acquaintance, and now, since Willie was gone, he transferred his affection, as I hoped, to me. But now I had lost all control over him; he would not keep quiet, still much less crouch down at my feet. He disdained to obey. I tried all ways with him; spoke to him softly and sweetly, scolded him and cuffed him, but all to no purpose. He stood away from me at the longest distance his chain would allow, as if we were utter strangers and his only idea was to break entirely away at the very first chance.

Then, just as our tender ran alongside the great liner, and I was occupied with mother and all our belongings, he made one great snatch at his chain. It slipped through my fingers, and in an instant he was gone. He ran forward to the bows of the tug, and I could hear him raging furiously along the deck through the throng with loud quite joyous yelps, as eager as if he was rounding up a flock of scattered sheep on the mountain home of his ancestors.

In the end I saw him crossing the gangway at the fore part, that put down for the second cabin passengers. He was thrusting his way through them noisily, and was one of the earliest at the ladder, which he ran up, to disappear hastily into the big ship.

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Directly I had installed mother into a snug place in the music-room, and set Fanshawe to unpack, I made enquiries for the dog.

"Dog, miss?" said a passing steward. "Is he a passenger? Then the butcher will have him safe. If not, guess he is made into sausages by this time, for the chief officer's bound to have him hanged."

"I have paid for the dog's ticket, and perhaps you will be good enough to direct me to the butcher," I said sharply. "I wish to see that the dog is made comfortable."

"He'll be that, miss, sure enough, if he's peaceably disposed. Otherways, Sam McKillop has a heavy hand with the rope's end."

Full of misgivings for Roy, whose cross-grained nature seemed likely to get him into trouble, I went in all haste to the far stern, picking my way among all sorts of dirt, till someone produced "Sam McKillop," a big burly man with rough black beard and great bare hairy arms.

"That's me. Who wants Sam McKillop? Will it be you, mem?"

"It's about my dog, Mr. McKillop," I said sweetly. "A golden collie; answers to the name of Roy."

"I mind him. But d'ye say *you*, mem? I was thinking anither person owned him. Him as brocht him to me."

"I don't know who that could be. But I am in charge of him, and I want you to be kind to him"—I handed over a sovereign—"and to bear with him, for he has a queer temper sometimes. I hope he will give you no trouble."

"Ma certie he'll give no trouble, I'm no fashed for that. He's douce and quiet eneuch, I'm thinking. Came here like a wee lammie trotting at the heels of the chap that brocht him."

"Was it someone who caught him, do you think? I should like to know."

"Mayhap. But I thocht he owned him, the beast lippened to him so kindly, and he lay down charge just at a word as though from an old friend."

"Found out his mistake like a sensible creature, I suppose, and thought it best to settle down till he found me. Will you take me to see him, Mr. McKillop, please?"

"He's you, in the hutch under the bulkhead; snug in his straw, and making the best of it—a lesson to more contrairy Christians."

I followed the indication, and there was Roy lying at ease in his rude kennel; his beautiful head rested on his two fore paws, and he looked perfectly contented and happy. At my approach he barely lifted his large sleepy eyes, but there was something like a wink of recognition in them, accompanied by a rustle in the straw from the wagging of his ponderous tail.

This complete change in his demeanour was a pleasant surprise. I did not seek to explain it to myself, but speaking a few words of encouragement, I left him. More pressing matters called me aft. The steamer was already beyond the shelter of the land, and the sea had risen under a fast freshening summer gale.

I was not sorry to get back to my berth, and soon had no further concern with mundane affairs, or the passage of time. My only recollections of the next three days are a confused memory of acute discomfort. We were all wretchedly ill—mother, poor dear! Fanshawe, of course, and I, although hitherto I had liked the sea.

CHAPTER XXI.

My own collapse was, no doubt, the reaction from the keen anxieties that had oppressed me before departure. They were as keen as ever now; but when I roused myself from the stupor of sea sickness and crawled up on deck to breathe the magnificent ozonised air of the Atlantic, I felt revived and more fit to face them.

Someone helped me to my deck chair. It was my friend Mr. Rossiter. Someone had placed it in a sheltered corner—Mr. Rossiter. Someone got wraps for me, and a novel, and a deck steward with a cup of invigorating beef tea; this same someone left me in peace to recover health and strength—always Mr. Rossiter. I blessed the kindly considerate chivalry of American men.

Now, as I lounged there lazily, I began to look into things a little more closely, and to consider how far I had advanced matters or served the cause by this escapade of mine. Looking at it in cold blood, I called myself a silly impulsive fool, who had started on a wild goose chase, and was unlikely to accomplish anything. If I had not been in such a terrible hurry! If I had waited, Willie might have returned, safe and sound—the only thing I cared for; and now months might pass before I saw him again.

And what, after all, could I do? I had failed in the very first task I had set myself, that of keeping a watch upon the conspirators. I had seen nothing of them for three days; I knew no more about them than when I had come on board, and I had no clear notion how I should act when I arrived in New York, what would be best, or what would come of anything I did. Despair and despondency seized me; I felt utterly helpless, useless, and was full of self-reproach.

Yet daylight was nearer than I thought.

The steamer was not exactly crowded, although there were plenty of passengers. It was still early in the fall season, before the great rush of American tourists sets homeward, but some of the best people were on board bound to their Newport cottages, or for Bar Harbour, Naragansett pier; and it so chanced that my deck chair that first morning was set amongst them. Without minding me, they kept up their talk, mostly idle gossip of people and places that had no interest for me, until suddenly I caught the name of Wood—Captain Wood.

They were discussing the impostor, evidently a personage of some importance to them, an Englishman, young and immensely rich. But I saw that they were disappointed in him.

"He's not exactly what I should have expected to find," said one. "Hardly a gentleman."

"I thought every English officer was that, at least," said another. "But this is a coarse, rough creature, with a cockney accent, who cares nothing for ladies' society, and I am sure we were willing enough to be civil to him, but spends all his time in the smoking-room at poker, with his friend the Duke, playing quite a mean low down game, so my Sam tells me."

"Is he a Duke, real or *pour rire?*"

"The title is real, I have heard; but his Duchess! You know who she was—Susette Bywater of the Leviathan Opera House in Boston. Sam says she was a dancer and burlesque singer."

"What are we to do about these people? Know them? Of course, if Mr. Wood or Captain Wood chooses, he will be well received, but surely not this Duke and Duchess?"

"Hush! She is over there." And in the abrupt silence that followed, I glanced towards the subject of these remarks—the Duchess, *pour rire*, assuredly, for there could be little reality about her title, no honour in it, nothing but shame and distress, to judge by the settled melancholy on her face. Again I pitied her, and my heart went out to her, for I knew she had been kind to Willie. Seeing her seated there, quite neglected and alone, for her own companions evidently gave themselves no concern for her, I determined to patch up an acquaintance.

By-and-by I had my chair moved, and found myself beside her. It was quite natural that we should talk, mere platitudes at first—the weather, the day of arrival, and so forth. "You have been ill, I fear?" she said civilly. "For myself, I never feel it—I have been often across. *That* does not trouble me."

Behind those words, emphasised by a sigh, there was a world of meaning, which as an utter stranger I could not pretend to notice. Perhaps she saw sympathy in my face, for the tears were very near her eyes, but she checked them with an effort and asked:

"Is this your first visit to America? I wonder how you will like it? The travelling is uncomfortable, but the people mean well. You are going to friends, I presume?"

What was I to answer? I began a vague story of a pleasure journey, to New York, across the Continent, round the world, perhaps to the moon, when Mr. Rossiter made a diversion. I saw him approaching and leading Roy by his chain.

"Here's someone you may be glad to see," he said pleasantly. "I got leave to give him a short run."

"Your dog? What a handsome creature," said the Duchess, and Roy, who was a lump of conceit, perfectly understood the compliment. It was one of his well-behaved days; he sat there, solemn and self-satisfied, giving a paw, and doing all his little tricks almost without asking, while the Duchess petted and made much of him without the least protest on his part.

Then with a quick motion of not unnatural curiosity, the Duchess looked at his collar. It was no doubt a civil way of finding out who I was; but the result was something of a shock to us both. For when she started back in surprise that had terror in it, I remembered that this collar still bore his master's name and regiment: "Captain W. A. Wood, ——th Regiment."

"Who are you? What does this———" she began hurriedly, but recovered herself and said with great self-control, "You know a Captain Wood then? *We* have one on board too. I wonder if they are related; you must allow me to introduce you. He is travelling with us."

Before I could answer, a man stood over us and a harsh voice called her by name, but in a language I did not understand. She got up with prompt obedience that I set down to anxiety, to tell her husband (of course it was the Duke) what she had discovered. But as they walked away together, he did all the talking, and from the inflection I felt sure he was taking her sharply to task.

(To be continued).

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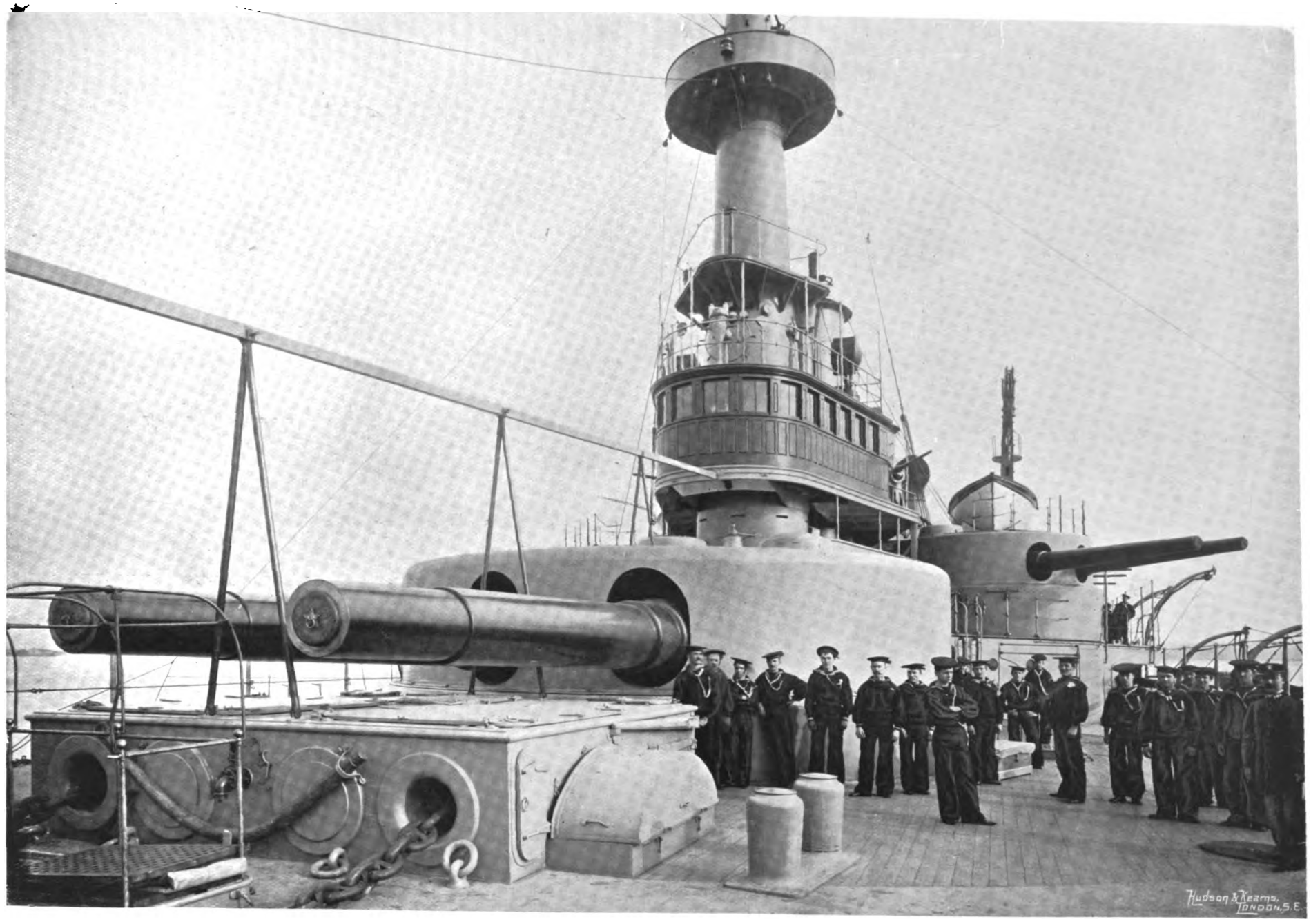

LOOKING AFT FROM THE FORECASTLE OF THE U.S. BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA."

THE "Indiana" is a first-class battle-ship of 10,231 tons, built in 1895, and now serving her first commission in the U.S. North Atlantic squadron. In the foreground of the photograph is seen the "Indiana's" forward turret, with two 13-in. heavy breech-loaders. On the right is one of the four smaller turrets, of which the "Indiana" carries two on each side, in the central portion of the ship between the two large turrets. Each of these four turrets mounts a pair of 8-in. breech-loaders, and 6-in. quick-firers are mounted on each broadside between the turrets. Some typical specimens of the American bluejacket, part of the 380 hands who form the ship's company, appear in our photograph. The 13-in. guns of the ship's main armament shown in the photograph are of practically the same power as the 67-ton guns in our older first-class ships of the "Admiral" and "Royal Sovereign" classes

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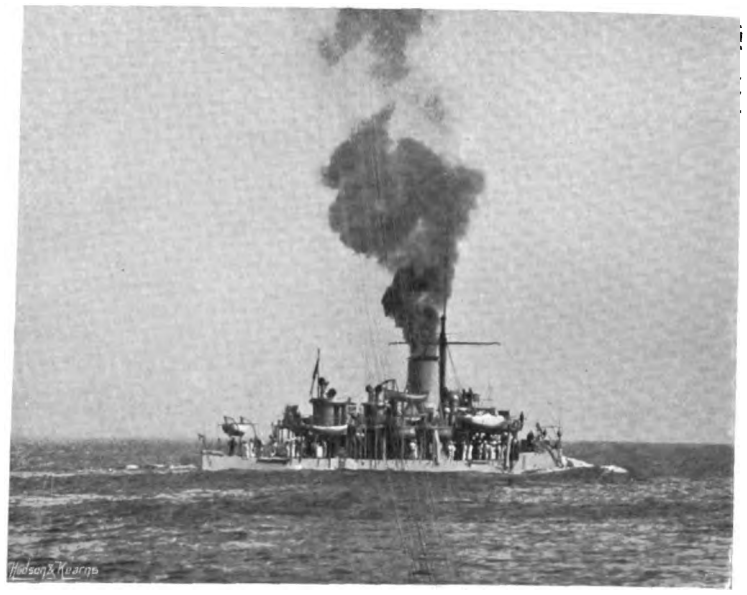
The Torpedo Ram "Polyphemus."

THE "Polyphemus," which has just been ordered from Malta to join the flag, is a "twin-screw special torpedo vessel (protected ram)," and this description practically sets forth the purposes to which the "Polyphemus" would be put in war. She is the only vessel of her kind in our Fleet, and, speaking generally, may be said to represent the views of certain extremists among Naval officers of twenty years ago, who at that time were loudly proclaiming the advantages of the ram as an almost resistless means of offence.

The idea of the ram of course goes back to the times of the old galleys of Greece and Rome, whose principal weapon it was. In the days of the old sailing men-of-war with which England won the mastery of the seas, broadside to broadside fighting was the accepted method of warfare, and there was no place for the ram. It dropped out of memory, indeed, until early in the sixties of the present century, when, on the advent of the steam-propelled iron-clad, the ram reappeared as a weapon of special potentialities, owing to the fact that the most vulnerable part of the modern iron ship is below the water-line, where the side armour ceases to afford protection. All our early iron-clads from the "Warrior" onwards have been fitted with the ram, which soon showed its value under the new conditions, first in the American Civil War, and then at the battle of Lissa, where the Italian flag-ship was sunk by one blow from the ram of an Austrian iron-clad. Both England and France after this paid attention to the construction of vessels specially built for ramming, of which our own present "Rupert" and "Hotspur" are existing specimens. In them a big gun equipment is placed in a single turret in the fore part of the ship for use in end on fighting, with the idea

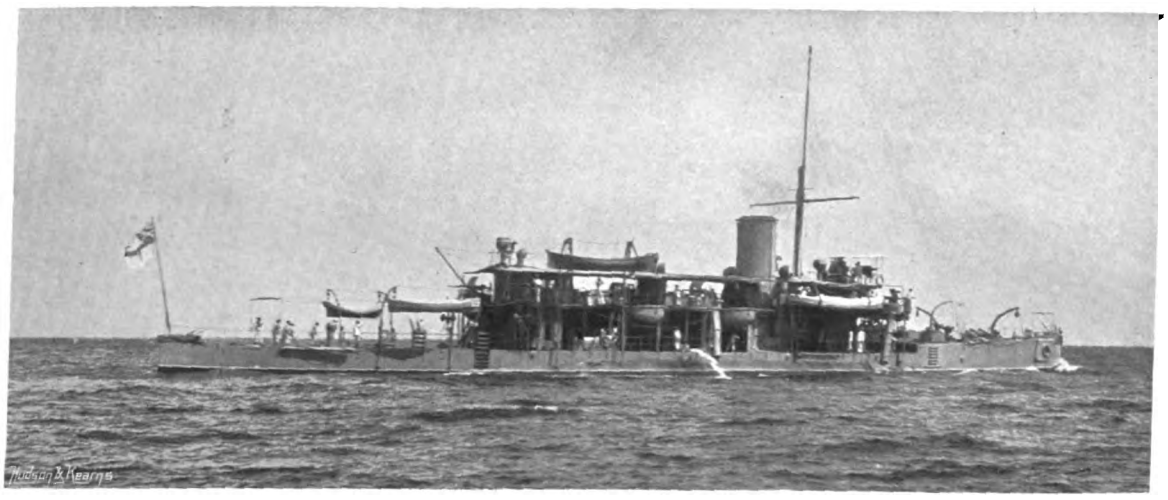


THE "POLYPHEMUS" AT SEA.

of helping to clear the way for the onset of the attacking ship by an attack with heavy projectiles. The advocates of the ram after that put pressure on the Admiralty in England to build a vessel specially for ramming and without heavy guns at all. The result was the present "Polyphemus," begun in 1878 and completed in 1882. There was reason in building her, for the guns of the day were slow-firers and the ships of the day slow movers, while the "Whitehead" torpedo was still a comparatively unknown quantity.

The leading features of the "Polyphemus'" design, as our photographs show, are a low hull, exposing only a small mark for an enemy's fire, the portion of the ship above water being also turtle-back shaped and covered with thin armour to deflect light gun projectiles that may strike. A high rate of speed was given the ship from the first, between 17 and 18 knots, with a powerful ram-prow and a torpedo equipment of five submerged tubes. These are her special means of offence, the ship's defensive armament being confined to a few light guns for repelling boat or torpedo attacks, mounted on the superstructure above the hull, where the ship's boats are carried and whence the ship is worked at sea. The "Polyphemus" is a vessel of 2,640 tons displacement, with length 240ft., beam 40ft., and mean draught 20ft. She cost originally (according to Brassey's Annual) £174,450, and has cost since then, owing to alterations and reconstructions, probably a good deal more over again.

Her vulnerability below water to torpedo attack is, of course, in common with all other ships, the "Polyphemus'" weak point. In 1878 the self-propelling torpedo was only just coming into use at sea, and it is, as a fact, due as much as anything to



GOING OUT OF HARBOUR AT MALTA.

Photos. R. Ellis. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns.

COMMANDER EDWARD L. LANG AND OFFICERS OF THE "POLYPHEMUS."

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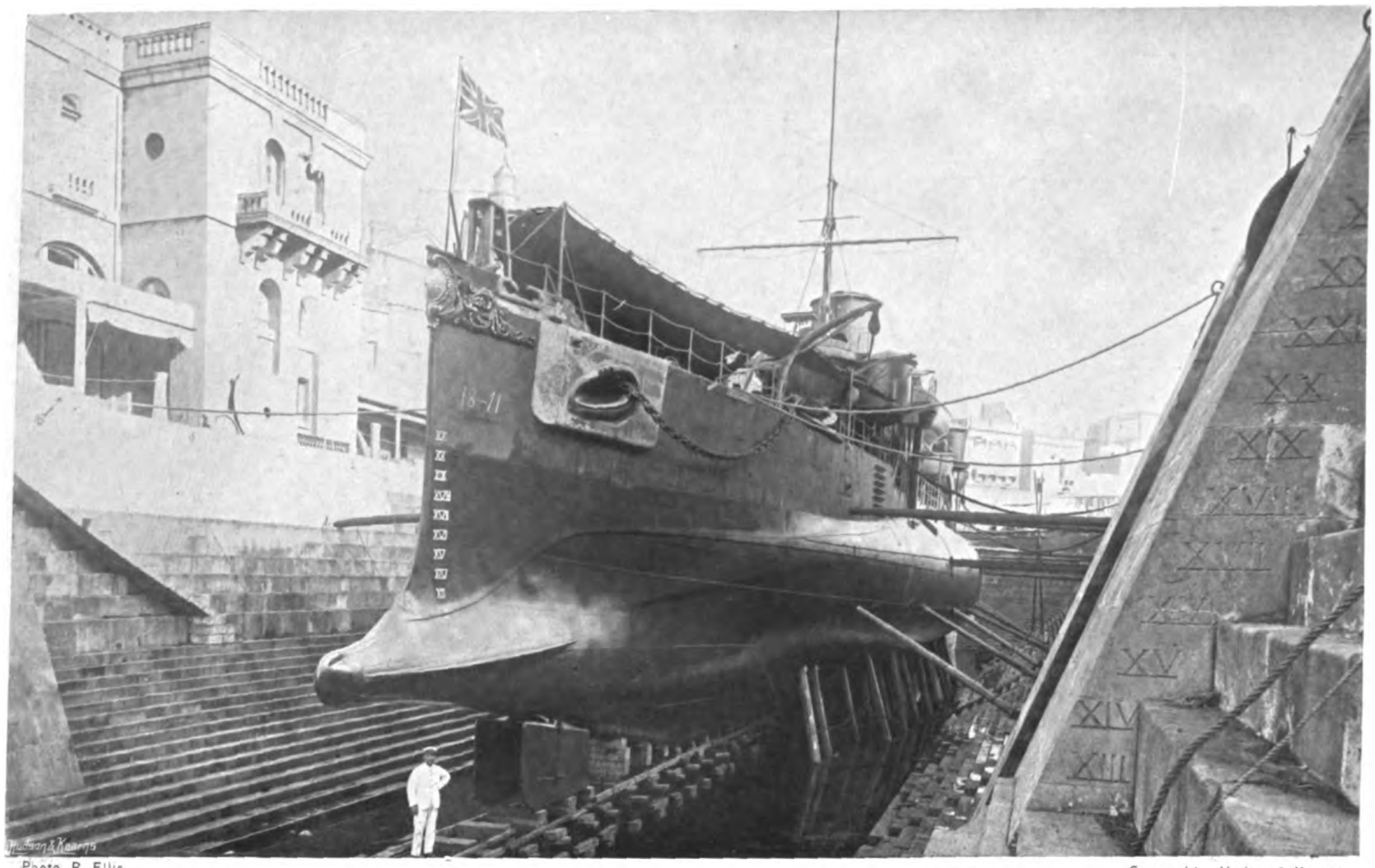

Photo. R. Ellis. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns

THE "POLYPHEMUS" IN DOCK AT MALTA—BOW VIEW.

the adoption of the "Whitehead" torpedo in all Navies since that time that no repetition of the "Polyphemus" type of ship is found in our Service. The "Polyphemus" has passed all her service in the Mediterranean, where she was first sent in 1882. She is now in commission, and ordinarily is stationed in Gibraltar Bay, whence from time to time—at least once a year—the "Polyphemus" proceeds to Malta to refit in dock there and to be overhauled. It was on the occasion of the "Polyphemus'" last visit to Malta for the purpose of docking that the photographs which are here reproduced were taken. The peculiar shape of this unique vessel is well shown in the above picture. The "Polyphemus" bears a name that is over a hundred years old in the British Navy, and which was borne with credit by one of Nelson's ships at Trafalgar.

OUR FUTURE NELSONS.

Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.—H. & K.

EXTREMES MEET—THE "BRITANNIA."

THE photograph we here reproduce was originally intended to appear in the Special "Britannia" Number which we published on January 14th, but owing to a mishap in the process it had to be withdrawn at the last moment. It represents four of the Naval cadets now on the point of going to sea, leaving behind them the training-ship and its associations, the recollections of which, however, will be with them throughout their career of active service. It exhibits a case of extremes meeting, or, as the every-day phrase goes, the long and the short of it. It must not be supposed, because the cadets in the middle of the picture are smaller and shorter than their comrades, that, therefore, they are junior to them in period of service. There was a time when it was assumed that to be tall was a disadvantage in a Naval officer. Such is no longer the case, but this is no reason why the shorter boy should not make as good an officer as another of greater stature.

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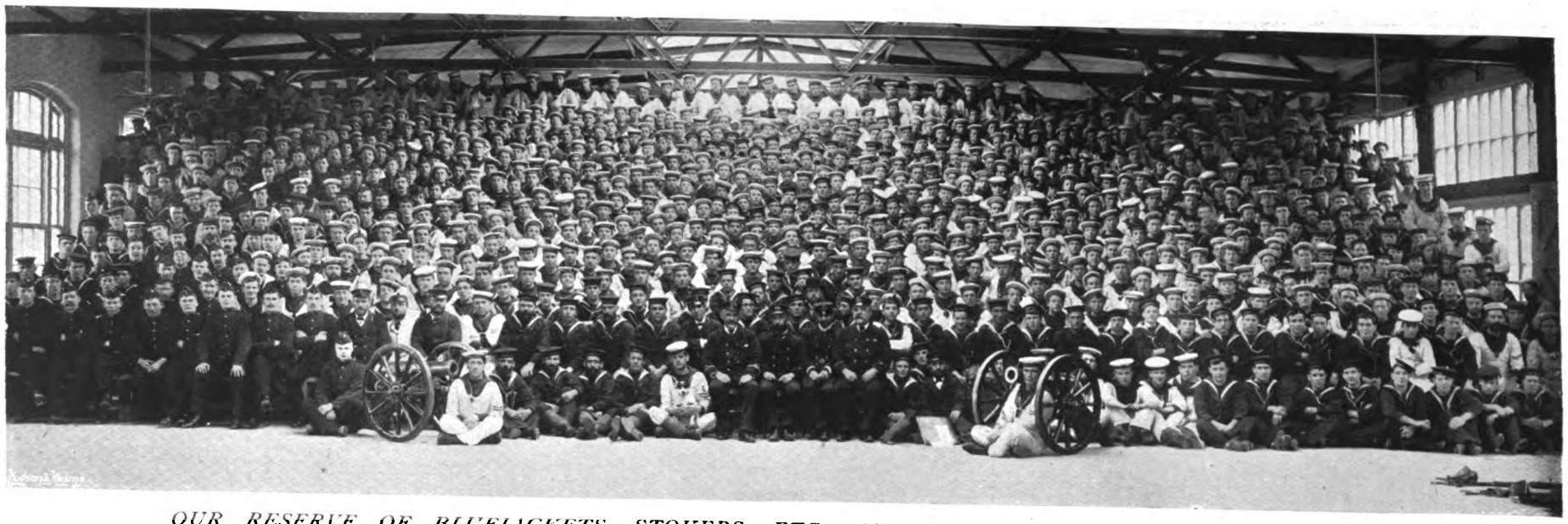

OUR RESERVE OF BLUEJACKETS, STOKERS, ETC., AT THE NAVAL BARRACKS, DEVONPORT.

Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns.

STOKERS AT BAR-BELL EXERCISE.

AT each of three great Naval ports an establishment or depôt of bluejackets, stokers, and marines is maintained for supplying the demands of the Fleet and attending to the ships in reserve. Usually from 2,000 to 4,000 men are on the books of each depôt. Our photograph of the present occupants of the Devonport depôt shows the men of all branches and ratings, while beneath are depicted the stokers engaged in physical drill or bar-bell exercise. Special care is taken in the physical training of the stokers, who as recruits or "second-class stokers" spend the first fifteen months, on an average, of their service at a depôt, being taught discipline, drill, and details of ship routine, and serving with the working parties of the dockyard reserve in drawing stores, coaling and cleaning ships out of commission, pumping out bilges, undergoing rifle exercise and practice, physical exercises, and stoking at the steam trials of new or refitted ships, until finally the time comes to join the sea-going ships of the Fleet.

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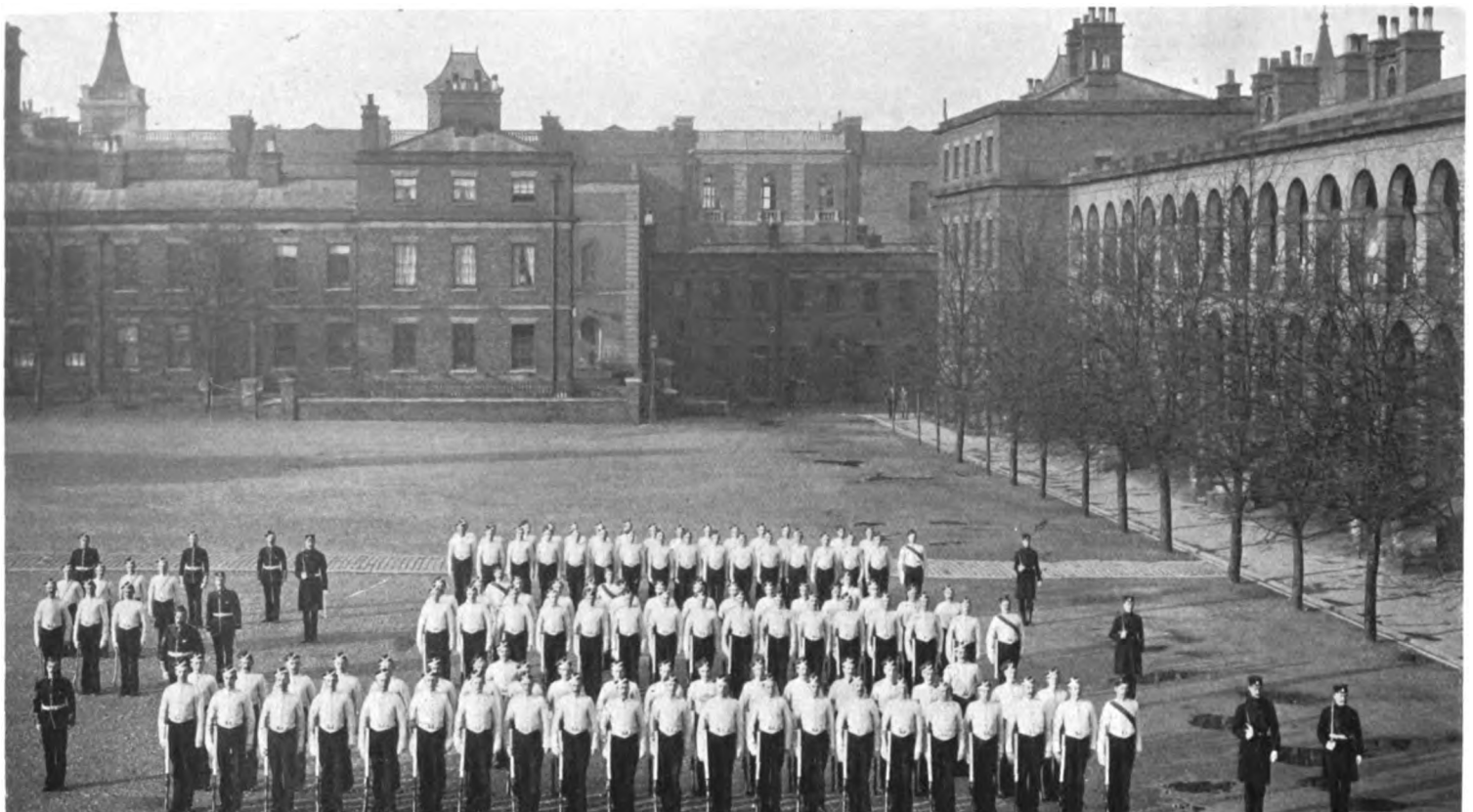
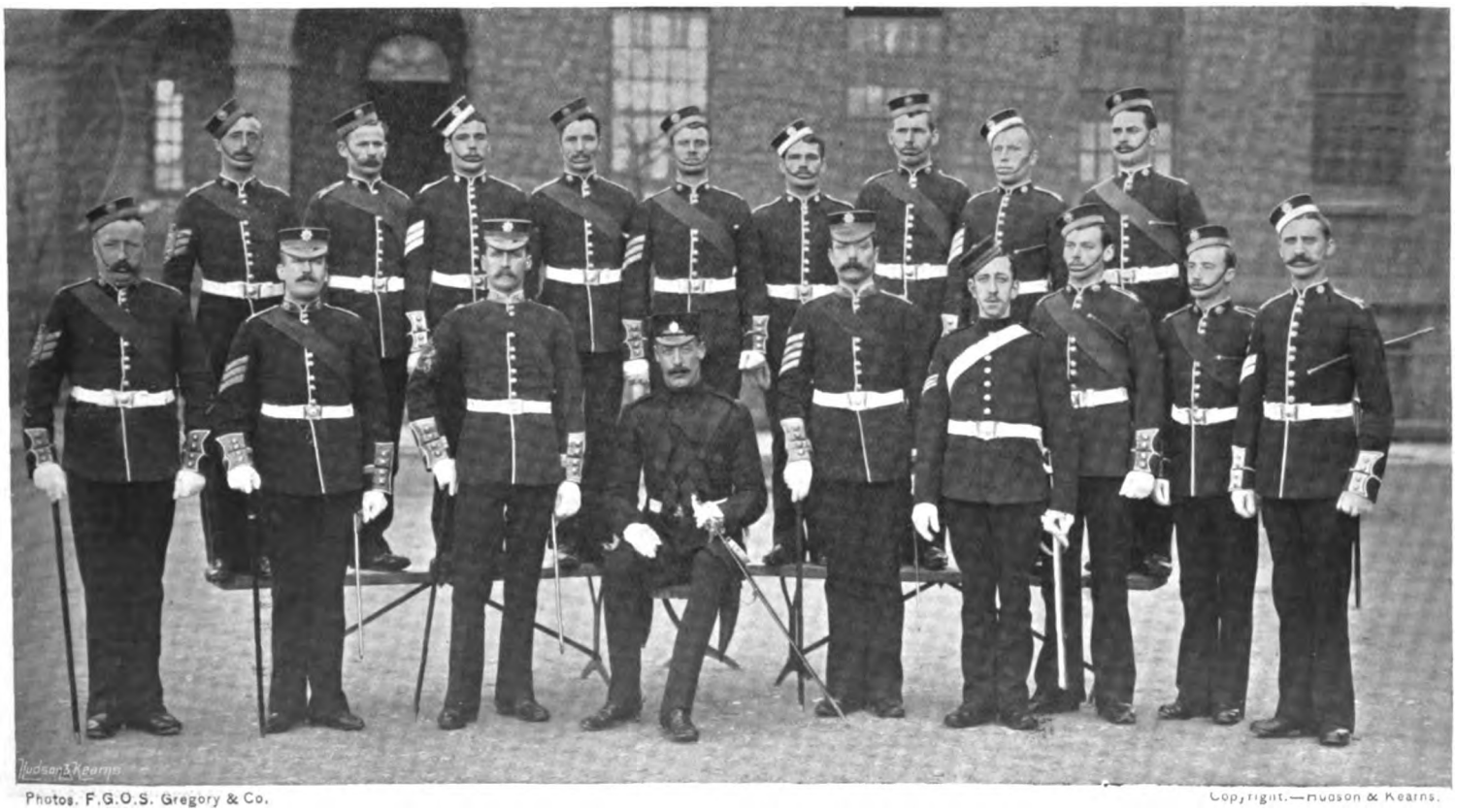
The New Battalion, the Coldstream Guards.



A BATTALION IN EMBRYO.

OF the various battalions added to the infantry of the Line by this year's and last year's Estimates, that which is probably the most advanced towards a perfect organisation is the third battalion which was added to the Coldstream Guards. Our two photographs show first the embryo battalion on parade, and secondly a group comprising the adjutant, Lieutenant Heathcoat-Amory, and the non-commissioned officers of the battalion. These are the men who are bringing the new battalion into shape, and a glance at the smart alert figures will convince the reader that it won't be their fault if it does not fully maintain the reputation of one of the finest regiments in the Service. It will be interesting to see what Queen's colour will be given to the new battalion. The Queen's colour of the first battalion is a crimson flag with the star of the Order of the Garter in the centre, that of the second battalion, a similar flag with, in the centre, a star of eight points within the Garter, and in the dexter chief canton, *i.e.*, at the top next the pole, the union, exactly, in fact, as in the red ensign. If the precedent of the Grenadier Guards be followed, the flag of the third battalion will be the same as that of the second, with the addition of a ray issuing from the corner of the union. Whatever standard, however, they may march under, it is certain that they will strive to add to it some fresh honour, to supplement the long



Photos. F.G.O.S. Gregory & Co. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns.

THE ADJUTANT AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, 3rd COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

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roll that already adorns the regimental colours.

A visit to Gravesend, where the new battalion was moved a few days back, will show very conclusively that the new battalion will not be one whit behind the other two battalions of the grand old corps in *élan*, drill, and discipline. Our third photograph is also a very interesting one, for it well illustrates the popularity of the corps, inasmuch as the men here depicted have all joined the regiment not only from the same county, but from the same parish. All four belong to the parish of Kingsteignton, near Newton Abbot, in Devonshire. All are old soldiers, and have seen long service in the corps, and it will be noticed that all wear the Egyptian medal for the campaign of 1882, with the clasp for Tel-el-Kebir, the Khedive's star, and the long service and good conduct medal. In addition, the figure on the right, Private Stentiford, has clasps for the Nile, 1885, and Abu Klea, where he served in the Guards Camel Corps, and three-clasp medals for Egypt are not very common. All work and no play makes Jack (or Tommy) a dull boy, and the third battalion have not been long in starting a football club. They have already played two matches. In the first they were beaten by the Scots Fusiliers by two goals to one; but in the second the form was reversed, for they succeeded in beating a Gravesend local club—which had already twice defeated the Fusiliers—by two goals to nil.

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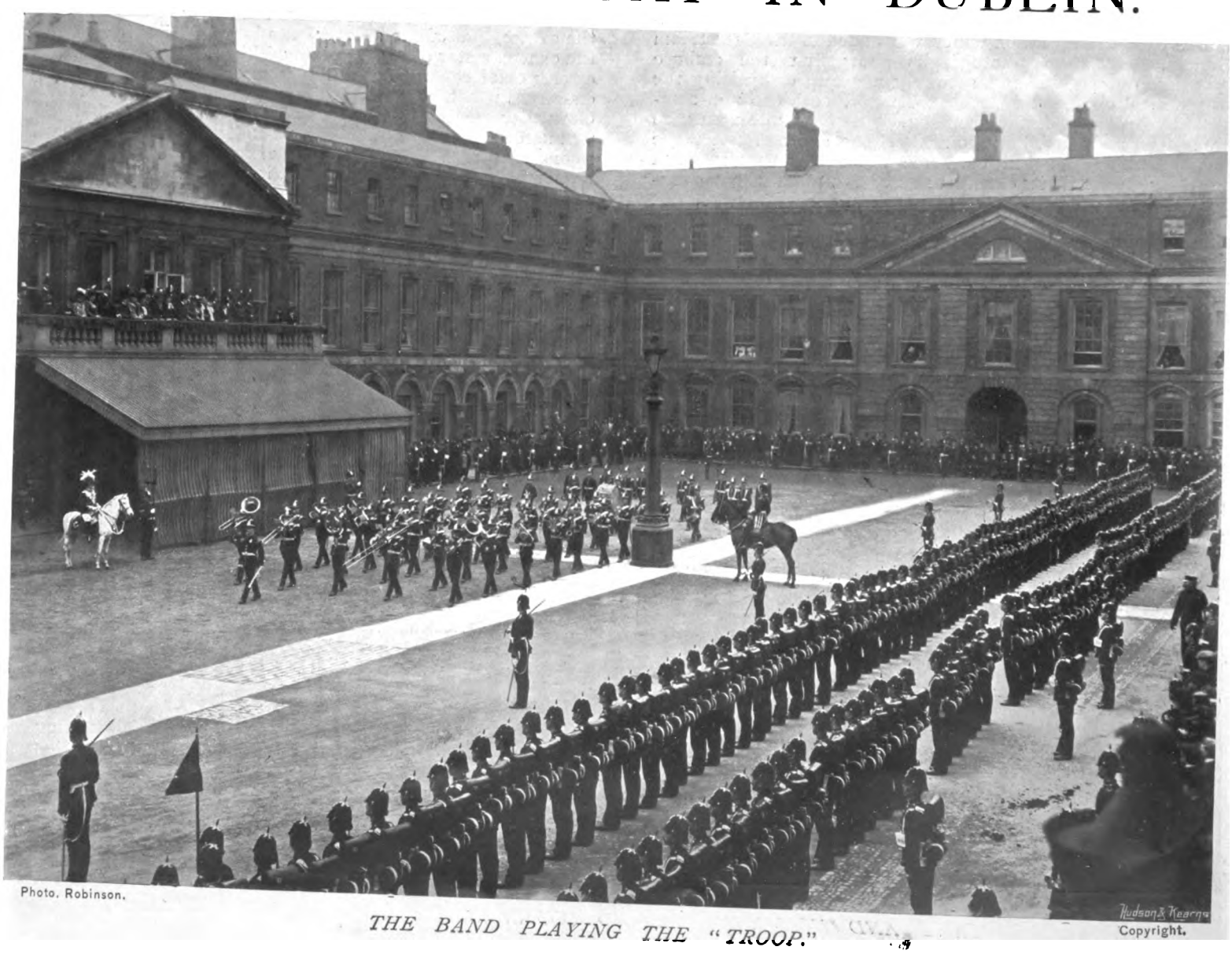
COLDSTREAMERS FROM THE SOUTH.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN DUBLIN.



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THE BAND PLAYING THE "TROOP."

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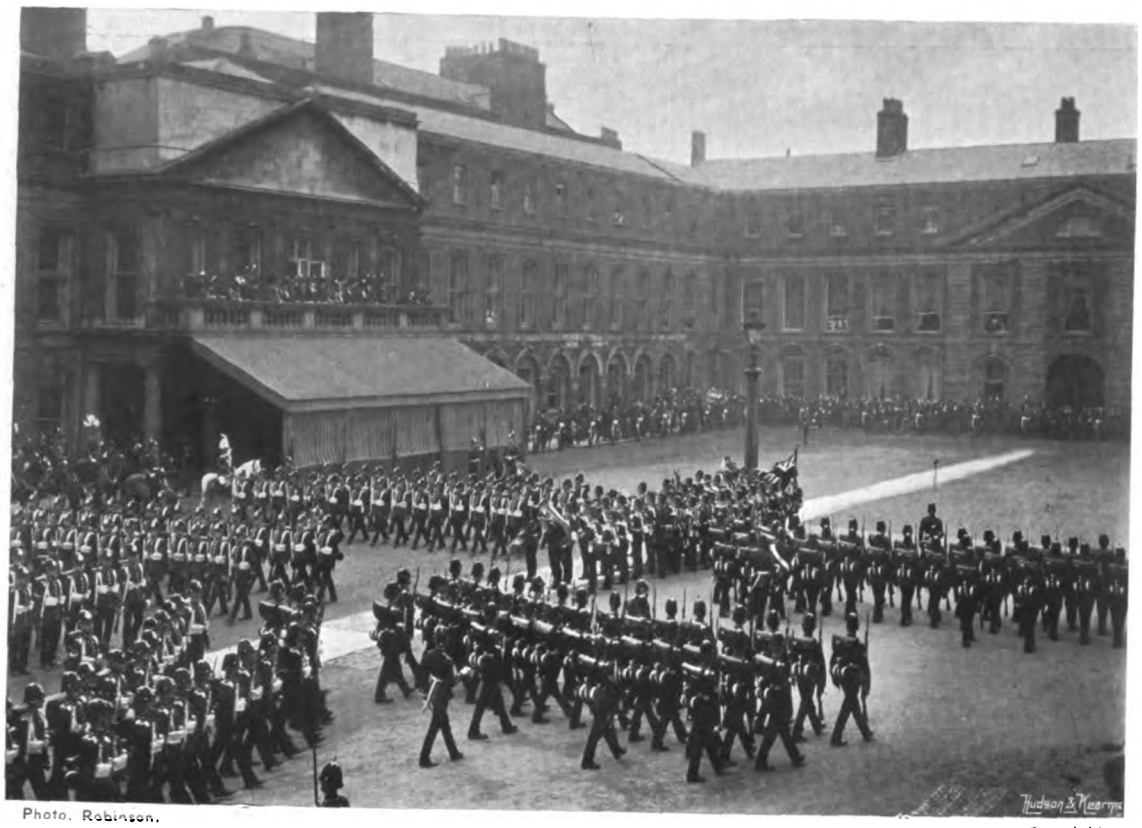
IN the Irish capital, the trooping of the colours has for many years formed an important item in the programme for St. Patrick's Day. This year the event proved even more than usually popular. The ceremony was fixed to take place at 11 a.m., but long ere that time a large crowd had assembled at the Upper Castle Yard to view the spectacle. Everywhere the shamrock was in evidence; even the men of the 1st Battalion Leinster Regiment, who were told off to keep the ground, displayed the trefoil in their headgear.

His Excellency the Viceroy and the Countess Cadogan, accompanied by a large house party and displaying the national emblem, witnessed the proceedings from the balcony over the portico. The Dean's balcony, the windows of the Privy Council Chamber, of the Chief Secretary's office, and of private apartments, were crowded with a privileged throng, but the figure which attracted the greatest attention was undoubtedly that of Lord Roberts, the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. He arrived from the Royal Hospital in the uniform of a Field-Marshal, mounted on his famous Arab, and attended by an escort of the 13th Hussars.

The garrison guards were furnished by the 1st Battalion Yorkshire Light Infantry, and as soon as the Viceroy appeared the "troop" began. The trying "slow march" was well carried out by the Yorkshiremen, who presented a most military appearance in review order with valises, mess tins, and great coats. Colonel Byng, of the 1st Battalion Yorkshire Light Infantry, was complimented by Lord Roberts on the first-rate appearance of his men at the conclusion of the ceremony.



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MARCHING PAST IN SLOW TIME.

THE LORD ROBERTS STATUE.

Photo. F. Kapp & Co. Copyright.

SPECTATORS AT THE CEREMONY.

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Photo. F. Kapp & Co.

THE STATUE, IMMEDIATELY AFTER UNVEILING.

WE are able in this issue to present to our readers two most interesting photographs of the unveiling of the statue erected to Lord Roberts in Calcutta. The ceremony, which took place on the 2nd of March, was a great State and military function, the statue being unveiled by Lord Elgin, the Governor-General. That the function was a brilliant success goes without saying, for if there is one man who is universally popular in India it is Lord Roberts. He is the idol of the whole Indian peoples, white and coloured, of every race, religion, and sect, of civilians as well as military. In truth, out there everyone joins with Rudyard Kipling in singing:

"Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur—little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
'E's our pukka Kandahader—little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
'E's the Dook of *Aggy Chel*;
'E's the man that done us well,
An' we'll follow 'im to 'ell—
Won't we, Bobs?"

Nor is it to be wondered at, for Lord Roberts has rendered services not only to the Indian Army, but to India at large, such as perhaps has no other man. The statue and pedestal, which have been erected at a cost of £3,500, are the work of Mr. Harry Bates, A.R.A., and the excellence of the likeness and of the artistic design will add in no small degree to the already high reputation of the artist. The statue itself is cast in bronze, made from old captured guns given by the Government of India. At either end of the pedestal are figures symbolical of "Courage and Fortitude." Encircling the pedestal are beautifully-executed friezes illustrative of the General's celebrated march from Cabul to Candahar.

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THE most considerable addition now being made to the growing volume of Naval literature is certainly "The Royal Navy; a History from the Earliest Times to the Present," by Mr. Laird Clowes, who is assisted in his work by Sir Clements Markham, Mr. H. W. Wilson, Mr. L. Carr Laughton, and others. Captain Mahan and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt will contribute to subsequent volumes. The second volume (Sampson Low, 25s.) has just been published, and three more are expected within the year. Some delay has occurred, I read in the introduction, through the failure of Mr. Edward Fraser to complete certain chapters in time. The implied censure is undeserved and unkindly, and comes with the worse grace when Mr. Clowes confesses himself to be mainly responsible through ill-health. Though I am sorry, therefore, not to find in the volume the work of Mr. Fraser, one of our most careful and experienced original workers in the sphere of Naval history, I welcome Mr. Carr Laughton—a son of Professor Laughton, the veteran Naval writer—who has taken his place with several excellent chapters.

Mr. Clowes's very important work—by reason of its size, extent, and, I may add, character—is not intended to appeal to the popular reader. It has nothing in common with the spirited "Short History" of Mr. Hannay, but is designed for the library shelf, whence the historical student will take it as an authoritative work. There is something faulty in the system of splitting up the subject into periods and sections, which appears to have hampered the writers. There are alternate chapters on the civil and military history of the Navy, covering the period from 1603 to 1660, a chapter by Sir Clements Markham on "Voyages and Discoveries" from 1603 to 1649 being interpolated. Then the civil history of the Navy is carried forward to 1714, followed by the military history, with a rather unfortunate sub-division of major and minor operations succeeding it, and Sir Clements Markham then takes up his work from 1660. Practical difficulties exist in devising any satisfactory system of treating concurrently the various branches of the same history, but I was impressed with the difficulty Mr. Carr Laughton had evidently found in treating the military history of the Navy between 1603 and 1649 in a single chapter. He begins with the struggles of the East India Company with the Dutch and the Portuguese in the East—a subject which has been a good deal illuminated in "The Early Voyages of the East India Company," though he does not allude to that book—bringing up the narrative to 1626, after which, without break, he goes back to our dealing with piracy from 1603 to 1638, and then, in the same way, returns to 1611, and opens an account of our relations with Holland and Spain. I think it is to the same method of sub-division that we may attribute a certain want of broad historical treatment of the subject. Generally speaking, the writers are content with simple narrative, and there is rarely any attempt to discover and elucidate either the greater causes or the ultimate effect of the many events described.

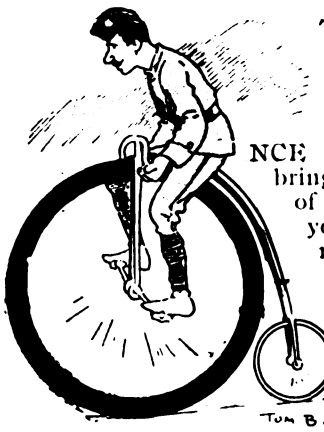
So much having been said—not, indeed, by way of disparagement, but merely to indicate the character and limitations of the book—let me hasten to acknowledge its great merits. No such history of the Navy exists. By a collaboration of efforts, the gradual development of the Navy, and the history of the exercise of maritime power, are being expounded in a manner at once clear and accurate. The service rendered must not be under-rated. Hitherto we have had piece-meal efforts to deal, with more or less success, with this or that period of Naval history; but it will now be possible to study the whole subject, and, where further light is needed, the ample foot-notes will guide the enquirer. Those portions of the volume dealing with the civil history of the Navy are, I think, by the editor himself. It is a side of the subject that has been treated in part by Mr. Oppenheim with minute knowledge, but the lists of ships and illustrative facts here given add much to the fuller understanding of it.

I have nothing but praise for the direct and forcible narrative of Mr. Laughton. His facts are well marshalled and ably expounded, and he, and I believe another writer towards the close, have given a complete and accurate narrative of the events of the three Dutch wars, and of the struggle with France that followed. It is a sober history, without rhetorical flourishes, but a history good and sufficient. Herbert's action with Tourville is particularly well treated, and I think the "fleet in being" is put in a right light where it is described as also a "fleet potential." Such a fleet as Nottingham's, for example, was in existence in 1688, but was not "in being" for its purpose of resisting the descent of William. In the same way I have found the book to include an excellent account of our struggle with France up to the Peace of Utrecht, including the great victory of Barfleur, with the destruction of the French ships at La Hogue.

Sir Clements Markham's two chapters on voyages and discoveries are by way of interlude, and yet, regarded rightly, they form an integral part of the theme, for some of our greatest seamen were explorers, and their work led to the larger exercise of maritime power. I have heard it remarked that this branch of the subject occupied too much space in the first volume, but no such reproach can be raised against the present treatment. If I find fault, it is indeed that the chapters are too brief, scarcely giving scope for the adequate treatment of an enthralling theme. As they stand, nothing can be better.

Finally I must say something concerning what publishers call the "get up" of the volume. It is beyond praise. The type and paper are alike excellent, and the illustrations are eminently satisfactory. Photogravure and tone portraits in the best style, many typical pictures of ships, reproductions of original drawings and charts, and perhaps more than all reproductions of splendid medals from Prince Louis of Battenberg's rich and remarkable collection, add a great deal to the charm of an otherwise very successful book. "SEARCH-LIGHT."

Early Volunteer Cycling.



THE STORY OF THE FIRST MANŒUVRES.

By CHARLES E. BRANCH.

ONCE again Easter has come round, bringing with it the annual manœuvres of our citizen army, which, even as you are perusing these lines, is, if not yet quite in fighting trim, busy preparing for Monday's great engagement. Prominent amongst the announcements that have appeared in your newspaper during the past few days respecting the doings of our volunteers, you cannot have failed to notice that the cycling section is again to play a very active part in this year's tactics. This will be their eleventh appearance in the field, and there could therefore be no more opportune moment to take a peep into their past, and recount the story of their origin and their growth from an irregular, untrained, un-uniformed squad, into a smart, well-disciplined, and indispensable wing of our volunteer forces.

Their progress has been almost as rapid and wonderful as that of the machine they ride; from fifty they have grown into many hundreds Every volunteer infantry battalion is permitted to possess a cycling detachment, and there are, moreover, "The Cyclists" themselves, the 26th Middlesex. Even as the bicycle was once regarded as nothing more than a toy for men, so were the volunteer cyclists in the first stage of their career regarded in the light of a fad, a fad that would be but short-lived, that would kill itself, and in so doing make its originators objects of derision.

Such was the prophecy of certain military men and others. How entirely mistaken they were in their belief is apparent from the strength of the cycling contingent of our citizen army to-day. That they had good grounds for expecting their forecast to be fulfilled cannot be denied, and they doubtlessly thought that they were prophesying on a pretty certain thing, for the fifty or so men who were the first volunteer cyclists had all the odds against them.

It was in the year 1887 that the first cycle volunteer manœuvres were gone through, or, to be more correct, that cyclists first took part in the annual manœuvres. How they came to do so, and what they did having done so, forms a story than which there is none more interesting in the annals of the formation of the various volunteer corps.

To Colonel A. R. Savile is generally given the credit of the creation of what proved to be the nucleus of the present cycling volunteers, although in the face of fact I do not think the Colonel himself would claim it. But from the very first his name has been associated with the cycling volunteers, and it will be readily admitted on all sides that he has worked hard and earnestly these many years past to make volunteer cycling what it is to-day. But whatever ideas he may have had of forming such a body, the honour of its creation belongs to Major A. Fox, then lieutenant of the Duke of Cambridge's Own, but now commander of the London Salvage Fire Brigade. He it was who actually raised the party of cyclists that took part in the manœuvres of 1887. In that year there was an attack upon Dover, and the column which was to march upon that town was under the command of Colonel, now General, Stacey, who was then commanding the Scots Guards. Colonel Stacey had plenty of infantry, but cavalry was scarce, consisting as it did only of about a squadron of Middlesex Yeomanry. Of these, few could ill be spared for the purposes of scouting and carrying messages, and he intimated to Lieutenant Fox that he would be glad of one or two cyclists who could be used as messengers.

This was just a week before Easter, and only those who cycled in the old days can appreciate the difficulties that stood in the way of a body of cyclists of respectable number being raised. Every cycling club had made its arrangements for the Easter holidays, or was on the point of doing so, and few were the riders that did not belong to some club or another. That these men would, solely for the fun of joining in the volunteer manœuvres and placing themselves under restraint, break their previous engagements was hardly to be expected. This Lieutenant Fox, who was himself an enthusiastic cyclist, foresaw, but determined to do his best. He was allotted a seat in Colonel Stacey's orderly-room at the Horse Guards, and immediately set to work. That same evening a paragraph appeared in the *Globe* inviting all and sundry cyclists to take part in the forthcoming manœuvres.

The next morning saw its appearance in several other daily papers, and ere the day was out Lieutenant Fox had the satisfaction of being able to announce that he had got together

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a detachment of cyclists who were willing to subject themselves to volunteer discipline, and were ready to commence drilling at once. Some were volunteers possessing bicycles, others just private individuals who cycled, and a curious sight they presented when they met that evening in the square at Chelsea Barracks for the purpose of being put through their facings. The volunteers of course wore their uniforms; those who were clubmen were attired in the regulation dress of their club; those who were "unattached" dressed as they pleased, slightly altering their attire when requested, so as to impart to the squad some appearance of uniformity.

All entered thoroughly into the spirit of the thing, and the first evening's work passed off as well as could be expected, the men being put through the elements of squad drill by Major Carpenter of the Royal Fusiliers and Lieutenant Fox.

In the meantime Major Savile, who was then Professor of Tactics at Sandhurst, had become interested in the movement, and wrote to Colonel Stacey expressing a desire to join, whereupon he was offered the command of the company. He accepted it, and said he would join the men at Canterbury, which he did on the morning of Good Friday. The newly-formed cycling volunteers had not had much time to master their drill, but Major Savile was well pleased with their appearance and performance when he inspected them in the yard of the Falstaff Inn at Canterbury.

It is necessary at this point to refer in particular to one member of the cycling party, because of the feat which he performed ere the manœuvres were over, a feat which did not a little to heighten cyclist volunteers in the opinion of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, then Commander-in-Chief. This was Martin D. Rucker, who is now a millionaire, having made his "pile" out of the cycle industry, and whose name is a well-known one both in the cycling world and on the turf. The group of cyclists gathered at Canterbury was even a more novel one than that which drilled in the barrack square at Chelsea, the ordinary bicycle and the safety being augmented by the addition of two or three tricycles. Major Savile himself was mounted on a three-wheeler, as was also Major Carpenter and the veteran Major Knox Holmes.

The First Volunteer Cycle Meet

It was originally intended that the cyclists should supplement the cavalry of the Canterbury force, but almost at the last moment orders were given to the Middlesex Yeomanry to reinforce Colonel Russel's force, and the cyclists were thus left entirely without any cavalry support. In addition, many parts of the country to be traversed were of an exceedingly difficult character. Small wonder, then, had every man been made a prisoner; it is both marvellous and gratifying that not a single cyclist was captured whilst on his machine.

When the march on Dover was commenced, the cyclists were divided into two sections, to act as flanking parties to the marching column. Major Savile took command of the left flank, while the right was entrusted to the care of Colonel Kensington, who was mounted on a high bicycle. To detail all the useful work performed by the cyclists would be tedious and is unnecessary, but to the great event of the day must be paid particular attention, since it at once established the fact that the cyclists were useful as something more beside messengers and scouts, and gave the lie to those prophets who had foretold the capture of every man-Jack of the wheelmen ere the sun was set. This event is known as the battle of Eastry, as brisk and picturesque a little engagement as one could wish to behold. It was the cyclists' first fight, and took place at the village of Eastry, some eight miles out of Dover.

It had been arranged that for the benefit of the cyclists there should be a sort of armistice between the hour of noon and one o'clock; and, taking advantage of this, they stacked their machines on the green outside the village inn, and entered to partake of a hurried lunch. Scarcely had they commenced when word was received that cavalry was upon them, and the next moment an officer and four troopers had made their appearance.

"Gentlemen, you are my prisoners!" proclaimed the officer in a stentorian voice, to the general amusement of the cyclists, who were safe in their knowledge of the armistice.

Major Savile proceeded to explain that the officer was wrong in practice and in theory—brick walls divided them, and the cyclists were some fifteen in number, and had they possessed rifles, as they were supposed to, there would have been no question as to which party were prisoners, according to the laws of the game.

While the Major was explaining the absurdity of the whole situation, and the Yeomanry officer was refusing to see it, a cycling scout appeared upon the scene. He had not noticed the cavalry till right upon them, then he conjectured that his comrades had been made prisoners, and started to escape. But the Yeomanry had seen him, and the officer and three troopers dashed away in pursuit, leaving the other to take the cyclists' names. But he was taken prisoner instead. The cyclists anticipated the cavalry's return, and, swarming out into the open, made a barricade with their machines across the road. Presently, back came the cycling scout, closely followed by the troopers. He managed to get behind the barrier and was safe; the horses stopped dead and refused to jump it, and at the same minute a party of London Scottish appeared on the scene, and the enemy fled, leaving their comrade a prisoner. Such an occurrence could not of course but cause much excitement, and those who favoured military cycling were not unnaturally greatly elated at this success.

The next incident of importance on this memorable day took place just outside Dover, when at eve the troops filed past the Duke of Cambridge. His Royal Highness manifested a keen interest in the cyclists as they marched past, enquired what part they had taken in the day's proceedings and how they had acquitted themselves, and learning this expressed both surprised and pleased.

Whether he was sceptical or not of the cyclists' ability will never be known, but he requested Major Savile to send a man across a rough ploughed field with his bicycle to a hill some distance away, with orders to return as quickly as possible. This request was entirely unexpected, and the task was no child's one. Who to select the Major knew not, for he was not personally acquainted with any of the men, but Lieutenant Fox knew the man who would "do or die," and that man was Martin D. Rucker. He received his instructions and started off, clambering with his bicycle over hedges, carrying it when he could not push it, and he reached the hill at length and returned. The time occupied was about a quarter of an hour. It was clear that the Duke was greatly impressed; his aim had been to discover if the cyclist could do what a cavalry man could, and the cyclist had succeeded.

So ended the first volunteer cycle manœuvres, and it is safe to say that few people thought then that volunteer cycling would ever attain its present standard. But its possibilities had been fully demonstrated by the events of that day, and Major Savile did not rest until the War Office desired the fullest inquiries to be made into all questions appertaining to volunteer cycling, and the result was the sanctioning of the formation of a cycling corps, the present 26th Middlesex, which Colonel Savile has from its birth commanded.

This concession was followed at a slightly later date by another, the War Office giving its sanction for the formation of a cyclist detachment in every volunteer infantry battalion, of not more than twenty-five members each.

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Norwegian Naval Cadets

By Davy Jones.

The Norwegian Naval College at Carl Johansvœrn.

SOME little time since the numerous readers of this paper had an opportunity of forming an idea of the training of Swedish Naval cadets, and as Sweden and Norway seem as inseparable in name as they are by nature, it is just possible that some may have come to the conclusion that Norwegian Naval cadets undergo the same training as their brothers of the Swedish Service. However, this is far from being the case; and although Sweden and Norway have, since 1814, formed one kingdom united under one king, yet each country has retained its own administration and its own laws, and for the purposes of government are as independent of each other as two distinct kingdoms. In race, Norwegians and Swedes are pretty much alike. They are the lineal descendants of those once dreaded Vikings, the terror of Europe, whose inroads extended as far as the South of France, Spain, and Italy. They are, therefore, the remote offspring of that Rolf who succeeded in establishing his government at Rouen, and also of that William of Normandy the invader and conqueror of England, and also, be it said, the true founder of England's greatness. Indeed, it is strange, but true, that wherever these Norsemen of old set their foot, they soon altered their ways, and rose in a very short time to a higher level of civilisation than the one they had found. Such was the case, first in the province of Normandy, which has since been one of the most advanced parts of France, and which, to this day, is probably the richest and happiest in France, whilst, as a race, the Normand of the old Viking type is undoubtedly one of the finest types to be found in Europe. Such places as the neighbourhood of Bayeux, Caen, Vire, and Granville exhibit splendid specimens of manhood and womanhood, as also does Falaise, the birth-place of the Conqueror, where now stands his statue, and where the English tourist can still contemplate the ruins of the château which he once inhabited. Such also was the case in England, which, under its Norman kings, advanced in every way at a prodigious rate.

The Norwegians, like the Swedes, have to train their cadets in a building ashore, and that chiefly for climatic reasons. Training in the college ashore is provided from the day a cadet enters it until he has reached the rank of lieutenant, or, in other words, it does the work which is now done in the "Britannia" and in Greenwich College. In consequence of this dual arrangement the students of the Norwegian Naval College are divided into two divisions—the one comprising all who have not yet reached the rank of sub-lieutenant, and called junior division; and the other, or senior division, exclusively made up of sub-lieutenants. All the theoretical work, or at least nearly the whole of it, is done in the college, in which as much practical training as possible also takes place. The students belonging to the junior division are called "cadets." They study for two whole years in the college, but only during the winter period of their third year. The sub-lieutenants studying in the college are divided into two classes, and their studies extend over two winter sessions of about seven and a-half months each. It must not be understood from this that all sub-lieutenants go to the college, for, indeed, such is not the case. Before one of those young officers can gain admission, he has to undergo a severe examination, which may be said to be competitive, since only the very best among them are allowed to prosecute their studies in the college. As in Sweden, the Naval College is not a place of residence, but only a place where to study. In this respect the two systems are alike, and what has been said of the one applies equally well to the other.

Not only is the college tuition entirely free, but the students of both divisions also receive pay according to their standing in the establishment. The number of cadets passing in is usually twenty-four, and is never inferior to half that number, whilst the sub-lieutenants number about a dozen in the two divisions.

A great peculiarity of the Norwegian system is that before a young fellow can become a candidate for a cadetship he must have navigated in foreign waters and in large merchant vessels for a period of twenty-one months, twelve of which must have been spent in a sailing vessel with no fewer than two masts. This feature is a particularly excellent one, and I wish it could be introduced elsewhere, for, after all, there is nothing better calculated to make a sailor and to give a man nerve and coolness than the working of a ship under canvas. Those who know nothing of such matters may laugh, and look upon this as an antiquated notion, but those who know most of the sea are perfectly aware that, considered as a mere training agent, nothing will ever equal a sailing vessel. The twenty-one months required being counted from the time of reaching the age of fifteen, it follows that few cadets can enter the college before the age of seventeen. In any case they must be under the age of twenty. The entrance examination consists in paper work and interrogations on the Norwegian language, English, French, and mathematics. It is hardly necessary to say that candidates must be free from any physical defect and in perfect health. In a country like Norway these physical conditions are easily fulfilled.

At the time of entering the college a cadet must pledge himself to pass through the junior division, and to accept, at the end of the course, either a commission as sub-lieutenant in the Fleet, or, if not placed on the list of permanent officers, to accept an appointment as a "conscription officer." These officers form a special body, and a sort of auxiliary corps. Thus, during the first six years after their passing out of the Naval College, they are usually called twice for a period of

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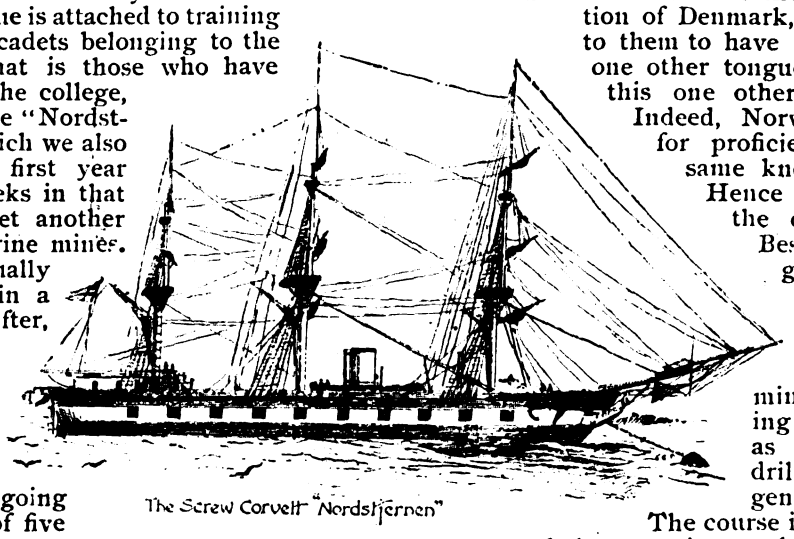
active service of about three months' duration each time. Those calls are generally made upon them during the third and sixth year These conscription officers receive pay during the whole six years, but after that period they are unpaid, unless called upon to serve, as is sometimes the case, and then the Storthing, or Norwegian Parliament, votes the funds necessary for the purpose. Conscription officers may be allowed to reside abroad, or to serve under a foreign flag. In such cases they are not called upon to perform duty at home, during peace time, of course, and consequently they receive no pay. In case of war they can be called upon to serve in the Navy until the completion of their thirty-fifth year. Those among them who have specially qualified themselves in coast defence and submarine mines are entitled to, and receive, additional pay. A conscription sub-lieutenant who has been summoned for duty once may become a conscription lieutenant, and a lieutenant who has served for the two periods previously mentioned may be made a conscription captain, provided, however, that all the officers of the permanent establishment who were at the college with him have been previously promoted. When a conscription officer is raised to the rank of captain, he must undertake to serve until he has completed his fiftieth year. As a matter of course, conscription officers rank immediately after regular Naval officers of the same rank.

The Naval College, or, as it is called in Norwegian, the Naval War School (Soekrigsskolen), is situated at Carl Johansvoern, which is the principal dockyard and Naval station of Norway. It is situated on the western shore of Christiania Fjord, and about thirty-two miles distant from Christiania. This fjord has the advantage of being free from ice for about eight months in the year. As will be seen from the illustration at the head of this article, the Norwegian Naval college is an unpretentious-looking building, very homely and very snug, and substantially built.

As in Sweden, great value is attached to training afloat. Every summer the cadets belonging to the first and second classes, that is those who have been one or two years in the college, go on board the screw corvette "Nordstjernen" (North Star), of which we also give an illustration. The first year cadets remain about ten weeks in that vessel, after which they get another month's training in submarine mines. Those of the second year usually spend the first ten weeks in a gun-boat, and, immediately after, a month in the study and handling of the Whitehead torpedo. After these two courses, which take place simultaneously, the cadets belonging to those classes are drafted on board a sea-going vessel for a further period of five or six weeks.



The Screw Corvett "Nordstjernen"

Those cadets who have only one more year to be in the college spend the winter session of about seven months in a sea-going vessel. Their work consists in general seamanship, practical navigation, steam, hydrography, and gunnery; but theory is not excluded, and theoretical navigation, theoretical steam, history, and geography are by no means neglected. Another peculiar feature of the Norwegian system, and one well worth the time devoted to it, is that the cadets receive instruction in matters pertaining to health. This is, indeed, a thing of more importance than might at first be supposed, for it may happen, nay, it does happen, that an officer is left far away from a place where the services of a medical officer may be obtained. Without entering into unnecessary particulars concerning the subjects taught in the college, there is, however, a feature that never fails to strike strangers, and that is the great importance attached to the study of foreign languages. These foreign languages are three in number—English, French, and German. However, English takes precedence, and every Norwegian Naval officer I have come across can use the English language with ease and fluency. Whilst in the college the students are made to study English Naval terms and to translate pieces of Naval literature. In short, the Norwegian cadets study English pretty much in the same manner as English cadets study French in the "Britannia."

The college course being the only one provided, and the cadets being pretty old, the amount learnt is rather considerable, and in addition to the study of the languages just mentioned, they have to work at mathematics, hydrography, inorganic chemistry, and elementary physics, with a more extended knowledge of the portions treating of mechanics and electricity. Gunnery and submarine mines also form the object of special lectures, always illustrated by practical demonstration.

The course in drawing is a very sensible one, and does not aim at making artists. The cadets are taught to copy accurately either a geometrical drawing or a piece of machinery to scale. Hand-writing is not despised, but, on the contrary, great importance is attached to neatness and legibility. Here, in England, we might take a hint from this.

Great attention is also paid to physical exercise and gymnastics, in which we may add that both Swedes and Norwegians greatly excel.

At the termination of the winter session, the first and second year cadets are examined in the subjects constituting the complete course, with the exception, however, of seamanship, submarine mines, and practical steam, the examination in these last-named subjects taking place at the end of the period spent afloat.

Marks are awarded to the cadets, not only for the actual work performed, but also for general efficiency, good conduct, and attention to duty. If a cadet passes successfully through the theoretical and practical parts of his examination, he is removed to the higher division, and if at the end of his third year he is again successful, he is appointed a sub-lieutenant. Any failure in any portion of the examination is fatal, and no second chance is ever given, except where a cadet has been ill or prevented from attending the course through some unavoidable cause.

What we may term the "second period of instruction," that is, the course designed for sub-lieutenants, begins each year on the 1st of October and ends about the middle of May in the ensuing year. The curriculum is more extensive, and is again remarkable for the importance attached to languages. With a little reflection the reason of this is easily understood.

Situated as the Norwegians are, and speaking a language little understood outside their country, with the only exception of Denmark, it is of the greatest importance to them to have a working knowledge of at least one other tongue, and, as has been said before, this one other tongue is generally English. Indeed, Norwegian officers get more credit for proficiency in English than for the same knowledge of French or German. Hence the sub-lieutenants studying in the college work hard at English. Besides that, they have to study geography, Naval history, tactics, mathematics, hydrographic surveying, astronomy, navigation, mechanics, chemistry, gunnery, fortification, steam, submarine mines, geometrical and engineering drawing, and maritime law, as well as gymnastics, infantry drill, and the use of weapons in general.

The course in Naval history is an excellent one, and it comprises a detailed study of Naval warfare, ancient and modern, including Naval administration and organisation. The gunnery course is also very complete, and, in addition to the practical use of guns, the young officers have to study, in a most thorough manner, the effect of the different kinds of projectiles and bursting charges on fortifications, and on armour of various sorts. They have to familiarise themselves with the use of explosives, the composition and action of which they study in a special laboratory.

As far as the practical training of sub-lieutenants is concerned, nothing could be better. They do lieutenant's duty in a man-of-war, or occasionally in a dockyard. Their service afloat is so arranged as to afford them the best training under the best instructors, and so to become thorough masters of every detail of the Service, as well as to become thoroughly familiar with the use of arms, with infantry drill, with the working of a ship, practical navigation, hydrographic surveying, and also harbour survey.

A sub-lieutenant who has served for about eighteen months, twelve of which must have been afloat, and who has won satisfactory testimonials from his superior officers, both in general efficiency and conduct, is then nominated as a fit person to be entrusted with a commission on the Naval establishment.

These commissions are given successively according to the number of marks obtained at the final college examination, combined with the testimonials given by the commanding officers.

Such are the leading features of a system of training which, if judged by the excellent quality and capabilities of the Norwegian officers one comes across, and by their sociability, must be pronounced excellent, since it has yielded splendid results, both from the social and naval points of view.

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MAJOR-GENERAL H. LE GUAY GEARY, C.B.

THE gallant gunner who commands the Belfast District, Major-General Henry le Guay Geary, C.B., began his Army service with the siege train in the trenches before Sebastopol in 1855, and had the good fortune to be present at and take part in three bombardments of the great Russian fortress—those of June 6th and 17th, and August 17th, 1855—and at the final taking of Sebastopol. Three years after the Russian War he was in India, taking part in the flying column operations of the Mutiny in 1858 and 1859, first with the field force commanded by Sir Hope Grant, and later with the Gorruckpore Field Force. In the Abyssinian War of 1868, Captain Geary, as he then was, for the third time saw active service as Brigade-Major of Artillery, in which capacity he was present at the action of Arogee, and final assault and capture of Magdala. General Geary, as colonel, served on the staff of the Army at headquarters as assistant to the Director of Artillery from 1885 to 1889. He was promoted to major-general in 1891, and in September, 1895, was appointed to his present post—the command of the Belfast District, one of the four into which the little army across St. George's Channel, commanded in chief by Lord Roberts, is for administrative purposes divided. General Geary, who comes of an old family that has given several distinguished officers to both the Army and the Navy, holds a reward for distinguished service.

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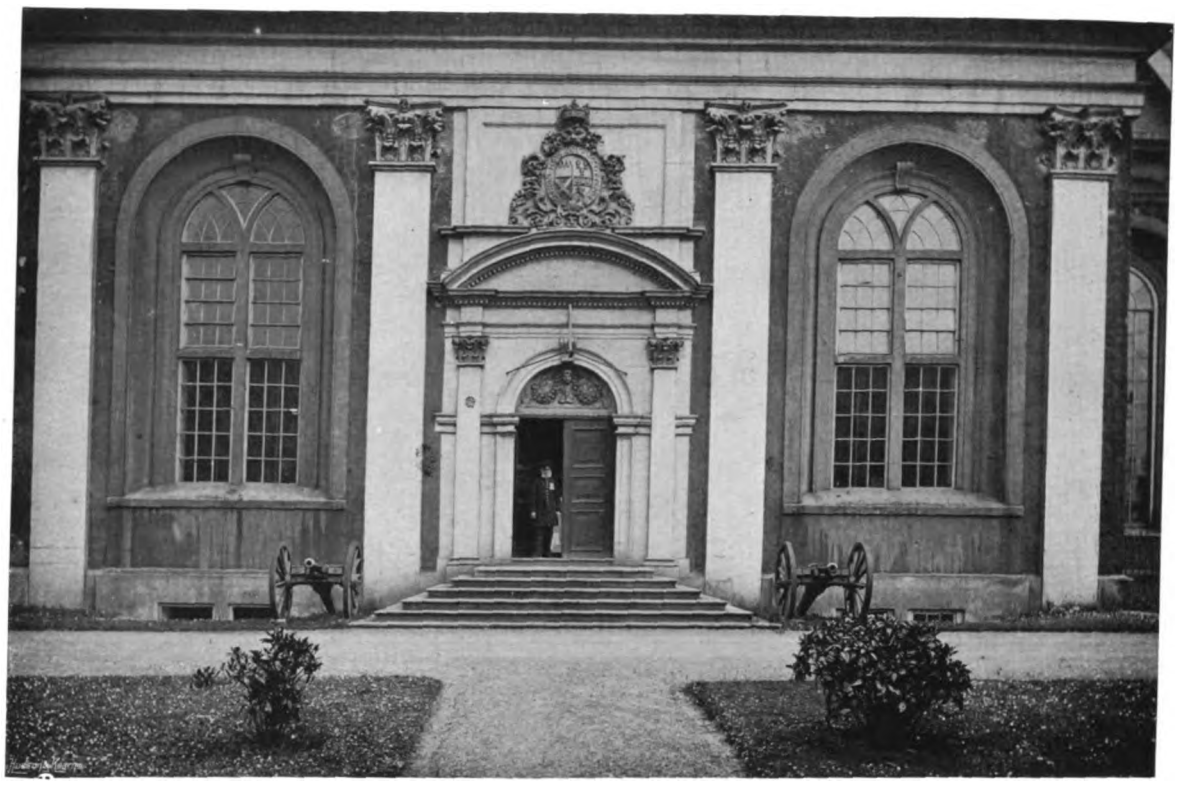
Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, Dublin.

WITHIN a stone's throw of the gloomy prison by which Kilmainham is so well known stands the stately entrance of another institution, different in character, and associated, not with crime, but with the pluck and bravery of our soldiers in past generations.

Entering by the Richmond Gate, we pass into a beautiful avenue completely covered by the spreading branches of the ancient elms which line either side.

The tower surmounting the gateway once stood on the south line of Quays, at the foot of Watling Street, but was removed in 1846 to its present site at Kilmainham.



THE NORTH FRONT.

The Royal Hospital, like its sister institution at Chelsea, was established in the reign of King Charles II., and was built under Charter from that Monarch. The original Charter is still preserved, and can be seen by visitors, in the Great Hall; it states that the Hospital is "for the reception and entertainment of such antient, maimed, and infirm soldiers as have faithfully served, or hereafter shall faithfully serve, us, our heirs or successors, in the strength and vigour of their youth. That they may, in the weakness and disaster that their old age, wounds, or other misfortunes may bring them into, find a comfortable retreat and a competent maintenance therein."

Although the Charter was granted by Charles, it was mainly owing to the energetic and persevering action of the Duke of Ormond that the project was successfully carried through. In the latter part of the year 1679 the site was definitely decided on; and early in the following year the plans and model submitted by Sir Christopher Wren were approved and adopted. On the 29th April, 1680, the first stone was laid by the Duke of Ormond in the presence of a considerable gathering of the nobility and officers of the Army.

Four years later the undertaking was completed, and the Hospital was at once thrown open to a large number of pensioners. The account of the cost of erection is an interesting document, the various items of which are set out in minute detail, and tot up to a gross amount of £23,559 16s. 11¼d.

Adjacent to the north side of the avenue is an historic enclosure known as Bully's Acre. It is an ancient graveyard, which had been for ages the last resting-place of the poor inhabitants of Dublin. One monument alone in this historic spot attracts much attention. It is a rough granite shaft about 10-ft. high, and is evidently a portion of what had been a large cross. On back and front may be deciphered the indistinct remains of some carved designs, but the top and arms of the cross are missing. Underneath are said to lie the bodies of Murrough and Turlough, the son and grandson of Brian Boru, and other Irish chieftains who were slain in the battle of Clontarf in 1014. It is thought by many that Brian himself was also interred in the same grave. Here, too, were laid at a subsequent period the remains of one Dan Donnelly, the hero of many ballad stories, and of numerous pugilistic encounters. On a memorable occasion he met the English champion, Cooper, at a spot on the Curragh of Kildare, known ever since as Donnelly's Hollow. The Irishman was victorious, and, when entering Dublin a few days afterwards, in triumphal procession, he received an ovation from the admiring citizens, who came out to greet their hero.

Here, too, the body of Robert Emmet was taken after his execution in Thomas Street. No headstone marks the spot of his burial, and it is popularly believed that his remains were afterwards removed to St. Michan's Churchyard, about a mile distant. Since 1832 no interments have taken place in Bully's Acre.

It may also be said to be a battle-field as well as a graveyard, for it was for centuries the scene of periodical

From Photos. By a Military Officer.

THE GRAND HALL.

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outbreaks of riot and disorder, which even in those early days seem to have distinguished a certain section of the Dublin people. Its close proximity to the old Priory of St. John, with its famous Holy Well, made it once a year the scene of these riotous outbreaks. To this well on the 24th June—St. John's Day—large numbers of pilgrims annually wended their way, as it was supposed that on this anniversary its waters possessed a special healing power, and for days and nights Bully's Acre and the adjacent fields were filled with idle and disorderly people; and while the festival lasted there was a strange exhibition of superstitious piety, drunkenness, and debauchery, combined in a most extraordinary fashion.

At the further end of the avenue, as we reach the Hospital, we notice on our left two historic guns, each of which bears on a brass plate the following inscription, which recalls to our minds Lord Roberts's famous march to Kandahar:

"These two guns belonging to the
E Battery, R.H.A.,
captured by
Sirdar Ayab Khan's Army at Maiwand
on 27th July, 1880,
were re-taken by the force under command of
Lt.-General Sir Frederick Roberts
at the Battle of Kandahar
on the 1st September of the same year."

The building is in the form of a quadrangle; the principal front faces the north, and is surmounted in the centre by a clock-tower and spire, underneath which is the chief entrance to the Great Hall. Over the entrance, carved in stone, are the arms of the Duke of Ormond, who was practically the founder of the institution. The hall is 100-ft. long by 50-ft. wide; it is elaborately decorated with ancient armour and weapons of various periods. On the walls hang a number of Royal and other portraits, and also the tattered flags and regimental colours which led our troops to victory in many a hard-fought fight. Amongst these are the Standard carried by the Inniskilling Dragoons at the Battle of the Boyne, 1690, and many others of great historic interest.

The chapel, dedicated to King Charles the Martyr, occupies the north-east portion of the quadrangle, from which it can be entered direct, or from the Great Hall, through the beautiful iron gates presented by Queen Anne. The windows of the chapel are all of stained glass, and represent the arms of the various masters since the establishment of the Hospital.

At the east end there is a very large and fine window, the centre portion of which is the gift of Queen Victoria. The ceiling is extremely beautiful; it is the work of Cipriavi, an Italian, and is said to be unequalled in the United Kingdom.

There are two interesting tablets on the south wall, the one erected by the 16th Queen's Royal Lancers in memory of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of that regiment who fell in the Soudan Campaign in 1884-85; the other in memory of "John Joseph Corrigan, Captain 3rd Dragoon Guards, who died at Melbourne, 6th January, 1866, aged thirty-five years, eldest son of Sir Dominie Corrigan, M.D., Bart." The tablet was erected by his brother officers as a mark of their respect and esteem.

Parade service is held in the

SUNDAY MORNING—THE HOSPITAL CHURCH.

THE CHAPEL OF KING CHARLES THE MARTYR.

From Photos. By a Military Officer.

IN THE READING AND RECREATION ROOM.

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chapel on Sunday at 11.30 a.m. The public are admitted, provided there is room after the troops and officers of the house have been accommodated. There is also at the south-west angle a Roman Catholic chapel for such of the inmates as are of that persuasion.

At the end of the Great Hall there is a partitioned enclosure set apart as a recreation-room for the old veterans; and right well they seem to appreciate it. As we look at these fine old soldiers and take a glance at their brief official records, one cannot help recalling to mind some of the glorious achievements of our Army in the past. Here are two entries:

"J. McGorian, belonging to the 17th Regiment: Service seventeen years forty-six days; served ten and three-quarter years in India and Afghanistan, and one year in Turkey and Crimea; discharged in July, 1853, with 'good' character; admitted to the Hospital 1st January, 1891. Present age seventy-three. Served in Afghanistan War, 1839, present at capture of Ghuznee; also in Russian War, present at Alma and Balaclava. Has Afghan War medal (1839) and clasp; also Crimean and Turkish medals."

LORD ROBERTS' QUARTERS, SHOWING THE MAIWAND GUNS.

"Robert Moneypenny, belonging to 8th Hussars: Service ten years and five months; foreign service, Crimea and Turkey, one and three-quarter years; discharged in October, 1856, with 'good' character; admitted to the Hospital 1st October, 1878, aged sixty-six. Served in Russian War, present at Alma, Inkerman, Balaclava, and Sebastopol; was one of the Light Brigade actually engaged in the charge at Balaclava; has Crimean and Turkish medals and four clasps, and medal for distinguished conduct in the field."

Turning from the present pensioners to the list of their former comrades who have received their final discharge and gone to their last home, we find that they, too, have left behind them records that any nation may be proud of, and splendid examples for young soldiers to follow.

Perhaps the most curious record on the books of the institution is that of a woman pensioner—one Mary Storey. The length of her service is not stated, or even the regiment to which she belonged; but at a meeting of the board on 1st March, 1744, it was ordered that the said Mary Storey, having served in the Army, and being an object of compassion, be allowed eighteen-pence a week on the out-pension from that day.

The dietary allowance seems to have engaged a good deal of attention in the early days of the Hospital's existence. In 1686 it was settled as follows:—"Monday, mutton and broth; Tuesday, mutton, veale, or lamb (roast); Wednesday, pease and butter; Thursday, beefe (boyled); Friday, fish (as the season requires); Saturday, burgooe; Sunday, beefe (roast). To be supplied by the providore at the rate of 1¾d. per diem for each man," eighteen ounces of bread each being allowed in addition.

Six years later a more liberal allowance was decided on, "at the rate of 4d. per diem for each man," with beer in addition.

Such are a few of the interesting records of this historic institution. Many others of equal interest might be quoted, but space will not permit.

The evidence of cleanliness and comfort is visible everywhere—in the recreation-room, the dining-hall, and the dormitories. Each of the latter is occupied by but five men, who live in a fraternal and homelike fashion.

Passing down the beautiful avenue as we leave the building, we notice a small enclosure where rest those who have died in the institution, and where many a modest headstone tells its touching tale as it marks the hallowed spot where the last sleep of the brave is slept; and looking up at the flag which floats over the Richmond Tower, we may perhaps feel a thrill of pride and satisfaction when we reflect that none have done more to make that flag honoured and respected at home and abroad than Irish soldiers, of whom one of the most distinguished is the present Master of the House—Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, Commander of the Forces in Ireland.

From Photos. By a Military Officer.

TWO NOTABLE INMATES.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—NO. 63.] SATURDAY, APRIL 16th, 1898.

Photo. Maull & Fox. Copyright.

REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN FELLOWES, C.B.,
THE SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE CHANNEL SQUADRON.
(See Page 76.)

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At Sea with the Channel Squadron.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT).

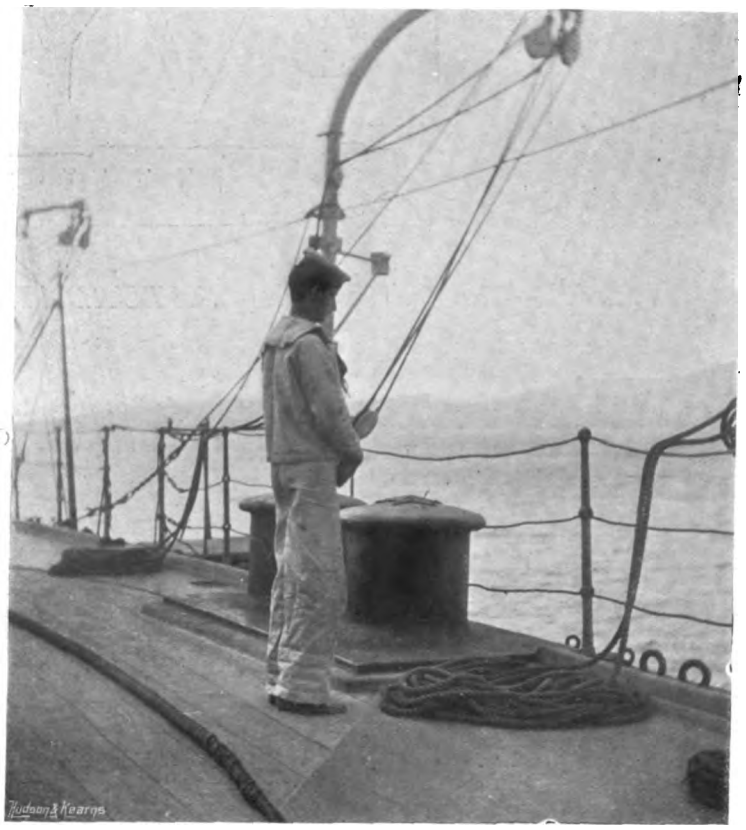
THE details of every-day life on board ship are uninteresting enough to the men to whom they have become mere routine, but to people who have been seldom or never further afloat than the range of the excursion steamer, insignificant occurrences from a Naval point of view become objects of curiosity, even of wonder to the landsman.

Take, for instance, this first picture, the officer of the watch at sea. There are few more monotonous and less

THE OFFICER OF THE WATCH ON DUTY.

beloved tasks in the daily round of the Naval lieutenant. The view represents the fore-bridge of a battle-ship, and the officer in the foreground is the "O.O.W." (as he is generally expressed for brevity's sake). He has his telescope in one hand, and sextant in the other. His duties are various and responsible; upon him, next to the captain himself, devolves the care of the ship and the 900 and odd souls on board her. He is responsible that the helmsman and quartermaster (to be seen at the wheel in the photograph) do not deviate a hair's breadth from the course given them to steer; and when in company with the squadron he has, by altering the speed of the engines as necessary, to keep the ship at a certain fixed distance from the next one ahead; generally this is 400-yds., or two cables' lengths.

Both these things require the most constant personal attention, and in the photograph the O.O.W. is to be seen with his sextant to his eye, making sure that his ship is "in station."



"SOLITUDE, WHERE ARE THY CHARMS?"

Besides these things he has to be ready for any emergency that may occur, such as "man overboard," collision, fire, signals from the flag-ship, altering course or formation of the fleet, and many other less important things. The proper orders for everything have to be at the tip of his tongue, and in the event of anything going wrong he is the only person held responsible to the captain.

When it is remembered that nowadays many of these officers are not more than twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, and some even less, it is hard to find fault with a system of training that can produce, as it certainly does, 99 per cent. of its officers fit for the position and responsibility at so early an age.

The picture above shows another kind of watch that is kept on board ship. It is called Black List, or "Number 10A," and is meted out by an impartial commander to the various defaulters that are brought up before him for various

From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

CATTING THE ANCHOR.

From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

TAKING A CONSTITUTIONAL.

small crimes, such as "slack turning out of his hammock," "skulking during working hours," "smoking in forbidden places," and others.

The main principle of it is to keep the offender employed during playtime, stopping his grog and privileges, and at certain times making him stand on the quarter-deck for two hours admiring the scenery. It is not popular with the tars.

Exercise is not easy to get on board ship; the only form

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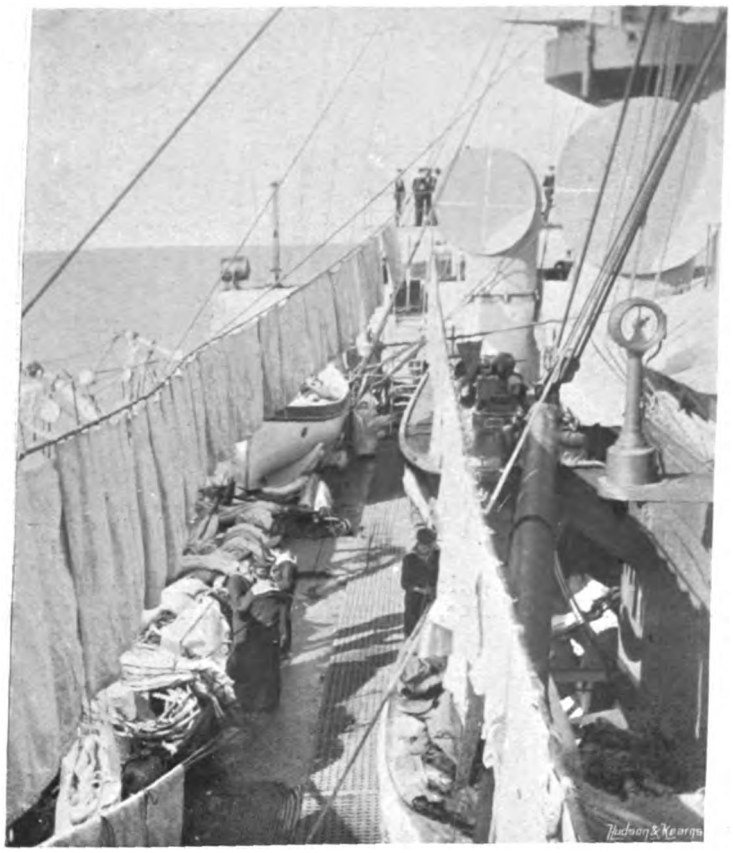
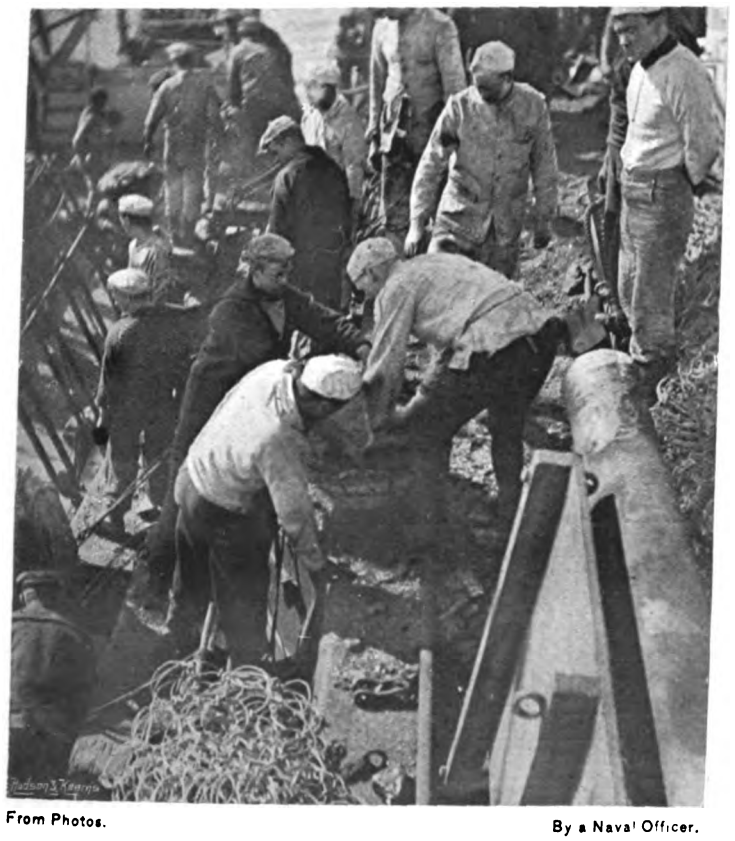
generally accessible to all is that depicted here, where you see the captain of marines, two lieutenants, the chief engineer, and two others, promenading the deck on a cold morning just before lunch getting up their appetites. The second photograph shows how the anchor is "catted," which means stowing it away in its securing position on the "bill-board." The days of the hand capstan and the ship's fiddler are gone, probably for ever; all the operations are done now by



WASHING DAY.

steam, and ten men are enough where hundreds were required before. The anchor and cable (which, by the way, are similar to those lost by the "Victorious" in her recent adventures off Port Said) are tremendously heavy, the anchor weighing nearly six tons, and each link of the cable is a heavy weight to lift, the iron composing it being 2¾-in. thick.

The anchor, too, is of a very different and much more serviceable shape than the old traditional Admiralty pattern, with its long flukes and wooden stock. The officer in charge



From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

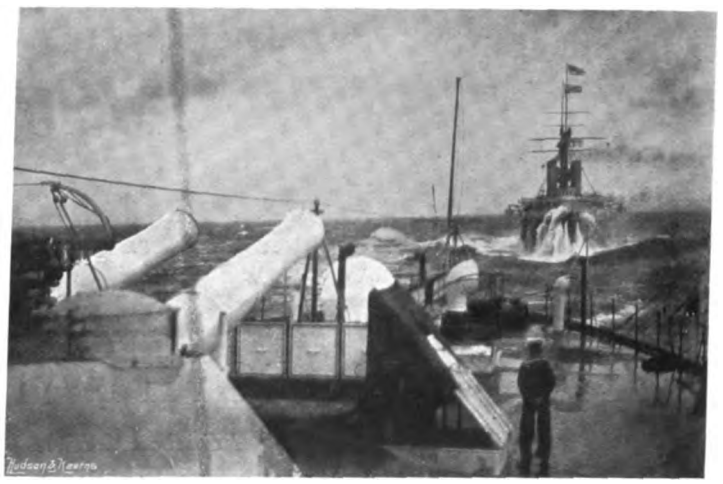
THE "ROCK SCORPIONS" AT WORK.

TAKING IN THE COAL.

of the fo'c's'le may be seen standing on the bitts, where he can get a commanding view of his work.

The fifth photograph shows how the bedding is aired and the scrubbed hammocks are dried. Great attention is paid on board ship to these matters. Clean hammocks are "slung," and the dirty ones scrubbed every fortnight, and all bedding in the ship is thoroughly aired once a month. The view is taken from the fore-bridge looking aft along that part of the ship called the "booms," and the ship's big boats may be seen stowed away in their sea positions. These boats are called "boom boats."

During the stay of the Channel Squadron at Gibraltar quite a novel element was introduced into the coaling routine. No less than four battle-ships, viz., "Resolution," "Repulse," "Prince George," and "Jupiter," and one cruiser, the "Arrogant," were compelled to hoist the yellow quarantine flag at the foremast head. This was owing to a slight epidemic of measles and mumps that had broken out in the squadron. When the colliers arrived, the question arose as to how these ships should be coaled without breaking the quarantine regulations. Eventually the colliers went alongside the ships, and some 200 "rock scorpions" (as the indigenous inhabitants



From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

"LINE AHEAD."

of Gibraltar are called) were put in each collier. These brought the coal in baskets from the hold as far as the colliers' nettings, where it was received by the bluejackets and marines, and stowed in the ships' bunkers.

In spite of these drawbacks coaling was quite as rapid as usual, over 100 tons an hour being recorded in most of the ships. The illustrations show the natives working on board the collier, and the bluejackets taking the coal from them.

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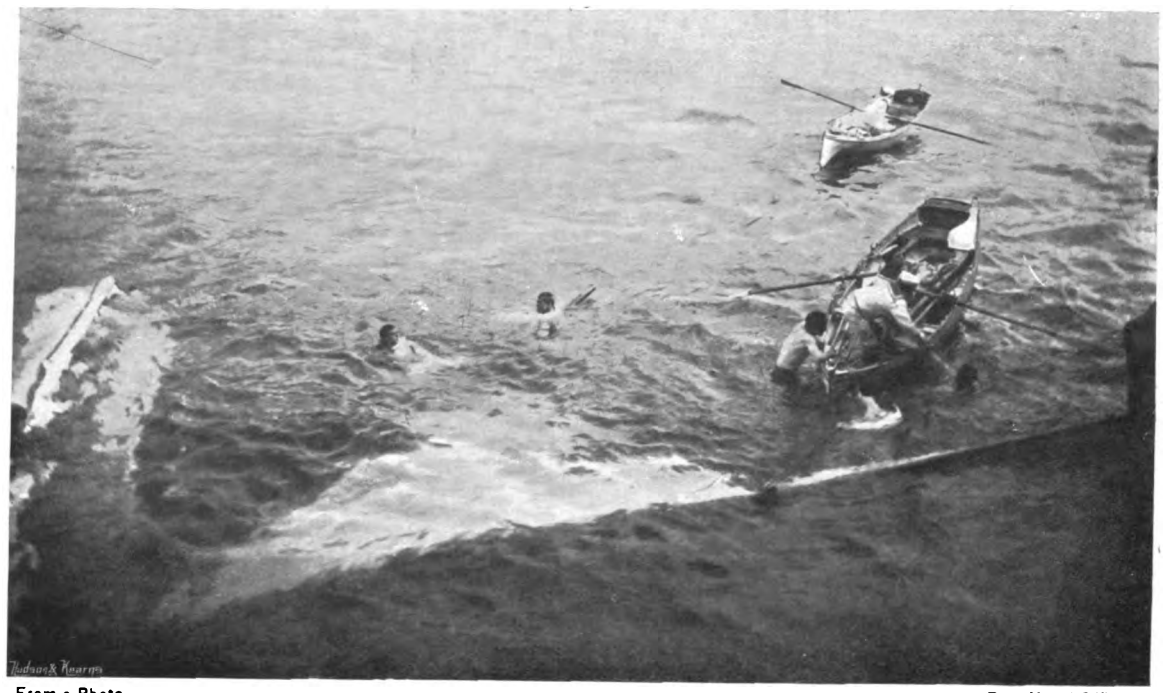
TO THE RESCUE.

HERE we have illustrated the incident which took place at Vigo last week during the sailing regatta. On these occasions it is frequently permitted that the sails carried by the boats be added to and modified, according to the fancy of the commanding officer, with the result that, should the breeze prove fresh, the area of sail is more than the boat will stand. The officer in charge will not, however, reduce his canvas, until, in rounding a buoy, over she goes. Note the glimmer of the sail, spread out under water, and the individual on the left sitting astride the keel of his gallant craft, which is barely above water. Then follows a scrimmage; every boat within a short distance pulls desperately to pick up the unfortunates, the signalman on board the nearest ship reports, "Boat capsized, sir!" and in a moment or two a boat's crew has clambered into the lifeboat, and she is being lowered with reckless rapidity. Luckily assistance is usually close at hand, and the men can swim, so that, as in this instance, such accidents are rarely fatal.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

THE SPILL.

Photo. R. Thiele. Copyright.

"BOAT CAPSIZED, SIR!"

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN FELLOWES, C.B.

ADMIRAL FELLOWES is the officer who has the good fortune at the present moment to have his flag in the "Magnificent" as second in command of the Channel Squadron. The admiral is just now with the Squadron in the Mediterranean, cruising off the East Coast of Spain, where the "Magnificent" and her consorts are under orders to remain until, at the end of May, they will in ordinary circumstances return home for the summer manœuvres. Admiral Fellowes entered the Navy in 1856, and as a midshipman and lieutenant saw much active service on the East Coast of Africa and in the Persian Gulf chasing and fighting slavers and pirates. He came to the front in the Egyptian War of 1882, when flag-captain of the "Minotaur" under Admiral Sir William Dowell, and again in 1885, when principal transport officer at Suakin, for the great ability with which he carried out his duties, being specially commended in Lord Wolseley's despatches. In 1888 he had charge of Sheerness Dockyard as Captain Superintendent. He hoisted his flag in the "Magnificent" in May last year. Rear-Admiral Fellowes, who was born in 1843, wears the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal, won when a sub-lieutenant for jumping into the sea and saving two men.

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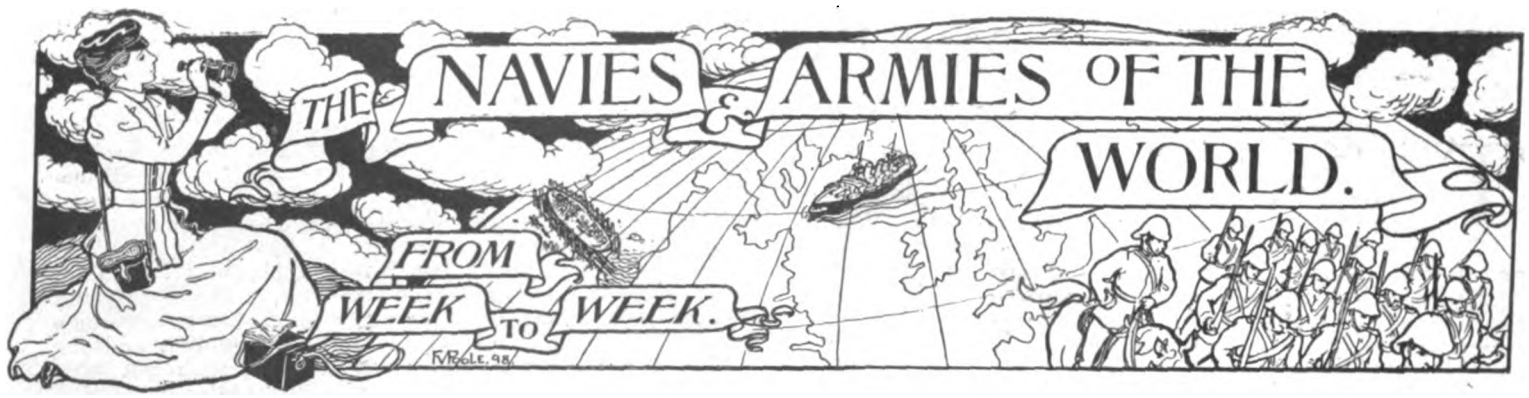

YESTERDAY the first-class battle-ship "Illustrious" was at last passed into the Fleet Reserve at Chatham Dockyard, after having taken well over three years to build and complete for sea. The "Illustrious," in fact, was laid down as long ago as March 11th, 1895, having been first projected a year before that in the Navy Estimates of 1894. She was launched in September, 1896, more than eighteen months ago. The "Illustrious," in her delays, is one of the victims of the engineering dispute; otherwise she would have been ready for sea at the end of last September, and would in December have joined the Channel Squadron, relieving the "Repulse." She is now to take that ship's place in six weeks' time, when the Channel Squadron returns to England for the summer manœuvres. Then, also in turn, the "Repulse" will go to the Mediterranean, relieving the "Anson," which will in turn come home and become a coastguard ship. The completion of the "Illustrious" has also been considerably retarded by mishaps to her machinery when running her earlier steam trials in the North Sea last November.

* * * *

THE "Furious," which ship has this week been running her trials in the Channel, is one of the new class of "fleet cruisers" of which the "Arrogant," now with the Channel Squadron, is the prototype. The "Furious" (whose other sisters are the "Gladiator" and "Vindictive"—still in dockyard hands at Portsmouth and Chatham respectively) differs not a little from earlier vessels of the same class, in that her prow, or ram, has been specially strengthened, and she has been fitted with double rudders to increase her manœuvring powers. The "Furious" and her sisters are provided with those water-tube boilers known as the "Belleville" type, about which there has been so much discussion in the Press and in Parliament.

* * * *

THE slip in Chatham Dockyard on which the keel plates of the new first-class battle-ship, the "Irresistible," are in a day or two to be laid down, is that vacated on March 24th by the "Goliath," so that the dockyard "maties" at Chatham have had all their work cut out to get things ready. Meanwhile, as is usual nowadays, the material having been delivered from the contractors, the framework of the hull has been advanced, so that as soon as the blocks on the slip are ready, and the keel plating laid, progress will, in the preliminary stages at any rate, be rapid; as has indeed been the case with the "Irresistible's" sister, the "Implacable," at Portsmouth, whose forward appearance is considered quite phenomenal. On the slip on which the "Irresistible" is to be built, there have been built among other ships the "Alexandra," the "Barfleur," the "Victorious," and, of course, the "Goliath" of three weeks ago.

* * * *

THE "Hermione" cruiser, which is to leave next week for the China station, will strengthen Sir E. H. Seymour's squadron, for she is an improvement on the "Pique," which she replaces. It is the exchange of a cruiser of 3,600 tons and 18 knots natural draught speed for a newer ship, of 4,360 tons and 18½ knots speed, while the "Hermione" also mounts two 4·7-in. quick-firers more than does the "Pique." The "Hermione" was one of the vessels in the Special Service Squadron commissioned at the time of the German Emperor's telegram to President Kruger, in January, 1896. After the dispersal of Admiral Dale's command, until the end of last year, she served with the Channel Squadron. A curious coincidence in connection with her re-employment is that this is the second time Captain George A. O'Callaghan hoists his pennant in her.

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THE French Ministry of Marine have for the past three weeks been making experiments in messenger pigeon flying at the entrance of the English Channel, utilising two liners of the Compagnie Transatlantique, the "Bourgogne" and the "Bretagne," for the purpose. The latter vessel, which arrives at Havre from New York next week, left with a number of birds on board, which were despatched at a point south-west of the Scilly Isles, where the trade routes from all over the world for England converge and join. The French Naval authorities, it is announced, intend to further practice the flying of these messenger pigeons from the mouth of the Channel by means of other of their Atlantic liners, with a view to the use of the birds in wartime on board the commerce-raiding cruisers that, in furtherance of the plan of campaign for a guerre de course, would be sent to sea to prey on homeward bound merchant vessels.

* * * *

LARGER shipments of English coal for Cronstadt, Helsingfors, Libau, and the smaller Naval Baltic stations, than have ever before been known, have been made in England to the order of the Russian Admiralty during the past week, with the intention of taking advantage of the breaking up of the ice in the Baltic, and the re-opening of general navigation for the year. At the same time the freights for the coming season are higher than they have been before, being 4s. a ton as against the 3s. 8d. a ton of last year's prices.

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THE steam trials of the new French first-class battle-ship "Masséna," which broke down completely when going through her preliminary runs off Brest, on March 11th, are to be resumed next week. It was given out at the time that the "Masséna's" steering gear proved defective, and that her propellers were not deep enough under water to give the required speed—18 knots. It will be interesting to see how the French authorities will get over this last drawback.

ACCORDING to the latest news, it would appear that Colonel Manning, with the local forces under his command, has succeeded in crushing the Agoni, the most dreaded native power in Central Africa. This he has done with native levies only organised in the spring of 1897, and who have had barely a year's training, backed by a handful of Sikhs. His success speaks volumes for the admirable work done by the Imperial officers who have trained these men, for in a brief campaign of a few days he has completely broken up a power which for years terrorised the North Charterland Concessions. The native levies—in which service is very popular—are formed into a battalion of ten companies of 120 rank and file each, two of which are distributed amongst the civil officials for duty as police, etc. The remaining eight have each a British officer and Sikh instructors. The Sikh contingent consists of some 200 volunteers from Indian regiments, with a few gunners from the mountain batteries.

* * * *

AN important change in the disposition of those splendid troops, the Ghoorka battalions, is likely before long to take place. For years several of these magnificent battalions have been locked up in Assam, doing duty which, since Upper Burma has been annexed, Manipur garrisoned, and the Chin-Lushai country reduced to quietude, could have been done equally well by troops recruited from other parts of India. On the North-West Frontier is the proper place for all the Ghoorka battalions, and it is there that the bulk of them are stationed in times of peace. There are in the Bengal Army four Ghoorka regiments, the 9th, 42nd, 43rd, and 44th, all of which do peace duty in Assam. The remaining five—1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th Ghoorkas—are double battalion regiments, and in peace time are cantoned along the Himalayas, at various stations between Almora and Abbotabad. There is one Ghoorka regiment in the Madras Army permanently located in Burma. If this change takes place it will be due in a great measure to the efforts of the *Allahabad Pioneer*, which has for years pressed it on the authorities.

* * * *

THE Militia have for long felt that they suffered under a grievance in being made to wear the most unsightly head-dress in the Service. This is now to be remedied, for Mr. Brodrick has promised to give consideration to the question of replacing the unsightly Glengarry—an article of kit that is the laughing-stock of the whole Service—by the smart and soldierly field-service cap. It is only comparatively lately that full-dress head-dresses have been issued to Militia regiments, they having had to appear at a full-dress parade wearing their Glengarries. Now, however, all the ordinary Line regiments have the usual Service helmet; but even still the Highland, Fusilier and Rifle regiments of the Militia are without the distinctive head-dresses that appertain to corps of this character. It may seem a slight matter, but it is not so in reality; for it is one of those little things which men feel keenly.

* * * *

BY the increase now sanctioned the regular Army of the United States will be brought up to a strength of over 100,000 men. The peace establishment of an infantry regiment now comprises one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, two majors, ten captains, twelve first lieutenants, ten second lieutenants, one sergeant-major, one quartermaster-sergeant, one chief musician, two principal musicians; two battalions of four companies each, and two skeleton or unmanned companies. In the event of war, a third battalion of four companies can be added to each regiment by manning the two skeleton companies and organising two additional companies. For this, suitable territory would be assigned from which to recruit. The regular Army, which formerly consisted of 1,610 officers and 25,430 men, can, when all the branches of the Army are placed on a war footing, be raised to what approximately amounts to 2,348 officers and 104,384 men.

* * * *

FROM the 1st of April the French regiments of marine artillery are to be readjusted on the following system:—As headquarters, the first regiment, which comprises thirteen batteries, are allotted the southern ports of L'Orient, Toulon, and Rochefort. To L'Orient are attached three field, one mountain, and two garrison batteries; Rochefort will have two garrison batteries; while Toulon will have two mountain batteries and three of garrison artillery. Cherbourg and Brest, the great northern ports, are the headquarters of the second regiment, and the batteries which constitute it, ten in number, are distributed—six at Cherbourg and four at Brest. Of these the former contingent comprises three field, one mountain, and two garrison batteries; while the four Brest batteries are all garrison. It will thus be seen that France has at each of her Naval bases a force of artillery ready for transportation to any part of the world where its services may be requisite.

* * * *

OUR friends at the other side of the Atlantic have introduced a new gun, which, as the forging is made in one piece, can be constructed with much greater rapidity than by the old method of shrinking on successive hoops. The particular gun selected for test by the Ordnance Department of the United States, at the proving grounds at Sandy Hook, was a 5-in. gun with a quick-firing breech mechanism, enabling it to throw a 55-lb. projectile at the rate of six to ten shots a minute. The test was an extremely severe one, for 100 rounds were fired, five of them with extremely heavy charges. With the ordinary charges the pressure in the chamber of the gun was 35,000-lb. to the square inch, and this gave a muzzle velocity of 2,700 foot-seconds, as against the 2,000 to 2,300 foot-seconds for the old Service 5-in. gun. With the heavier charges the pressure in the gun rose as high as 49,000-lb., and this the piece endured without the least sign of failure.

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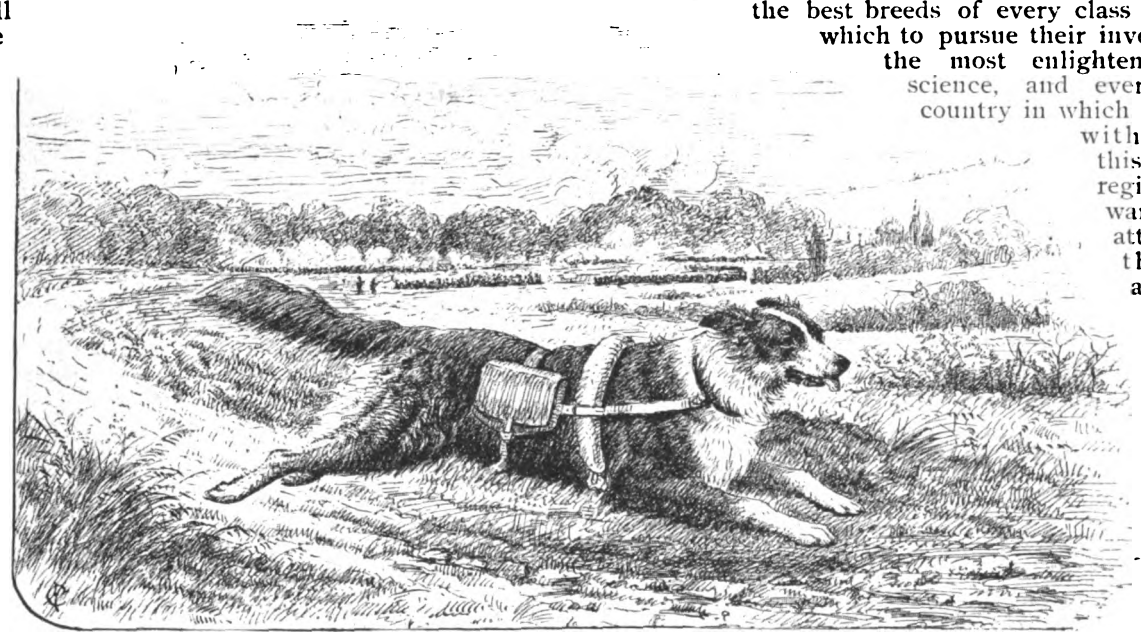
WAR-DOGS.

By Lieutenant-Colonel John Graham.

THE training of war-dogs has not yet been seriously undertaken in this country, but there is no country under the sun in which such training could be carried out with the same excellent results. The breeding and management of dogs, their breaking and tuition, amount, in the case of many thousands of Englishmen, at once to a science and a passion. Where have the breeds of sporting dogs attained such perfection, and where can our packs of hounds be rivalled in their working power and splendid condition? The answer is nowhere in the world. Their quantity as well as their quality forbids competition. We have hundreds of packs, each of which involves and necessitates expert dog-knowledge on the part of a considerable number of men, both gentle and simple. There are, therefore, within these islands abundant supplies of the best material for the production and training of military dogs. Whether it be considered undesirable to spend money on an auxiliary force of this kind, or whether we are waiting to see what lessons can be learned from the experiments of our neighbours, the idea has not become naturalised among us. It is possible, however, that this state of things may not long continue.

Some few years ago, Herr Karl von Donat suggested the employment of dogs for military purposes, and since that time experiments on a fairly large scale have been made in Germany, and more recently in France. Herr von Donat is a military instructor and a practical soldier, who is aware that, in actual warfare, cases often occur in which the services of trained dogs would be invaluable. His proposals included the employment of dogs on outpost duty, likewise in bringing up ammunition to the fighting line, and in searching for the wounded. With regard to the selection of the animals, it is evident that all depends on the care and discrimination with which that duty is carried out. The Scotch collie is perhaps the most intelligent and teachable of his species, but for services in which silence is necessary he can hardly be trusted, owing to his inveterate habit of barking. In some situations this does no harm, but in others the canine auxiliary must be mute. Then again, for the transport of stores or of sick soldiers, by means of waggons, the dogs should be of a stronger build, similar to those still used in some countries for drawing loads. That, however, does not appear to be a *rôle* in which our military dog-friends are likely to shine, because the waggons require attendants, and because slow traction is not the best employment to which their powers can be put.



THE CANINE COURIER AT WORK.

Herr von Donat's original views have, all things considered, proved to be the soundest. On outpost duty a trained war-dog will, although mute, clearly inform the sentry to whom he is attached of the approach of strangers and the direction in which to look for them. He is like the well-broken pointer that makes one aware of what to expect, but leaves his master to deal with it. Another kind of dog may be launched out upon prowling assassins and snipers who creep up under cover of the night. It is quite certain that by means of war-dogs many valuable lives might be saved in our little wars.

Even in a great war there would be ample scope for the military dog, not only in bringing up ammunition, but also in carrying despatches and letters of all kinds. His pace is quite as good as that of a horse, while he offers a minimum target to hostile fire. It is needless to remark that for the last-named services the dogs should be of a different sort, and differently trained from those attached to sentries and outposts. Another duty which dogs can perform better than men is that mentioned above as "searching for the wounded," and if heredity goes for anything, it can surely be best entrusted to the St. Bernard, which for many generations has been educated to save life in the most difficult circumstances. In point of fact, the adaptation of dogs to the purposes of war has long been foreshadowed in the hunting-field and on the moors, as well as on the snows of Mount St. Bernard. Their more militant qualities, represented by the bloodhound and the bulldog, merely require due development to become formidable in the hands of an intelligent soldier, and the habits of the ordinary watch-dog fit him, with but little alteration, to be the valued friend of the soldier on outpost duty.

It is, of course, necessary to make the dogs understand who are friends and who are foes. It has been stated that in at least one army the war-dogs are taught to attack figures dressed in foreign uniforms. Be that as it may, there is an extensive and varied field for the enterprise of the military dog-trainer. Germany is the home of the war-dog. The saddles, collars, and despatch-bags with which German trainers have equipped their pupils are extremely neat and serviceable, and, in short, the whole subject of war-dogs has been taken up, both theoretically and practically, in a very thorough fashion in the German Army. Several excellent books have also been published, in which the matter is treated from a popular point of view.

Two or three years ago, it was remarked by a military writer that we possessed in the Yeomanry Cavalry an ideal force in which to experiment with war-dogs. This is undoubtedly correct. The force is composed of farmers, fox-hunters, masters of hounds, and other dog-owners, who have every facility for deciding on the most suitable dogs for the several purposes enumerated. There are at their disposal the best breeds of every class of animal with which to pursue their investigations, also the most enlightened veterinary science, and every variety of country in which to train. Notwithstanding all this, the yeomanry regiments that own war-dogs, or have attempted to train them, are few and far between. It has fallen to the lot of very few persons to see a public display of manœuvring war-dogs. A single dog, and a very good one, belonging, it is said, to the Hertford Yeomanry, performed at the last Crystal Palace Tournament. We are indebted both to the regiment and the tournament for this small beginning, which may perhaps grow to be a very important and interesting feature of future meetings.

Pointers, spaniels, and collies seem at the present time to be the favourites among German military trainers, who put their pupils through an elaborate course, at the end of which most of the duties can be performed without word of command. The dogs understand perfectly well the delivery of despatches, and seem proud to let the latter be taken out of their letter-bags. In supplying ammunition, however, they will not allow it to be taken from them except by men of their own company or battalion.

This is a result of the system in force, according to which two dogs are attached to each company of nearly all Prussian rifle regiments. They thus become part and parcel of their company, and are under the control of the men composing it, and especially of their trainers. The advantages of this arrangement are evident, but it has also some disadvantages. If the dogs were formed into corps or packs, and taught to obey words of command or signs, as packs of hounds are taught in this country, they would be more generally useful, one would suppose, and for this purpose old dogs, now used in Prussia to lead the young ones, might be more largely employed. The training would also be facilitated by the choice of retrievers to assist in seeking the wounded; but spaniels seem unlikely to develop into efficient war-dogs on service.

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IT does not often happen that prominent actors in dramatic events are able to give an immediate and satisfactory account of them. That is the achievement of Viscount Fincastle, V.C., 16th Lancers, and Lieutenant P. C. Eliott-Lockhart, Queen's Own Corps of Guides. Their "Frontier Campaign" (Methuen, 6s.) is a bright, spirited, sufficient, and withal modest account of the work of the Malakand and Buner Field Forces, 1897-98. Viscount Fincastle won a well-deserved V.C. by his coolness and intrepidity in attempting to save the life of Lieutenant Greaves, who, with Captain Palmer, was surrounded by furious Ghazis at Landakai, in the Upper Swat Valley, when Lieutenant Maclean, of the Guides, "quite the most popular officer in the force," was also killed. This is but an episode of the book, left to another to recount. I read with increasing interest this stirring story from the first page to the last. The heroic defence of the Malakand Pass when the frenzied hordes of the Mad Mullah advanced on the devoted garrison is an episode that should rank with Rorke's Drift, and other like memorable achievements of British soldiers. The relief of the beleaguered force at Chakdara in the Swat Valley was triumphantly accomplished, and page after page the successive steps in the pacification of Swat, Bajaur, and Buner by Sir Bindon Blood are unfolded. It is an inspiring story of sturdy endurance that does one good to read. The foe were far from being unworthy of our steel. They showed a courage and knowledge of warfare which, as the authors say, we may hope will yet be turned to good account. These hardy mountaineers have qualities comparable to those of the gallant Sikhs who were opposed to them, and surely yet, if we display our old administrative skill, will be welded into a splendid frontier guard. The book must be read. It tells with great ability a fine story, and has the advantage of being very well illustrated.

A happy thought struck Mr. Duncombe-Jewell when he decided to compile his "Handbook to British Military Stations Abroad" (Sampson Low, 3s. 6d.). As he truly says, officers—and why not non-commissioned officers and privates, too?—often seek information as to the stations to which they may be sent in the course of their official career. He dedicates his pocket volume to Lord Roberts, and acknowledges indebtedness to many officers. I recognise very great merit and high utility in the book. At the same time I was disappointed in some respects. If I expected to be stationed, let me say, at Nowgong in Bundelcund, I should want to know more than the name of the officer in command and the details of troops quartered there. Considering the small number of British soldiers in Cyprus, less space might have been allotted to that section. But these are defects perhaps incidental to a first edition, and will doubtless be made good in another. Will Mr. Duncombe-Jewell then include references to wider sources of information, such as accounts of sport in the districts he writes of, that might be discovered in the club library?

I was made rather angry a few weeks ago when I read in a certain French paper—one that generally writes kindly of England—a sneer at the supposed ignoble service to which Nelson's dear old "Foudroyant" had been put. My resentment was not against the Frenchman, but against those journalists at home who had misled him. To see the famous vessel—which once had bolder spirits in her than the world yet knows—a shattered wreck on the beach at Blackpool, surrounded by a ribald and thieving crowd, was, indeed, as I read in a pamphlet before me, "an experience of such unspeakable bitterness as few can have had to face." Mr. G. Wheatley Cobb, with the finest public spirit, rescued the "Foudroyant" from the ship-breaker, and he and his son expended a great deal in restoring her; and, having done so, exhibited her as the exemplar of glorious deeds. But to "exhibit" her was a sin to some shallow souls, and one journalist even acclaimed the storm that put an end to "the tedious shame of an unsuccessful show." Now surely the cheeks of all such writers must mantle with honest shame. Let them, and all who value the memory of heroic achievements, procure the pamphlet, "Nelson's 'Foudroyant': a Defence" (Charpentier, Portsmouth). There they may read of a glorious memory and of a lifelong regret. "To stand again on her quarter-deck, where Nelson bade Berry 'make the "Foudroyant" fly,' and feel her once more heave gently to the swell; to watch her broad bows fling the white waves aside, or lean over her stern walk, and see them eddy round her massive rudder and join again in her wake; to hear the sunset bugle as the great ensign comes slowly down; to walk once more through her spacious main and lower decks between the lines of guns—this would be worth all else that life can offer." These are the words of a son thinking of the good work of his father.

Both the Naval and Military Services have an excellent friend in Colonel James Gildea, C.B. I am exceedingly glad to chronicle the appearance of the third edition of his "Naval and Military Funds and Institutions" (Eyre and Spottiswoode). Few who have not seen this book can have any idea of the good work of kindly assistance that is being carried on for the welfare and succour of sailors, soldiers, and their families. Those in and out of the Services must know to whom and where to direct the necessitous to seek help in their need. It is the belief of Colonel Gildea that many painful cases would have found relief if the right channels for obtaining it had been known.

I will conclude by naming two useful examination handbooks. Naval-Instructor Goodwin's "Plane and Spherical Trigonometry" is a well-known text-book in the Navy. It is a large and important work, and he has done well to publish, in a handy form, under the title of "Elementary Plane Trigonometry" (Longmans, 5s.), certain parts of it to meet the requirements of the examination for the entry of Naval cadets. For their use nothing could be better. Military officers going up for promotion will be glad to know that Captain H. R. Gall has published a "Supplement to Solutions of the Tactical Problems"—Captain's Paper, May, 1897 (Kegan Paul, 1s.). "SEARCH-LIGHT."

Ship-Lighting by Electricity.

By R. R. R.

SHIP lighting by electricity is a very great luxury to the majority of the crew, but it is by no means an unmitigated advantage to those concerned in keeping the appliances for generating the light in efficient working order.

"Electric light engine has brought up, sir, and I can't get it to go nohow," reports the man in charge of the engine to the chief engineer.

"Of course you don't know what is wrong with it?" replies that officer. "You don't know you've got a hot bearing, and that it's due to your carelessness?"

"It's not my fault, sir. I've been watching, feeling around all the bearings, and pouring on oil all the watch."

"Very well; we'll see."

Another of the engines is at once started, and the lights are aglow again in a few minutes. And now for the examination of the defaulting machine.

An artificer has, in the meantime, disconnected the offending bearing, and found a lubricating channel choked by a small piece of grit. How the grit could have got there is a puzzle, but the artificer, who is of a plausible temperament, accounts for it by the erratic behaviour of a particle of soot from the funnel. Nothing is more easy to conceive, in his opinion, than that such a particle, on leaving the mouth of the funnel, should amble forward against a head wind, find its way to the ventilating shaft from the dynamo engine-room, and proceed down in the face of an updraught, and, on arriving below, make straight for the small orifice through which the bearing is lubricated.

Then follows a short busy time in refitting the bearing, clearing the oil-ways, and erecting a guard, in such a manner as will tend to prevent the entry of like objectionable visitors, from whatever quarter they may come. This being done, and the stoker cautioned, the engine is started, and doing its full duty again.

Such diversions are of frequent occurrence. If it is not hot bearings, it will be loose piston-rings, ground slide-faces, loosened fastenings, or any of the score of difficulties which beset a piece of delicate mechanism.

Each battle-ship is provided with one machine for the special purpose of illuminating the interior of a ship; but there are also two others of similar construction, whose leading duty is to work the search-lights. These other two are, however, fitted so that they may be used for internal lighting, and are of great use in emergencies such as the above, when they can be used for tiding over a period while the other dynamo is laid up for repair. It is not a matter for wonder that these machines should frequently give trouble, as one or the other is in use for long periods at practically their full power. These periods, it must be understood, are not for so many hours a day, but for the full twenty-four hours, running incessantly day and night, until stopped for examination, or until something unforeseen has caused the one in use to bring up prematurely.

There are over 800 lights of from sixteen to twenty candle-power in a battle-ship, and it may be taken that 500 of these are in use constantly day and night. Keeping 500 lights going represents the full power of one machine. If more lights are required, or if a more brilliant intensity is desired, it is necessary to use also another machine.

The generation of the electric current necessary for these lights is the duty of the chief engineer. He is responsible for the efficient working of the driving engine and of the dynamo which converts mechanical energy into electrical power. The fittings used for the transmission of the electric current so generated and the lamps themselves are under the supervision of the torpedo-lieutenant. This latter has an especially trained staff of torpedo artificers and seamen under him to carry out the necessary inspections and repairs, and the chief engineer details a part of his staff for electric light work, whom he either instructs himself, or directs one of his trained officers to do so.

The ordinary running of an electric light engine can be reduced to such a simple routine that it may be placed in the charge of a trained stoker, with frequent inspections by an engineer officer. Stokers of the best experience and character are selected and given the necessary training, but they do not become thoroughly efficient in a day. Even after having passed the training they are sometimes bewildered by the peculiar names used in connection with electricity. You are

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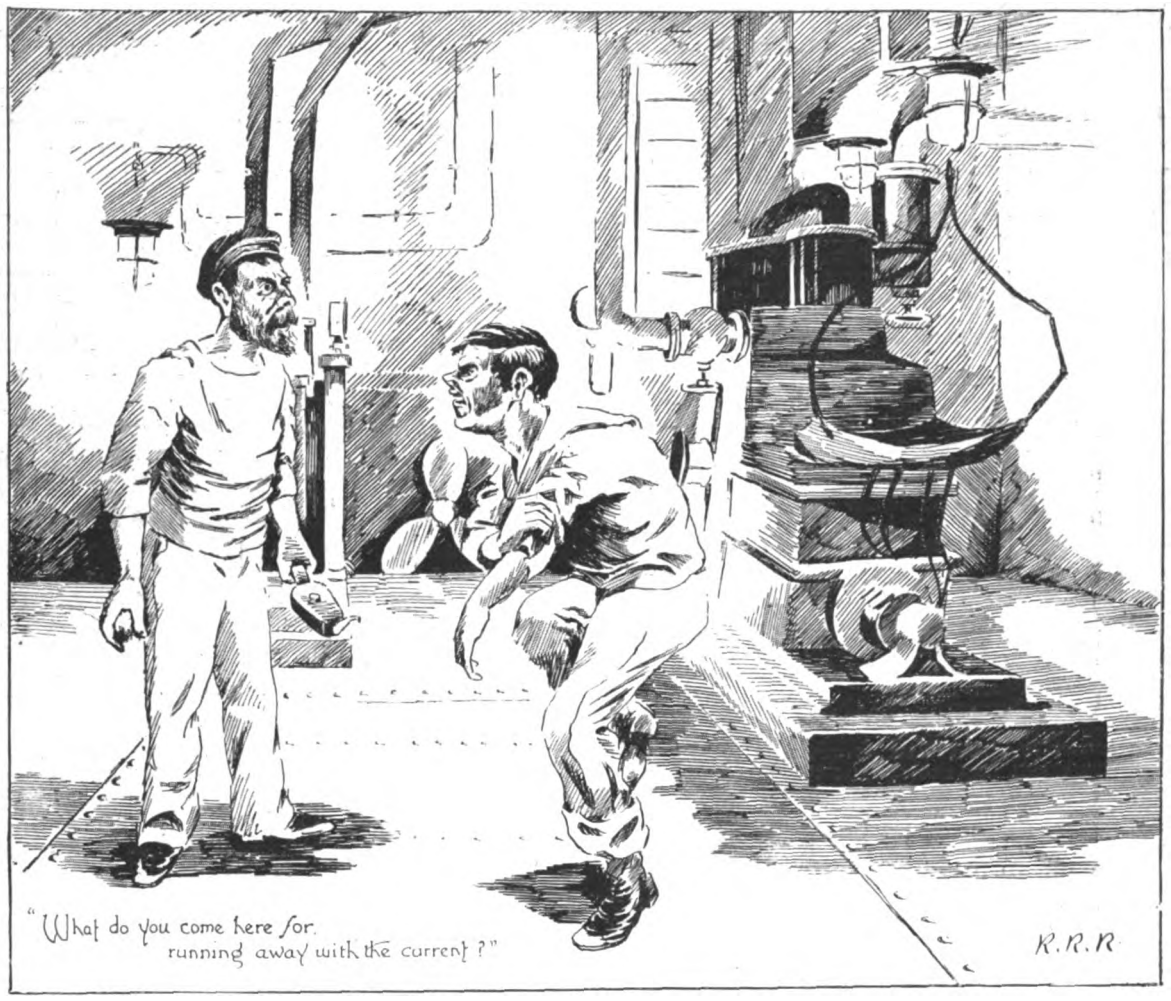
anxious to know that the machine is not overloaded, and you ask the stoker on watch how the ammeter is working. He looks at you in a puzzled manner, scratches his head and contracts his eyebrows, then with a gleam of intelligence he tells you he "don't know of any ham eater, but Porkins, in his mess, tucks into salt pork pretty considerably; but he hasn't seen him lately, and can't say what he is working at."

If you once get a stoker interested in the machine—and it is not difficult to do this if you go the right way about it—it is wonderful the degree of solicitude he will express for it. Such a man has been known to chide a fellow stoker, when the latter has by his ignorance and curiosity received a painful shock from the machine, in such terms as, "What do you come here for, running away with the current? It's hard enough to keep the lights going as it is. Some of these days you will be fooling around taking up the whole current, and then what'll become of the lights?" Of late years, fortunately for the meddlesome, dynamos have been introduced which do not produce serious shocks.

One of the weak points in electric lighting on board ship is the large amount of coal used. On a modern battle-ship over three tons of coal per day are burnt for this purpose. As the lights are burning practically all the year round, the coal expenditure for one year amounts to over 1,000 tons. It must not be supposed, however, that this is extravagant; it is really very moderate when the amount of light produced is considered. If estimates are made which take into account the value of the coal, the wages of the men connected with electric lighting, the cost of stores other than coal, and the deterioration and renewal of the plant, it will be found that the value of a sixteen candle-power light is about twopence per day.



The torpedo staff, who look after the runs of wire and the lights themselves, have a pretty busy time. Frequent examinations are required to keep in efficient condition miles of copper wire, scores of switches, and over 800 lamps. They have to pass through a high-class scientific training in this particular subject, and are able to talk more or less learnedly of ampères, volts, and ohms, and even know a little about the personal pioneers of electrical science. They are generally proud of their acquirements, and, after a conversation with some of the more enthusiastic, one is tempted to adapt, for their use, the old song of Dibdin on Admiral Jervis:

"You've heard, I s'pose, the people talk
Of Benbow and Boscawen,
Of Anson, Pocock, Vernon, Hawke,
And many more then going;
All pretty lads, and brave and rum,
Men who could do and dare,
But, Lord, their merit's all a hum
Compared to Ohm, Volt, and Ampère."

Although the present staff is so efficient, this was not entirely the case when electric lighting was first introduced. It is stated that many years ago an artificer, having been told to light certain electric lamps, screwed off the glass globes, and was found struggling to light the delicate film of carbon with a common candle.

The lamps used are not of a highly artistic class, but they are substantial and efficient for their purpose. The ordinary lights about a ship are represented in one of our illustrations. Some artistic accessories are, however, added to the lights in the captain's quarters, the ward-room, the gun-room, and officers' cabins. It is usual simply to add dainty coloured shades, perhaps purchased from a dealer or perhaps worked by some of the lady relatives of the officers. Occasionally may also be seen some of the graceful stands, worked in wrought-iron or bronze, such as are seen in Regent Street. A great deal of tact is often required in introducing lamp shades into a mess, and it is a mistake to hold a general deliberation on this point before purchasing, for there will be endless disputes as to whether red or green or any other tint is the most suitable colour. The opinions of the several advocates will be more tenaciously held and more emphatically urged than if it were a discussion on the rival merits of guns and torpedoes.

In the cabins individual taste may have considerable play, being subject only to the captain's dictum of cleanliness and smartness. In these small kingdoms you may see a bronze figure of Hercules straining every muscle to its utmost to hold up a frail lamp, or you may see the marble figure of a diver holding the lamp in such a way as to suggest an intention of dashing it to pieces on the deck below.

It is very rarely now that a vessel is lighted throughout by oil and candles. Still, a complete plant for this purpose is always supplied to men-of-war, as it may be a necessity if the electric light plant become seriously damaged, as it probably would be in an action. A part of the drill of "preparing for action" consists in providing the means of producing candle or oil light in each of the most important compartments. This plant is in the charge of a few marine lamp trimmers, and their duties are ordinarily of a light character—keeping the fittings ready for use and lighting up the smoking lanterns. Even in this duty their province is being threatened by an endeavour to introduce electric smoking lamps. Besides the lamps for lighting up the interior of the vessel, there are also a number of search-lights, the primary object of which is to discover the approach of an enemy's torpedo-boats. There are generally five in a battle-ship, one in each of the quarters, and bows, below the main deck, and another in the main top. Each of these has a light-power of 100 candles, and is provided with a large elaborate reflector, which enables the beams to reach for several miles. An universal joint arrangement allows the attendant to throw the beams in any direction. When the light is directed on to another vessel, the moral effect on the crew of that vessel is peculiar. A sense of helplessness steals over them, as they can see nothing but the cold clear circle of light from their imaginary foe.

On the other ship, however, as far as the gunners are concerned, nothing but satisfaction reigns, as they are able, from a more or less sheltered position, to direct their guns effectively. The man who manipulates the light might view the matter with mixed feelings, for the light itself would probably be the first thing that the enemy would attack; which, if successful, would give the manipulator a poor chance. It is a picturesque scene to watch from the shore a fleet of war vessels exercising their search-lights, and to witness the numerous powerful beams flashing in all directions, lighting up in succession ships, or sea, or shore.

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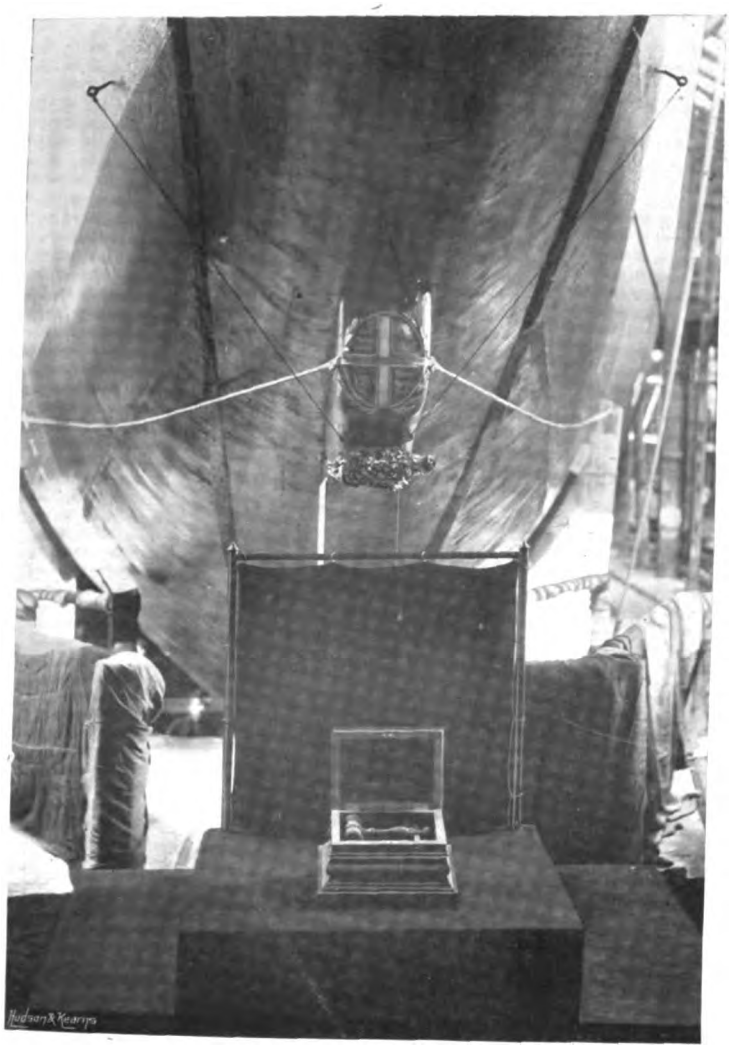
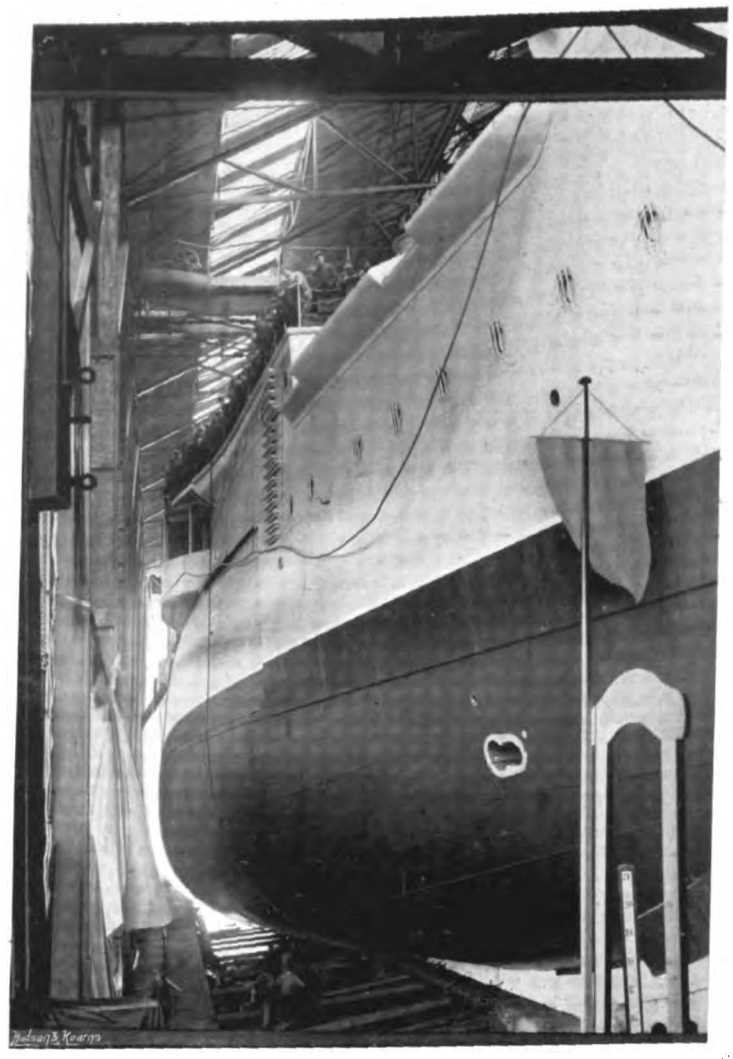
THE LAUNCH OF THE "GOLIATH."

ON the day of the launch of a big war-ship the whole dock-yard holds high festival, and when the huge, unwieldy —when on shore—mass has been transferred from *terra firma* to its own natural element, and transformed into a *she*, with a distinct name and personality of its own, the rejoicing is general. The illustrations which accompany represent the launch of the "Goliath," built at Chatham, the latest addition to our list of first-class battle-ships. The christening ceremony, which consists in breaking a bottle of wine over the bows of the vessel, and wishing her success in her ocean career, was performed by Lady Hotham, wife of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles F. Hotham, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief at the Nore. She is the heaviest vessel ever yet launched at Chatham, and was in fact in a more advanced state towards completion than vessels usually are when launched, for her floating-out weight was no less than 6,300 tons, or almost the exact half of the weight she will displace when completed and fully equipped for sea. To this must be added another



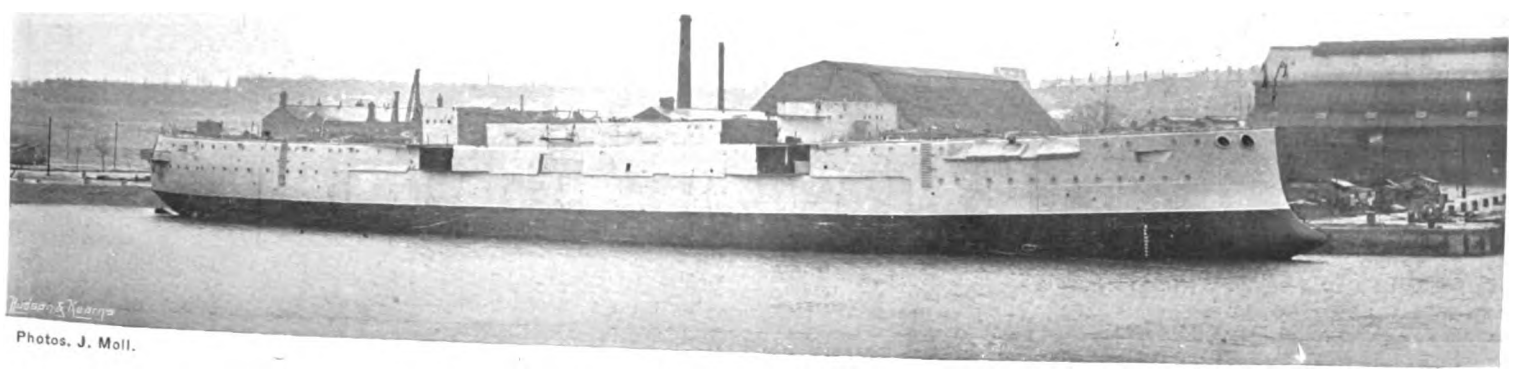
PREPARED FOR BAPTISM.



STARTING ON HER CAREER.

300 tons for the cradle which is built round the forward and after ends of a vessel to bring the weight down on to the ways. The ways, which are the roads down which the ship travels to the water, have of course to be heavily greased to help overcome the frictional resistance, and for this purpose no less than five tons of Russian tallow, and over a ton of train oil and soft soap, were used.

The "Goliath" has a great reputation to maintain, for the name has been borne by one of the most distinguished ships in the Navy. The first "Goliath"—a 74-gun line-of-battle-ship—took part in Jervis's great victory of St. Vincent, in 1797, where she was commanded by Sir Charles Knowles. The same ship also took part in the bombardment of Cadiz, but her crowning glory came to her at the glorious battle of the Nile, in 1798. At this—perhaps Nelson's most brilliant victory—the "Goliath" led the van and engaged the French 74's "Guerrier" and "Conquerant," suffering herself, but inflicting compensating damage on the enemy.



Photos. J. Moll.

IN HER NATIVE ELEMENT.

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The Elswick Ship-building Yard.—II.

PUBLIC attention was never more largely directed to the adequacy and extent of our resources for the production of guns and armour than it is to-day. This is well, for it must not be forgotten that unless the Government works were supplemented by private enterprise and capital, it would be impossible to have built up such a splendid Navy as we now possess. Perhaps nothing is so well calculated to impress the visitor to the smelting and forging works at Elswick with the exceeding magnitude of the forces of Nature applied to the uses of man, as his inspection of the huge furnaces and the enormous forging presses which are employed in the production of steel. The operations conducted at Elswick are really stupendous, and the plant employed colossal in size and power.

The steel works are all built upon a series of terraces between the Carlisle branch of the North-Eastern Railway and the river Tyne, have a length of 1,100-ft., and cover an area of about 50,000 square yards. The slope from the railway to the river is sharp, but what might at first have seemed a disadvantage has been turned to profit, for the works have been so arranged that the raw material is tipped on the highest level behind the furnaces, into which it is thence "charged" by cranes. Into the very interesting processes of steel manufacture it is impossible to enter here. The melting plant comprises eight furnaces, which are capable of turning out a weekly average of upwards of 1,200 tons of steel of various descriptions, principally, however, that made by the Siemens-Martin process, which is very largely employed in the manufacture of ordnance and the parts of ships and machinery. All the gas for the various furnaces and stoves is generated by gas-producers built conveniently near, and, when the steel has been brought to the desired character, the "charge" in the furnace is "tapped," and the molten steel flows into the huge ladle provided, and is carried by cranes of enormous power to the adjacent moulds. The cranes, which are numerous and varied in design, to suit the different purposes for which they are intended, are an interesting feature of the steel works. Especially noticeable are the powerful travellers, made at the works, which are operated by hydraulic force, and rapidly manipulate the red-hot steel in process of casting and forging, turning it in any direction, advancing or withdrawing it at the touch of a lever, ready to the hand of

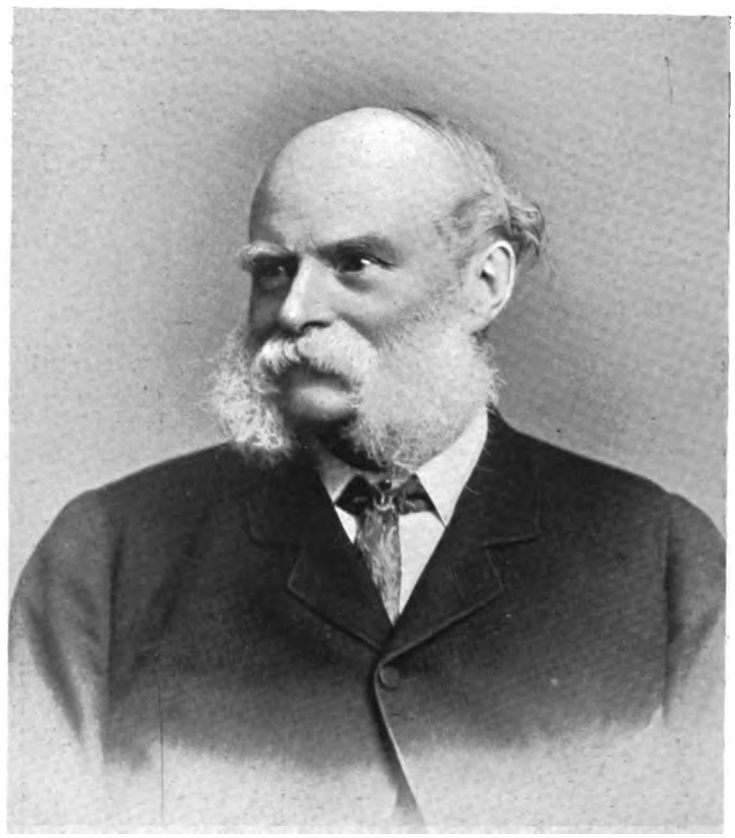
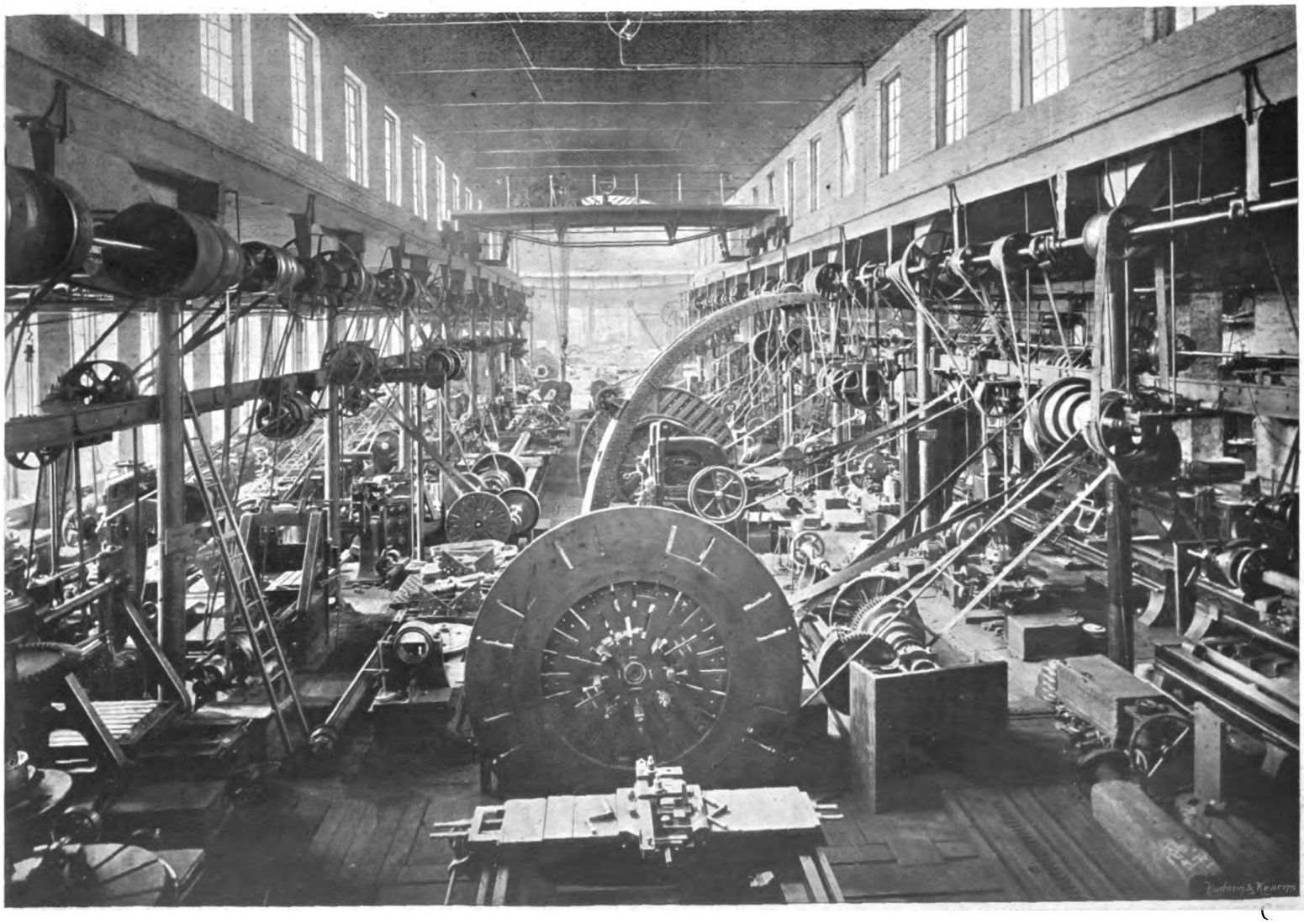


Photo. Mayall & Co. Copyright.

SIR A. NOBLE, K.C.B.



IN THE MACHINE SHOP.

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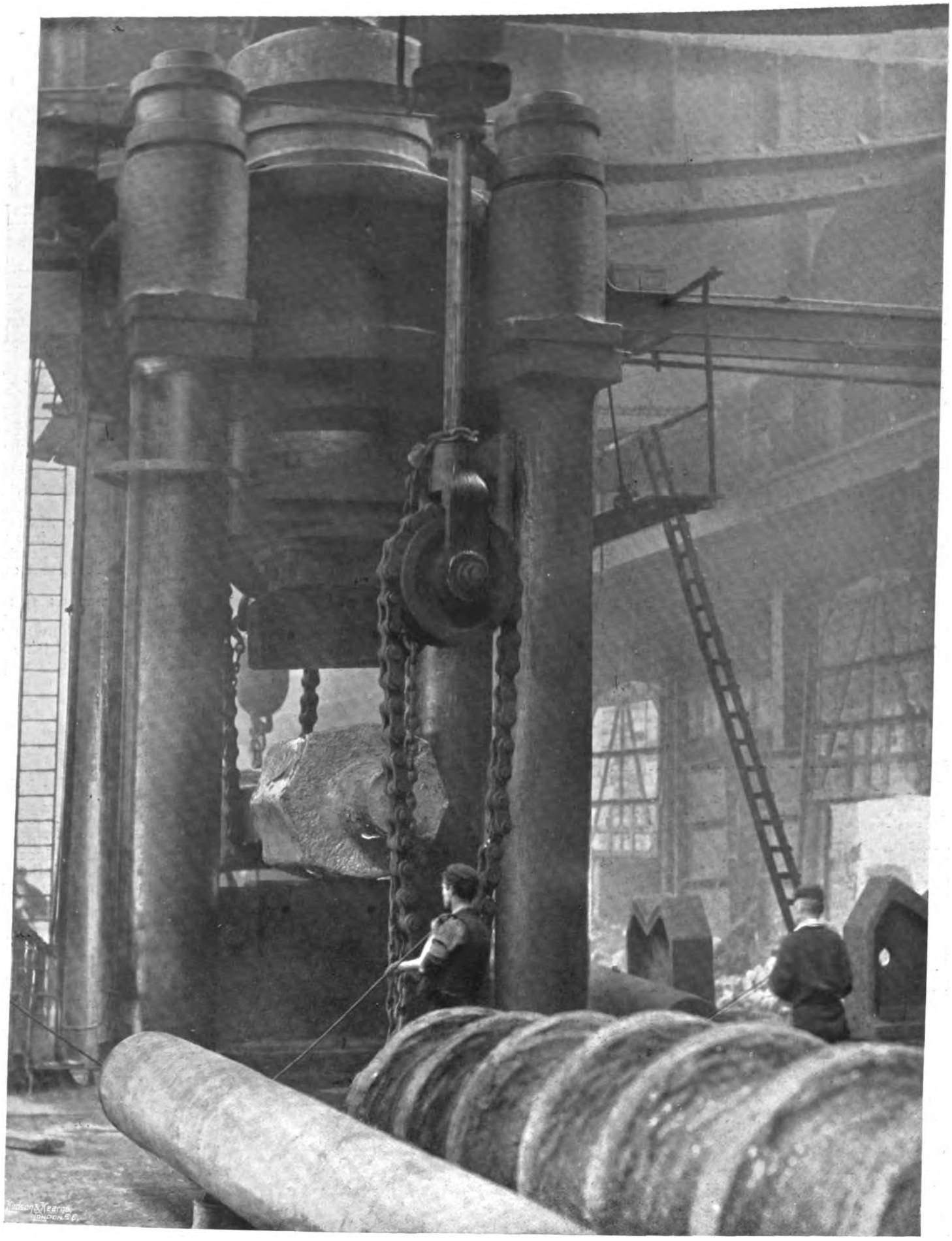

LARGE PRESS WORKING ON RED-HOT INGOT.

the forgeman, whose position is on the floor near the forging blocks.

To this level the steel descends in the form of ingots, to be forged by the hydraulic presses into hoops and barrels for ordnance, shafting (hollow or solid) for vessels, and a hundred other purposes. Elswick is famous for its propeller shafting, which has been supplied for British and foreign war-ships and the largest mail-boats upwards of 80-ft. in length. Single ingots have been cast weighing as much as 75 tons, and to deal with these it will be readily understood that extraordinary appliances are necessary. For forging them there are four principal hydraulic presses, the largest of which exerts a pressure of 5,000 tons, and works the largest and hardest pieces to any shape required. Pressure is supplied by five pairs of Corliss pumping-engines, each of 1,000 horse-power, and there are many smaller engines for hydraulic cranes and driving machinery.

In addition to the ingot-casting department, there is a special foundry for castings for gun-carriages, marine work, electrical and general machinery and anchors, and here some of the largest stem and stern posts and rudder frames now afloat have been made. The equipment of the steel depart-

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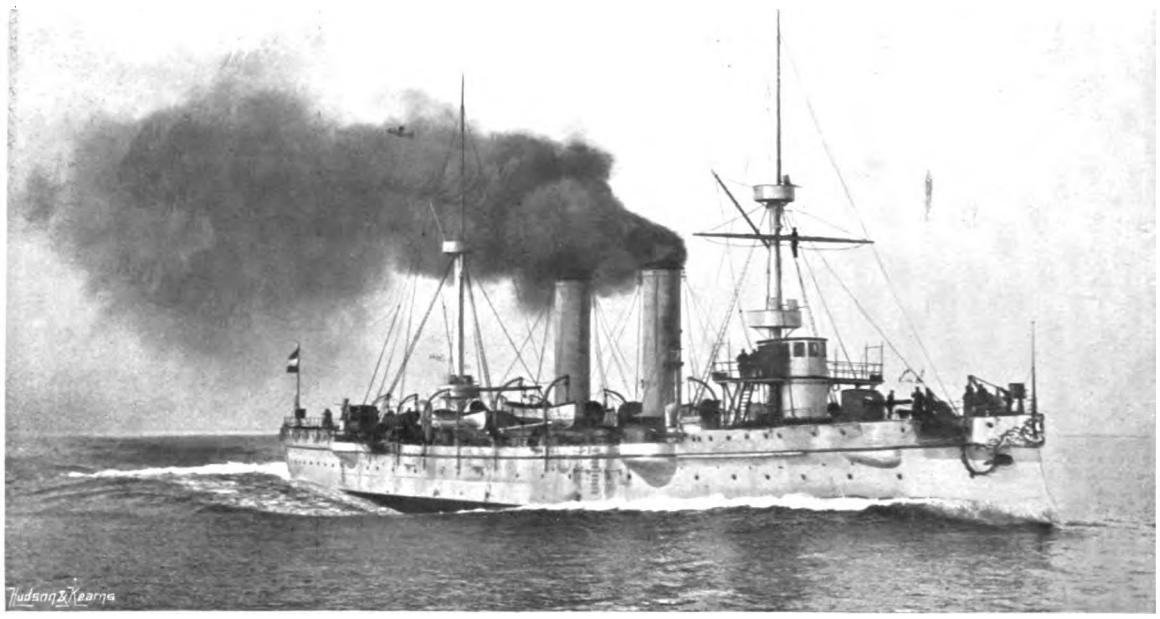
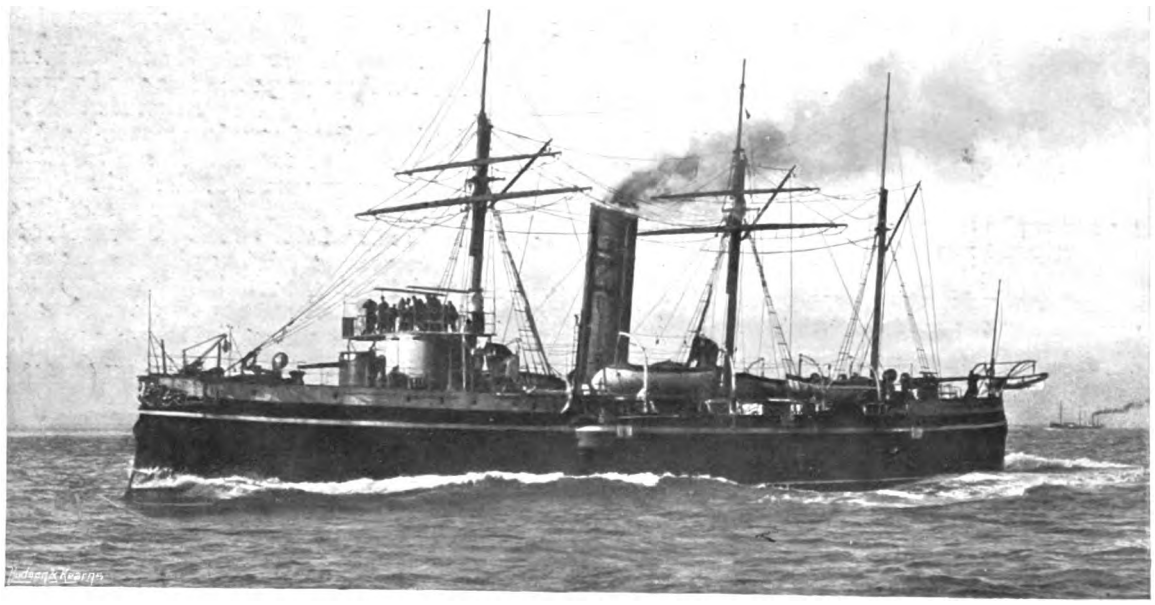
ment—which alone employs 1,500 hands—also includes the heaviest machine-tools for turning and boring forgings, and cutting ingots and forgings into desired lengths. But the illustrations show the enormous character of the equipment, while one illustrates the old machine shop for pumping-engines and hydraulic machinery—the first erected at Elswick.

For several years the great steel works were under the direction of the late Colonel Dyer, who recently died at Manchester after having played his part as the life and soul of the Employers' Federation during the engineering dispute. He had superintended Sir Joseph Whitworth's ordnance works there before going to Elswick, and returned to take charge of the Manchester branch when the great concerns of Armstrong and Whitworth were amalgamated. It has ever been the good fortune of Sir William Armstrong to find able coadjutors in his work, of some of whom we may yet speak. A portrait of one of the prominent chiefs of Elswick is given to-day. For many years the active direction of the Elswick ordnance works centred in Sir Andrew Noble, now the vice-chairman of the company, who joined it in 1860. Sir Andrew Noble has gained a world-wide reputation, in association with Sir Frederick Abel, by his researches into the composition and properties of explosives, and the development of rifled ordnance owes much to him.



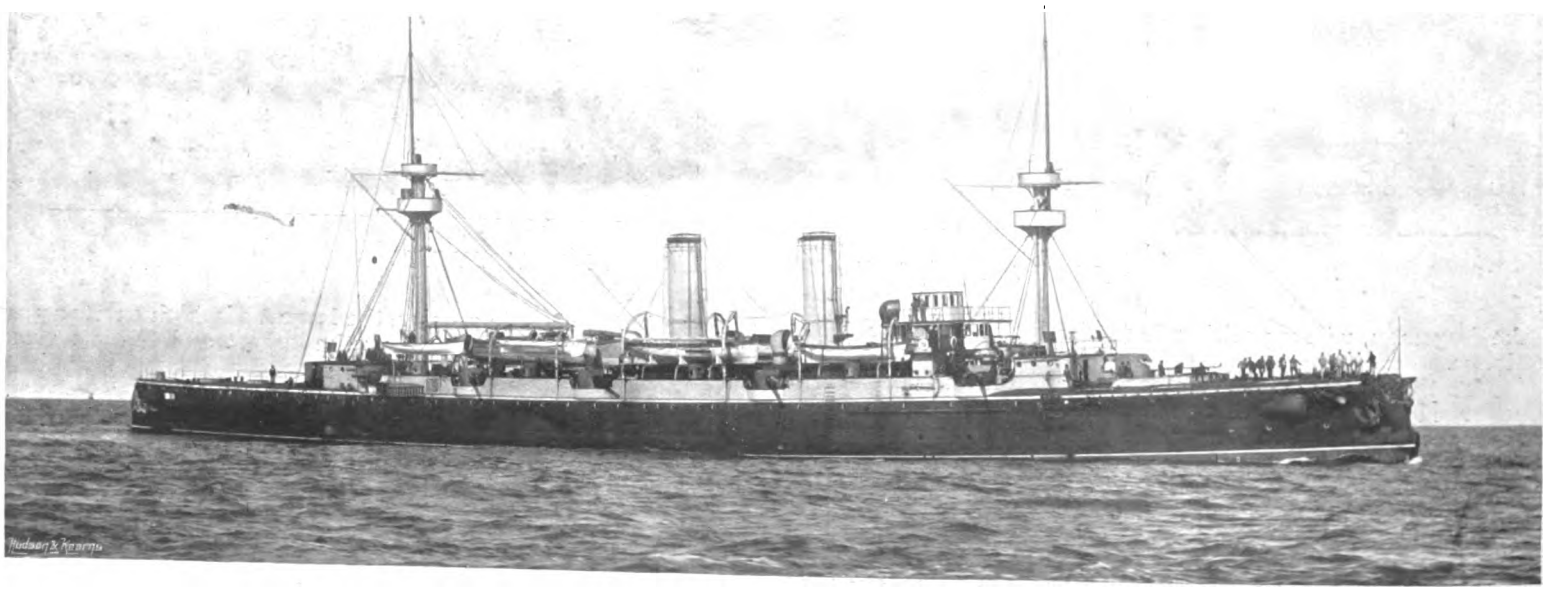
THE ARGENTINE CRUISER "NUEVE DE JULIO."



THE BRAZILIAN CRUISER "QUINZE DE NOVEMBRO" (EX-"REPUBLICA").

A few words may now be said about the South American ships illustrated here. The "Quinze de Novembro," once the "Republica," is a cruiser of 1,300 tons, launched at Elswick in 1892, interesting as having played a notable part in the Brazilian revolt. The Argentine "Nueve de Julio" took the water in the same year, but is larger (3,570 tons), of 22¾ knots speed, and has a powerful quick-firing amament. The Chilian "Blanco Encalada," of 4,400 tons, and the same speed, launched in 1893, is remarkable for her great armament. The two last named are noteworthy cruisers, though not quite the finest achievements of Elswick in this line.

(To be continued).



THE CHILIAN CRUISER "BLANCA ENCALADA."

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EASTER WITH THE VOLUNTEERS.

EVERY enthusiastic volunteer looks forward with eagerness to the Easter manœuvres. At this time of the year only a few days can be devoted to the operations, but during that time the citizen soldier has an opportunity of learning something of life in camp or barracks. Corps belonging to every branch of the Service do all in their power to muster in strength on the Thursday evening before Easter. Railway officials at all our great centres are therefore

From a Photo. By a Volunteer Officer.

THE ADVANCED PARTY.

busy superintending the arrangements consequent on the out-going of several special trains.

The entraining of troops, however simple it may appear to the onlookers, involves considerable trouble and forethought on the part of the officers and non-commissioned officers. Before the arrival of the corps, parties under non-commissioned officers from each battery or company, as the

Photo. Payne & Bard. Copyright.

IN CAMP.

case may be, have been busy "telling off" the regulation number of men to each carriage. The number of men each carriage will hold and the unit that is to occupy it are marked in chalk on the footboard, so that no time may be lost on the arrival of the main body.

When the men have been told off into sections they are

From a Photo. By a Volunteer Officer.

ISSUING AMMUNITION.

Photo. H. Palmer. Copyright.

VOLLEY FIRING.

marched to the carriages and take their seats, ten men being as a rule seated in one compartment. If horses or guns have to be entrained the difficulty is greatly increased. When all is ready the bugle sounds "attention," and the train moves on to its destination, to be followed in all probability by several others. This is merely the beginning of the programme, but it is indeed a most important part of it. The

FIRING LINE ADVANCING TO ATTACK.

promptness with which a corps entrains is a fair criterion of its state of discipline. Regiments have occasionally to move by sea as well as by land in order to reach their camping ground. This, too, is an important part of a soldier's training, and his embarkation is carried out with the same regularity that characterises the movement of troops by land.

On reaching their camp or billets troops are divided into

From Photos. By a Volunteer Officer.

ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

messes, and there is nothing to be done on the night of their arrival but to refresh themselves and retire to rest.

It is not customary to place men under canvas before the 30th April, but when the weather is exceptionally fine, great advantages are gained from a short residence in camp. Otherwise, volunteers are quartered in some public building, such as a town hall, or with regular troops in barracks. In either case their beds and accoutrements are disposed of

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CYCLISTS AT BAY.

according to regulation, and especially if quartered with regular troops a volunteer is afforded an opportunity of learning the routine of barrack life.

Good Friday is marked by a mimic battle, in which, when practicable, the three arms take part. The troops parade at an early hour and after prayers have been read are marched to the rendezvous.

To give some colour of reality to the fight a number of blank cartridges are served out to each man in the ranks. This operation is carried out very speedily. Each company is drawn up with open ranks, and the "blank," as it is called, is served out to them from the barrels by the pioneers or others. Then follows the reading of the "general idea," succeeded by the special orders containing the detail for each force. The hard work of course falls to the attacking troops. Meanwhile the guns are brought into action on the attacking side with a view to weakening the defences of the opposing force and of silencing their guns. When the artillery is judged to have inflicted sufficient damage the infantry is launched on to the attack, firing volley after volley as it advances.

The brunt of the battle falls to the firing line. This in time is reinforced by its supports, and later by the reserves, for numerous casualties must be allowed for when a force advances under fire over open ground.

During the first stage of the battle, cyclists find sufficient duties to occupy their time, especially when attached to the defence. As scouts and messengers they are valuable, and have the means of pushing on ahead to hold some bridge or defile, acting in the same capacity as mounted infantry. One of our illustrations shows how they can provide themselves against attack by forming a "zareba" of their cycles. Such an entanglement would prove most disastrous to cavalry were they to swoop down upon the wheelmen, but on the other hand the attack would no doubt have the effect of depriving the

Photos. R. W. Thomas. Copyright,

BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED

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cyclists of their inanimate "mounts." The illustration following depicts a section engaged in conveying a wounded man to hospital. It will be seen that the machines are made to take the place of an ambulance waggon.

To return to the attacking force, the first line, composed of the firing line, supports and reserves, is followed by a second and sometimes by a third line. When the first has neared the position and is declared to have sufficiently crippled the defence, the second line advances and joins in the charge. After the expulsion of the garrison the order for volley firing is given, and the retreating foe suffers from a hot fire until the "cease fire" is sounded.

Copyright. Hudson & Kearns.

"CEASE FIRE"

So far we have assumed that the efforts of the attacking force have been crowned with success, but this is not necessarily so. The defending troops are strongly posted behind cover, and should make the attackers pay dearly while advancing. In all likelihood, too, they have devised some plan of counter-attack to outflank the enemy, or at least to harass

THE WATER SUPPLY.

him seriously, and make his second or third line form to repel them.

All the dispositions of either force are closely watched by a staff of umpires, and at the close of the battle the opinion of the chief umpire on the developments is given to officers commanding.

It is then the duty of the officers commanding companies to explain the operations to their men, pointing out any mistakes that have been made during the day.

The march home from the battle-field to camp or quarters follows.

From Photos. By a Volunteer Officer.

THE REGIMENTAL BARBER AT WORK.

As soon as the units arrive in camp the bugle sounds for dinner, and the orderly men are at the cook-house. At the towns chosen for volunteer manœuvres there are always abundant opportunities for recreation if after such an arduous battle anyone feels inclined to leave his quarters. More often does the volunteer devote the evening to the preparing of his accoutrements and the cleaning of his rifle for the following day. This done, if he be in barracks he betakes himself to the nearest canteen, fraternises with his brethren of the Line, and enjoys a good variety entertainment free of charge. If stationed in some public building or in camp, amusement is always provided in the shape of a smoking concert, or the like.

Saturday is usually devoted to a kit inspection or ceremonial parade, for the present is a befitting opportunity for drill in battalion. A parade of this nature is always sure to draw a number of spectators from the neighbouring town. Volley firing by companies or sections is a part of the programme viewed with interest. By kit inspection is meant the examination of all the volunteers' belongings laid out in a

From a Photo. By a Volunteer Officer.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

certain way. The commanding officer, who conducts the inspection, passes through each company and carefully examines each man's kit, seeing that his clothing and equipment are placed according to regulation. There is always a great deal of preparation for a commanding officer's parade. Especially when other regiments are present each man does his best to make himself smart in every way. The question of shaving is sometimes a difficult one with a young man in good circumstances who is accustomed to visit the hairdresser daily. However, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the regimental barber usually profits by his friend's incapacity. The latter is deprived of the "American chair," the bay rum and powder, and must content himself with an *al fresco* shave, in which he assists the operator by holding the brush and soap.

On Sunday there is a church parade for those of all denominations, but no other parade is held, and, except those who are detailed for guard and picquet, all are permitted to walk abroad.

Monday is devoted to another fight or review, at the close of which the forces once more entrain or embark for their headquarters, benefited by their few days of "soldiering."

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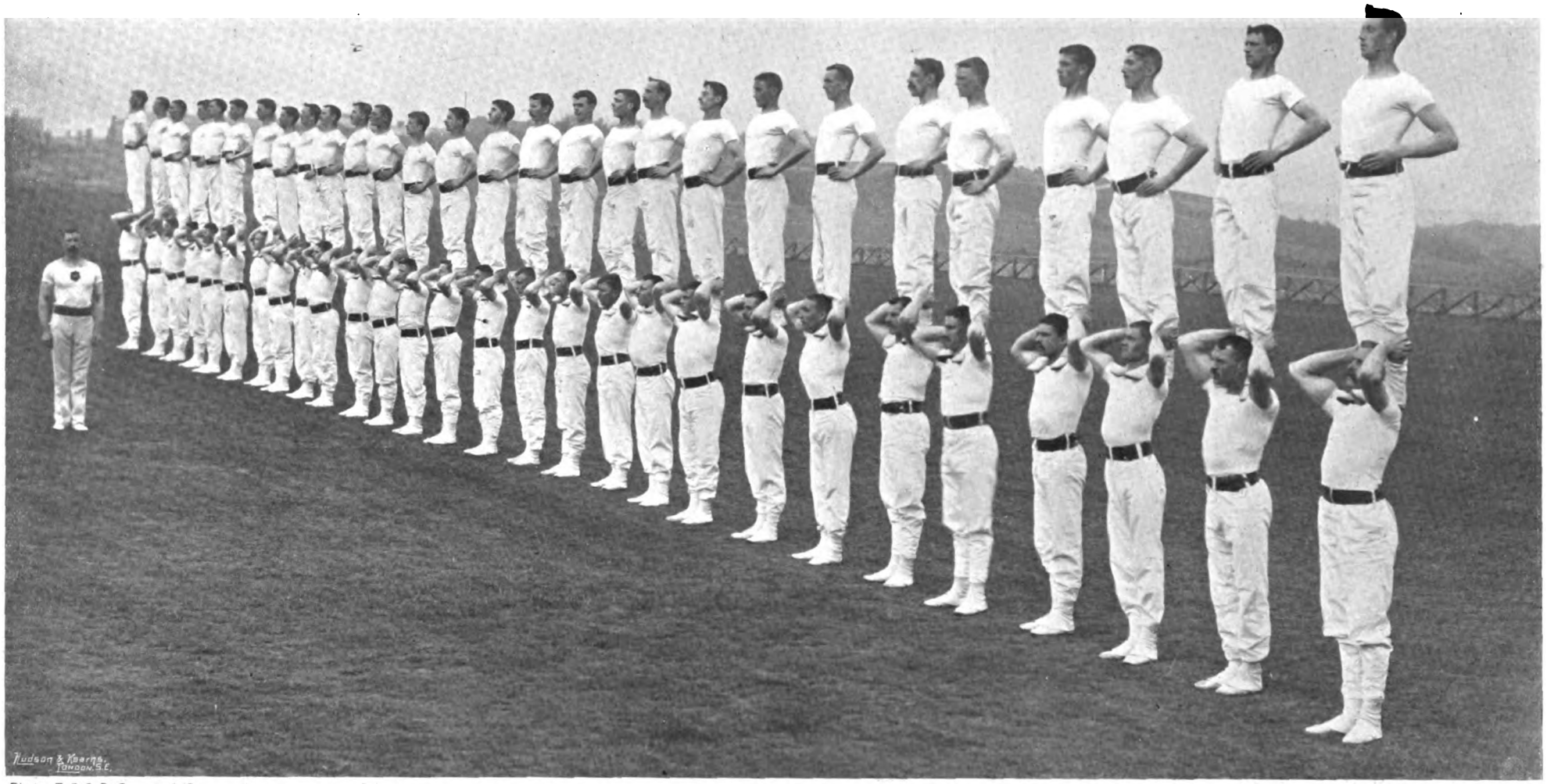

Photo. F.G.O.S. Gregory & Co.

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PREPARING FOR THE ALDERSHOT MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

OF late years gymnastics have greatly gained in popularity in the Army. They are encouraged by all officers, from the Commander-in-Chief downwards, and men are given every opportunity of rendering themselves efficient in all kinds of athletic sport. Recruits on joining are bound to go through a course of gymnastics, but this is now conducted on highly-scientific lines. The man's physical condition is carefully considered, and he is made to perform no exercises beyond his strength. Thus he gradually passes, without any undue tax on his strength, through all the intermediary stages until he has reached a high physical standard. Such an exercise as took place last week at Aldershot is held to be of more real value to the soldier than those requiring artificial appliances. It is termed a "living wall," and might possibly be of value when escalading has to be done.

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THE Navy will this year take a more prominent part than heretofore at the great May tournament at Islington. In addition to a display of skill at arms on the line of the smart gun-drill performance which is so popular, this year's tournament will see the sailors sharing in the honours of the Grand Pageant. The historical pageant of 1898 will take the form of a combined Naval and Military display, in four tableaux, to represent the four most notable expeditions carried through by the sister Services conjointly—the Cadiz Expedition of 1596, the taking of Gibraltar in 1704, the Egyptian Expedition of 1801, and the second Egyptian Expedition of a few years ago. Every care is being taken to ensure accuracy in the uniforms of both seamen and soldiers of the earlier periods. On the Military side the task is comparatively easy, as the general dress of men-at-arms and soldiers of all ranks has been preserved for us in certain numerous well-known contemporary pictures. There is more apparent difficulty on the Naval side, but that has been got over by research.

* * * *

THE dress of the seamen of 1596 is pretty clearly set out in various papers of accounts still preserved. There are notes of the supply of "canvas for breches and doublettes"; "coutten for lyninges and petticoates"; stockings, canvas caps, Monmouth caps, linen breeches, and woollen and worsted hose. There is also in a contemporary treatise on navigation a sketch of a seaman, apparently an officer (Harl. MSS., 167, f. 39). He is shown wearing a Monmouth or small Tam o' Shanter cap, a small ruff round the neck, and long bell-mouthed trousers. The colour of the details of the uniform is not stated, but it is known that the Tudor livery of green and white was worn in the Navy. The Naval State papers of Henry VIII. contain numerous references to mariners', gunners', and servitors' jackets and coats of "white and green cloth," of white and green camlet, and of satin and damask, for officers of rank. The Cadiz Expedition was under Lord High Admiral Howard of Effingham, who commanded against the Armada, and the Earl of Essex, as joint admirals, with Lord Thomas Howard and Sir Walter Raleigh as the vice and rear admiral. Seventeen men-of-war took part, led by the "Ark Royal," the "Repulse," the "Mer-Honour," and the "Warspite" as flag-ships. The Navy forced the entrance into Cadiz Harbour, and took, sank, and burnt the large Spanish fleet anchored there, and then landed the 7,000 soldiers on board the fleet, who took Cadiz by storm.

* * * *

THERE is no evidence that the seamen of Tudor times wore armour, although Sir Richard Hawkins, in 1593, urged them to do so, and in Harrison's "Elizabethan England" mention is made of breast-plates and morions, as well as liveries and caps for the gunners, supplied in the equipment of the ships serving against the Spanish Armada. As to the cut and colour of the sailors' dress, Hakluyt tells us in his account of Sir Hugh Willoughby's expedition to the North Seas in 1553, that all the mariners of the squadron were "apparelled in Watchett or skie-coloured cloth"—Watchett being a place in Somersetshire noted then for its manufacture of sky-blue cloth, as Kendal for its green. There must have also been something distinctive in the garments worn, for one writer mentions how, meeting another vessel in the Pacific, "we knew her to be English because the seamen wore breeches." Chaucer's description in the fourteenth century of the shipman, "all in a gowne of falding to the knee," tells us of the antiquity of the petticoat, which as late as Marryat's time still formed a portion of the sailor's kit.

* * * *

FOR the Naval uniform for Queen Anne's reign, worn in the fleet that took Gibraltar, there is the authority in contemporary prints, and an Admiralty Order issued by Prince George of Denmark, the Lord High Admiral. The seamen of Queen Anne's Navy wore grey jersey jackets, lined with red cotton, with fifteen brass buttons, and two pockets of linen, the button-holes stitched with gold-colour thread; waistcoats of Welsh red, plain, unlined, with eighteen brass buttons, the holes stitched with gold-colour thread; and red kersey breeches, lined with linen, with three leather pockets, and thirteen white tin buttons, the button-holes stitched with white thread. Blue and white checked shirts and drawers, grey woollen gloves, shoes with round toes and brass buckles, with iron tongues, and leather caps, faced with red cotton and lined with linen, completed their costume. The officers wore the ordinary long flowing full-bottomed wigs of dark hair, and long-skirted coats of the period. There was probably little difference either in cut or colour from the general turn-out worn ten years before, for which we have the authority of a print, engraved by Weigel in the reign of William III., of an "Englischer Admiral zur See," represented wearing a long square-cut scarlet coat, laced with gold, a long-flapped blue waistcoat, cocked hat edged with feathers, black stockings drawn up to the knees, laced neck-cloth, ruffles, etc. A letter also, from Mr. Locker to the secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, in 1830, speaking of the variety of Naval costumes in the pictures at Greenwich Hospital—which are still there—mentions the three chief Naval officers of about 1704, Rooke, Russell, and Shovell, as "clothed in crimson and Lincoln green, surmounted with the flowing wig which then distinguished alike the men of the robe and of the sword."

As to the Naval uniform worn in 1801, there is no difficulty at all, as the drawings that Rowlandson executed at Messrs. Ackermann's order, between 1795 and 1799, are in existence. They comprise ten plates, published in 1799, and represent an admiral, captain, lieutenant, midshipman, purser, marine officer, carpenter, cook, seaman, and cabin boy. The uniform was blue, without any facing, for all officers, who also wore gold epaulettes, admirals with three, two, and one star on each epaulette, to denote the ranks of full, vice, and rear admiral. Captains over three years' standing wore plain gold epaulettes, captains under three years' one epaulette on the right shoulder, and masters and commanders one epaulette on the left shoulder. Lieutenants and junior officers had no epaulettes. All officers wore three-cornered cocked hats, lieutenants and junior officers carrying their swords in a broad leather belt slung over the shoulder. White waistcoats were worn with white knee-breeches and silk stockings and buckle shoes. Blue waistcoats and trousers seem to have been optional. There is also a picture extant, by De Loutherbergh, of the landing at Alexandria, with Sidney Smith in the foreground, directing the movements of the boats. From this picture, and from others of the same date, it is evident that on actual service, such as boarding or cutting-out expeditions, the officers wore leather hats, somewhat conical in shape and with gold lace and cockade on one side. Of the sailors' dress in 1801, no regulation existed, but blue jackets, white trousers, and tarpaulin hats were customary. Straw hats were worn in some ships in the tropics. There is a picture of a seaman of 1805, of the "Royal Sovereign," wearing "white ducks, long in the legs and taut in the hips, checked shirt, and round blue jacket with bright buttons, black tie, white stockings, long-quartered shoes, a regular neat-cut low-crowned tarpaulin hat, with the name of his ship painted on the ribbon, and with pigtail down to his stern-post." A characteristic feature of seamen's dress at the time was the ornamentation of their jackets by the sewing of strips of canvas down the seam, and many of the seamen would also seem to have affected striped trousers.

* * * *

THE position of the militia is not well understood by the public. It is a force which is not often seen in the metropolis, and it is quite overshadowed in popular interest by the volunteers, who are essentially the popular element in our defensive Services. The capabilities of the militia have recently been discussed in Parliament, and there seems to be a fairly unanimous opinion that the Service is capable of being formed into a trustworthy army for either home or foreign duty. The Commander-in-Chief and several high authorities seem to hold that opinion, but they regard the body of officers as requiring some kind of reconstruction or reform. The fact is that there are several examinations which may be undergone by officers of militia, and those who pass them may be considered perfectly well instructed and fit for their positions, but there are other officers who do not take the trouble to pass these examinations. The consequence is that there are two classes of officers, the fit and the questionable. The latter, in serious times, are a source of weakness. It has, therefore, been recommended to make proper examinations obligatory.

* * * *

CAMPAIGNS, and indeed all operations of war, are made successful by doctors and commissariat, quite as much as by purely fighting men. There is a time-honoured aphorism to the effect that "an army marches on its," let us say, "digestive organs," and, *a fortiori*, it fights on the same portions of its structure. When, therefore, we read of arduous marches executed in good order, and of attack or defence victoriously carried out, we may generally, although not invariably, picture to ourselves well-fed troops and good sanitary superintendence. Soldiers are much more frequently killed by disease and want of proper nutriment than by the enemy, and so it is a paramount duty to supply them with a sufficient quantity of the best obtainable food. The Germans, in 1870-71, with all their foresight, close to their base, and fighting in what might comparatively be called a land of plenty, lost nearly six times as many men by sickness as they did by the enemy. This may help us to realise the care and organisation required to keep troops in good condition in distant and savage parts of the world where local supplies are not to be found.

* * * *

"G. W." wants some particulars regarding the Volunteer Engineers, with special reference to three or four queries put forward by himself and about half-a-dozen fellow readers. In the space at my disposal I cannot treat the subject at all fully, but doubtless the following details will be acceptable. The Volunteer Engineers are now part and parcel of the Royal Engineers, and are divided into two classes, (1) Fortress and Railway, and (2) Submarine Miners. They take precedence after the Artillery and before the Rifles, and are intended to be to the remainder of the volunteer force much what the regular sappers are to the regular Army, although their organisation by battalions resembles the Continental system rather than the company organisation of the Royal Engineers. For the Submarine Miners there are special regulations, which I will not enter into unless further information on this head is specifically asked for. The Fortress and Railway Engineer Corps is supposed to be chiefly formed of persons connected with the engineering profession, or employed as masons, joiners, quarrymen, navigators, or the like; but in some corps there is considerable laxity in observing this regulation.

* * * *

No special qualifications are needed for a commission in a Volunteer Engineer corps. The cost of an officer's outfit does not appreciably exceed that of an officer in the infantry, and depends, of course, on the tailor employed. Perhaps £25 or £30 may be regarded as a fair average, towards which the Government will conditionally allow £20. At or before the second inspection of his corps a Volunteer Engineer officer has to pass an examination which includes both drill and musketry, and a certain proficiency in military engineering. They are not obliged to go through a course at the School of Military Engineering at Chatham, but it is greatly to their interest to do so. The classes last about seven weeks, and are formed twice a year, on or about the 1st April and 15th September. The annual camps of Fortress and Railway Engineers are on the same lines as the regimental camps of rifle battalions. The Submarine Miners have to undergo a continuous annual training of not less than eight and not more than fifteen days. The special duties of Volunteer Engineers will be found indicated in the official manual of military engineering; they include field fortification, demolitions, bridging operations, and other interesting work.

THE EDITOR.

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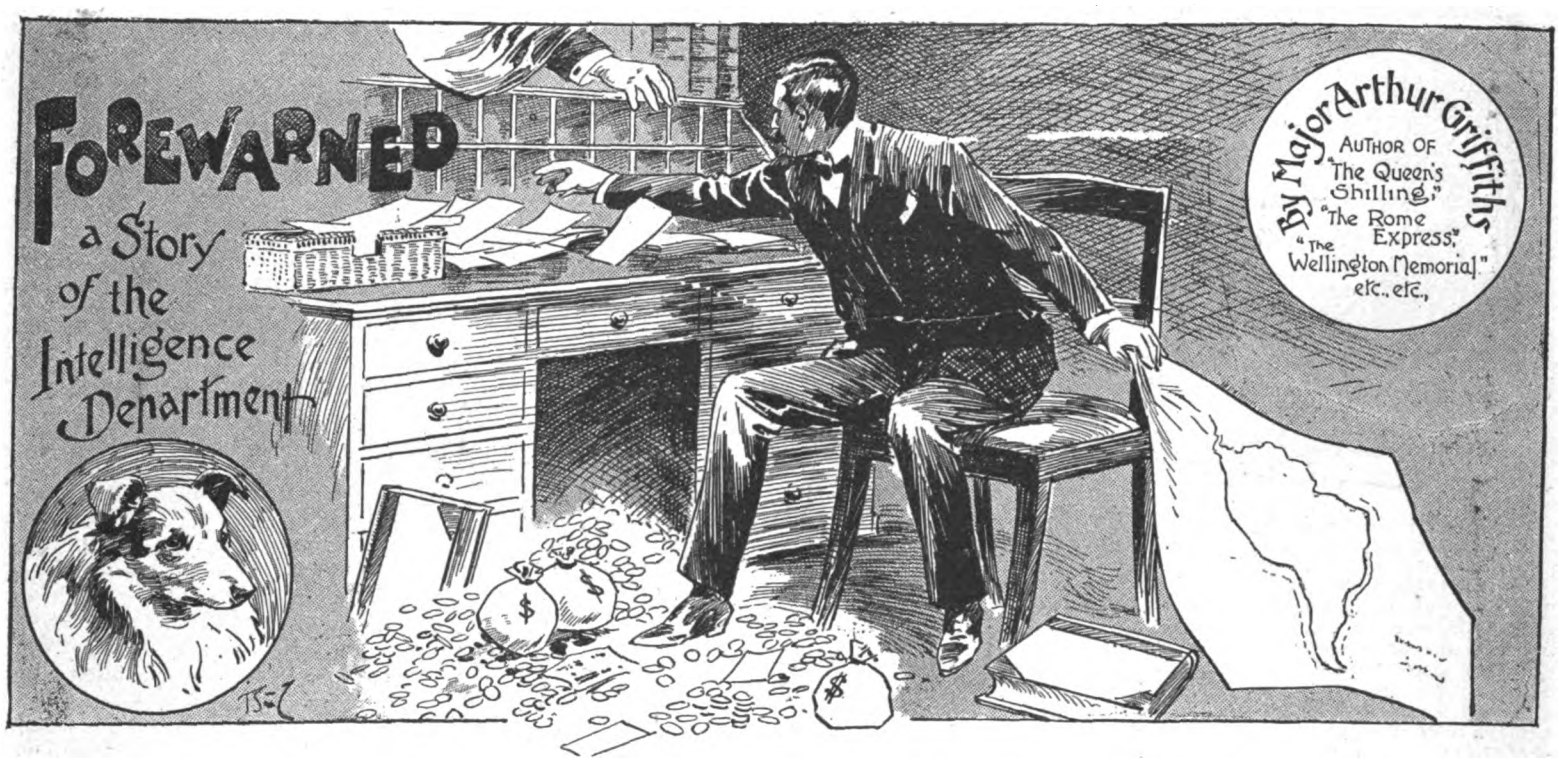
FOREWARNED
a Story of the Intelligence Department
By Major Arthur Griffiths
Author of "The Queen's Shilling," "The Rome Express," "The Wellington Memorial," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Captain Wood is an officer on the staff of the Intelligence Department of the War Office engaged with certain confidential questions pending with the United States Government. A lawyer tells him that an unknown relative, an American millionaire, has left him a colossal fortune. At the same time an American detective warns him that he has enemies plotting against his fortune and his life. At the Intelligence Office he is given some confidential work to carry through connected with an attack on New York. The same day the American detective details the nature of the plot against his fortune and the military secrets he possesses. He meets Frida Wolstenholme at a ball, where he proposes, and is accepted. He gets into a cab, when he is attacked, hocussed, and loses consciousness. Recovering at length, he finds himself tied and bound, and is subjected to a cruel and painful ordeal. Snuyzer, the American detective, having shadowed Captain Wood all night, sees him carried off towards Hammersmith, follows his tracks, and believes he has run him to earth. Sets an assistant to watch the house, and returns to London. Hears at Wood's chambers that he has met with an accident, and at the American Consulate that Wood has been there. Now Sir Charles Collingham supervenes with anxious enquiries for confidential papers that are missing. Miss Wolstenholme is informed of Captain Wood's disappearance, and the whole party, with Wood's collie dog, proceed to Hammersmith. The villa is broken into, with the assistance of the police, but no Captain Wood is to be found. Snuyzer's boy Joe, whom he had placed on watch, has gone, leaving a few words chalked on the gate saying he is following some clue. Snuyzer is now much discredited. Strong doubts are thrown upon the story of Wood's capture. The police suggest Wood is hiding, when the boy Joe, Snuyzer's assistant, is brought in with the report that he has seen Wood's transfer in a carriage from Hammersmith to Featherstone Gardens. The house in Featherstone Gardens is visited, but appears to be respectable—a Spanish Duke's, family out of town. The police now declare they wash their hands of the whole business. Snuyzer finds out from the caretaker that Wood is not in the house at Featherstone Gardens, but has been kidnapped and taken to sea in a steamer; it is determined to follow in a fast cruiser, if such can be obtained from the Admiralty. On application this is found to be impossible, but at Lloyd's they agree to send a tug after the steamer, the "Fleur de Lis," and Miss Wolstenholme determines to accompany Snuyzer to New York, the detective having found out that the Spanish Duke and family, together with Wood, are going there in the "Chattahoochee." No news comes from Snuyzer in the tug, so she starts for New York alone, but is helped by a stranger who proves to be a colleague of the American detective. The dog Roy accompanies her, and is much excited, for no apparent reason, on the "Chattahoochee." Miss Wolstenholme is prostrated by sea-sickness, and can do little in watching the conspirators, and the dog, having a tell-tale collar, betrays his ownership to the Duchess.

CHAPTER XXI. *(continued).*

"YES; he's rating her soundly," remarked Mr. Rossiter. "Reckon not many American women would stand that sort of talk from their husbands. He's telling her she ought not to have taken up with you, that he had expressly ordered her to make no chance acquaintances. It's a queer game about that dog."

"What do you know about the dog?" I asked, quite frightened.

"Everything, Miss Wolstenholme. More than you do, I guess," he said with a little laugh.

"Who are you?"

"A friend. But this is too public a place to talk in. Are you equal to a turn upon the deck? We shall be safe away aft there, and it will be supposed we are exercising the dog."

I went readily enough, and was greatly comforted by what I heard. This Mr. Rossiter, who had been so attentive, was an ally and agent of Mr. Snuyzer's, who had been deputed to take his place in case he could not go himself by our steamer.

"I am one of Saraband's people too, although not so high in their confidence as Saul J. He is a nailer, and has won his place by many fine operations. I am only beginning, but I hope well. Things are moving in the right direction. Buck up! Miss Wolstenholme. Before you leave this ship, before many hours pass perhaps, I shall be able to give you some startling surprises, only you must await the right time."

I could not find words to thank him, and went back to my seat tremulous with excitement, yet patient and contented, willing to trust this new and most unexpected ally.

CHAPTER XXII.

Mr. Snuyzer continues his statement to Messrs. Saraband, a considerable portion of which, being covered by the preceding narrative, is omitted.

I LEFT Hill Street in pretty good humour, for Miss Frida Wolstenholme did not spare the spondulicks, and the draft she gave me on account might have won me from your employment if she wanted my services; for the pretty creature had fixed her hook in me, and that's fact, and you must not think the worse of me for it. Of course I was willing to do my best without her pay, but I duly report to you the receipt thereof, knowing that you will make no objection. Besides, as I am getting half my regular sleep, or less, it is fair, I opine, that my remuneration should be doubled.

Joe Vialls had been called to the office, and was waiting, when I got there, to make arrangements.

"You know the sea, don't you, Joseph? Would you like a trip afloat?" And the little chap stared and blinked at me with wide-open eyes, taking his time before he answered.

"I'll go, master, if you're on the job, master. But I won't ship with strangers. I'd rather be a lady's lap-dog than follow seafaring. Once I was nipper on board a Thames bottom trading to Hull, and had my back teeth under water most of the time. I had a season too on a Grimsby trawler, where they kicked me most days on to the fish heaps in the hold, and walloped me for falling there. Another time I made a voyage in a steam tramp, as a runner, and was nigh busted with the heat and bilge."

"You're going as a gentleman, this journey, Joe, and with the police for company."

His face wore a look of doubt, for he had been brought up to fight shy of the "coppers," as he called them. But I reassured him.

"It's to look for Captain Wood, and oblige Miss Wolstenholme," I said.

"Is *she* a-coming? I'd go through fire and water to the end of the world for her"; and I saw that Miss Frida had made a slave of him, as she did of most people in pantaloons.

I gave him his orders—to get his few things together and be ready in an hour's time. I had enough to do, myself. I instructed Rossiter to keep his eye on Hill Street, and act for me in any emergent matter; packed a grip-sack with a few garments, and looked up a parcel of patent medicines, with a provision of digestive meat lozenges, and a spirit lamp to make my drinking-water hot.

In the middle of this a messenger brought me on a letter from Hill Street. It was addressed to me, endorsed "immediate," and it was an envelope marked "On Her Majesty's

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Service"—which I am not, as you know, and don't want to be, being a free-born loyal subject of Uncle Sam. The letter inside was headed with the Royal Arms, and signed "Charles Collingham, Major-General." It was to inform me that the steam-tug "Jacob Silverton" had been secured for a particular business, and would be found same night lying at the Plymouth pier-head, with fires banked, ready to go to sea at a moment's notice.

The letter went on:

"I understand from Lloyd's, and it has been calculated from the Admiralty charts as the basis of her speed and the progress she has made, that the yacht 'Fleur de Lis' should be abreast of the Lizard about dawn, or say 3.30 to 4 a.m. to-morrow. If the tug leaves Plymouth before midnight she can gain such a position by daybreak as to meet the 'Fleur de Lis' and cross her course. If you do not sight her at once, you must lie-to, waiting, for she cannot well have passed.

"When you have intercepted her, as you surely will, she will be boarded by an officer of my department who will accompany you, and who carries the necessary authority from the Lords of the Admiralty to detain and search her. He is empowered to use force if necessary, and a certain number of police and coast-guardsmen will be on board the tug.

"Major Swete Thornhill, R.A., the officer in question, will meet you at Plymouth. He is a friend of Captain Wood's and brother staff-officer, and will be glad to co-operate in the rescue and render any assistance."

I turned to the schedule of trains on the Great Western road and found there was an express through at 3 p.m., and another at 5. The first reached Plymouth at 9.30, the second at 12.10; one rather too soon, the other a bit too late. I meant to connect with the 3 p.m. if I could only get to the depôt in time, for it was now nearly half-past two. But a hansom is the best hack in the world, and Joe, who has friends in all stations, picked out a good man and horse.

We ran into Paddington depôt with five minutes in hand, but I had no time to look for my officer coadjutor. I reckoned he had already found his seat, and in a first-class carriage, for I travelled third, although I hold myself as good as the best in this all-fired country. But there are no niggers in the third-class cars; on the contrary, you may meet many bright and high-toned people.

It was good travelling, and we were at Plymouth in time. On the platform I looked out for my Major, making sure to meet him here, but missed him again, as I guessed, in the crowd. A hack took us to the water-side, and we were aboard the tug, which we found easily, before ten.

There was a little crowd loafing round the smoke-stack, and I made my way straight to them.

"My name's Snuyzer. Reckon I'm expected. Is the Major ahead of me?"

"Devil a Major, Mr. Snuyzer, unless you brought him. Wasn't he in your train?"

"Coming on behind, perhaps," I said, still hopeful; but the derned soldier did not show at all, and I soon saw that he must be coming by the second train. It riled me considerable, and that's a fact, for this must make us late, very late, in getting to sea, half-an-hour or more after midnight, and we thus ran a great risk of losing the "Fleur de Lis" altogether.

I had figured it out to make a partial night's rest, say of five or six hours, but now I could not sleep one wink, I was so vexed by the confounded dilatoriness of this irritating Major. It might ruin the whole expedition, and I was for starting without him.

But the captain of the hooker took his orders from the police-sergeant, and he had his orders from the admiral-superintendent of the dockyard; and these orders were that the Major from London was to take the general direction. They could do nothing till he came, for no one knew more than that they were to go out in search of some craft in the Channel.

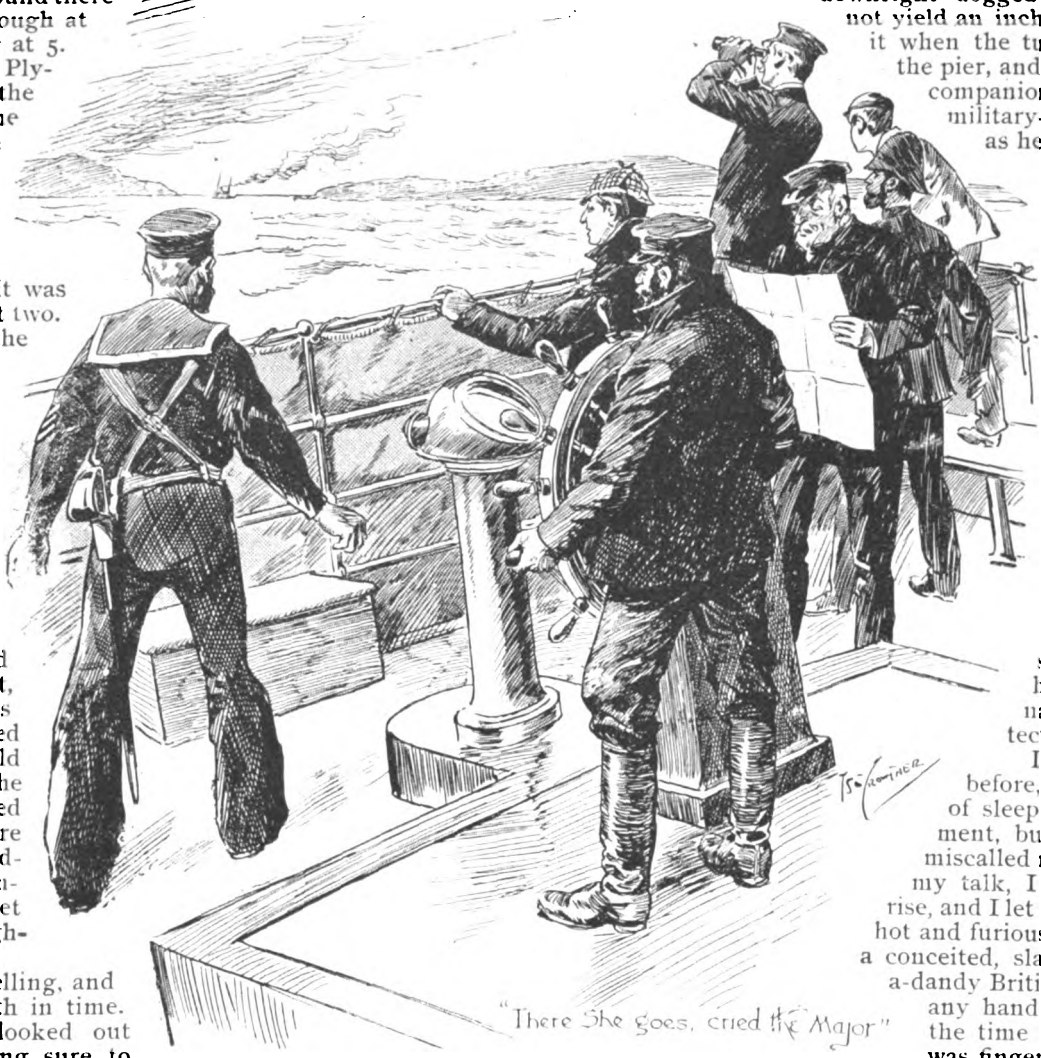
So I took the sergeant down into the little cuddy aft, and told him as much of the story as I thought necessary to prove the urgency for departure. I showed him the letter from General Collingham, and thought I had convinced him, but when he came to the part about the powers vested in the Major, he shook his head.

"See this, sir! Must have him with us. He holds the authority to detain and search. It would be a case of piracy but for that."

"But *they* are the pirates and universal enemies, by the law of nations. Anyone may stop, or shoot into, or sink them whenever encountered on the high seas."

"The law of nations won't help me if I break my orders, and my orders are to report to Major Swete Thornhill whenever he arrives. If he's late, and the affair fizzles, it will be his fault, not mine."

This was his last word. I talked and argued till I was well-nigh silly, but I could not move him. I offered to pay over any reasonable sum, and accept all the blame, but this downright dogged John Bull would not yield an inch. We were still at it when the tug was hailed from the pier, and we both ran up the companion and met a tall military-looking man just as he stepped aboard.



"There She goes, cried the Major"

"Major Swete Thornhill, I take it?" I surmised, and without waiting for his reply went on: "So you've condescended to come, have you? Tarnation late; what in thunder kept you? I've been waiting here for a couple of hours or more."

"And who in thunder might you be? And why are you in such a tarnation hurry? That tarnation Yankee detective, I take it?"

I was mad enough before, what with want of sleep and disappointment, but now, when he miscalled me and mimicked my talk, I felt my dander rise, and I let him have it back, hot and furious, cursing him for a conceited, slack-jointed, jack-a-dandy Britisher, who'd spoil any hand in a game. All the time I ragged him I was fingering my Colt, for I could have sworn there'd be shooting as the only end of it; but when I stopped, from sheer want of breath, my fine gentleman had run away.

Not far though, for he was there by the gangway watching them bring his traps aboard—trunks and hampers, and things enough for an ocean voyage.

"Send 'em all down below, Simcox," he was saying; and I saw he had brought a servant with him, as if he was going on a pleasure trip. "You can fix up my bed in any corner; and get that hamper open and some of the stuff out."

Then he turned suddenly on me, and before I could raise a protest, he gave me a great poke in the ribs, and said with a loud laugh:

"Well, Mr. Crosspatch, do you feel a little better now? Said all you want? If you haven't, spit it all out and have done with it, and come down into the cabin. There'll be some supper going."

He beat me fairly out of sight. Besides, I saw I'd made a fool of myself by losing my temper, which is always a mistake, and I said so, honest and square, when I joined him in the cuddy.

"Sit down, man," he cried cheerily, with his mouth full of food; "apologies will keep. I got no dinner—came off in such a confounded hurry. Just missed that three o'clock train, too."

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There was a fine spread on the table, sort of Derby lunch, and the hamper was marked "Fortnum & Mason." Champagne wine, too! Supper is against my principles, but I was dead hungry, and the welcome was warm, so I sat down and took my share.

"Hang that fellow Willie Wood," went on my Major. "Wish he was at the bottom of the sea. I was due this very night at a big feed at the Charlatan Club, and I've had to spend it in the train. Got me a jawbation, too, from the chief, for we were all out at lunch when he came in, and as I was the first back, I had to take the rough edge of his tongue, and came in for this ugly job. Is it all a true bill? Have they really got Master Willie in a tight place? Mean to make him walk the plank, and all that, eh?"

I told him the whole story from the beginning, at parts of which he laughed and parts looked very grave.

"Always was a garden ass, Willie Wood; but a good chap, good as they make 'em. He'd give you the shirt off his back, and always ready to do all your work if you'd let him. Now I'll do my level best to pull him out of this mess if I can. What chance have we? Let's see how it stands."

With that he pulled a small chart out of his pocket and a pair of dividers. We went over the points one by one, and he took them all in a clear quick way that was beautiful to see. It was the first time I'd had to work with a British officer, and if they're all like this Major, they're a spry smart lot, and don't you forget it.

"It's all a question of time," he said, hauling out his watch; "12.57, say one o'clock, and we've been under steam some five-and-twenty minutes. She does a bare nine knots at her best, the skipper tells me; sun rises 3.42—a little more than three hours till daylight, and we shall have gone thirty miles. Here, d'ye see?"

He marked a cross upon the chart, and after running out a few more figures, went on:

"That's where the 'Fleur de Lis' ought to be by then, three or four miles to the westward, steaming at the rate we know of, not necessarily gaining, but possibly with better speed in hand if she wants it. A close thing, Snuyzer, and I'm unfeignedly sorry I was so late. I ought to have caught that three o'clock express."

"That's so, Major, but we won't chuck yet. Tell 'em to shovel on the coals and make her hum. The game's not lost till it's won. I only wish I felt fresher."

This was the third night I'd not slept between sheets, and, except for a doze in the train, I had not closed my eyes for hours.

"Lie down there," said the Major kindly, pointing to his rugs which the man had arranged for him, "and get what sleep you can. I shall keep the deck for the rest of the night. I'd like to be the first to sight the enemy. We'll rouse you out in plenty of time. No! I insist; do as I say. Rest now; we shall want all your wits in the morning."

It was broad day, with the sun streaming down through the skylight, when he came down to wake me.

"The luck's against us, Snuyzer," he began, abruptly; "we've just missed the 'Fleur de Lis.' Saw her plainly enough, and there was no mistaking her, about three miles to the westward, and bore down on her straight. I suppose she did not like our looks and turned on full steam ahead. Doubt if we shall catch her now."

"Of course, we must stick to her. Has she the heels of us?" I asked, anxiously.

"A little, I'm afraid. Can't say for certain. What's worse, she's changed her course southerly."

"Why worse?"

"Steering for the French coast. Don't you see? If she can make a French port or gain French waters, three miles from shore, you understand, she will laugh at us. Can't touch her, they'll say."

I was ready to let out a big oath, but remembered that the blame was the Major's, and he was too white a man, anyhow, for me to swear at. But I turned out and ran up on deck to see the situation for myself.

It was a perfectly splendid morning. The sun strong, sky clear, water smooth as glass. There was our chase, leaving a long line of coal black smoke, exactly reflected in the sea.

"They're giving her all they can get," I said to the skipper as I climbed quickly on to the bridge, where the police-sergeant joined us. "Is she drawing away from us?"

"Not much, not much. I much doubt if she does at all. The next hour will settle that."

"Has she made us out, think you?"

"Must have, when she changed her course," said the sergeant.

"How is she steering?"

"W.S.W. southerly," answered the skipper. "Bring up on the Brittany Coast, I expect, a little short of Ushant. I couldn't say where, exactly, without consulting the chart, and I misdoubt me if I've got the right sort in the lockers."

My Major had a chart, I knew, and I dropped down into the cabin again to figure it out with him, exactly. He was already at it when I joined him.

"We're some ninety miles from the nearest land, as we're now steering," he said, without looking up. "Ought to strike it this afternoon early, anywhere between Lannion, Roscoff, or St. Pol, if we keep a straight course at the same speed."

"What sort of country might it be?" I asked. "Any big cities, or seaports handy?"

"Morlaix is the nearest, and Brest, the great arsenal, is just round the corner."

"Will she communicate, think you? Hardly suit her, I should say."

"It will depend. She's not the sort to appeal to the French police, gendarmes, *douaniers*, or what not. No doubt she will fight shy of the law unless we force her."

"As how?"

"See here, Mr. Snuyzer, I've got to board that yacht somehow. I mean to overhaul her and search her from stem to stern by force or stratagem, fair means or foul. She's got contraband on board. But they won't want us, and in the last extremity, to avoid our interference, they may seek protection from the French authorities."

"She'll soon be in French waters, I take it."

"That's why I'd like to head her off and board her in the open sea. But we haven't the pace, I fear. We must take our chance and act as opportunity offers."

We went on deck again to watch and wait, making out the French coast about noon, and as we neared it within a couple of miles, we saw the "Fleur de Lis" bear up suddenly as if in search of an opening; some small harbour or haven where she might slip in to lie snug and safe from our pursuit.

"There she goes," cried the Major, as the yacht disappeared between two low rocky headlands. "Take the bearings of that entrance. We must fix it and mark it down on the chart."

The place proved to be a little hamlet, St. Guignon, only a few houses standing under a background of sloping hills at the far end of a small land-locked bay. Further back the chart showed a road running nearly parallel to the coast, touching St. Pol first and then other villages, and at last Morlaix.

"They think we can't touch them; that may be so, but I mean to have a try. What's your idea?"

We talked it out at pretty considerable length, and settled:

First that we could do nothing much till nightfall, unless they came out again, which was not to be expected. We must, of course, watch for that, lying handy under easy steam off and on, ready if it so fell out to continue the pursuit.

Secondly, we must reconnoitre; someone must sneak near enough to spy on them, and without being seen try to get at their game.

Thirdly, if she held her ground we must cut her out some time in the night. It was a bold move; they might show fight, and we might get into serious trouble with the French authorities, for it would be organised war in neutral waters, a grave breach of international law; but the Major laughed, and said he meant to do it all the same.

"What I am most afraid of is that they should give us the slip. Get ashore and run for it."

"They couldn't take the Captain, not by force in broad daylight, and he wouldn't be likely to go of his own accord."

"True for you, Snuyzer. I'm in hope they'll just stay where they are, thinking to weary us out. However, they may stay a little too long. Now I'm for the shore."

I offered to go with him, but he thought too many might attract attention. He wanted to land unobserved, under shelter of the eastern headland, get upon the rocks, and, climbing the crags, look down on the yacht from above. He took Joe with him, because the lad had seen some of the hoodlums in the Strathallan Road, and if he recognised them now we should have all the proof we wanted.

The Major was away for a good hour, and he came back alone. He had left Joe on the watch, with one or two signals arranged to keep us up to the time of day. If the yacht moved her berth he was to wave his cap, if she sent a boat ashore, his handkerchief, and so on.

"They're not very comfortable on board," the Major said. "Got a man at the masthead on the look-out, and I fancy he can see our smoke. Their fires are banked. Should not be surprised if they tried to run for it after dark. We must be on the alert, ready to give chase, or they may get away again."

"You'll wait to take the boy off, I hope?" I was anxious about Joe, not wishing he should come to harm.

"That's all right. He understands. If we have to leave in a hurry he's to make the best of his way back to England on his own account. I gave him money and explained. No fear of him."

(*To be continued*).

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GENERAL JOHN HART DUNNE.

GENERAL DUNNE is an old Scots Fusilier, which celebrated old fighting corps he entered as ensign in September, 1852. With the Royal Scots Fusiliers he, in 1854, went to the Crimea, and had a share in every engagement in which the Army took part in the Eastern Campaign. He was present with his regimen at the battle of the Alma—in the 4th Division—after that at Balaclava, then in the thick of the fray in the terrible November fight at Inkerman, "the soldiers' battle," in the trenches before Sebastopol, and finally in the great assault on the Redan on June 18th, 1855. Before the war was over he had gained his captaincy—on July 27th, 1855. General Dunne wears for the Crimea the British Army medal with four clasps, the fifth class of the Medjidie, and the Turkish medal. General Dunne also saw service in the North China War of 1860, in which he served with the 99th Regiment (now the 2nd Wiltshire), and took part in several engagements, including the assault and capture of the Taku Forts and the final surrender of Pekin. For the China War he holds the China medal with two clasps. He became major-general in 1881, lieutenant-general in 1889, and general in 1893. General Dunne is the holder of a reward for distinguished and meritorious services.

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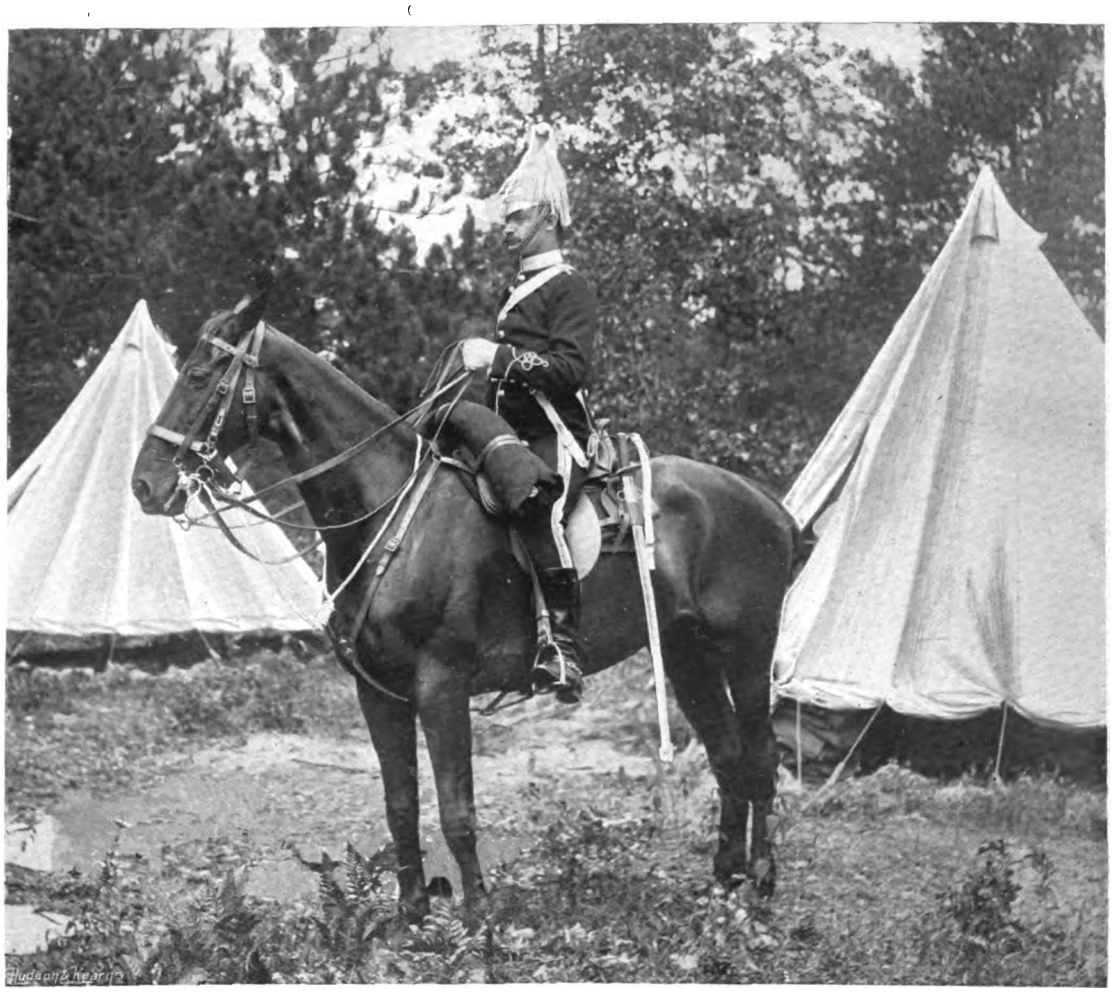
Our Colonial Forces: CANADA.—II.

THE rumours which are rife as to the possibility of war in more than one quarter of the globe, render the question of colonial defence a peculiarly interesting one at the present moment. Should England unhappily be involved, it would behove us to have every available man at his post, and the Canadian Militia would of necessity be called out to maintain the integrity of our vast North American dominion.

The first corps in precedence among the Militia Cavalry is the Governor-General's Body Guard, raised in 1855. The headquarters are at Toronto, and the regiment numbers about 230; the uniform being blue with white facings, a white plume on steel helmet, and silver lace.

The first and second pictures represent members of this fine corps, the troop sergeant-major in full dress and the officers in undress, with white helmets for warm weather. They are a city corps of militia, putting in, no doubt, a large number of drills in excess of the compulsory amount, and ready to turn out promptly on any emergency, as they proved on the occasion of the North-West Rebellion in 1885, when they were among the first to present themselves in service trim, with a full roll-call, and were attached to the column under Colonel Otter. They were not required, however, to go to the front, but were stationed at Humboldt, being employed, no doubt, in keeping communications open and assisting as escorts to transport trains.



TROOP SERGEANT-MAJOR, GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODY GUARD.

The Militia Cavalry consists, in addition to the Governor-General's Body Guard, of the following:—1st Hussars, 2nd and 3rd Dragoons, 4th Hussars, 5th Dragoons, 6th and 8th Hussars. Independent squadrons: Queen's Own Canadian Hussars, King's Canadian Hussars, Manitoba Dragoons, Montreal Hussars. Independent troops: Princess Louise's Dragoon Guards, Winnipeg Dragoons. The regiments usually consist of 226 rank and file, though the 8th Hussars muster 350; a squadron is eighty-five strong as a rule, and a troop forty-five. The total number of Militia Cavalry available is therefore about 2,350, exclusive of the 145 regulars. The uniforms, as has been stated, follow closely the lines of the Imperial cavalry, the Hussars' almost exactly resembling that of the 13th Hussars, but with white helmets except in the case of the 8th and the Queen's Own, who wear busbies.

The 3rd Dragoons wear red with yellow facings, yellow metal helmets, black and red plumes. The Manitoba Dragoons have red with white facings and white helmets. The remaining Dragoons are dressed similarly to the 6th Carabiniers, namely, blue with white facings. The tall young sergeant of Hussars represented in the third picture is wearing the laced forage cap, which is common to all. He certainly looks very juvenile for a responsible position as sergeant, but doubtless in the Canadian Militia, as in our regular Army, young men sometimes come along who rise very rapidly.

The last illustration contains some examples of several cavalry corps, both Hussars and Dragoons. The four nearest

OFFICERS, GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODY GUARD.

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men are all Hussars, and wear the braided tunic which has become characteristic of them. The two first, with white helmets, belong respectively to the King's Canadian Hussars from Nova Scotia, and the 1st Hussars from London, Ontario. The next two, with busbies, belong to the Queen's Own Canadian Hussars from Quebec, and the 8th from New Brunswick; the latter being the strongest cavalry regiment in Canada. The other men represent the Royal Canadian Dragoons (described in our last notice), the Princess Louise's Dragoon Guards from Ottawa, and the 3rd Dragoons. The right-hand man is of the North-West Mounted Police, of

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SERGEANT OF CANADIAN HUSSARS.

whom we shall have more to say later on. The fourth picture shows the animated scene at Montreal on the 22nd of June last year, when a grand review of the Militia was held in honour of the Queen's Jubilee. There was, unfortunately, a strong breeze blowing—as will be gathered from the attitude of the large flag at the saluting point and the elegant curve described by the flag-staff—and the dust it carried rather tended to damp, or perhaps to dry up, the enthusiasm of the spectators. The Militia turned out, however, in force, and made a brave show, though it is stated that some of their uniforms afforded evidence of the long duration of "piping times of peace," having obviously suffered from being put away too long. The old idea that if you put a shabby coat away long enough it will come out new does not apply to uniforms, or at any rate not to scarlet ones. The moment at which this picture is taken is during the passing of the A Squad of the 6th Duke of Connaught's Royal Canadian Hussars; and it is interesting to learn that, only a month afterwards, this was made an independent squadron, under the name of the Montreal Hussars. The reason for detaching this squadron from the 6th Hussars—which are presumably filled up to their former strength—does not appear, unless some explanation is to be found in the fact that A Squadron came out at the head of the last efficiency return, and was therefore selected for special distinction. However this may be, the amputation of the squad is a *fait accompli*, and it is commanded by Major F. Whitely.

The Governor-General's Body Guard dates, as has been stated, from the year 1855; and this was in fact the year in which the military force of Canada was first instituted in anything like its present organisation, being divided into two bodies, the active and sedentary Militia. The latter consists of all those of eligible age who have not come forward to join the colours and go through their drills; so that every man in Canada is, if only in a negative sense, a militiaman, whether he likes it or not. In those days, however, matters were on a very different footing from that of the present day, for a considerable force of Imperial troops was always maintained in Canada, and the Militia consequently was not of the same importance or efficiency, though there was always an excellent spirit, and no difficulty was experienced in filling the ranks. In 1870 came a momentous change; it was determined to withdraw the Imperial troops, except those at Halifax, which has to be protected as a coaling station for the Fleet, and to throw upon Canada the responsibility of maintaining her own defences. This, as will readily be realised, was a radical step, and it was carried out in a radical manner. The withdrawal was so complete that the stores were sold, the guns passed over to Canada, and even the sentry-boxes were shipped for England; which latter might have been interpreted by ingenious pessimists as typical of the complete desertion of the colony by the Imperial Government, and the withdrawal of all protection. Whether the pessimists had their say about it or not is not related; but the point which most concerns us is the fact that a large proportion of the Militia Cavalry regiments, as now existing, date their organisation from 1872 and the few succeeding years, which affords convincing proof that the Canadians had no intention of sitting down and wringing their hands over the departure of the Imperial regiments, though it was undoubtedly a great blow to them, both socially and commercially. To enter more into detail, the 1st Hussars, 2nd Dragoons, and Princess Louise's Dragoon Guards date from 1872, the King's Canadian Hussars from 1874, the 3rd Dragoons and 4th Hussars from 1875, the 5th Dragoons from 1877, the Winnipeg Dragoons from 1878, and the 6th Hussars from 1879. The 8th Hussars and the Queen's Own Canadian Hussars—the only wearers of the busbies, it will be recollected—have an older date, going back respectively to 1869 and 1856; while the Manitoba Dragoons came later, in 1893. Being left to their own resources, the Canadians at once commenced to improve and extend their organisation. While the British troops were among them, it had been customary to permit individual officers and men who desired to perfect themselves to spend a short time with various regiments for that purpose. The departure of the Linesmen was followed by the institution of military schools, and subsequently of a Royal Military College at Kingston, which is conducted on the model of Sandhurst, and four commissions are given annually by the British Government to successful competitors.

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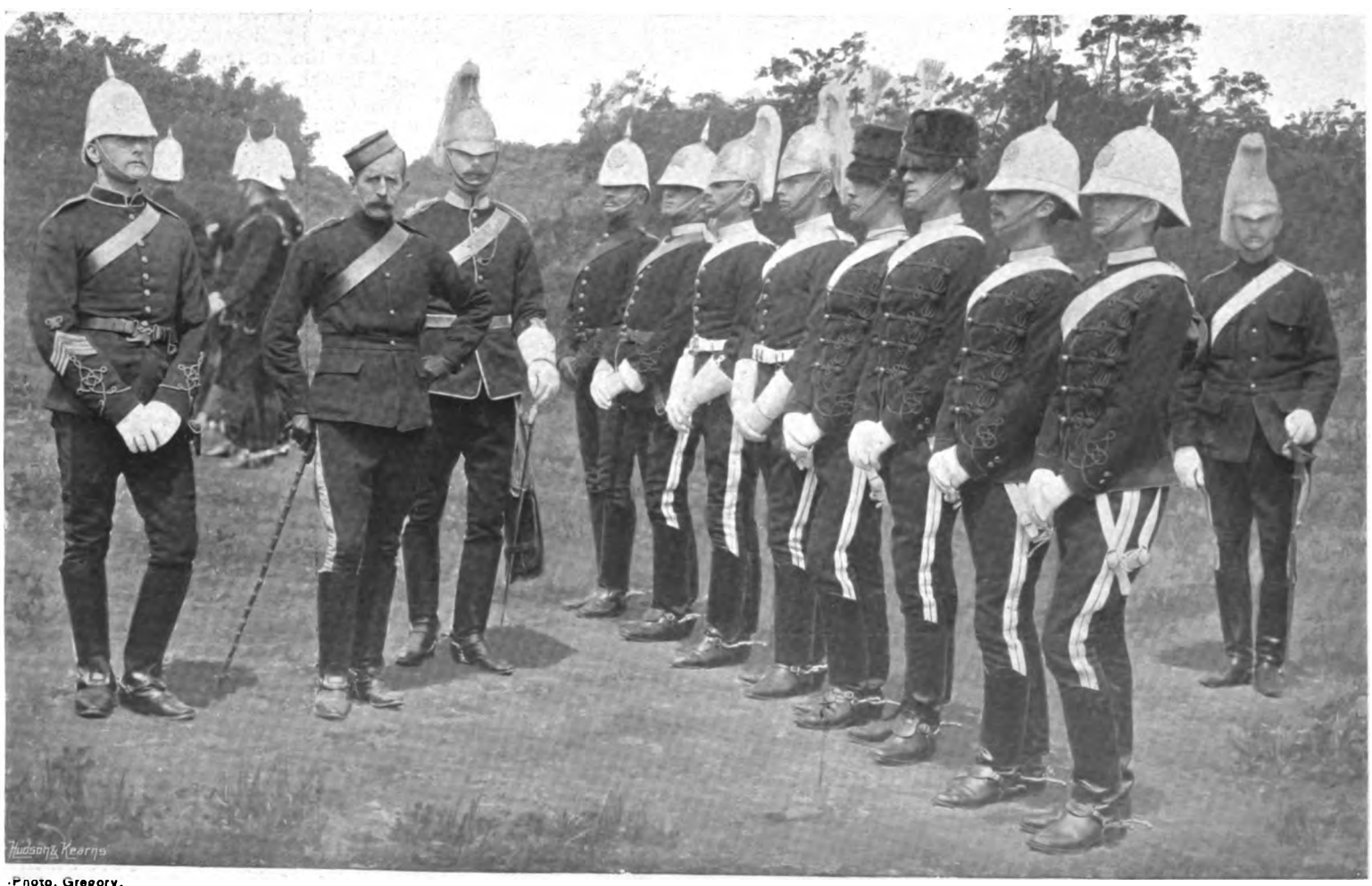
SQUAD OF 6th DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S ROYAL CANADIAN HUSSARS.

The Imperial troops, however, had some work found for them before finally departing. Canada was passing through an interesting phase of its history just then, and one event led on to another. In 1867 was passed the Act of Confederation of the British North American Provinces, by which all were included in the Dominion of Canada; and the consummation of this Act had the effect of drawing attention to the territory in the North-West, then almost entirely in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company; and following on the precedent afforded by the cession of India and the extinction of the East India Company, it was considered that the time had arrived for a similar policy in the North-West Provinces. It will be necessary for us to go a little into the history of these occurrences, in explanation of subsequent events which compelled the Dominion Government to call out part of her Militia, assisted in the first instance by some Imperial troops, though in after years they "ran the whole show" themselves, and with credit, as will be seen; but the details must be reserved for a future number.

(To be continued.)



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TYPES, CANADIAN CAVALRY.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 64.] SATURDAY, APRIL 23rd, 1898.

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THE CAPTAIN, COMMANDER, AND FIRST LIEUTENANT OF THE "POWERFUL."

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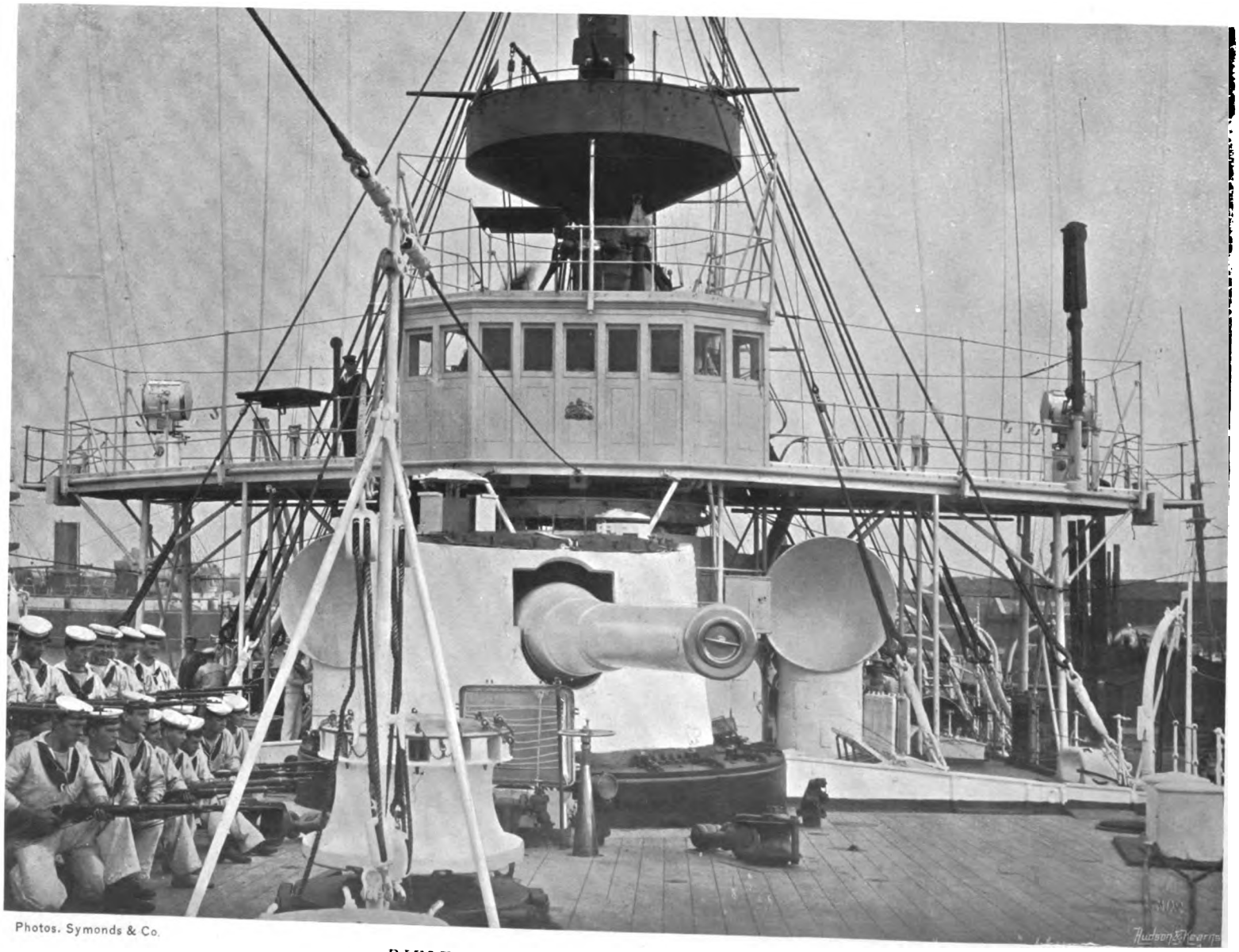
The Heaviest Cruiser in the China Seas.

THE recently-obtained lease of Wei-Hai-Wei and the movements of the ships from Hong Kong has again drawn attention to our squadron in the China Seas. The "Victorious" and "Barfleur," now detached from the Mediterranean, and the "Centurion," flag-ship, are the only battle-ships on the station. Neither of these vessels approach in size the cruiser "Powerful," which is quite the largest man-of-war of any nationality in that quarter of the globe. She is commanded by Captain the Hon. H. Lambton, whose portrait is given herewith. The two officers who stand beside him are Commander A. P. Ethelston and Lieutenant J. Nicholas (1st lieutenant). All three officers have seen active service, the captain and 1st lieutenant having been present at the bombardment of Alexandria, and taken part in the subsequent operations on shore; and the commander having taken part in the operations in the Eastern Soudan in 1884-85. The officers, numbering nearly fifty, are shown in another picture; and this does not appear an excessive allowance, in view of the fact that her total complement is no less than 894, a large number, of course, being stokers.

THE OFFICERS OF THE "POWERFUL."

The "Powerful" was the subject of a good many enquiries in the House of Commons at the commencement of the present session, on account of certain defects which developed in her machinery during her outward voyage, and the large amount of coal alleged to have been expended. A vessel of 14,000 tons displacement is likely to use a good deal of coal, and her efficiency as an economical steamer cannot be estimated by merely stating the amount expended. When it is reduced to "lbs. per indicated horse-power per hour," or stated in terms of displacement and speed, it becomes instructive, and not until then. Now that the Easter Recess is over, no doubt some more detailed information will be afforded to the curious on these points; and it is to be hoped that it will be satisfactory, as such a huge vessel represents a good many eggs in one basket.



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RIFLE DRILL ON THE FORECASTLE.

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THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN OF THE "POWERFUL."

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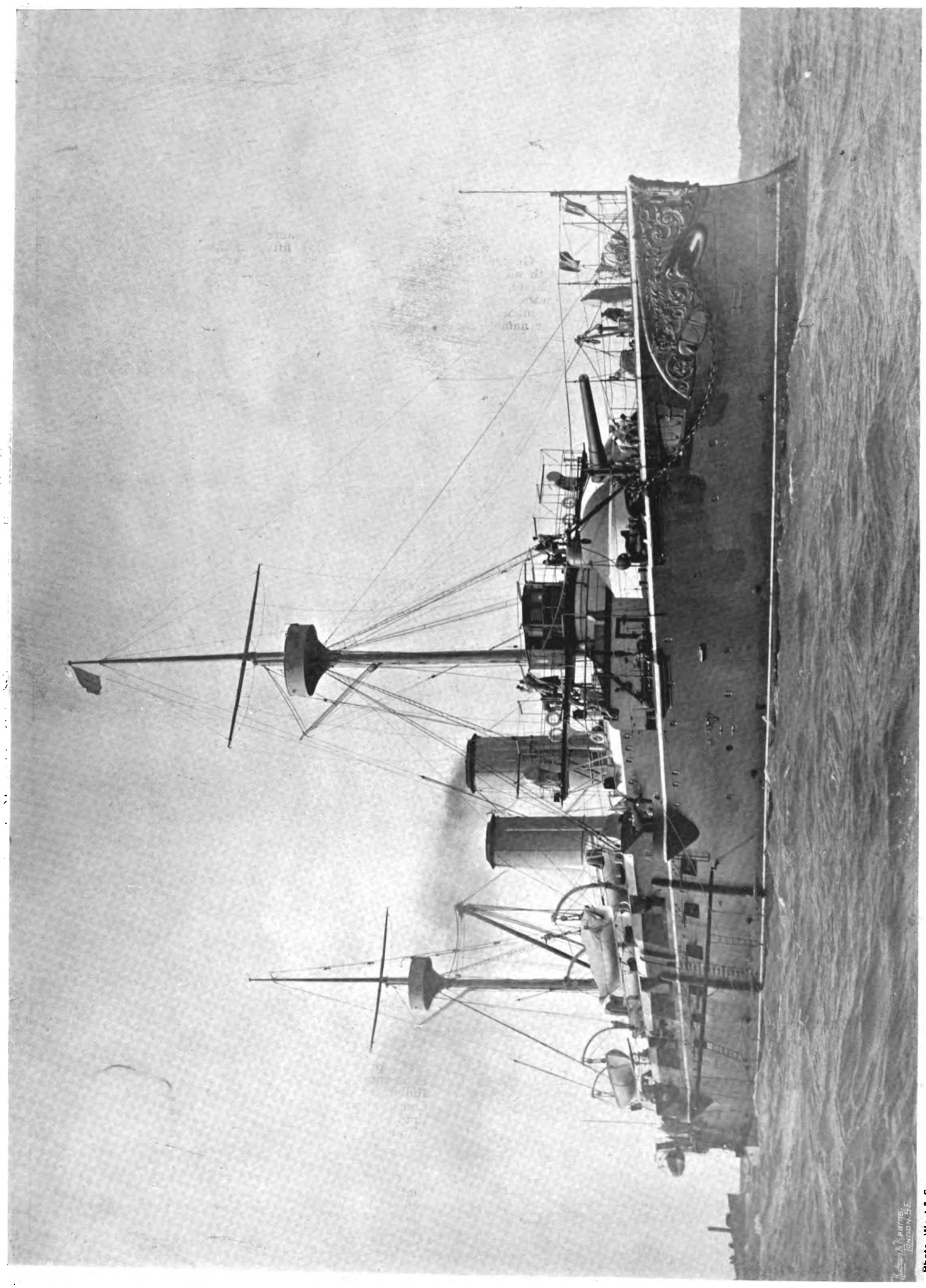

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THE CRUISER "VIZCAYA," SPAIN'S ADVANCED GUARD IN CUBAN WATERS.

(See Page 101.)

Photo. West & Son.

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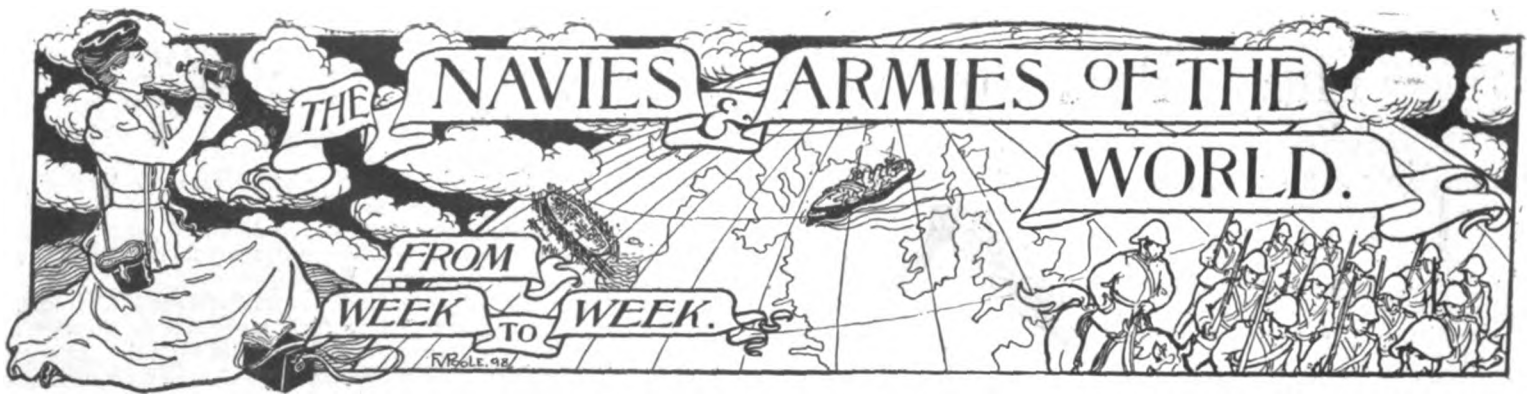

TO-DAY is St. George's Day, and it falls also this year in a week that is specially associated with the man-of-war which bears the name of England's patron saint, St. George. More than five and a-half centuries ago—on April 23rd, 1338—the most famous of our Royal Plantagenets, Edward III., gave her name to our first man-of-war, "St. George," launched in the presence of the King, and christened with all the formalities of the Church of Rome by the Bishop of Winchester and the Abbot of Netley at Bursledon, on the Hamble River, Southampton Water. On Wednesday, April 21st, just 242 years ago, Blake made the "St. George's" name famous on the seas for all time, as the name of his own flag-ship at the heroic attack on Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, the finest feat of arms in our annals between the Armada and Trafalgar, as Nelson himself in effect once said.

* * * *

THE return of the cruiser "Orlando" completes a ten years' tour of service, during the whole of which the "Orlando" has been flag-ship on the Australian station. She was first commissioned at Devonport, in May, 1888—not long after being completed for sea. Since then the "Orlando" has been twice re-commissioned at Sydney, and has flown the flags of Admirals Sir Henry Fairfax, Lord Charles Scott, Bowden Smith, and Cyprian Bridge. She originally relieved the cruiser "Nelson" and was herself relieved by the "Royal Arthur" in February last. The state of affairs in the Far East temporarily detained the "Orlando" at Singapore, or the ship would have been here some weeks ago. Owing to the great pressure of work at Devonport Dockyard, the "Orlando" is to refit at Portsmouth, where £28,250 is to be spent on her between this and next September.

* * * *

ON the arrival of the "Bonaventure" at Singapore, where she is due next week, the "Narcissus" will quit Sir E. Seymour's command and return to England. This, in one sense, weakens the strength of the command in China Seas, for it is the practical replacing of a first-class armoured cruiser by a second-class "protected" cruiser, the substitution of a ship of 4,360 tons for one of 5,600 tons, but the difference is to some extent set off by the retention on the station of the "Pique." The "Pique" was originally to be withdrawn on the arrival (in three weeks' time from now) of the "Hermione." She has, however, been ordered for the time being to remain in China.

* * * *

THE old "Wild Swan," sloop, has this week joined the "Rotten Row" contingent in the Hamoaze, and now awaits orders to go to the ship-breaker, unless at the last moment a place can be found for her as a harbour-boom defence vessel somewhere, on which duty most of the "Wild Swan's" sister craft are now ending their days. The "Wild Swan" hauled down the pennant last Saturday, after completing her third commission. She has served under the pennant for just eleven years, on and off, in the East Indies, on the China station, and in the Pacific, and has cost the country for repairs and refits at various times from first to last well over £50,000, practically the same sum as the "Wild Swan" originally cost to build. The sum the Admiralty paid to Messrs. Napier, of Glasgow, in 1877 for the "Wild Swan," when the ship was completed for sea, was £55,871.

* * * *

AT the present moment, Spain has only one battle-ship available for service. This is the "Pelayo," of 9,000 tons (about the size of our "Edinburgh" and "Colossus"), which, after refitting at Toulon, has been completed at Cartagena, and is now ready for sea. Special efforts are being made at Ferrol to get the armoured cruiser "Emperador Carlos V.," of 9,090 tons, ready, and it is hoped she may be in commission during May. The old refitted ironclads "Vitoria" and "Numancia"—the latter of which is still but two-thirds completed—are hardly of much fighting account. America, on the other hand, has ready one first-class battle-ship, the "Iowa," of 11,340 tons—a ship as good as our "Renown"—and three second-class battle-ships, the "Indiana," "Oregon," and "Massachusetts," of over 10,000 tons each (about equal to our own "Barfleur" and "Centurion"). She also possesses three armoured cruisers.

* * * *

THE Spanish cruiser "Vizcaya's" name has come prominently before the world of late in connection with the "Maine" disaster. The "Maine" explosion took place on February 15th, and four days after that the "Vizcaya" anchored at New York, to pay a visit to the United States Government, originally intended as a complimentary return for the visit of the "Maine" to Havana. The result, of course, was that the "Vizcaya's" arrival just at that moment, in view of the excited state of American public opinion, proved a very delicate affair. The "Vizcaya" left New York on February 25th, and proceeded to Havana, where she was joined by a sister ship, the "Oquendo," and these two vessels are now Spain's advanced guard in her West Indian colonial waters. *(See illustration.)*

* * * *

A NAVAL correspondent has calculated that Italy has made upwards of £2,160,000 by the sale of three of her armoured cruisers, the "Garibaldi," "Varese," and "Cristobal Colon," to the Argentine and Spain. Of the sum, £500,000 is estimated as clear profit, at which result Admiral Brin, the Italian Minister of Marine, is said to be so pleased that he is now advising the acceptance of certain other offers by Spain and America.

THE formation of the new 3rd Battalion of the West India Regiment will have the effect of bringing up the strength of the regiment in officers to an establishment of six lieutenant-colonels, fifteen majors, twenty-four captains, fifty-four lieutenants, twenty-seven second lieutenants, three adjutants, and three quartermasters. It is no new departure for the West India Regiment to have a 3rd Battalion, for, as a matter of fact, there were no less than twelve battalions of the West India Regiment. These, however, were all disbanded but two, and a new 3rd Battalion was reformed in 1840, while a 4th and 5th were added after the Russian War, only to be again disbanded. It will be interesting to note what will be the main recruiting ground of the new battalion. At present the 1st West India enlist entirely from Jamaicans, while the 2nd West India take their recruits in the main from Barbados. Clan feeling is strong with negroes, and a "Badian" will not care to join the 1st Battalion nor a Jamaican the 2nd.

* * * *

THE arrival of the 1st Battalion Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians) at Halifax will be welcomed by all Canadians. The fine old corps has not been in Canada since, as the 100th, or Prince of Wales's Royal Canadian Regiment, it was raised in Canada in 1858. Its first colonel was Baron de Rottenburg, the Adjutant-General of Canadian Militia, while its major, Dunn, a native of Toronto, was an old officer of the 11th Hussars, in which corps he had won his Victoria Cross in the charge of Balaclava. A number of officers were also appointed to the regiment from the 32nd, the old Cornish Light Infantry, which had so gallantly defended the Residency at Lucknow; each of those so appointed receiving a step in rank as a reward for their services. The 1st Battalion relieves its 2nd Battalion, the old 109th Bombay Infantry, which goes on from Halifax to Jamaica.

* * * *

THE issue of the West African medal with clasp for "Benin, 1897" adds one more to the long string of clasps that has turned the old Ashanti medal into the general service medal for the West Coast and East Coast of Africa. The last clasp issued with this medal was that for "Dawkita, 1897," which went to that gallant Naval officer, Lieutenant Henderson, and his followers. To see this medal with any of the more recent clasps dangling from a military tunic is not common, though in the Naval Service many more opportunities for earning it have been afforded. The medal must now have been issued in conjunction with more than a dozen clasps, though no single recipient has probably received more than two or three at the outside.

* * * *

THE quick-firing guns so largely purchased at this side of the herring pond for the defence of the Atlantic seaboard of the United States are now being delivered and placed in position. From Maine to Florida the important strategic points are fortified in the main with 5-in. and 6-in. weapons of the latest quick-firing pattern, purchased on this side of the Atlantic. The principal points selected for the mounting of these armaments are at Portland Head (Maine), Boston Harbour, the entrances to New York, Fort Delaware and the entrances to Baltimore, Fort Caswell in North Carolina, Savannah, Brunswick, Georgia, Fort Barrancas in Florida, Key West, Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, and Galveston. Spain cannot utilise heavy battle-ships, as she does not possess them; and guns of this type are quite capable of acting very effectively against the lightly-armoured cruisers that she may employ in any attack on the American seaboard.

* * * *

THE present Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, Major-General Nelson A. Miles, comes of old New England stock, and as a junior officer saw much service in the Civil War, before the close of which he had risen to the rank of major-general. Since then he has also seen a fair share of the only fighting that the average American officer has had much chance of seeing, viz., against the wily Comanche, Sioux, or Apache on the Western plains. He has been wounded more than once, and his record, both in the Civil War and his subsequent Indian service, is a very fine one. Curiously enough, he became Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army just about the same time that Lord Wolseley succeeded the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief. His opportunity for testing his ability against a European foe has (or probably will) come to him before the latter's.

* * * *

GENERAL CARR GLYN is an old Rifle Brigade man. He entered that favourite and very distinguished regiment in August, 1854, just before the opening of hostilities in the Crimea, in which, during the second year's campaign, he saw active service, being present before Sebastopol, from June 17th, 1855, down to the fall of the fortress. He next saw war service as a major in the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, under Lord Wolseley (then Colonel Sir Garnet Wolseley), in the operations of the Ashanti War, where he was present at the front in all the fighting, particularly in the two actions of Amoaful and Ordahsu, and at the final event of the smartly carried out campaign, the capture of Kumasi. The Ashanti War gave Major Carr Glyn his brevet of lieutenant-colonel, dated April 1st, 1874. He became colonel in 1879, and major-general in 1889. While holding the latter rank, General Glyn, from 1892 to 1897, held the command of the Eastern District of the Army at home, succeeding at Colchester the present Adjutant-General, Sir Evelyn Wood. General Glyn became lieutenant-general in January of the present year. He holds the reward for distinguished and meritorious services. *(See illustration.)*

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The Advantages of Marrying a Soldier.

By CICELY MCDONELL.

TO describe the private soldier's wife as a *femme incomprise* would scarcely be an exaggeration; nothing is more difficult to educate than public opinion. From reading Lever and other novelists of years ago, the idea prevails that so soon as any self-willed girl enters the married state with a soldier, her life thereafter consists of a desperate struggle to make both ends meet. Surely nothing could be further from the fact than this notion. "During fifteen years' experience," said a non-commissioned officer recently, "I have never once seen it justified."

Though, unfortunately, some undesirable matches are contracted there, many well-educated, well-brought-up girls marry into the ranks, and bear the difficulties, anxieties, and sorrows that in some cases are the lot of a soldier's wife, with a courage and fortitude that do credit to themselves and all belonging to them.

The object of this article is not to show the women of the regiment in any fanciful light, but to describe as fully as possible the advantages they enjoy. As to social status, there is no doubt that the position of the average soldier's wife is infinitely superior to that of the wife of the civilian in receipt of an income of like value.

The advantages, as compared with those of the artisan or married man of any station lower than the middle class, are as follows:—Sanitary dwellings, *no rent*, bright and cheerful surroundings, gas, coals, firewood, schooling for children free; the certainty of a fixed daily quantity of wholesome food; the provision of clothing of all kinds (so far as the husband is concerned), without the eternal necessity for painful calculations as to the means of procuring the wherewithal; the opportunity of purchasing everything necessary for housekeeping from the canteen, which is an institution arranged on purely socialistic principles, *i.e.*, the men and women share the profits, which are distributed in kind; the annual change of air and scene; travelling expenses free, and facilities under certain conditions; and a certain, if small, income. Medical attendance and the services of the Army chaplains are always at the disposal of married couples without expense; and in case of the husband being detailed for duty at a distance, a separation allowance is made; that is, in the case of wives who are "on the strength" of the regiment.

Above all, a soldier's wife is free from the wearing anxiety lest through strikes, business losses, reduction of staff, etc., her husband should lose his berth at short notice, and she should suddenly find herself in the direst straits through complete loss of means.

Further, a girl who marries either a "trooper" or a "private" realises that her husband has chances of advancement, distinction, and reward, and that, as he rises, her position is improved, and she may become a person of some importance; and, again, a private soldier (if he avails himself of them) has opportunities of improving himself. From force of circumstances, he is thrown amongst very mixed companionship; but he is also in daily contact with men, as his officers, who have received the best of education, and whose manners he can study, whose bearing he can imitate. Example is better than precept, and the wife sometimes gains vicariously by this association, and, if she is intelligent, adapts herself quickly to the better side of barrack life, and finds the order and discipline regulating her ways too.

Looking at the subject from its most unfavourable aspect, should a young innocent girl marry a reprobate of the worst description, whose only recommendation has been the uniform he has been lucky enough to wear; should this man commit an offence of the most unpardonable kind, and accordingly be sent for a certain term to a military prison, the wife, in such case, will remain in her quarters provided by Government, will draw all her allowances, and receive at the hands of everyone around her the most sympathetic treatment. And, if there is any of the old Adam left in a man when he enlists, it can safely be assumed that no treatment is better adapted for knocking it out of him than the training of a soldier. So that although a woman might marry a villain, the Service will "lick" him into shape for her better than any other system of which I am aware.

The consent of the commanding officer is necessary beforegetting married, but this would not be withheld unless the man were of notoriously bad or improvident character; and inquiries are usually made by the officer as to the character of the woman before giving sanction for marriage. In special cases, soldiers married without leave may be allowed to be out of mess, in order to contribute the better to the support of their families.

In case of the death of a soldier before the expiration of his period of Army service, his widow is entitled to claim all moneys, deferred pay, etc., standing to his credit. When a soldier is killed in action, or dies of wounds received in action within twelve months, his widow is granted a gratuity of one year's pay. In such cases gratuities are also granted to orphans.

The advantages granted to married soldiers by regulations are confined to those on the married roll. This contains all of the rank of sergeant, or above, and from 3 per cent. in the infantry to 7 per cent. in the Household Cavalry of the rank and file; while the Freemasonry that forms a brotherhood in the world at large is as nothing compared to that that binds together the members of a regiment. It is not exaggerating to say that nowhere else can be found such *esprit de corps*, such practical sympathy, such willingness to help others in debt or in trouble.

Every regiment, naturally, has its own rules and regulations as to the accommodation granted to married couples, as to married quarters and conveniences; but whatever the drawbacks may be, it cannot be denied that barracks are, as a rule, built in a fairly open position; therefore a soldier's wife does not experience the squalid, sordid surroundings that are the frequent condition of the artisan class—at all events, of many who live in crowded London, and many of the manufacturing towns.

To each married non-commissioned officer and private, rooms are allotted in proportion to rank, seniority, and size

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of family; and, so far as possible, any complaints as to accommodation, etc., are suitably listened to and remedied by the commanding officer. When quarters are changed, the out-going regiment is supposed to leave the quarters fit for occupation, and should it happen (as occasionally it does) that the rooms assigned to any married couple are really too dirty to be occupied, a small sum of money is given so that the necessary cleaning may be done.

When a regiment is ordered from one place to another, at any long distance, but not abroad, an allowance is made for moving expenses. It may be that some of the married couples have furniture they do not wish to sell, and cannot remove owing to the expense; in such case, the quartermaster arranges for a basement room or dry cellar in the barracks, and the pieces of furniture are labelled and warehoused, free of charge, until the return of the regiment, when a fatigue party is told off to collect, remove, and distribute them in the fresh quarters assigned to the owners. The usual term of residence in one place is twelve months.

As regards rations, bread is drawn twice a week by all. Staff-sergeants draw their meat twice a week, privates once. In some regiments the married privates receive a larger allowance of coal in winter per week than the non-commissioned officers, and a quartern more bread. Should a baby be born, the private's wife receives a present of 27s., where the non-commissioned officer's wife only gets 21s. These bonuses would be more than acceptable to many a City clerk on such occasions.

It is well known that married soldiers (as well as single) can add to their pay by taking over various duties, such as orderly clerkships, school-masterships, tailoring, "instruction," etc., while the wives are frequently employed by the officers' families as house-helps, needlewomen, dressmakers, and as laundresses.

Here, again, soldiers' wives are lucky, for the laundry arrangements are as complete as can be. It is not a case of doing the washing in their rooms, and thus rendering home a place of general discomfort. Washing, drying, and ironing rooms are provided, and some of the women earn as much as £2 a-week, which they can receive either in the small payments or *en bloc* once a quarter. The mess linen is generally given out to the wives of time-expired or discharged men, so even they benefit by their connection with the Army.

The wives of the bandsmen are particularly lucky, for their husbands are allowed to accept private engagements to play at parties, etc., for which they each receive a fee of 18s. to 21s. generally; they may also take employment in theatre orchestras, provided they do not neglect their regimental duties. Some of the "solo" bandsmen make very good incomes.

A special Government industry open to the women is the making of shirts for the Army, for which they receive payment at the rate of 8½d. each—a large sum in proportion to that earned by many poor women and girls engaged in similar work in the East End. As regards the purchase of stores and groceries, these can be procured in the canteen at the most moderate prices; a large profit on the part of the management is not desired, the object being the benefit of the community, and the wages for service are a small item. Still there is a good profit, and, as the canteen fund is not allowed to exceed a certain sum, the surplus is divided in kind.

As regards social amusements, and so forth, soldiers' wives have plenty of opportunities of enjoyment, in the form of dances, concerts, sports, etc. It is not that they have to lay themselves out to obtain them as best they may, but that they are part of their life. How far the wives participate is decreed (as before) by the etiquette of the regiment into which they marry.

In the Household Cavalry there is a weekly dance in barracks, which the troopers' wives attend as a matter of course; then there is the annual ball, for which a room is hired, and to which the public are admitted by purchase of tickets. The officers and their wives attend these balls and dances, and they are very much enjoyed by all. In the Foot Guards only the non-commissioned officers' wives go to the dances, but the concerts and entertainments are open to all; while at Christmas the commanding officers pay for the Christmas dinner, and there is a special allowance made to married couples. The officers' wives give the children a Christmas-tree party; the colonel gives the non-commissioned officers, as a body, a dinner; and the wives go in afterwards.

When a regiment is ordered for foreign service, the wife has to face the fact that her little home must be broken up and the furniture sold. This, no doubt, seems very hard, but there are compensations in every lot. Women who, if married to clerks and mechanics, would never have a chance of leaving England now experience the pleasures of travel, and those who have been in India long heartily to go there again and enjoy the lazy sunny life. The voyage on the troop-ship is a new experience, and any discomfort of life on board is amply atoned for by the novelty of the situation. When the vessel touches at a port, permission is given to go on shore for a few hours. In India the non-commissioned officers' wives generally have two native servants, an ayah, and a "boy." There also the wife receives an allowance of 4 rupees a month for herself, and 2 rupees 8 annas for each child; this is absolutely her own to spend as she likes. The wives who are not on the strength can only follow the regiment at their own expense.

When a regiment is ordered for active service the crucial test has to be endured, viz., the separation of husband from wife, child, and home. Then the wife goes through a painful struggle between love and duty. The parting may mean parting for ever from the man she loves and may never see again; and she has to muster all her courage to enable her to bear up bravely at the last sad moment. During her husband's absence, he arranges for her to receive what is called the "biggest-half" of his pay; in many cases she draws all, and he simply takes the extra allowance for field service himself. Should he, alas! be killed in action, she receives a gratuity both for herself and orphans, which helps and sustains her at the moment of her heaviest trial. Without trying to put a rosy haze on the subject, the foregoing facts show that a woman who marries a soldier has solid comforts that many civilians' wives lack. As regards her happiness in the state, or the comforts she obtains or surrounds herself with, that depends to a great extent on her temperament. A good manager will always make the best of things, a happy disposition finds happiness where others find misery and hardship. Our lives are much as we make them.

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AMONG the many subjects of Imperial importance at present engrossing the public mind, there is a constant expression of interest and sympathy on the part of our kindred beyond the Atlantic. They are "blood of the self-same clan," as the Poet Laureate rather curiously puts it, and we are always glad to discover in them the qualities we value in ourselves. Therefore I took up "Twelve Naval Captains," by Molly Elliot Seawell (Kegan Paul) with pleasant expectations, not disappointed. Paul Jones rightly leads the twelve. Well do I remember how his furious figure, waving a sword, in a penny chap-book—I think it was "twopence coloured"—terrified my childhood. Here there is an excellent portrait of him, and his deeds are admirably told. The famous action between the "Bonhomme Richard" and the "Serapis" is, of course, in the forefront of his achievements, but we English are accustomed to think that Pearson would not have hauled down his colours if the doubtful "Alliance" had not been hovering near. As it was, the technical victory was with us, for the convoy got safely in shore. Then Miss Seawell recounts the history of Richard Dale, Jones's lieutenant, and a very gallant officer, who fought better than he spelled, and who looks the very type of John Bull. Then come Truxton, who fought in the "Constellation" the famous action with the French "Insurgente" in 1799; Bainbridge, who was in the "Philadelphia" when she ran on a reef at Tripoli; and irascible Preble, the same who, when Decatur, at that same pirate port, said that he had cut out three gun-boats, seized him by the collar, exclaiming angrily, "Aye, sir, why did you not bring me more?" Decatur himself awakes the enthusiastic admiration of Miss Seawell. He it was who burned the lost "Philadelphia" in the harbour of Tripoli, and, in the war of 1812, took from us the "Macedonian" after a desperate action. She was the second frigate captured in the war, the first having been the "Guerrière," taken by Hull in the famous "Constitution." Hull himself, heroic Somers, Stewart, Perry, Macdonough, and unfortunate Lawrence, who was in command of the "Chesapeake," complete Miss Seawell's roll of "certain Americans who have made themselves immortal." Her book is full of interest and is most instructive to Englishmen, though she writes as an American. Our defeats in the frigate actions of 1812 are explained by the more powerful armament of the Yankee vessels—a point to be made a note of—and also by the fact that great numbers of the American gunners had been trained in the Royal Navy, and used their superior weapons with deadly effect against their old country.

Another book well worth reading, and, indeed, of more instant importance, is Mr. D. A. Cameron's "Egypt in the Nineteenth Century" (Smith, Elder, 6s.). The man in the street will know the Egpytian Question a great deal better after reading it. The author has both knowledge and insight. For practical purposes I like his volume much better than a book "as entertaining as a masterpiece of fiction" which he says might be made, perhaps by a Carlyle or a Froude, out of the strange and picturesque scenery and incidents, and the deeds of great and noble characters to which he refers. Restricted space will not permit me to touch upon the multitude of events he describes in recording the abortive invasion of Napoleon; the consequences of the triumph of Nelson—of the victory of the Nile itself he says scarcely anything; the successive steps in the decay of Turkey; the rise to power of Mehemet Ali, the man of action, through a sea of blood; and the incidents of the inglorious rule of his successors. All this significant history is admirably told, with well-balanced pen, by this competent authority. What it seems desirable to point out here is that the Egyptian Question is bound up with the possession of India. That great country has acted as the loadstar that has piloted men to the doubling of the Cape, to the discovery of America, to the search for the North-West Passage, and to other momentous developments of the globe. It lured Napoleon to Egypt and dictates our Mediterranean policy to-day. Our occupation of the country, and our splendid administrative work there, have arisen from inevitable conditions. France refused to bear her part, and now, in chagrin, reaps the fruit of her abstention. The most encouraging part of Mr. Cameron's volume is his forecast of the future of Egypt. He looks out to the twentieth century, in which, with the canal reverted to the State, the public debt reduced, and railways passing through the heart of the Soudan, Egypt may be expected to become, for its size, the most valuable domain on the face of the globe.

Although "Travel and Big Game" (Redway) is not quite a new book, I venture to draw attention to it, as a pleasant and readable volume of sporting experiences by land and sea, by Mr. Selous, certain chapters being added by Mr. H. A. Brydon. Now of all the sportsmen of the present day who are also pioneers of Empire, Mr. Selous stands foremost. Nothing can be more delightful than to hear a sporting narrative from his own lips, and the simple eloquence of his tongue is reflected in the direct and unvarnished narrative of this book. Trapping in Canada, leopard hunting in Bechuanaland, chasing grizzlies in the Rockies, hunting wapiti, lions and lions again, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, giraffe, and zebra—here we have a delightful *melange* of sporting experiences told by a past-master of the art.

And now, before your "Search-Light's" beams are veiled by the inexorable margin of the page, let the *Wide World Magazine* be welcomed. It is new, and a revelation. Fiction is outdone by these thrilling narratives of fact. Such experiences have scarcely ever been recorded. Sir Erasmus Ommanney's memories of Navarino would be enough, but Nansen tells how the Pole may be reached, and there is much besides to fascinate. Mr. Fitchett continues in the *Cornhill* his "Fights for the Flag" with a stirring account of Rodney's action with De Grasse, but touches very lightly on the controverted points concerning it. I notice, too, in *Harper*, a chapter on the American Civil War, "The Closing Scene at Appomattox Court-House," by General Forsyth, U.S.A.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

The United States Naval Militia.

THE Naval Militia of the United States of America is a unique organisation, and we have no similar institution in this country. The first Militia appeared in 1890 in Massachusetts. It is in a way to the Navy of America what our volunteers are to the regular Army of England; and in these troublous times, when war between the United States and Spain is such a familiar topic of conversation, it may interest the readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED to have a little information concerning this body of men put before them. Certainly the Naval Militia of America are destined to play a prominent part, for they are an important auxiliary to the regular seamen, and could, at short notice, help make up the complements of the many new war-ships and other craft which the United States are buying and adapting for Naval purposes.

The Naval Militia of the United States are spread over fourteen States on the seaboard or shores of the great lakes. The State of New York has one brigade, consisting of two battalions and one separate company, each battalion having five divisions and including a torpedo division, a signal corps, and an engineer force. The first battalion is made up of four divisions; the second battalion has also four divisions, with 200 men in its ranks. The separate company consists of eighty-six men, including officers. Massachusetts has one brigade, divided into two battalions, each battalion having four divisions; also an engineer force of twenty-five men, a torpedo division of thirteen men, and a signal corps of eleven men. Altogether Massachusetts has 407 men composing her Naval Militia. Rhode Island has one battalion, divided into three companies—two torpedo companies, each consisting of fifty-four petty officers and men and four commissioned officers, and one artillery company.

Maryland has one battalion of four divisions. Connecticut has one battalion of three divisions, including an engineer division, and the number of men enrolled up to the present is 168, including officers. New Jersey has two battalions, each divided into three companies, one being an engineer company. The numbers of the eastern battalion are not given, but the western battalion of New Jersey has 175 men. Pennsylvania has 219 Naval Militiamen, divided into two battalions. The State of Illinois has two battalions, the first with four divisions, and the second with three, headquarters at Chicago. North Carolina has one battalion, with three divisions, comprising altogether about 200 men. Louisiana has one battalion, divided into four divisions and one engineer division, with band and hospital corps; Michigan a battalion of three divisions, numbering 193 men altogether; California has one battalion of six divisions, and an engineer corps. There are about 420 Naval Militiamen belonging to this State. Georgia has a battalion of four divisions, comprising thirteen officers and seventy-six men, and Ohio has two battalions of two divisions each. The officers, executive and otherwise, have to undergo a very stiff examination.

The dress of the Naval Militia of the various States is pretty much the same as the regular Naval uniform. Most of the men are armed with Springfield rifles, Colt revolvers, and bayonets, and some of the battalions are possessed of Hotchkiss rapid fire field-guns. The corps, as a rule, receive grants from the State to which they are attached, but in many cases the officers have to buy their own uniforms and go to much other expense to keep their companies going. The men do not have very many opportunities of adapting themselves to the routine and duties of life on a modern iron-clad, those vessels which the various States do possess being old wooden sailing craft and small boats, with here and there a small launch. The ships at present in use by the Naval Militia are the "Ajax," "Commanche," "Dale," "Marion," "Minnesota," "Nantucket," "New Hampshire," "Passaic," "Portsmouth," "St. Louis," "Wyandotte," and "Yantic." Now and then the Government presents one or other of the organisations with old pattern rifles or field-guns, but in some cases the battalion itself purchases new guns. In the summer months a number of the vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron are frequently given up to the training of these organisations. It has been proposed to place a cruiser at the disposal of the Naval Militia all the year round, each State to take its turn at drill on board the vessel. If this vessel had been placed at their disposal, the Militiamen would have performed all duties outside the engine-room. A torpedo-boat was to be used in the same way, that the men might become proficient in the handling of torpedoes.

The American Naval Militia are a body of men enthusiastic on the subject of a strong Navy for the United States, the kind of men who, in war-time, are willing to "go anywhere and fight anything."

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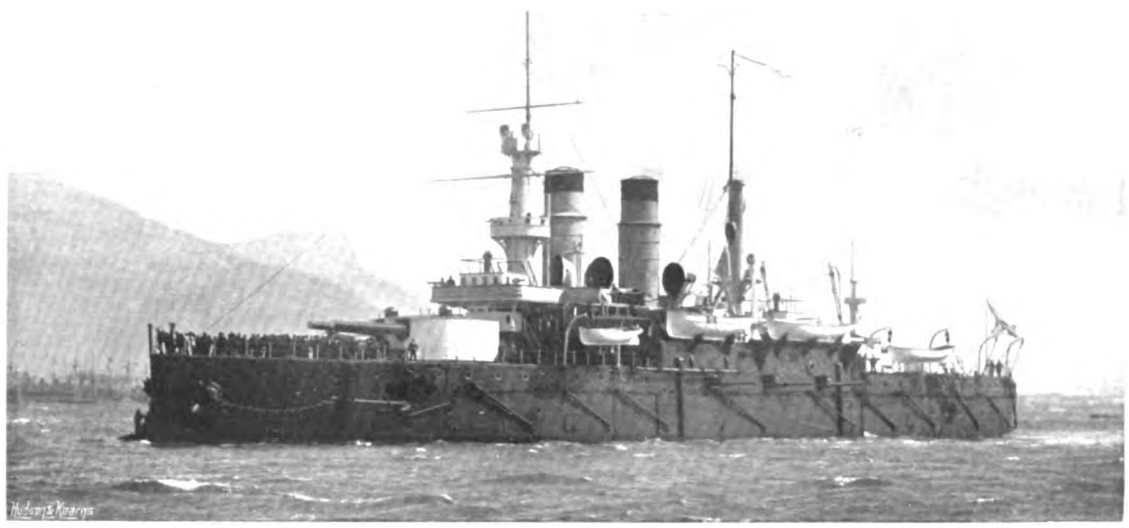
THE RUSSIANS AT PORT ARTHUR.

THE lease of Wei-Hai-Wei which we have secured from China seems already to be stimulating Russia to exertions at Port Arthur. Ships of the Volunteer Fleet are carrying troops to the port, and the Muscovites have made themselves at home. The latest addition to the squadron is the armoured cruiser "Vladimir Monomach," under command of Captain Prince Uktomsky, whose journalistic kinsman in St. Petersburg has often manifested a spirit hostile to England. Admiral Reunoff is commander-in-chief on the station, and has his flag in the armoured cruiser "Dmitri Donskoi," Captain Saron, which is illustrated here. She is not a very recent vessel, having been launched fifteen years ago, but for her displacement of 5,893 tons she has a respectable armament of two 8-in. breech-loaders, and four 6-in. and twenty-six smaller quick-firers, besides four torpedo-tubes. Her speed is but 16·5 knots. The ship is named after the Russian hero who built the Kremlin at Moscow, and carried the seat of government thither.

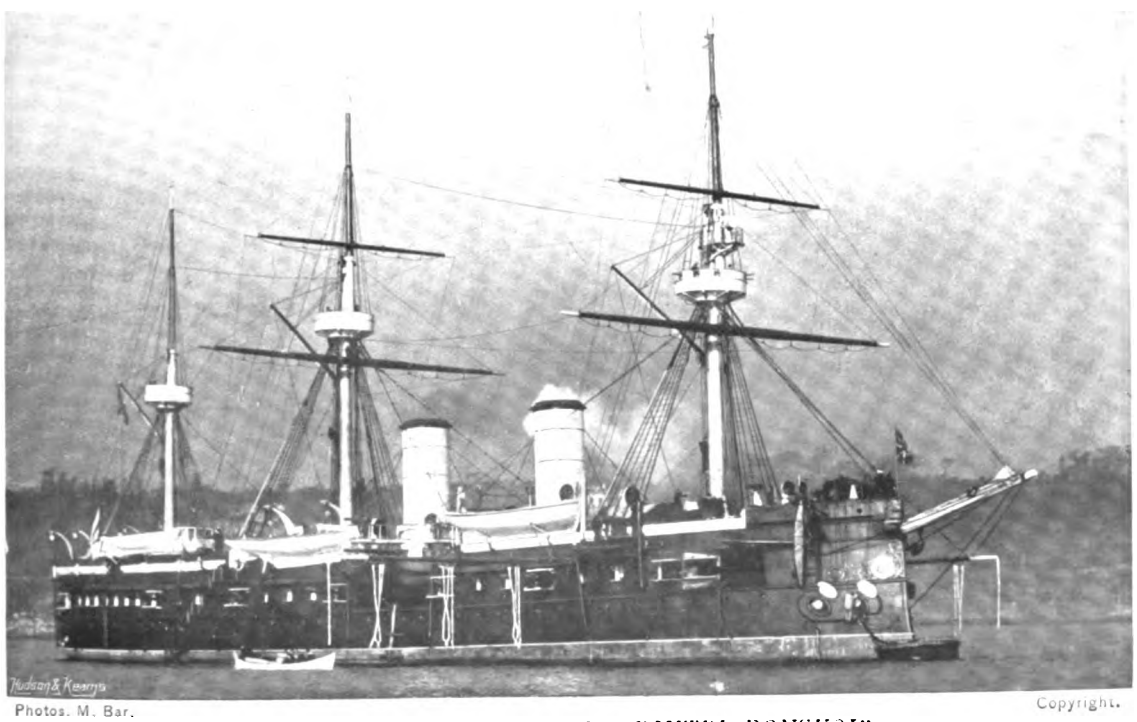
THE ARMOURED CRUISER "PAMYAT AZOVA."

The second in command of the squadron is Rear-Admiral Dubasoff, his flag-ship the "Pamyat Azova," or "Souvenir of the Azov," reminding Russians of the ship in which Count Heyden led the Russian attack at Navarino. Captain Vurenius commands the ship, which is another armoured cruiser, launched in 1888, and displacing 6,000 tons. She is credited with a speed of over 18 knots, and carries two 8-in. and thirteen 6-in. breech-loaders, with fourteen quick-firers, and has the large proportion of seven torpedo-tubes, 9-in. of compound armour on her sides, 8-in. on her barbettes fore and aft, and a steel deck.

But the most interesting vessels in the squadron are the small battle-ship "Sissoi Veliky" and the great armoured cruisers "Rurik" and "Rossia." The first of these, under command of Captain Parenaio, is one of the later additions to the fleet. It will be remembered that, when she was at Canea, a terrible disaster occurred on board through an explosion at the breech of a 12-in. gun—she has four in the turrets—which blew off the cover of the after turret and killed twenty-one officers and men. She has been repaired at La Seyne, near Toulon, and is the most modern battle-ship on the China station, having been launched in 1894, while the somewhat larger "Navarin" is three years older. The "Sissoi," named from a Russian saint, is of a favourite type in the Russian Fleet, and has two sisters, the "Rotislav" and "Prince Polemkine Tavritchesky," building in the Black Sea. For her displacement of 8,880 tons she is very powerfully armed, with four 12-in. guns in pairs in the turrets, and four 6-in. quick-firers on each broadside, reinforced by twelve 3-pounders and others smaller. A partial compound belt, with an extreme thick-



THE RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP "SISSOI VELIKY."



Photos. M. Bar. Copyright.

THE ARMOURED CRUISER "DMITRI DONSKOI."

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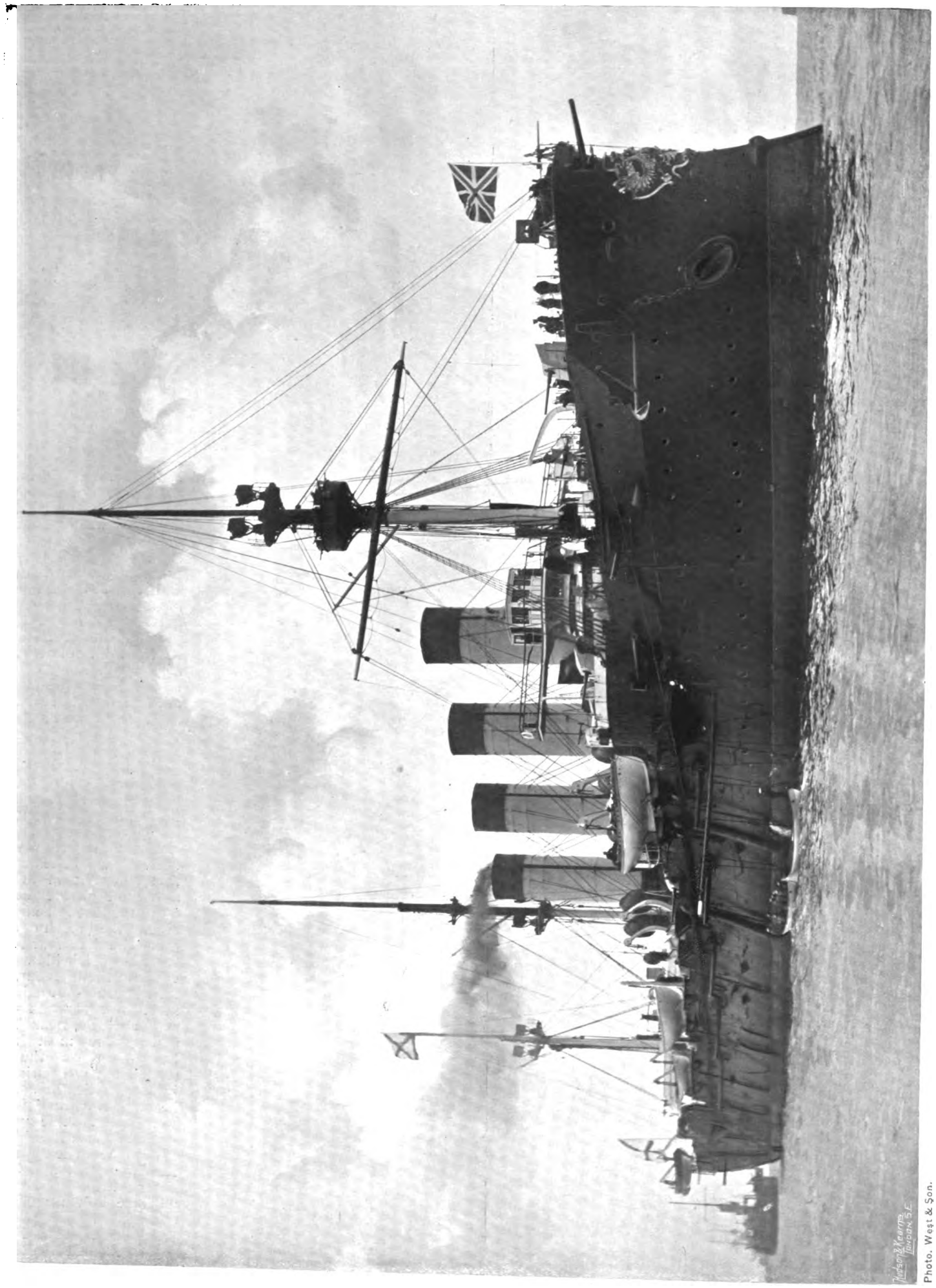

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THE ARMOURED CRUISER "ROSSIA."

Photo. West & Son.

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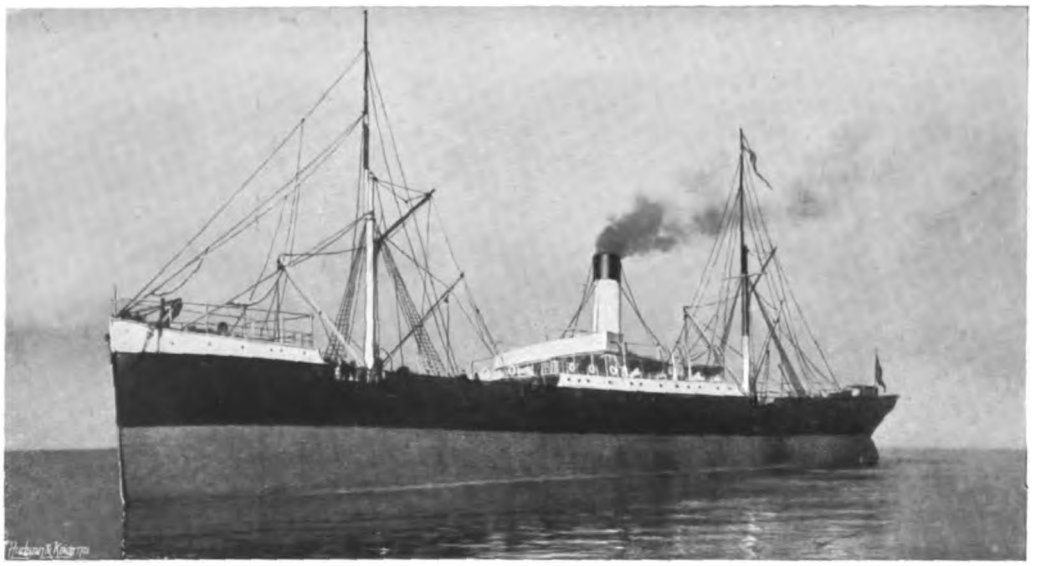
ness of about 15-in., well-protected turrets, a steel deck, and 5-in. bulkheads, are the defensive strength, and the speed is 16 knots. We have nothing quite like the "Sissoi" in the British Navy, it being agreed that, for our purposes, ships of greater displacement, with larger coal capacity and better armament and protection, are necessary.

The cruiser "Rurik," Captain Haunt, was on the China station in good time, and accompanied the protected cruiser "Admiral Korniloff" (5,000 tons) to Talienwan, while Admiral Dubasoff, with some gunboats, proceeded to hoist the flag at Port Arthur. The "Rurik" has visited Spithead, and attracted a good deal of attention. She is a great armoured vessel of 10,923 tons, very commodious, so that bicycle practice is easy on her decks, with a speed of 18 knots, 10-in. of compound armour on her sides, a steel deck, and an armament of four 8-in. breech-loaders in sponsons on the upper deck, sixteen 6-in. Canet quick-firers on the main deck, and twenty-four smaller variously disposed. Formidable as this vessel appears upon paper, it has been remarked that the open character of her battery deck, without due separation of the guns, would lay her open to fearful damage. The "Rossia," Captain Domojuroff, which joined the flag later, is a still larger "Rurik," displacing 12,130 tons, and with a speed of 20 knots, but otherwise generally resembling her smaller and yet enormous sister. In addition to the various vessels which have been described and named, the Russians have in Chinese waters the second-class cruisers "Kreiser" and "Zabiaca," the armoured gun-vessels "Otvajny" and "Gremiastchy," and various gun-boats, sloops, and torpedo craft.



THE VOLUNTEER STEAMER "MOSKVA."

The "Moskva," which is also illustrated, has just taken out troops to Port Arthur. She belongs to the "Volunteer Fleet," composed of armed merchant and troop ships, which are privileged to pass through the Bosphorus.

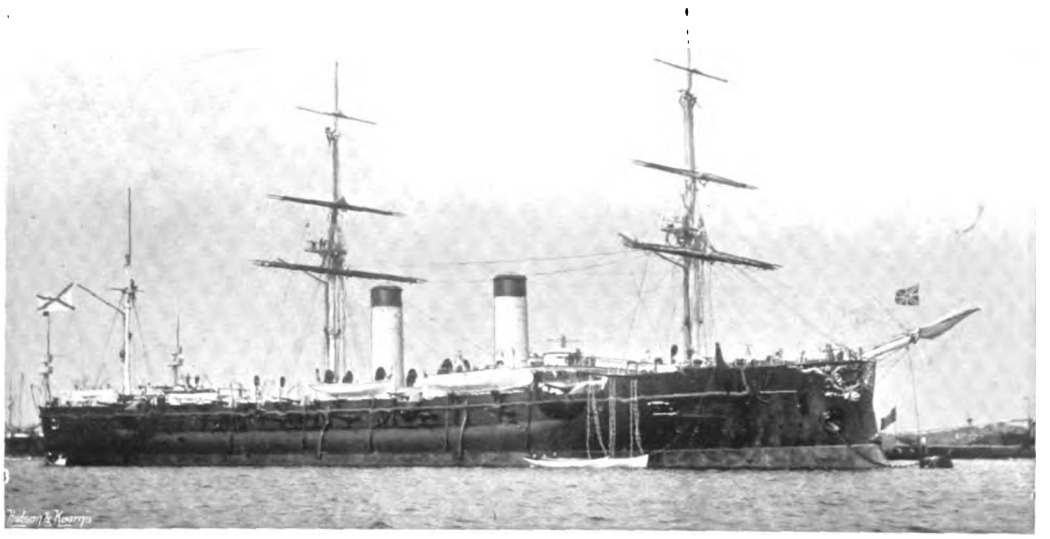


Photo. Symonds & Co. *THE ARMOURED CRUISER "RURIK."* Copyright.

DOWN IN THE DEEP.

THE immense utility of those seamen ratings, in our own and other Navies, who are specially selected and trained for diving work, is very forcibly brought home to one by the recent terrible disaster which has befallen the United States warship "Maine." It is from the investigation made by these men that the cause and nature of the terrible catastrophe are now made known to us. Our illustrations show first the divers being equipped in the very complicated costume in which they work, secondly, the same men fully equipped and ready to descend, and, finally, one of the divers actually engaged in commencing his descent. Every war-ship, except those of the very smallest class, such as torpedo-boats, carries one or more trained divers amongst its crew, and to attain to the rating of diver requires very special qualification. Before being sent for training, the man applying has to undergo an extremely rigorous medical examination, and is mercilessly rejected unless absolutely sound in wind and limb, possessed of an exceptionally strong constitution, and, above all, without the slightest tendency to any heart weakness. To engage in this arduous work the sea-

Photo. Symonds & Co. *MAKING THEIR TOILET.* Copyright.

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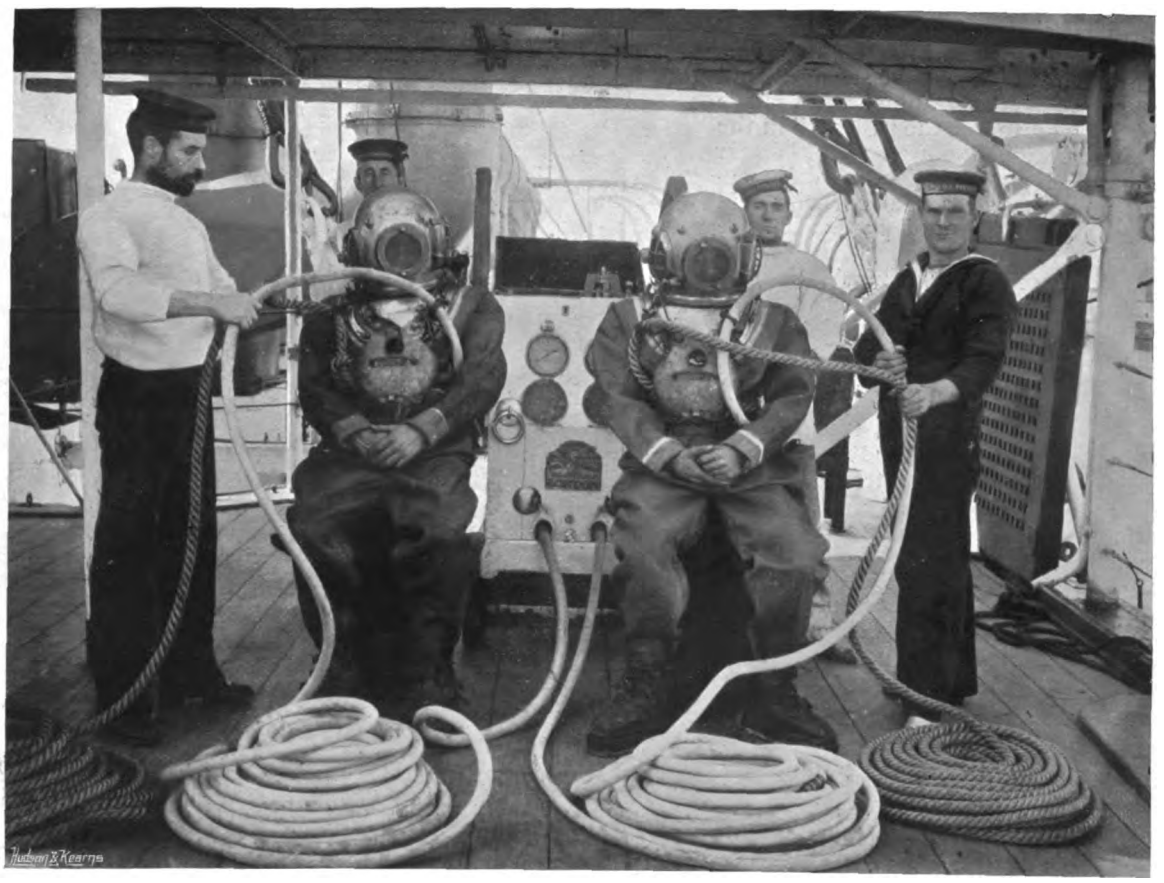
man is, in our Service, tempted by an increase of pay of 2d. per day, and by a payment of 2s. 6d. for the first, and 1s. 6d. for every subsequent hour, when actually employed in diving operations. The photographs show very clearly and distinctly the method by which air is supplied to the diver, and how he is enabled to communicate with the surface. The long coil of white tubing supplies him with oxygen, and by means of the coil of rope attached to his person he can signal, by pulls, to the surface and be raised when his work is done. To descend, the diver has, of course, to be heavily weighted. The weights carried on breast and back weigh some 80-lb., while the heavy leather boots with their leaden soles weigh another 20-lb. The weight of the helmet, which is ingeniously fitted with valves to allow the vitiated air to escape, is no less than 40-lb., and to all this must be added the weight of the rubber dress itself, and the weight of the heavy under-clothing worn by the diver. A diving outfit is, indeed, an expensive as well as a weighty matter, for it costs but very little short of £150. Every foot the diver descends, the greater, of course, becomes the pressure, and at the deepest descent made, namely, some 200-ft., the pressure was as much as 88-lb. to the square inch. It is, however, only but rarely that it is necessary to go to such depths as this, but even working in shallow water most men suffer very severely at first, and emerge from their diving suit with racking head and a bleeding from the nose and ears. In truth, every time he descends the diver takes his life in his hand, for anything going wrong with the air-supplying gear would place him in a very hopeless position.



READY TO DESCEND.

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COMMENCING OPERATIONS.

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LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JOHN PLUMPTRE CARR GLYN.

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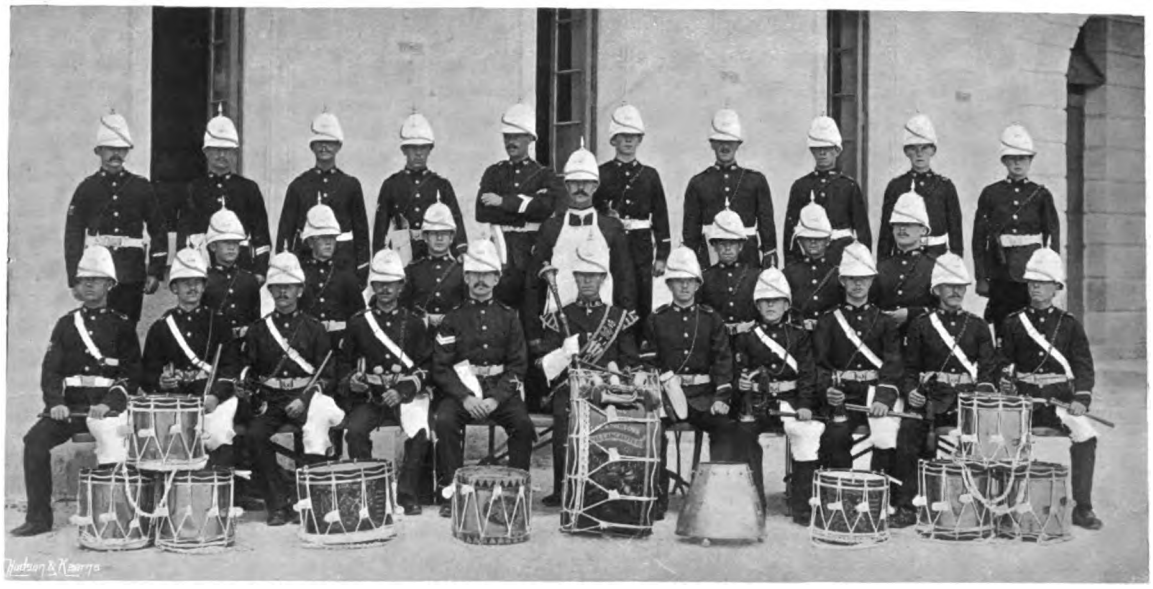
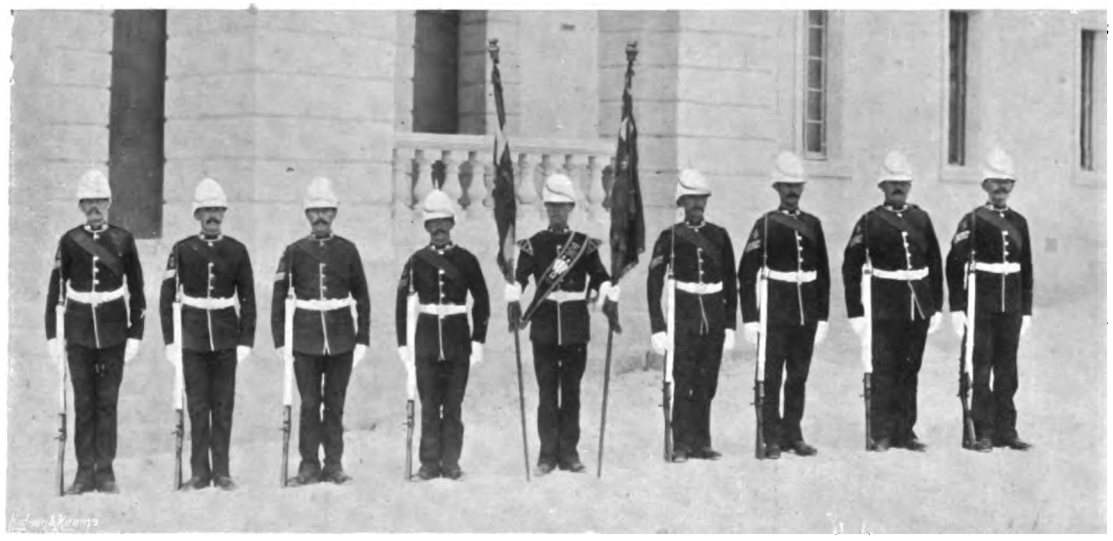
A FAR EAST OUTPOST.

IN the present condition of affairs in the Far East the accompanying illustrations of some of the forces which compose the garrison of Hong Kong should prove of special interest to the readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. This garrison comprises two companies of garrison artillery, which at present are Nos. 25 and 38 of the Southern Division, No. 25 Fortress Company of Royal Engineers, and the 1st Battalion of the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment. Besides these Imperial troops, there are of local troops a company of Hong Kong Artillery, another of Engineers (Submarine Miners), the Hong Kong Regiment, and finally a fine body of police trained as soldiers, and practically such.



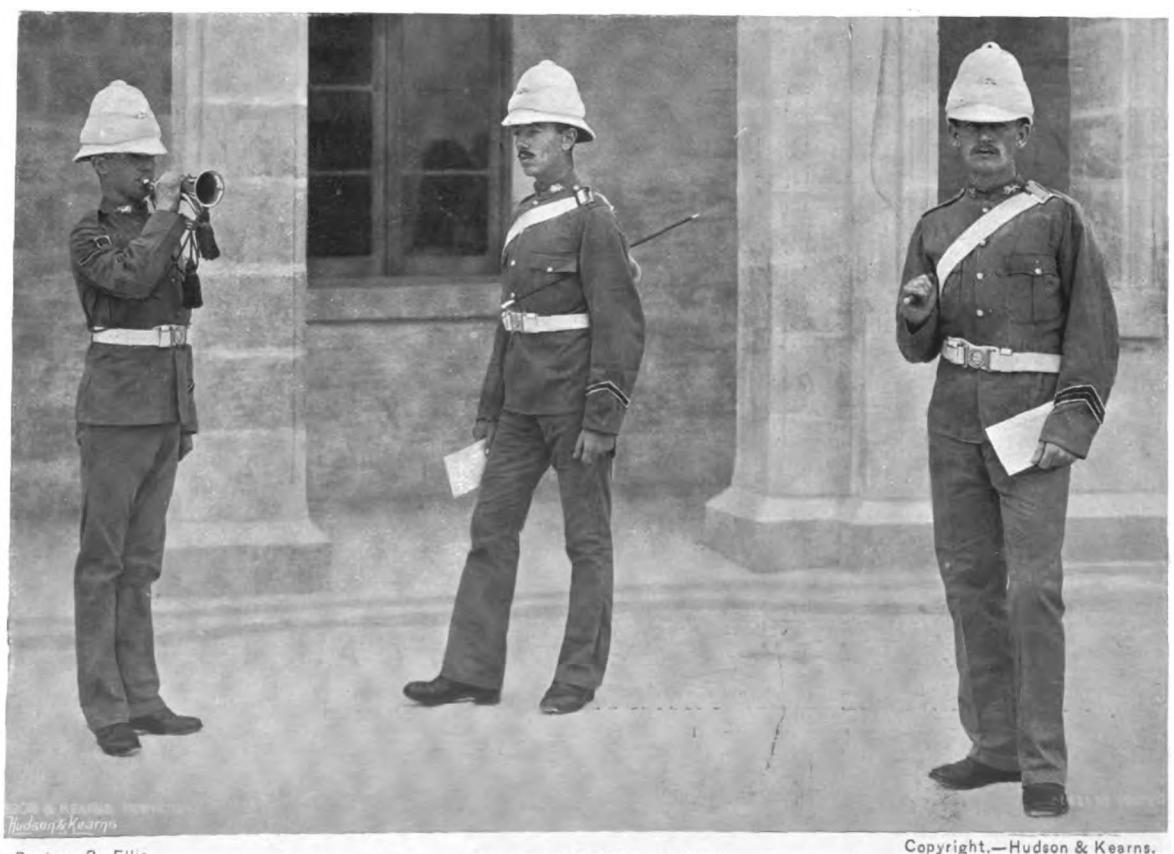
DRUMMERS AND BUGLERS—THE KING'S OWN.

The bulk of our illustrations relate to the British battalion now garrisoning the station, and which happens to be one of the oldest and most distinguished corps in the Service. One of our photographs shows us the drummers and buglers of the King's Own, with the drum-major — or sergeant-drummer, as he is now officially termed, though one almost instinctively uses the old title—in the centre of the group. On the right of the big drum is a curious metal drum which is certainly not regulation. Presumably it is a relic of some event in the much service the regiment has seen, and presumably has some regimental tradition hanging round it. Unfortunately the King's Own is one of those regiments of which a proper history remains yet to be written, there being none in existence except the official War Office one, which is meagre to a degree.



THE GLORY OF THE KING'S OWN.

Another illustration shows us a group of smart regimental orderlies, one being a bugler. In this photograph the regimental badge, the Lion of England, comes out exceedingly well. This badge the regiment is specially proud of, for it is one of, if not, perhaps, the oldest regimental badges in the Service. Regimental tradition asserts that this time-honoured emblem was conferred on the regiment by William of Orange as a reward for the regiment having been the first to join his standard after he had landed at Torbay in 1685. This fact, however, is perhaps not capable of actual proof, but at any rate it is certain that the badge was conferred on the regiment by that monarch, for whom it fought bravely both in Ireland and Flanders.



Photos. R. Ellis. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns.

ON ORDERLY DUTY.

Another group shows us a squad drawing the bread and meat rations for the day. On the left, by the block and scales, is the quartermaster-sergeant, while in the centre, close to the scales, stands the orderly officer of the

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JOHN CHINAMAN AS A SUBMARINE MINER.

day superintending the issue of the rations. With regard to the issue of rations, it is an essential principle that the officers are responsible that good food be issued, and not only is the distribution of food checked as issued, to see that it is perfectly good, etc., but also company officers see to it that the food is properly cooked and prepared, and are always ready to examine into and adjudicate on any complaints as to quality or method of preparation that may be made.

In a fourth group we are shown the colours and colour-sergeants of the regiment. In the centre is the drum-major, holding in his right hand the Queen's, and in his left the regimental, colour. On each side of him in line are four of the eight colour-sergeants of the regiment. The colour-sergeants of the regiment are the pick of the non-commissioned officers, and no higher praise could be given them than this, for the non-commissioned officers are the backbone of a regiment. Not only have they the honourable distinction of being the guard of the colours, but they are also in the responsible position of being the pay-sergeants of their companies, and thus must be men not only of absolute trustworthiness, but also with a good knowledge of accounts.

The remaining two photographs give us illustrations of the native Chinese that go to form a portion of our Hong Kong garrison.

These, however, are not the only native troops we employ at Hong Kong, for as will be seen we borrow from India a very large contingent of native soldiers. For example, the Hong Kong Company of Artillery is a local body, which comprises Europeans, Sikhs, and Chinamen; its officers, of course, belong to the Royal Artillery. More-

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JOHN CHINAMAN AS A "BOBBY."

over, there is a local volunteer artillery, part of which is European and the remainder Parsee. The Hong Kong Company of Engineers (Submarine Miners) is, again, a composite force, being partly European and partly native. The importance of trained submarine miners at Hong Kong is obvious when we recollect that it is our great Naval base in the south of China, and that until we have made Wei-Hai-Wei a suitable docking station, our only available docks and accommodation for repairing is Hong Kong. Our illustration gives some types of the Chinese members of this company. It is hardly a picturesque uniform, for shoes worn over long white stockings drawn over what appear to be putties is scarcely what might be called a smart rig. It is, however, the case that, as the duties of the submarine miner lie much on the water, the working dress always resembles that of a soldier rather than a sailor, though we think that, even so, a smarter rig could be devised. The Hong Kong Regiment forms a very strong portion of the defence, being 1,012 strong in all ranks, and organised exactly on the same system as a battalion of native infantry of the Indian Army. Enlisted entirely from the Mahomedan classes of the Punjab and North-West Provinces, it has eight British and seventeen native officers.

Its British officers all belong to the Indian Staff Corps, and are appointed for five years. The men are also enlisted for a term of five years, with the option of re-engaging if approved, and can earn a pension by twenty-one years' service.

Finally there is the police force, which, as already mentioned, is of a military character. This also is composite in its organisation, comprising Europeans, Sikhs, and Chinamen, the photograph we here reproduce showing a squad of the latter. It will be noticed that a number of these men wear medals, and these are probably those given for services during the plague at Hong Kong, which, though not allowed to be worn in uniform by the British soldiers who received it, would be presumably so worn by local forces, and especially the police.

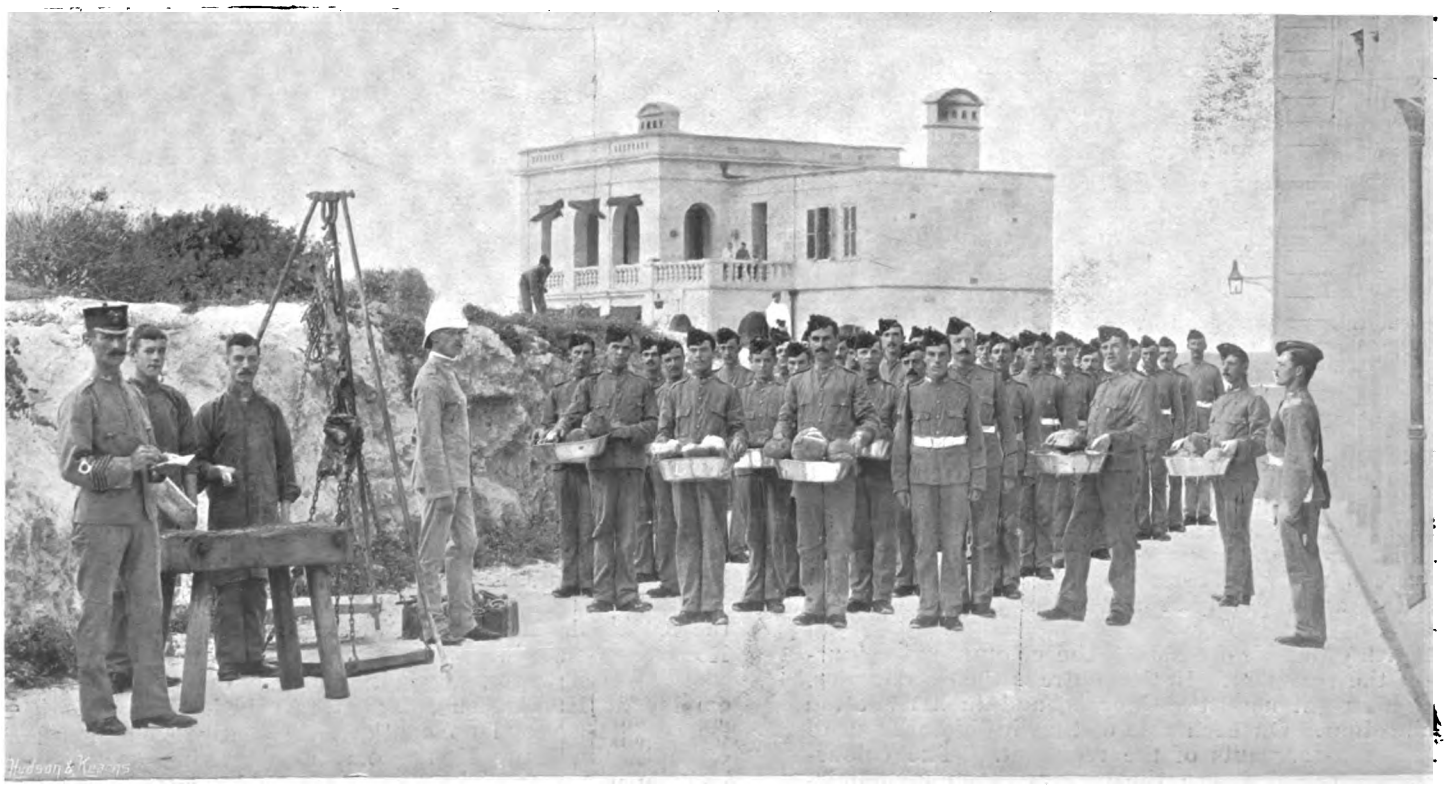

Photo. R. Ellis. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns

DRAWING RATIONS.

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I AM frequently asked what technical examinations have to be passed by Volunteer officers. There is but one examination compulsory, namely, one in drill, which is passed before a board of three officers. This has to be passed before the second general inspection of the officer's regiment after his joining, and gives him, on the average, about eighteen months in which to pass. As it is merely in drill, the task set him is not a difficult one. The degree, if we may so call it, of (p.s.), *i.e.*, passed school, will also be found after most officers' names in the Army List, which means that the officer has passed a more severe examination in the same subject, and has also attended a month's school of instruction at Chelsea Barracks. (t) or (T) are hieroglyphics which denote that the aspirant has passed in tactics. The former can be gained by passing in minor tactics, while the latter is earned by passing in an examination which comprises the application of tactics to work in the field, as represented by a map.

* * * *

NOT so long ago a volunteer who could add (p.s.) and (t) or (T) to his name was considered to have done well, but to-day most keen soldiers are also anxious to see (Q), (H), or (S) figuring after their names in the Army List. To obtain (Q), which signifies qualified, an officer must pass in five subjects, viz., (1) field fortifications, (2) military law, (3) military topography, (4) tactics, and (5) equipment and organisation. This examination may be taken as about equivalent to that which a Line officer is called upon to pass before he is qualified to be promoted to a company, and may be considered as a fairly severe test. Special qualification as regards those very necessary branches of military science, musketry and signalling, is possessed by those who gain (H) and (S). The former can be earned by going through the six weeks' course at the School of Musketry at Hythe, or by going through a special course for Volunteer officers which lasts but three weeks, and in which double tides are worked. (S) is a longer course, and signifies that the recipient has gone through a three months' course of instruction in signalling, either in London or at Aldershot.

* * * *

THE largest battle-ships in the world, measured by displacement, are the British battle-ships of the "Majestic" class, which displace 14,900 tons. The Italian battle-ships, "Italia," and "Lepanto," run them close—and, indeed, according to some authorities, surpass them—but they are of an out-of-date type, and growing into the sere and yellow leaf of battle-ship existence, as they are nearly twenty years old. The Italians, however, are a good second with a modern ship, the "Sardegna," which displaces 13,860 tons. The other large battle-ships of the great Naval Powers rank in the following order:—The Russian "Oslabya," 12,674; the Japanese "Fuji," 12,450; the French "Bouvet," 12,200; the United States "Kearsarge," 11,525; and the German "Kaiser Friedrich III.," 11,130. In beam our "Majestics" are 75-ft., which is only surpassed by the "Sardegna," of 76½-ft. In length, however, the foreigners surpass us, as the 390-ft. of the "Majestics" is considerably less than that of either the French, Italian, or Russian ships. We build our ships short and handy for manœuvring, nor are they deficient in speed, for the "Majestics" can steam from seventeen to eighteen knots, and probably no battle-ship afloat, with perhaps the exception of the Italian "Sardegna," could beat them.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT points out a slight error which has crept into these columns. "In describing the difference between the dress of the 1st Life Guards and the dress of the 2nd Life Guards it was stated that the 2nd wear a broad scarlet stripe. This is incorrect, as it is the Royal Horse Guards that wear the broad scarlet stripe. Both the 1st and 2nd Life Guards wear the two scarlet stripes with scarlet piping between them on their overalls. There is no noticeable difference between the stripes of the two regiments. The difference lies in the stable jacket: the 1st have a blue shoulder-knot, and the back of their jacket is plain; while the 2nd have a scarlet shoulder-knot with a blue piping, and they also have blue cord down the back of the jacket."

* * * *

THE carpenter of a big ship and his crew are among the busiest on board, though, because they are exempted from night watch at sea, they are classed together with the "idlers," as "carpenters and idlers." The reason is perhaps that, in days of sail and spar drill, not being seamen in the sense of going aloft, etc., when the hands were turned up for drilling they had to work in a division of men on deck termed idlers, and comprising cooks, servants, artificers, the barber, etc. The old ships' carpenters, accustomed only to "wood-spoiling," as it was disrespectfully called by those who knew nothing about it, had to face a considerable change in life when first appointed to a modern steel ship. It required a different sort of carpenter to do the mending there, and "skilled carpenters," as they were called, were introduced, who could work iron and steel. In action, the carpenters are provided with cutlasses, and stationed singly, or in pairs, at different points of the ship, a party of them being told off with axes and tools to attend with the fire brigade, which is kept ready to proceed wherever necessary.

APRIL 12th was a day doubly memorable in our Naval annals, as the anniversary of two battles that were fought on that date, 1782, one in the East and one in the West, within the same twenty-four hours. As Captain Mahan puts it:—"The sun had not quite set upon the exhausted squadrons of Suffren and Hughes, anchoring after their fiercest battle off Ceylon, when his early rays shone upon the opening strife between Rodney and De Grasse." The two battles are, of course, otherwise notable in themselves, the action off Trincomalee as one of the stubbornest fights that we have ever had with the French—it resulted in a draw; the other, of course, was the ever-memorable occasion when Rodney initiated the manœuvre of breaking the line, and crowned his most famous victory by taking prisoner the French commander-in-chief, the Comte de Grasse, in his flag-ship, the "Ville de Paris," the finest man-of-war at that period afloat.

* * * *

THE following comes from the United States, and is typically American in its extravagance. It is called the bicycle Gatling gun, and is quite the very latest notion for utilising the bicycle in warfare. The inventor would convert the pleasure-giving "bike" into a terrible weapon of destruction and death by using the top tube or bar as the barrel of a Gatling gun, the box containing the cartridges and the firing apparatus being attached to the tube near the handle-bar end. The soldier would ride into action, jump off his machine, point its rear in the face of the enemy, and grind out a stream of flame and bullets. Although the tube would be made of special steel, the additional weight would be comparatively small. Beautiful in theory and on paper all this, but there is better to follow. The bicycle's utility does not end with its death-dealing proclivities; it is a machine gun, magazine, and commissariat all in one. Besides carrying a complete outfit for actual service—camp, clothes, food, drink, etc.—it would, says the sanguine inventor, carry a supply of cartridges in the saddle-port and the back forks, a quantity of oil in the forward tube, and a couple of swords in the front forks, one in each, the forks and swords being, of course, specially made for each other.

* * * *

THE ship's cook on board a man-of-war has always held a most highly-respected position among the men, more especially as a sea prophet. He is, or rather was, not unusually an old seaman, and is a great king in the galley, where he can do very much for the comfort or otherwise of the men. Besides, the cook in any establishment must be respected, as, like the bandsman, punish them as much as you like, you cannot force the one to cook decently or the other to play in tune. Ships' cooks' mates were generally volunteers from the seamen ranks, and in time arrived at the higher rating, the cook of a line-of-battle-ship being a chief petty officer. Now they enter as cooks' mates on board the depôt ships at Portsmouth, Plymouth, etc., and are expected to pass a fair examination in their trade, after which they are regularly trained and drafted to sea-going ships as registered, and can rise to the rank of chief petty officer.

* * * *

IN reference to a recent paragraph in the NAVY AND ARMY on the subject of red as a colour for Army uniforms, a correspondent sends me a few notes on the subject. Red, or probably scarlet, uniforms are of very ancient origin. The Roman soldiers wore red cloaks. King Canute is said to have maintained a Body Guard clothed in red. Red coats were worn in the twelfth century, probably by soldiers, almost certainly by Royalty. In olden times red was the colour of honour in Wales. That this colour was used for soldiers' uniforms in the sixteenth century is proved by a letter written by Edward, Earl of Derby, who commanded the English troops in the Scotch Expedition of 1547. He mentions "light horsemen well harnessed as apperteyneth with a redde coate made of the cassok fason." But during the preceding reign, that of Henry VIII., the Tudor colours, green and white, were worn by what then constituted the Army; and in the City of London the trained band were clothed in white with a red cross down the front of the dress. Mounted soldiers at that period wore scarves of the Royal or the colonels' colours across the breast-plates. In Queen Anne's time scarlet and blue were fixed upon for the Army. According to the diarist Evelyn, Grenadiers, in 1678, wore furred caps with coped crowns and long hoods hanging down behind, their uniform being a fearsome piebald of yellow and red.

* * * *

WHEN a new ship has passed her trials and is being completed for sea, there is always some speculation at the port where she is being fitted out as to what colour she is to be painted. Up to that point a vessel, whether battle-ship or cruiser, for all the time that she is in dockyard hands, and also while undergoing her trials, steam, speed, and gunnery, is always painted all over of one colour, a dull, muddy grey or slate. Her trials over, however, particularly when a ship is to hoist the pennant at an early date, the question of the colour she is to be painted assumes importance as a guide to the station that she is meant for. It is, so to speak, a matter of black or white. At home, up the Straits, and on the Pacific station ships are painted black. Elsewhere they are white; so that the colour makes a great deal of difference as to a ship's future sphere of service.

* * * *

IN event of war this matter of colouring would, of course, be altered, and some colour more or less invisible at a distance would be adopted for all stations. Foreign Navies, as we know, have made a great number of experiments in that direction, and have come to a variety of conclusions as to the best colour for their ships' "war paint." Germany, for instance, is said to prefer a sort of yellowish drab, France the well-known *toile mouillee*, or wet cloth colour, the result of some curious experiments which took place at Cherbourg. A French man-of-war, it is stated, was painted one side black as usual, and on the other a variety of colours, a different colour being used on different days. The ship was then sent to circle a mile or so off the port, and observations were made from shore as to the visibility of the colours employed as contrasted with the ordinary black. This went on until, in the end, the colour *toile mouillee* was adopted. The Americans, for their part, have expressed satisfaction with a dark, mottled-green colour, of a curious shade, or mixture of shades, and the Russians are believed to have adopted a sort of French grey, perhaps by way of compliment to the Grande Nation with whom they are so mysteriously allied.

THE EDITOR.

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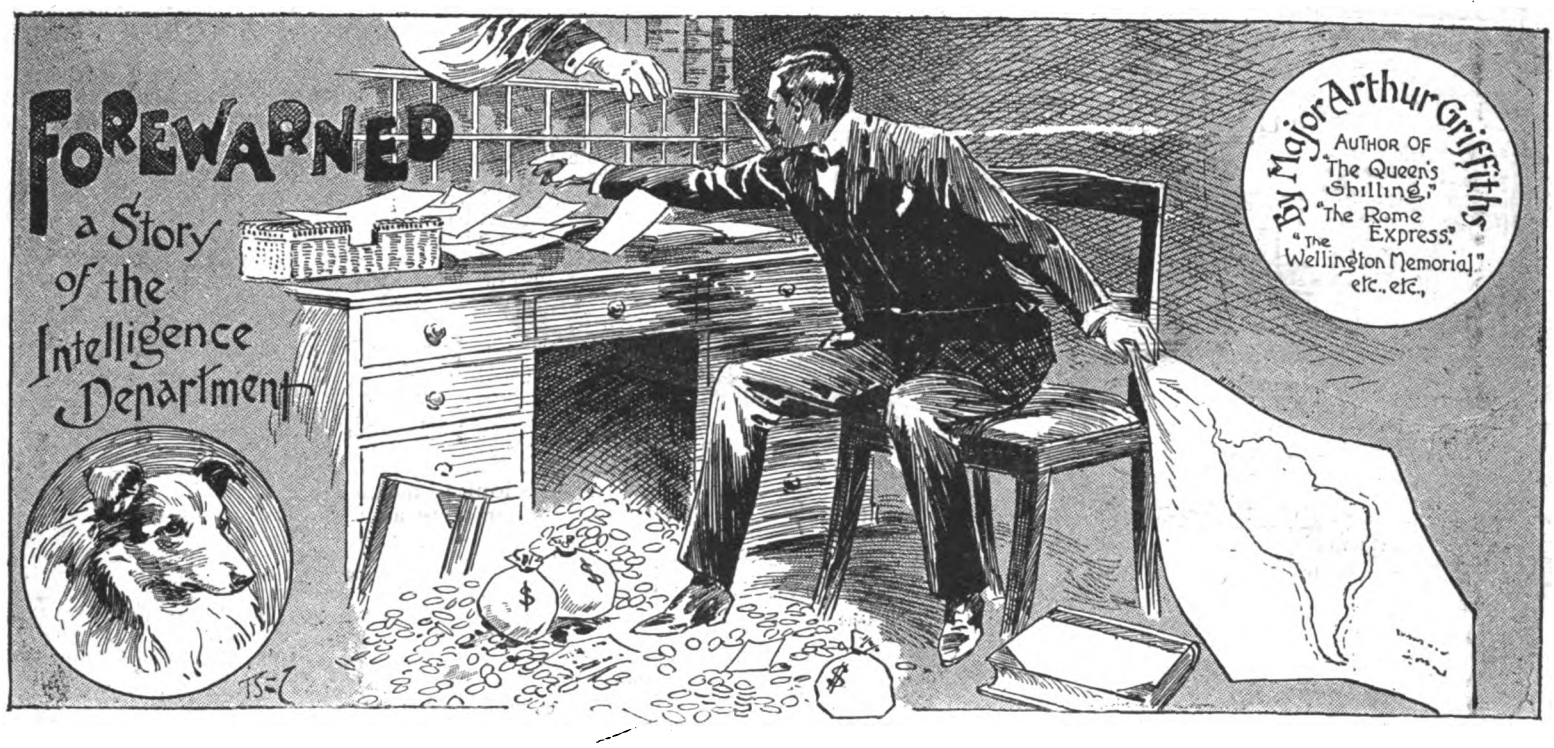
FOREWARNED
a Story of the Intelligence Department
By Major Arthur Griffiths
Author of "The Queen's Shilling," "The Rome Express," "The Wellington Memorial," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Captain Wood is an officer on the staff of the Intelligence Department of the War Office engaged with certain confidential questions pending with the United States Government. A lawyer tells him that an unknown relative, an American millionaire, has left him a colossal fortune. At the same time an American detective warns him that he has enemies plotting against his fortune and his life. At the Intelligence Office he is given some confidential work to carry through connected with an attack on New York. The same day the American detective details the nature of the plot against his fortune and the military secrets he possesses. He meets Frida Wolstenholme at a ball, where he proposes, and is accepted. He gets into a cab, when he is attacked, hocussed, and loses consciousness. Recovering at length, he finds himself tied and bound, and is subjected to a cruel and painful ordeal. Snuyzer, the American detective, having shadowed Captain Wood all night, sees him carried off towards Hammersmith, follows his tracks, and believes he has run him to earth. Sets an assistant to watch the house, and returns to London. Hears at Wood's chambers that he has met with an accident, and at the American Consulate that Wood has been there. Now Sir Charles Collingham supervenes with anxious enquiries for confidential papers that are missing. Miss Wolstenholme is informed of Captain Wood's disappearance, and the whole party, with Wood's collie dog, proceed to Hammersmith. The villa is broken into, with the assistance of the police, but no Captain Wood is to be found. Snuyzer's boy Joe, whom he had placed on watch, has gone, leaving a few words chalked on the gate saying he is following some clue. Snuyzer is now much discredited. Strong doubts are thrown upon the story of Wood's capture. The police suggest Wood is hiding, when the boy Joe, Snuyzer's assistant, is brought in with the report that he has seen Wood's transfer in a carriage from Hammersmith to Featherstone Gardens. The house in Featherstone Gardens is visited, but appears to be respectable—a Spanish Duke's, family out of town. The police now declare they wash their hands of the whole business. Snuyzer finds out from the caretaker that Wood is not in the house at Featherstone Gardens, but has been kidnapped and taken to sea in a steamer; it is determined to follow in a fast cruiser, if such can be obtained from the Admiralty. On application this is found to be impossible, but at Lloyd's they agree to send a tug after the steamer, the "Fleur de Lis," and Miss Wolstenholme determines to accompany Snuyzer to New York, the detective having found out that the Spanish Duke and family, together with Wood, are going there in the "Chattahoochee." No news comes from Snuyzer in the tug, so she starts for New York alone, but is helped by a stranger who proves to be a colleague of the American detective. The dog Roy accompanies her, and is much excited, for no apparent reason, on the "Chattahoochee." Miss Wolstenholme is prostrated by sea-sickness, and can do little in watching the conspirators, and the dog, having a tell-tale collar, betrays his ownership to the Duchess. Snuyzer takes up the story, and tells how he started, late, with Major Thornhill in a steam tug to intercept the "Fleur de Lis," and, having just missed her, chased her to the French coast, where she takes refuge in a small harbour, under the French flag. The pursuers lie outside watching and waiting.

CHAPTER XXII. *(continued).*

I DID not like it quite, for Joe was under my orders, not his; but it was all for the best, and it helped us considerable that the boy stayed ashore.

We got no sign from him. Nothing happened the whole of that afternoon and evening. The time passed quickly enough, for the Major and I talked all the time of what we thought to do and how we should do it. The boldest plan pleased us best, and we meant to row straight for the yacht with all hands, picking up Joe by the way, board her, and trust to luck and bounce for the rest.

Night came about eight o'clock, dark and starless. It was best to get to work right away, and we were to start about nine. But a little before that we heard shots and the noise of a rumpus, faint but distinct, in the distance. Something was up, certain sure, and in the direction of the bay, for the sounds came from the yacht.

"Better not poke our noses into any row, not till we're driven to it," the Major said quietly. "The night's young yet; we've got it all before us."

So we waited half-an-hour, and were on the point of starting out on an expedition when we heard a sound of oars approaching.

What could it mean?

Then came a low "Halloa! Jacob Silverton ahoy!" in Joe's voice, and he was soon alongside in a boat that belonged to the "Fleur de Lis." He said so, anyway, and we were bound to believe him, although it was a confoundedly queer story.

While he waited among the rocks he still kept his look-out on the yacht. Although it had fallen dark, he could make out her hull on the water plainly; there were lights, too, aboard, with streaks and reflections strong enough to show up parts of her.

Suddenly he saw a figure dropping out of the stern into the yacht's dinghy, which seemed to have been put there on purpose, and which, anyway, was quickly cast adrift, for it floated slowly and silently away. The tide was making into the bay, and she must have been caught on the current, which carried her inshore. Half-way to the land the figure, which had no doubt been crouching in the bottom, out of sight, got up on to the thwarts and began pulling like mad.

Joe soon made up his mind; he must know more about this boat and the man in it; so he got up on to the top of the rocks, where there was a better surface, and ran all he knew to the head of the bay, following the sound of the oars and getting a squint now and again of the black smudge of the dinghy. He came upon it at last, high and dry on the shore.

But the man was gone.

Joe was a smart nipper; he knew what he'd got to do, and that was to pass on his news to us. The quickest way would be to row out in the dinghy; so he ran her back into the water and pulled out to sea, coasting the far side and giving the yacht a wide berth.

When almost off it a fierce stramash broke out aboard. Six-shooters were let off, several shots, pretty quickly followed by yells and curses. Joe saw that the disturbance was heard on shore; lights began to dance about in the village, and the alarm was given.

"They'll soon have the gendarmes on their backs. Now's our time. We'll take the dinghy back; it will be an excuse for getting on board," said the Major. "Sharp's the word, skipper. Man the boat, every soul you can spare, cast loose and give way."

A shore boat was already alongside when we got to the yacht; it had brought the authorities, for when we hailed the answer came in French to keep off, that the police were in charge, and if we had anything to say it must be by daylight.

"Anyway we'd better bring the tug into the bay, and lie close handy against the morning," I suggested, and the advice was considered good, although the skipper did not much like the job entering a strange place in dead of night.

There were more difficulties made next day, and it was quite late before the Major and I set foot on the "Fleur de Lis." Some more big French toads had come off from shore—a magistrate, one or two doctors, and an officer of

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gendarmes—and they had begun a "verbal process," as it is called; for there had been wounding and attempted murder, so they said, on board the yacht.

The long and the short of it was, that the rogues had fallen out among themselves. With good reason too, from the point of view of some of them. McQuahe, the colonel from Klondyke, had fallen out with Lawford for assisting our captain to escape from the yacht, and loosed off at him directly Wood was missed. He was a quick shooter, and had pretty well filled Lawford up with lead; so full that it might go hard with him.

But, at his own request, they let Major Thornhill have some talk with him, in which a little light was thrown on recent proceedings. William Wood had been brought thus far in the "Fleur de Lis," a close prisoner, but by Lawford's help had broken out and got to shore in the dinghy. He of course was the man Joe had seen.

Questioned as to the confidential papers, and whether they were on board, Lawford shook his head.

"The Duke has stuck to them. There's money in them, a big pile, and he's crossing the pond by to-morrow's mail to sell them to Uncle Sam. Guess you won't overtake him, and if you try to stop him on landing he'll have the American Government on his side. They're hungering for those papers, you bet."

"You are positive they are not here?" insisted Thornhill.

"Don't I tell you? I'm likely to get nothing more from this crowd except my death, and it's to my advantage to serve the other side. If you want those papers, you must look for them on the 'Chattahoochee,' and she leaves Southampton to-morrow (Sunday) morning."

It was now only the afternoon of Saturday, and we might have done it well starting back full steam ahead at once. But French police and French lawyers are a sight slower and more interfering than the British, and they wanted all of us to sign a new "verbal process" all about ourselves. The formalities were not completed by Sunday morning, and by the time we were ready to start for England the "Chattahoochee" must have already left the Solent.

We made, therefore, for Weymouth, the nearest point, and landed late that night. Thence the Major and I took the cars for London, neither of us remarkably happy, for the whole blooming business was more or less of a fizzle.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CAPTAIN WOOD resumes his narrative.

(After describing his slow recovery from unconsciousness, and an interminable drive, still bound and gagged, he goes on to tell how he at last found himself on a narrow bed, probably a cabin berth. The motion, the noises, the odours around, soon satisfied him that he was on ship board and at sea.)

I must have been in a state of semi-stupor, the result of ill-usage and want of food, for I only roused myself with difficulty on hearing my name called aloud. I realised then that my bonds had been cast loose; there was no gag in my mouth; I was so far free that I could use my limbs and speak if I chose. I was in a small cabin, only dimly lighted through the closed port, but it was still daylight, and from the wash against the side I knew that the craft, whatever it might be, was in the open sea.

Three men were in the small cabin, crowding up and filling it completely. Two stood over me, one of whom I recognised as Lawford, the American, and when I saw his face I realised how deep laid was the plot against me. Behind was a third, a coffee-coloured negro, who took no part in the proceedings, except to show his white teeth in a truculent grin from time to time when reference was made to him.

The spokesman was a tall, thin, lantern-jawed man, a typical Yankee from the West, with a goatee beard and a big slouch hat. His accent was strongly corroborative of the land he hailed from.

"You'll be mad with us, I guess, Mr. Wood, for this rough handling," he began, slowly revolving an unlighted cigar between his lips; "but if you will jest allow me to say so, you've only yourself to thank. Last night, this morning ruther, a fair proposition was made which you rejected. Reckon your dander was up, but it don't do to be too starchy when you're in an enemy's camp. Question is, are you prepared to knock under now?"

He paused, for an answer. Of course I would make none.

"'Taint no sort of use your being starchy," he repeated. "You've got to climb down. We're the masters in this 'ere business. You belong to us, to the Universal Guild, and must yield obedience, complete and implicit. We've set our seal upon you. See here," with that he stretched out his hand, and lifting my shirt-cuff, showed a small device, still red, and no doubt recently pricked in on my wrist. It was exactly as that I had noticed on the night of my capture when someone handed me the papers for signature.

"We all bear it. Look!" he bared his own wrist. "Show your's, Lawford, and you, Lysander," and I saw that all alike were branded.

"There is no help for you," he went on. "You are ours, at our mercy; we can do what we like with you here, or elsewhere, anywhere——"

"That I may suppose," I broke in angrily. "But we get no further. I've heard all this before. Tell me, please, what you mean to do with me now. We will not discuss the Guild, as you call it, or the brand to which I never consented—why am I brought out to sea, what do you expect from me? What is your price? I can pay it. You, Lawford, you were always needy and, no doubt, have sold yourself to these rascals. I will give you double, three times——"

"Mr. Lawford knows better. You have no longer the power. You have signed away your fortune. It is in the hands of the Guild. They may make you an allowance, but that is as they see fit, and it will not be until you submit. Till then we have orders to keep you a close prisoner at sea."

"Psha! The first ship passing, liner or man-of-war, will release me."

"If you could communicate, you promise not to do so, or if you are caught trying to do so, it will be necessary to keep you below, always in this cabin and—you might find that unpleasant after the first week or two."

"I will give no promise, except that some day there will be a heavy reckoning for you all. All, Lawford, you understand?"

The poor wretch looked down, but said nothing.

Mayhap you'll think better of it, Mr. Wood, to-morrow or next day. Meanwhile your comfort will not be forgotten. Lysander here is an excellent valet. You will prepare a bath for Mr. Wood——"

"Yes, Colonel McQuahe," replied the Mulatto.

"Get him some clean clothes——"

"Yes, Colonel McQuahe."

"And jest wait on him closely, punctually, d'ye see? Never let him out of your sight unless he is here in this cabin under close lock and key."

"Yes, Colonel McQuahe."

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I found to my surprise a portmanteau, one of my own, with shirts, linen, and one or two suits of dittoes, had been put into my cabin. As I was still in evening dress, that which I had worn on the night of my capture, I was glad enough to change. Before I threw off my clothes I felt in all my pockets, and found my watch and my purse. Nothing was missing except a small wallet which I always carried and in which I had placed the letter from the New York lawyers announcing my accession of fortune. No doubt it had been removed for some evil purpose, part of the general scheme of fraud.

I could find no fault with the Mulatto Lysander except that he was too attentive. His care was that of a keeper or gaoler, tempered with the devotion of a personal body servant. He shaved me very skilfully, helped me into my clean clothes, made my bed, tidied my cabin, and brought me what I stood most in need of, a hot and sufficient meal.

I thanked him civilly enough for his good offices, hoping to lead him into conversation, to learn something from him, but he was taciturn and very much on his guard. All I could get out of him was:

"That's all right, boss. Reckon I'm one ob de confraternity, and my job am to look after you. Talking aint in it though, and you would oblige me, boss, by abstertaining from loquacerty."

I did not care to press him, indeed I was too tired for anything, even for thought; too much exhausted by my strange adventures to consider what might be still before me, and I was glad enough to turn in. So the nigger left me with a brief "good night, boss," and I was just conscious that the key was turned in the lock of the cabin door behind him.

I must have slept all round the clock, and I woke like a giant refreshed. I could now collect my ideas a little and look my present situation fairly in the face.

I was a prisoner, that was obvious; but exactly why or for how long, it was not easy to conjecture. I had never credited the story of the "Universal Guild"; it was too far-fetched and fantastic, probably no more than a specious fiction covering some attack on my pocket. This led me to conclude that I should be set free when the plot, whatever it might be, was brought to a successful issue—that might be in a month, more or less, always supposing the vessel could keep the sea for so long. But we might be driven into port; we might speak other ships; there was the off-chance of my being able to undermine the fidelity of some of those on board—bribe the Mulatto, win over Lawford: who could say?

Save for one ever-haunting, tormenting uncertainty, I could afford to bide my time; I might possess my soul in patience, fairly confident that the right would come right in the end.

But what of Frida? When should I see her again? To win her and be parted from her all within a few short hours—it was hard measure, indeed. And how would she take my disappearance? Would she be grieved, annoyed, suspicious—what?

These last rather anxious speculations were broken in on by the appearance of Lysander, my laconic gaoler, who brought me a cup of hot coffee, with the brief words:

"Breakfast, boss?"

He was presently followed by Colonel McQuahe and Lawford. They both enquired most affectionately after my health. Had I slept well, was the food to my taste, the boy attentive?—all as pat as though they were my hosts and we were the best friends imaginable.

"Say now, Mr. Wood," went on McQuahe, "I dew hope you'll change your decision of yesterday. It was ill-considered—yes, sir, you may take that from me. See; we've no wish to keep you here below the whole voyage—mayhap a tarnation long voyage. But we can't let you go on deck unless you promise———"

"What?"

"Jest this. You must promise not to try and communicate with any hooker that may approach us, neither by waving, shouting, or otherwise signalling. Also, never to speak to any soul on board but our three selves; never to signal or make signs to the captain or any man-Jack of the crew; not that it would help you any, for they believe you to be sick mentally—a lunatic with disordered senses brought to sea for his health. We two are the doctors, Lysander here is attendant and keeper. Will you give us your word of honour as a gentleman———"

"To gentlemen?" I interjected, and the irony was not lost on Lawford, whose red face grew redder.

"As man to man," corrected McQuahe. "I calculate that's good enough. And don't raise our dander, or you may hurt yourself."

"I will promise," I said, "but conditionally. I claim to withdraw from it, when it suits me, when and how I please."

"As how?"

"If I find that I am unfairly treated, if circumstances alter, if———"

"You see a chance of making your guy! Waal, sir, when that time comes, we shall take the gloves off, and you will feel our fists."

It was a splendid day on deck, bright sun, a brisk air freshening off the sparkling sea. We were under full canvas—she was a schooner yacht—and doing a good ten knots, I imagined, down Channel. I judged the direction of our course by the position of the sun, the movement of the shipping and steamers going both ways, yet more by the blue line of land on either bow.

I have called our vessel a yacht, her name the "Fleur de Lis," as I saw it marked on the life-belts, brass-work, and compass-box; a yacht, as was evident from her fittings, the clear-deck fore and aft, the abundant brass-work, the absence of hamper, the fairly white sails. But she was not particularly ship-shape, not as spick-and-span, as scrupulously clean, as if her owner was on board; her crew were seemingly a scratch lot, not true yachtsmen, and the skipper, although alert and sailor-like, was in a shabby suit of dittoes, not the regulation blue cloth and brass buttons.

He spoke to the Colonel as we came near the wheel, where he was helping to con the ship. They were all three round me, McQuahe, Lawford, and the negro, making a fussy pretence at solicitude, one at each arm, the third with rugs and pillow, and deck chair.

"Got him up, eh, doctor? Poor gentleman, this ought to do him a world of good," said the skipper; and looking across, I met his eyes full and square, the friendly blue eyes of an honest sailor set in a brown weather-beaten face. He was not in the plot, I felt certain, and my heart beat fast at this the first glimmering of hope since I had come aboard. I judged that the yacht had been hired just as she stood for the job, as it was pretended of giving an invalid of unsound mind a cruise at sea.

Then they arranged me in my chair, with quite tender solicitude I admit, but that was part of the play; gave me books and a pipe, and left me, but not to myself. Two of the three were always at my elbow, or held me constantly in sight. I was close guarded, but I hardly minded it, for a sort of dreamy luxurious lassitude overcame me, the reaction, no doubt, from so many emotions, and I dozed on and off pretty well all that day, Thursday.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I AWOKE next morning between six and seven, feeling fresh and fit, and would gladly have turned out to enjoy the invigorating air on deck. But no one came for a long time, although I rang and called and clapped my hands. When, after a time, Lysander appeared, he wore a discontented saturnine look on his dark ugly mug, and went on with his valeting sullenly and silently till he left me. By-and-by Lawford came in, anxious and perturbed, as I could see by his face and manner.

"What's amiss, Lawford? Have your sins found you out? The hangman might be aboard, to say nothing of the police."

"They're in sight, anyway," he said, in a low whisper; then checking my exclamation of delight, he added, impressively, "H—sh, man, h—sh! or you'll spoil all."

There was evidently a sudden change in the situation. Lawford had come, no doubt, to temporise and treat, and I snatched at the opportunity, forestalling him in what he intended to say.

"Listen, Lawford! You've behaved scurvily enough to me; but I'll forgive you, and pay you a thousand pounds to come over to my side."

"H—sh! man. Do be careful. It's as much as your life is worth, or mine, if McQuahe should hear you. You must not be in a hurry. There may be some mistake. She may not be really after us."

"She? What is it you mean? Go on, in the name of goodness."

"A steam tug is in chase. We sighted her at daylight steering our course, and we cannot shake her off. We have shifted our helm twice; so has she. Now McQuahe is bearing down on the French coast, where, of course, nothing English can touch us."

"But I shall appeal to the French authorities."

"Not if they keep you locked up down here. That's what McQuahe will do. It's all he wants to do; keep you out of the way while the rest of us fill our pockets with your dollars on the other side. It's all arranged and squared. They leave Southampton in the 'Chattahoochee' on Sunday with your double, another William Wood, and the game is to sweep up everything before you can show a hand."

"Lawford, I will make it two, three—five thousand pounds if you get me out of this trap in time for the steamer."

"You wouldn't be safe on it. They cannot afford to let you up. Besides, you're one of the 'Guild' now. You are liable to be done to death unless you yield instant obedience."

(To be continued).

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THE AFRIDI WAR.

FROM time to time we have been able to give to our readers illustrations representative of phases in the Afridi War, now drawn to a close, but few have been of greater interest than the three photographs we now reproduce. Whatever blunders have been committed and mistakes made in the conduct of the campaign, it stands out conspicuous as one more proof of the glorious fact that for pluck and dash our Indian Army, European and native, has no equal in the world. One of our illustrations shows us the fort at Bara with, in the foreground, the Commissariat Store. In the centre is the commissariat officer in charge, while standing around—with all eyes intently glued on the camera—are his European and native subordinates. In the background a mule equipped with pack saddle shows the method of transport, and it will be seen that the bales are so arranged as to be of equivalent weight and size. An unevenly balanced or unequally weighted load probably means a sore back, and a consequently incapacitated unit of the transport.

In another photograph we see the "Gay Gordons," who in this campaign have covered themselves with glory, on the march returning to Bara. It is only in accord with its regimental traditions that this grand old corps should add fresh lustre to its renown in an Eastern clime, for all its previous honours have been won in the East. It was originally the 75th Highland Regiment of Foot, one of four regiments raised at the cost of the old East India Company in 1787. It is through this corps, now its 1st Battalion, that the "Gay Gordons" are entitled to enscroll on their colours the glorious legends, Mysore, Seringapatam, India, with the badge of a tiger (the collar badge of the regiment), Delhi, Lucknow, Egypt, 1882-84; Tel-el-Kebir; and Nile, 1884-85.

BROTHERS IN ARMS.

Our first illustration shows us, seated in front of an officer's regulation 80-lb. tent, two gallant brothers; on the right General Hart, V.C., C.B., one of the brigade commanders, and on the left Colonel Hart, Commanding Royal Engineer. Both brothers, in fact, belong to the Royal Engineers, and though the latter has only lately earned his first laurels on active service, the former has, as evidenced by

From Photos. By an Officer at the Front

THE "GAY GORDONS" ON THE MARCH.

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From a Photo. By an Officer at the Front.

WELL PROVISIONED.

the row of medal ribbons on his breast, seen much of war. He served through the Afghan War of 1878-80, and the Egyptian Campaign against Arabi, being present at both Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir, besides other minor engagements. The small patch on the right breast denotes also that he is the possessor of a civil decoration for gallantry in saving life. He is indeed the possessor of the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving life at Boulogne, to which was added a medal from the Mayor of that town, and another medal from the President of the French Republic. Since then he has added to his Royal Humane Society's medal a silver clasp for saving life in the Ganges Canal at Roorkee, the Indian Chatham, and the headquarters of the Bengal Engineers.

His Victoria Cross he won in the last Afghan War, by gallantly running some 1,200-yds. under fire to the rescue of a wounded Bengal Lancer, driving off his assailants, and bringing the wounded man under cover.

SPANISH WAR PREPARATIONS.

Photo Jules David. Copyright.

A PARADE OF INFANTRY CHASSEURS.

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THE very critical situation of affairs between the United States and Spain has rivetted the attention of the world, as much even as the events in the Far East. Of all the vast possessions which Spain held in the West, Cuba and Porto Rico alone remain, and for the defence of these she will expend her last available peseta. Nearly a year ago, on May 8th, 1897, a sum of £8,000,000 was raised on the customs for the defence of Cuba and the Philippines, and no effort has since been spared. The extraordinary rapidity with which vast bodies of troops have been raised and despatched abroad—many, it is true, in a raw state—has astonished many observers.

Some excellent types of Spanish soldiers, now on a war footing, are illustrated here. The infantry constitute the main body of the Army, but the cavalry are the *corps d'élite*. There are twenty-eight regiments of them in all, including eight of Lancers. The 4th Lancers are located at Barcelona, the headquarters of the 4th Army Corps, and are here seen in their barrack-yard, the officers grouped in the foreground, the colonel being in advance, and the men with arms piled awaiting the call to saddle, while others in the rear are ready to march. The horses are good, and the uniform of the officers resembles that so familiar in France, while the men have something of the aspect of German Uhlans.

THE COLONEL OF THE 12th INFANTRY.

WITH THE 4th LANCER REGIMENT.

Our two pictures of the infantry are equally typical. Every Spaniard is subject to the obligation of three years' military service in the active ranks, with the customary exceptions, and the lot of the vast majority is cast with the foot soldiers. The 1st Chasseurs à Pied, or Rifles, at Madrid—there are thirty-six battalions of this branch—are a crack corps of excellent material, with a large band. Their sandal footgear will be specially noticed; it is considered to be the best for use in hot and mountainous countries. The infantry of the Line number seventy-four regiments, each of two battalions, and we give a portrait of the colonel of the 12th Regiment, with his bugler.

The Spanish artillery constitute one of the most efficient branches of the Army, and in the mounted battery of the 4th Regiment of Artillery we have an illustration of one of the finest sections of the force. The gun is the Krupp 3·5-in. (something larger than our 12-pounder), with limbers and pole draught. The artillery are formed in thirteen regiments, each of four batteries, of the field branch, a horse regiment, and three mountain regiments. Officers are entered after competitive examination, and receive a thorough theoretical and practical instruction at the college at Segovia. As yet, neither the artillery nor cavalry have found much opportunity of distinguishing themselves in Cuba.

Photos. Jules David. Copyright.

A BATTERY OF THE 4th ARTILLERY AT MADRID.

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Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns

ON "SENTRY GO."

WE have here a sentry being "visited" to see that he knows his orders and instructions as to the duties of his post. The man is shown in the regulation attitude when receiving "visiting rounds," with his rifle "ported," an attitude that is practically a half-way position between the man's ordinary position under arms, standing with his rifle "at the shoulder," and the sentry's challenging position, with the rifle nearly horizontal, bayonet at the front, "at the charge."

The officer shown on the reader's left, wearing a crown on his forearm, is the battalion sergeant-major who is visiting the sentry, accompanied by the corporal of the guard, who himself is shown on the reader's right with his rifle at the "short shoulder." Sentries are ordinarily drawn from the regimental main guard, which is mounted every morning for a twenty-four hours' tour of duty, and are posted over magazines, at the main-guard entrance, and wherever else it may be necessary, ordinarily for two hours at a spell, when fresh sentries from the main guard take their places. All sentries are to be vigilant at their posts. They are not on any account to sing, smoke, or suffer any noise to be made near them, and they are also to keep a watchful eye over all property committed to their charge. They are not to suffer any light to remain near or any fire to be made near their posts at night time, neither is any sentry to be relieved or removed from his post, except by the corporal of the guard personally.

They are also not to suffer any person to touch or handle their arms, or in the night time to come within ten yards of their posts.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—NO. 65] SATURDAY, APRIL 30th, 1898.

Photo. Villiers & Quick. Copyright.

VICE-ADMIRAL HENRY CRAVEN ST. JOHN.

BORN in the same year that the Queen came to the throne, Admiral St. John entered the Royal Navy in 1852. He first saw active service in the Russian War, in which, as a midshipman in a line-of-battle ship, he was present at the capture of Bomarsund in 1854. In the next year he went out to the Far East, where for upwards of thirteen years he was actively employed in the China War, in the Japanese coast operations of 1863, and in suppressing piracy on the south coast of China. In the China War there was hardly an engagement, from the affair of the Bogue Forts to the actions of Escape Creek and Fatshan, in which he did not take part, and he was specially promoted lieutenant for his services.

He won his promotion as commander in a similar way for the part he took in suppressing piracy in the China Seas between 1864 and 1866 while lieutenant-commander of the "Opossum" gun-boat. During the commission upwards of fifty-four pirate junks were taken. Two of these affairs are specially notable. In one, the pirates boarded the "Opossum" in overpowering numbers, but were beaten off and their junks and a covering battery taken. In another, a flotilla of fifteen pirate junks were attacked and taken by the "Opossum" single-handed. Commander St. John was specially promoted to captain in 1873 for particular service on the coast of Japan in carrying out survey operations. From 1892 to 1895 Rear-Admiral St. John, as he then was, commanded at Queenstown, as "Senior Officer on the Coast of Ireland." He was promoted to vice-admiral in 1896.

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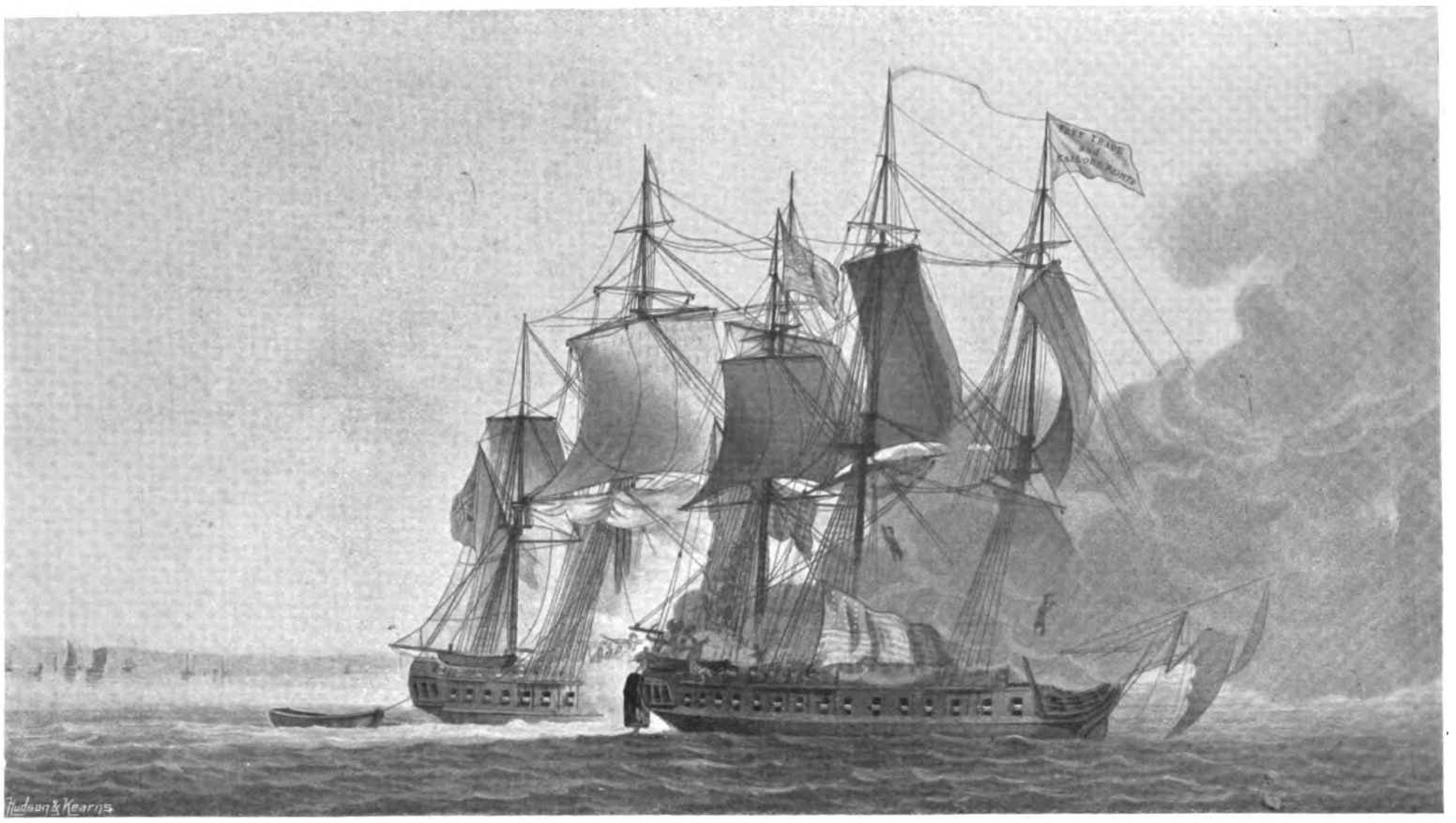
A FAMOUS MILL.



THE ACTION BETWEEN THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND "SHANNON."

A SINGULAR fate befel the "Chesapeake," which, from having been the pride of the American Navy, was in a very short space of time transformed into a flour mill, which for the past seventy-six years has ground corn for the inhabitants of a peaceful little English hamlet. When the Americans built this fine frigate and sent her out of Boston Harbour to take part in one of the most famous sea duels in Naval history—and, as they unmistakably thought, to win an easy victory—they little thought what a fate was in store for her. On June 6th, 1813, just five days after her defeat by the "Shannon," the "Chesapeake" was taken into Halifax (U.S.) Harbour in company with her victorious rival. On the previous day her commander, Captain Lawrence, the American Nelson, as he was called by his countrymen, had died of his wounds. Mr. Ludlow, the 1st lieutenant of the "Chesapeake," shortly afterwards succumbed to the injuries he had sustained in the action. Both he and his captain were buried at Halifax with Service honours, though their remains were shortly afterwards handed over to the American Government. When the "Chesapeake" reached Halifax, says a writer who went on board her, her decks were like a slaughter-house, and on the quarter-deck lay the dead body of her captain, wrapped in the American flag. For several years after her return to England the "Shannon" was a "show ship." But she saw little active service after her famous victory, and, after having had her name changed to the "St. Lawrence," was broken up. The "Chesapeake" had found her way into the hands of the ship-breakers some time before. In 1815 she was brought to England, and five years later was sold by the Government to a Mr. Holmes, of Portsmouth. She had cost the American Government £60,000 to build, but the English Government sold her for £500; and her purchaser made a clear profit of £1,000 upon his speculation. She was broken up, and some of her timbers were built into houses at Portsmouth. But by far the greater portion of them were worked into a flour mill at Wickham, a pretty little village situate in the Meon valley, Hampshire, and which, by the way, is the birthplace of the famous William of Wykeham. Her decks were placed, practically unaltered, in the mill. The outside of the mill, which was built in 1820, is of brick, but the beams, joists, and floors are all constructed of timbers from the "Chesapeake."

FRONT VIEW OF MILL.

All the floors of the mill are laid with the blood-stained timbers from the "Chesapeake's" deck, and the stains are as visible now as they were when the floors were first put in. Moreover, the joists are also covered with the blood of the men who were killed and wounded in the action,

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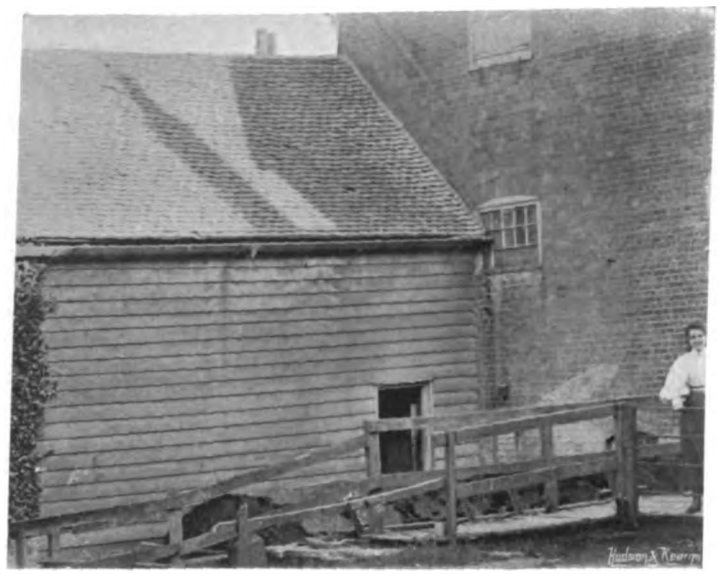
and many bullets are embedded in them; in fact, a good many of the timbers seem quite soaked with blood. Although "Chesapeake" Mill is unknown to the average tourist, it is frequently visited by Americans. Looking down at the floors as one walks across them one sees big dark patches, as though pools of blood had stagnated there, and the huge joists overhead bear the same sanguinary evidences. Piled upon this gore-stained planking lie big heaps of snow-white flour, and it is doubtful whether one out of every hundred of the country

VIEW OF INTERIOR OF MILL.
Showing blood-stained Beams and Floor above



REAR OF MILL, SHOWING PORTION OF TIMBERS.

people who consume this know that nearly one hundred men were killed, and over that number wounded on those very timbers on which the flour for the bread they eat daily was ground. The nearest railway station to Wickham is at Fareham, some four miles away, and the village is nine miles from Portsmouth over undulating country. Our illustrations show front and back views of the mill. In the latter can be seen some of the "Chesapeake's" timbers, and we also give a view of the interior, showing the blood-stained joists and flooring.

A NEWLY-COMMISSIONED CRUISER.

THE fine rakish-looking cruiser here represented is the "Bonaventure," one of a class of six or eight similar vessels, which have been described in previous numbers. She was recently the flag-ship in the East Indies, and is now on her way to China, being due next week at Singapore, having been commissioned at Devonport by Captain Gerald C. Langley. He was gunnery-lieutenant of the "Carysfort" during the Egyptian War of 1882, and was mentioned in despatches. The complement of the vessel is considerably over 300; they have apparently all put in an appearance in the picture, and come out with remarkable distinctness, in spite of their numbers. Every man in the group would probably be recognised by his shipmates, notwithstanding the difficulty of focussing where the distance from the camera varies so greatly.

The days of new ships becoming more or less obsolete before they could be got off the stocks, and of dummy steam reserves, are past, thanks no doubt, in part, to greater experience and improved machinery. No vessel is now permitted to be reported ready unless she is so in actual fact; and when

Photo. W. M. Crockett

CAPTAIN LANGLEY AND OFFICERS.

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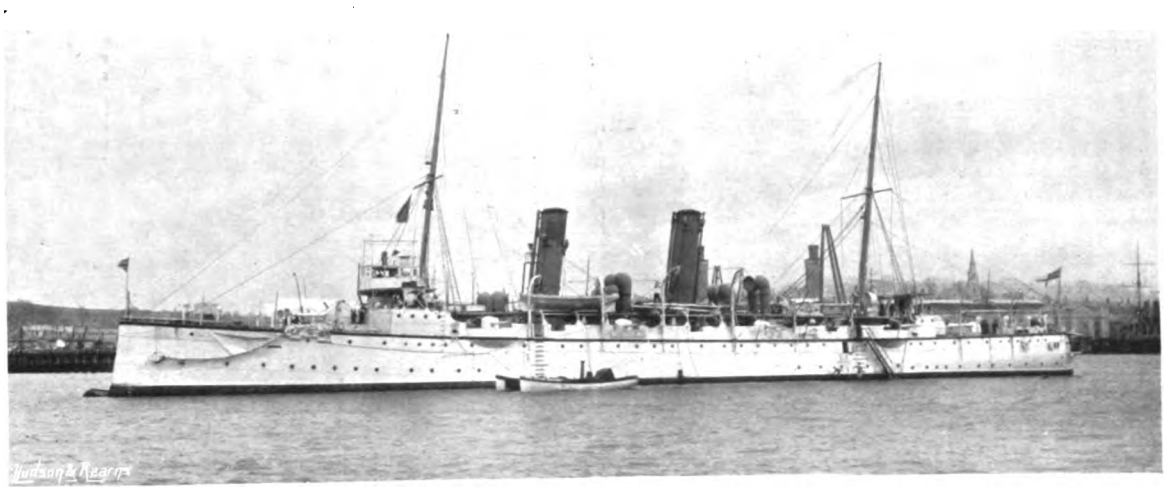
it becomes necessary to hurry up, the dockyards are fully equal to the occasion, as has been demonstrated on more than one occasion lately.

One very important factor in the vastly improved state of affairs is, no doubt, the completion of the immense extensions to our principal dockyards, affording docking and repairing accommodation for a much larger number of vessels than formerly.

Another factor of moment is the emphatic discouragement of the *laisser aller* methods which were formerly characteristic of dockyard artisans.



THE "BONAVENTURE."

Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright—Hudson & Kearns.

THE SHIP'S COMPANY.

Gunnery in the Royal Marine Light Infantry.

THE illustration on page 129 represents the ammunition lecture-room in the Naval Gun Battery of the Chatham Division Royal Marines. A class of young officers of the Royal Marine Light Infantry are receiving instruction in the details of charges, projectiles, tubes, and fuses required for the many different types of guns to be found on board our fighting ships at the present time—a most complicated study, and only rendered possible of ready comprehension by means of the excellent sections, illustrations, and models supplied by the Admiralty for the purpose.

The name "Royal Marine Light Infantry" is very deceptive. The title "Light Infantry" has, of course, been granted for distinguished service, and secondly, the "Light Foot" Marine is nearly as much of a gunner as an infantryman. At each division is a Naval gun shed, containing lecture-rooms and gun batteries, with most of the different guns and mountings in the Navy, and in these both officers and men on joining go through a long course of Naval gunnery. Naturally they are not as highly trained in this part of their work as the Royal Marine Artillery, who are all specialists in gunnery, yet they have to pass a severe examination at the end of the course.

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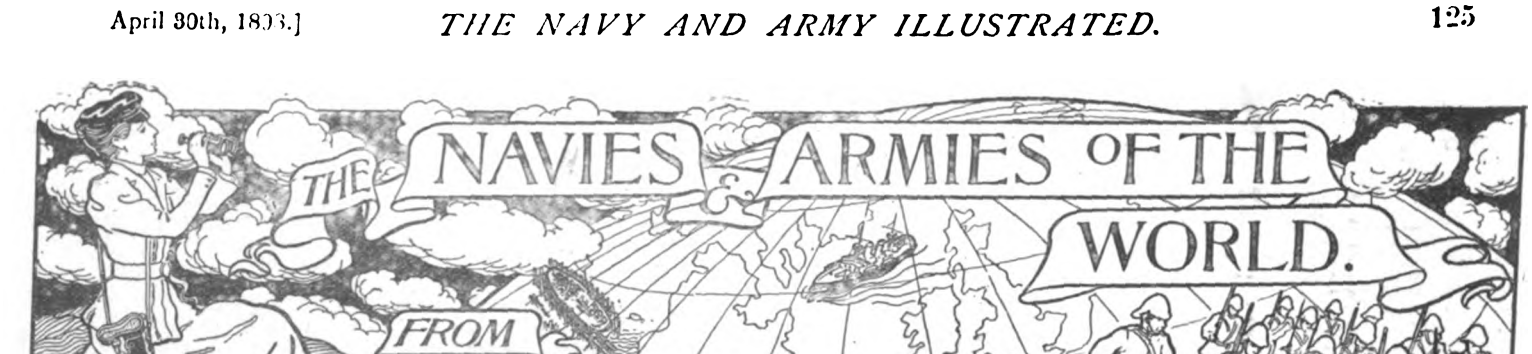

Points of the United States and Spanish Forces.

"I DECREE that to all time there shall be a 'Velasco' man-of-war among the chief of the fighting ships of Spain." These were the words of Charles III. of Spain, in 1762, after the taking of Havana by the British in the last year of the Seven Years' War. And they were spoken of Captain Louis de Velasco, the captain of a man-of-war, who had charge of the Moro Castle, Havana, against the British attack. Velasco, after with his seamen defending the castle till further defence was impossible, fell at the head of his men, sword in hand. On the news of his death reaching Madrid, the King made his declaration ordering the name Velasco to be perpetuated in the Spanish Navy. When, some six months later, the new ship's keel was laid at the dockyard of Cartagena, just after peace had been declared and Cuba had been restored to Spain by the English Ministry of the hour, the King's words were further improved upon by an old "wise woman" of the place. "As long as the Spanish Fleet shall honour its Velasco, as our Monarch has decreed, so long shall the Spanish nation rule in Havana." Shall we of these times see the prophecy fulfilled? Until seventeen years ago the name "Velasco" was invariably given to one of "the chief among the fighting ships of Spain," and as each bearer of the name passed off the active list of the Fleet, the name "Velasco" was transferred to a new ship, and always to a line-of-battle ship. Such was the usage down to the year 1889, when, for the first time, the name "Velasco" was given to a small ship—to the little third-class cruiser gun-boat that to-day bears it, a vessel, moreover, that is now not on the active list of the Fleet. It is the turn for the wise woman of Cartagena and her prophecy, if the fighting ships and fighting men of the United States can work their will on Cuba. And the odds are hardly against them, with four modern battle-ships to one, and a fairly equal match in the larger cruisers.

* * * *

SPAIN'S best war-ship, indeed, is the old "Pelayo" of twelve years ago, a ship very much like the French "Marceau" in build, which Admiral Gervais brought over to Spithead in his squadron five years ago. Against the "Pelayo" the Americans have ready and at sea the "Iowa," "Indiana," "Massachusetts," and "Oregon," all much bigger, newer, and faster ships than the "Pelayo." These will take a good deal of beating, commanded as they are by men of known daring and tried ability. To name two:—First, the Commodore of the Key West squadron, William Thomas Sampson. Born in 1840, he received his baptism of fire in the War of Secession as lieutenant of a crack frigate, and since then he has filled several of the highest offices in the Service, including the superintendence of the United States Naval Academy. He also lately presided over the "Maine" Court of Enquiry. Second comes Captain Robley Evans, of the "Iowa"—"Fighting Bob," as he is called in the Fleet, from the daring he showed as one of the Naval forlorn-hope at the attack on Fort Fisher, where he was desperately wounded. He was only posted to the "Iowa," the best ship of the United States Fleet, the other day, and just before that, "Fighting Bob" is related to have said, "If they will only give me the 'Iowa,' and let me take her to Havana, I will make Spanish the most popular language in —— for the next ten years!" Next in seniority to Commodore Sampson is the well-known Commodore Winfield Scott Schley, who led the Greely relief expedition in 1884, and now has charge of the United States Flying Squadron. The four battle-ships are for the present divided. The "Iowa" and "Indiana" are with the Key West squadron, off Havana, the "Massachusetts" with the Flying Squadron, and the "Oregon" on her way to Key West. Each squadron comprises armoured cruisers and protected cruisers, and in the main Key West squadron are also four monitor turret-ships and nine torpedo-boats. And, in addition to these, there is an American Pacific squadron, which left Hong Kong at the outset of hostilities to operate against the Philippines.

* * * *

TO conclude, where one side is strong the other is weak. Other battle-ships to back up "El Solitario"—as the Spaniards call their one big ship, the "Pelayo"—against the American four battle-ships, and the perhaps unavoidable want of sea experience, are the chief defects on the one side; a sufficient torpedo fleet, and, perhaps, a better type of seamen (not of officers, for the Americans can hold their own with our officers), the main defects on the other. To equalise matters to some extent, Spain has little commerce to defend, while America is more or less vulnerable on the trade routes all the world over. But the geographical position of Cuba, separated from Spain by the width of the Atlantic, while within a day's steaming of Key West, will be, it is to be feared for Spain, the finally decisive factor of the situation.

* * * *

THE Spanish regular Army, including home and colonial troops, numbers roughly some quarter of a million of men. To this must be added the Reserves, which are nominally somewhat over half a million, but of which practically only half are trained, so that in all Spain, on a war footing, can place in the field half a million of trained troops. And they are good fighting men, for the Spaniard, if what we would regard as a slovenly soldier, is not wanting in pluck and endurance.

* * * *

THERE is, of course, as in all continental countries, liability to serve, and the term is for twelve years; but exemption from the liability can be purchased, this being very largely resorted to. In the agricultural districts there are benefit societies established for this purpose, and also there exist a class of usurers who make money-lending to those who have drawn a bad lot in conscription a speciality. Nor is this to be wondered it. The Spanish "Tommy Atkins" receives only a peseta, that is to say tenpence, a day, and a free bread ration; all else of provender he has to provide for out of his pay. Luckily his tastes are simple, and tobacco, for the beloved cigarette without which he could not exist, is cheap. Moreover, the discipline in the Spanish Army is excessively severe. Desertion can be punished by eight years' imprisonment. The system of the officering of the Army is the same as that in vogue in this country—entrance by competitive examination.

* * * *

IN all there are four military academies for the training of officers for the various branches of the Service. Infantry cadets go to the Military Academy at Toledo, while for cavalry, artillery, and infantry there are schools at Valladolid, Segovia, and Guadalajara respectively. For military purposes Spain is grouped into eight districts, the basis of the calculation being by population rather than area, and each provides an army corps. The strength of the various branches of the Service is thus distributed:—Of infantry of the Line there are fifty-six double battalion regiments, besides four African regiments and twenty battalions of chasseurs. There are also various details, such, for instance, as the disciplinary battalion at Melila. The cavalry comprises twenty-eight regiments—two of hussars, eight of lancers, four of dragoons, and fourteen of mounted chasseurs, with, in addition, some colonial details. Of artillery there are one horse, thirteen field, and three mountain regiments, each regiment comprising four 6-gun batteries and ten fortress batteries, besides details, such as artificer companies and reserve depôts. Of engineers there are four regiments of sappers and miners, besides pontoon, telegraph, and railway battalions and other details, including artificers and seven reserve depôts.

* * * *

TURNING to the Army of the United States, we find the conditions to be totally different, for the United States Army numbers in all only some 25,000 men, with absolutely no reserve of men who have passed through the ranks. But what there is of it is distinctly good—big, brawny men, whether born Americans, Englishmen, or Germans, and all are to be found, with here and there an occasional "Dajo," as the American terms all those of the Latin races in South Europe. Nor is the reason far to seek, for the pay is good and the conditions of enlistment are stringent. Minors are only enlisted as musicians, and then only with consent of parents or guardians. Recruits must be from twenty-one to thirty years of age, unmarried, of good character, able to speak, read, and write English, and, of course, able-bodied and free from disease. They must, moreover, be citizens of the United States, or ready to make legal declaration they are willing and about to become so.

* * * *

THE term of enlistment is for five years, and the private gets £2 12s. a month, rising by gradations after two years until, on re-engaging for a second term of five years, his pay reaches £4 a month. This pay, moreover, is liable to no deduction whatever, and the recruit, on enlistment, is credited with a sum of £40, which is allowed to provide him with clothing, blankets, and underwear during his five years' service. As regards officering, the United States Army is capable of rapid expansion, for it is officered considerably above its requirements, so that there is always available an establishment of officers to correspond with a very large increase of the standing Army. Moreover, these officers go through a training at West Point, which, in the opinion of those best competent to judge, is one of the finest military schools in the world. There is at the back of the regular Army a States Militia, recruited voluntarily, though legally every citizen between eighteen and forty-four capable of bearing arms is liable to be called upon if the State requires his services. In some States this Militia is of a high order, and capable of rapidly being organised into a fairly effective force, but in other States the situation is exactly the reverse. Roughly speaking, the States Militia might produce some 120,000 men.

* * * *

BUT of this number the vast bulk would require a considerable amount of training before being fit to take the field against regular troops. The regular Army is thus organised: Of infantry there are twenty-five single battalion regiments, each of ten companies of 100 men, and of these the 24th and 25th are negro regiments. The cavalry comprises ten regiments, each of twelve troops of sixty men each, but in war time each troop would be increased to at least a hundred men. In the cavalry also two of the regiments, the 9th and 10th, are composed of negroes. In the artillery there are seven regiments, each of which comprises twelve batteries or companies, each of a strength of 100 men. In each regiment two batteries are field artillery, of a strength of six guns to each battery, while the remaining companies are fortress artillery. In engineers the United States Army is very weak, for they have only one battalion of four companies, each company comprising 100 sappers and miners.

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THE FIRST ACT OF HOSTILITIES.

The North Atlantic Squadron leaving Key West for the Blockade of Cuba.

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THE most important purely military book that has lately reached my hands is certainly the latest addition to the "Wolseley Series." It is a translation, in two volumes, of Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen's famous "Letters on Strategy" (Kegan Paul, 30s.). Now Prince Kraft is an authority of such eminence, and his work has commanded such attention on all hands abroad, that it is exceedingly gratifying to find his book translated. Unfortunately, it would be no difficult matter to point out parts in which the sense has been imperfectly rendered, and some omissions which, in their measure, detract from the value of the book. In a second edition we shall doubtless see the text verified. As it is, the translation has the great merit of being readable, and in many parts excellent. In this it follows the master, for repellent as the word "strategy" may at first seem, there is such a charm about the gossipy methods of this book, that it may be read with real pleasure. This is as it should be. The three campaigns of 1806, 1859, and 1870 are vivified with surprising skill. The dry bones live and move in most instructive fashion. Point after point is successively made out and enforced, and Prince Kraft may fairly be said to have embodied the work of his predecessors in a remarkable manner, and to have shed new and valuable light upon many aspects of his subject. What is really very pleasing is the credit he gives to the French. In dealing with the events of 1870 he follows the General Staff history closely, considering its lessons to be the best. Nothing can be better than the manner in which the undermined authority of the French ruler is contrasted with the firm authority of the supreme commander of the German armies, an authority more unswerving and firmly rooted than any known in history, but based on confidence and not on fear, like that of Napoleon I. But Prince Kraft's complaint is against the French command only. He has fine admiration for the troops. The bravery of the German infantry, holding the Rother Berg at Spicheren, of the repeated attacks at Mars-la-Tour, and of the Guards crossing the bare slope of 2,000 paces to St. Privat, was grand, but scarcely surpassed the stubborn tenacity of the French, their courage in attack and their steadfastness in distress when invested in Metz. Shall these, asks the Prince, be slighted? "Who will assert that we should not have fared the same way, if the enemy had been led as we were, and we as the enemy?"

I have been very glad to find a second edition of Archibald Forbes's "Life of Napoleon the Third" (Chatto and Windus, 12s.). The veteran correspondent is an admirable worker, and possesses the pen of a most ready and accomplished writer. This is, perhaps, not the book in which he does himself the fullest justice. He has written better of the stirring events he has seen, and the hidden affairs of Courts and the subtle influences of boudoirs sometimes put him at a disadvantage. However, there has not lately been published a volume likely to be read with such avidity by those to whom the picturesque side of contemporary history appeals. The career of Napoleon III. was without parallel. A fugitive almost from his nursery, a prisoner often, an outlaw more than half his life, scoffed at by Europe, and raised to the purple by a *coup d'etat*, he sank in a colossal catastrophe, after a life of political adventure that few men could have described so well as Mr. Forbes.

Just at this time, when the Nile advance and the Niger dispute are engrossing as much attention as can be spared from the looming shadow of wars and of greater international broils, "with fear of change affrighting nations," it is seasonable on the part of Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston to publish, on a single sheet, admirable "Maps to Illustrate the Niger and Upper Nile Questions" (1s.). Excellent these maps are, and it was a good idea to supplement them by a brief account of the political situation in the two regions, printed on the back of the sheet where it opens conveniently. On the Nile all the positions named daily in the papers are well shown, and, on the Niger, the indication of the Say-Barrua line and the geographical features leaves nothing to be desired.

"Old English Customs." I took up this volume (Redway), though it is not a very new one, attracted by its title. There are surely very few who do not turn with curiosity to the survivals and evidences of the customs and ideas of the earlier time. At the very outset I met with an account of a mumming play I had often seen acted in the North—though Mr. Ditchfield, the author, does not associate it with the "pace-eggers" who played it—to find that in Devonshire Lord Nelson is introduced as a character, in very homely fashion. At Stoke Gabriel he is hacked with a sword, and a surgeon is called "to cure Lord Nelson's deep and deadly wound." This is very appetising to those who look for such out-of-the-way things, but they will be disappointed to find that the author has entirely overlooked a rich and curious field. The Navy has many customs still that belong to its earlier and simpler state. Steam and steel are not, perhaps, conducive to their permanence, and it would have been a useful and congenial task to record them. Happily, however, the duty has not remained alone with Mr. Ditchfield, though I may point out that, perhaps, nowhere would he have found more willing helpers than in the Fleet. Some military customs are collected, but they are mostly regimental, and the chapter might have been greatly extended. A few are curious and little known, but others have been omitted, and Mr. Ditchfield is not aware that several regiments wear roses on Minden day. He might have found an interesting subject in the trooping of the colours.

And now an error must be corrected. Mr. Oppenheim is so well known as a writer on Naval administration that, in alluding to an admirable article on that subject in the *English Historical Review* (January), I attributed it to him. It was really by Mr. J. R. Tanner, to whom much is due for his profound research and excellent exposition of his subject. He and Mr. Oppenheim have, indeed, done a great work in exploring this little-known field.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

The Evolution of Military Bands.—I.

By DR. JOHN STORER.

FAMILIAR with, and proud of, the many fine bands attached to the various regiments in the British Army as we all are, more or less, nowadays, it is only necessary to mention such bands as those of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards, the Royal Artillery, Engineers, and Marines, to recall to the mind of everyone what excellently-trained and reliable bodies of instrumentalists Her Majesty's Service possesses.

In tracing the history of the composition of military bands, it will be necessary to commence with instrumental music outside the Army, and indeed outside this country altogether, for in this, as in so many other things, we have copied from the Continent—first in taking the idea from France, and second (which was worse), in once having it "made in Germany." It is only within the present century that we can conscientiously say we have now a real genuine home-made article. Moreover, and this will no doubt cause surprise to many, it is only within the latter portion of the present century that military bands, as at present constituted, have had any existence at all.

It is evident from the nature of the case that instrumental music is of a much later date than vocal, and owing to the crudeness of ancient instruments, what instrumental music there was must have been of a very primitive and rude description.

In Europe, before the twelfth century, all secular instrumental music was in the hands of, first, the old bards, whose instrument was the harp, and later in the care of the jongleurs and minstrels, who in company with mummers, acrobats, loose women and the like, led a free, lawless, and unsettled life, roaming about the country, performing and playing dance tunes and songs at the fêtes, fairs, and festivals. These people grew in time so numerous that various edicts, both Imperial and provincial, were enacted for their suppression. They were considered out of the pale of the law; they were not allowed to inherit property, or to recover debts, or even to receive the Christian Sacraments. Nevertheless, these outcasts were the only agency whereby new tunes were published abroad, and by these means many of the old ballads and dance tunes have been preserved to us. The instruments they used were principally the bagpipe, the wayghte (a kind of rude hautbois), the bombard (the precursor of our bassoon), pipes of various form, and a bowed instrument named a rebec. It has already been stated that fêtes and fairs were the centres of attraction to great numbers of these itinerant musicians, so that often it happened for convenience that several of them travelled together, thus forming "bands." As time went on, many began to settle down permanently in towns and lead respectable lives, and so early in the thirteenth century these town dwellers, feeling the ignominy of being classed as rogues and vagabonds, formed themselves into corporations or guilds for their protection. In 1288, the first of these was founded in Vienna, and in the course of the next two centuries regular town bands of musicians were instituted in most of the leading towns in Germany, under the direction of an official termed a stadtpfeifer. The class of instruments remained, however, much the same as those used by their Bohemian predecessors—pipes, flutes, shawms, bombards, bagpipes and "fidels." Trumpets and drums were, however, strictly forbidden, and exclusively reserved for princes and noblemen. Thus brass instruments were those chiefly in use in bands connected with courts and kings. It is then from this point that two distinct instrumental combinations can be traced, viz., the town bands—consisting of wood wind and string instruments, which form the germ from which the modern orchestra has developed—and the Court bands, consisting principally of brass wind instruments and drums, from which the modern military bands, and especially brass bands, are the direct descendants. The restriction regarding the use of drums and trumpets was first removed in the year 1426 by the Emperor Sigismond, who granted to the town of Augsburg, as an act of special grace, the privilege of maintaining "town trumpeters and kettle-drummers." This grant was afterwards extended to other free towns, and in time became universal. As kings, princes, and nobles were usually called upon to lead or head their forces in time of war, it was customary for them to be accompanied by trumpeters and drummers, in order to enliven the march with their strains, and also for signalling. These

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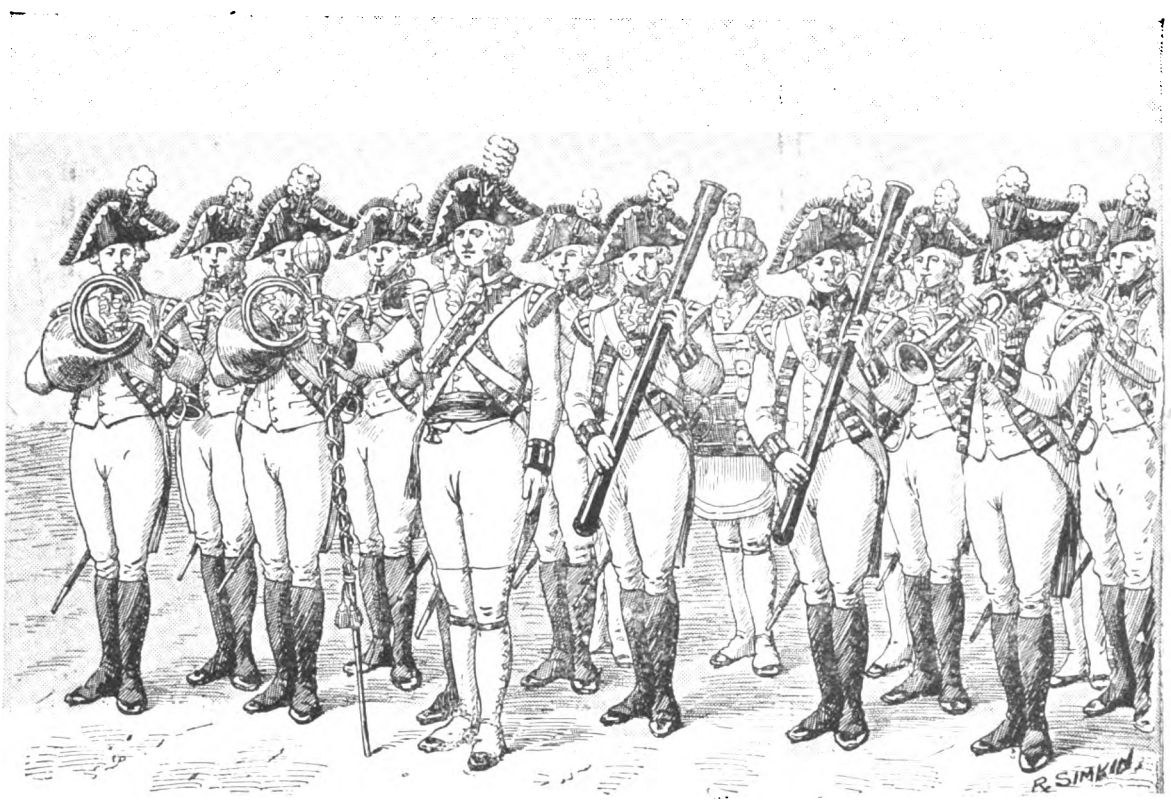
being, from the nature of their duties, mounted on horseback, trumpets became indissolubly associated with cavalry. As the restriction which previously had confined such instruments to royal or courtly use became obsolete, officers of various regiments maintained like bands for their own pleasure, in addition to the trumpeters necessary for signalling and the like.

The tunes that these bands of trumpets and drums played were necessarily of the simplest description, and were performed entirely by ear. As time went on other instruments were gradually added, such as oboes and bassoons. But it is impossible to state with any exactness the composition of any of these bands much before the time of Louis XIV. That monarch commissioned Lully to organise certain of his regimental bands, which now were to form part of the regular army, instead of being, as in the past, the private property, so to speak, of the officers of the different regiments. These bands formed by Lully consisted of, in addition to trumpets and drums, oboes written in three parts and bassoons. It is interesting here to note that Louis had a private string band of twenty-four performers, popularly known as the "four-and-twenty fiddlers," who actually went with the troops into action.

From this period we may commence to trace military music in our own country, for in 1685, on February 3rd, Charles the Second, in imitation of his friend Louis, issued a warrant ordering an increase of "twelve hautbois men" to the regiment of the King's Guards.

In the year 1690 an instrument was introduced that was destined to revolutionise the whole of the military bands. This was the clarionet, invented by Johann Christopher Denner at Nuremburg. Its beautiful tone, capable of every shade of expression, its extensive compass, and its great capabilities for execution, soon placed it in the same position in a military band as the violins occupy in the orchestra.



A MILITARY BAND, 1793

As we come nearer to the eighteenth century, we find music for bands commenced to be written down, and as improvements were made in such instruments as the horn and bassoon, things soon began to take a more definite shape. In the year 1763, Frederic II., King of Prussia, organised his bands as follows: Two oboes, two clarionets, two horns, and two bassoons. Brass instruments were confined mostly to cavalry regiments. In 1783, our own Coldstream Guards, evidently following the German model, had the same eight instruments.

The Duke of York in 1785, not satisfied with military music in England, and burning with zeal to improve matters, imported from Germany not only the model of what he desired, but actually brought over the men and instruments. This was probably the first full band of twenty-four performers heard in this country. In addition to the usual oboes, clarionets, bassoons and horns, this truly German band contained flute, trumpets, trombones, serpent, tambourines and crescent —the last two instruments being played by two negroes. Ten years later, we learn from an old letter dated July 2nd, 1793, that the band of the West Middlesex Militia had five clarionets, two French horns, one bugle horn, one trumpet, two bassoons, bass drum, two triangles, two tambourines, and cymbals.

No change of any importance took place in military bands until the present century, when we find, in cavalry bands especially, the key-bugle a favourite instrument. But its popularity was to be short-lived. With the invention of the valve and the application of its principle to the horn and trumpet, and to various new instruments invented or developed from others by Sax of Paris, the character of the cavalry or brass band was completely changed, whilst that of the reed or mixed band of the infantry was considerably modified. The popular key-bugle disappeared for ever before the cornet-à-piston; whilst new instruments, such as the bombardon, euphonium, the different species of the sax-horn family, not to speak of more recent inventions, such as the various pitched saxophones and sarusophones, have all been utilised, and have added a variety of tone colour which makes the modern military band a worthy companion to its more favoured and richer sister—the orchestra.

The first great change in the equipment and organisation of military bands under the new conditions was in 1838, by Wieprecht, who in that year was appointed director of the Prussian Guards' bands. It will be interesting here to give the composition of the first military mixed band as organised by him: Two flutes, two oboes, one A flat clarionet (high), two E flat clarionets, eight B flat clarionets, two bassoons, two contra-bassoons, two tenor trombones, two bass trombones, two soprano cornets in E flat, two alto cornets in B flat, two tenor horns in B flat, one euphonium, four bombardons, four trumpets, four French horns, two side drums, bass drum, cymbals and crescent. Forty-seven performers.

What Wieprecht did for Germany, Sax, the instrument maker of Paris, through the influence at the Court of Napoleon III., backed up by the support of Berlioz, accomplished for France, and a thorough reorganisation of the French bands was the result. He also cleverly managed to secure for himself almost the sole right of supplying the various instruments.

More foreign bandmasters, principally German, were imported into England, and we in turn reorganised our bands. Military bands are now constituted upon much the same plan all the world over, the following being the ordinary instrumentation used in England for a mixed or reed band: One piccolo, one flute, two oboes, two E flat clarionets, 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th B flat clarionets, one alto clarionet in E flat, one bass clarionet, two bassoons, four horns, two cornets, two trumpets, one baritone, one euphonium, three trombones, one bombardon (also on parade duty generally a double-bass fiddle), one contra-bass, side and bass drums, with cymbals.

Such is the material with which the musical forces of the Army are furnished. The bands of the cavalry regiments, as of old, are mostly composed of brass instruments when mounted, as cornets and the like can be manipulated with one hand, thus leaving the other free to guide the horse. When on parade duty, however, certain of the bandsmen take up other reed instruments, thus forming a reed band the same as an infantry regiment. These are termed double-handed men. Sometimes, as in the case of the Royal Artillery and Engineers, the "doubling" is used to convert a reed band into a full string orchestral band. It formerly was the duty of every bandmaster to score and arrange the whole of the music for his band himself, but in 1840 *Boosey's Military Journal* first made its appearance, consisting of a series of pieces excellently arranged, well printed, and this is still going on. Other firms soon followed suit, and now there is no lack of good music to be had, and the laborious work of constantly writing out fresh scores has been removed from the quite sufficiently hard-worked bandmaster of the present, who is now also, thanks to Kneller Hall, as a rule an Englishman.

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GUNNERY IN THE ROYAL MARINE LIGHT INFANTRY—A LESSON ON AMMUNITION.

(See Page 124.)

Photo, F. G. O. S. Gregory & Co.

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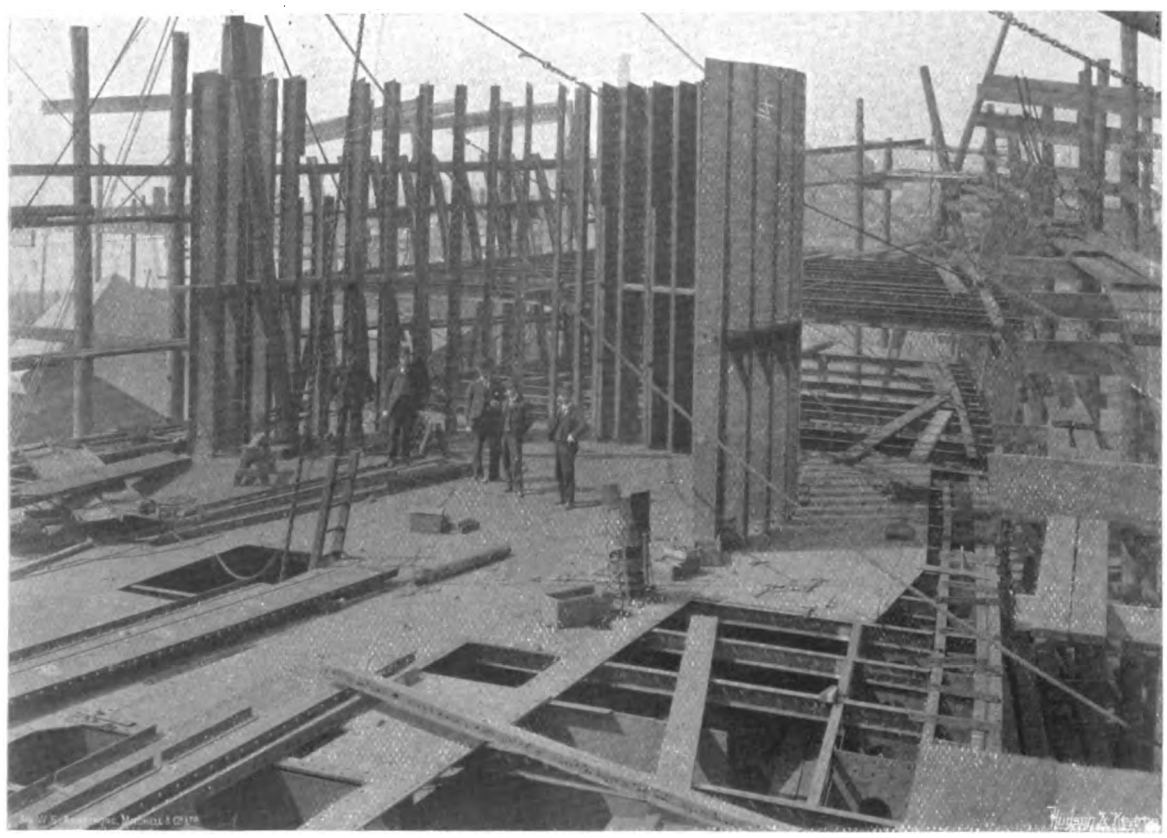
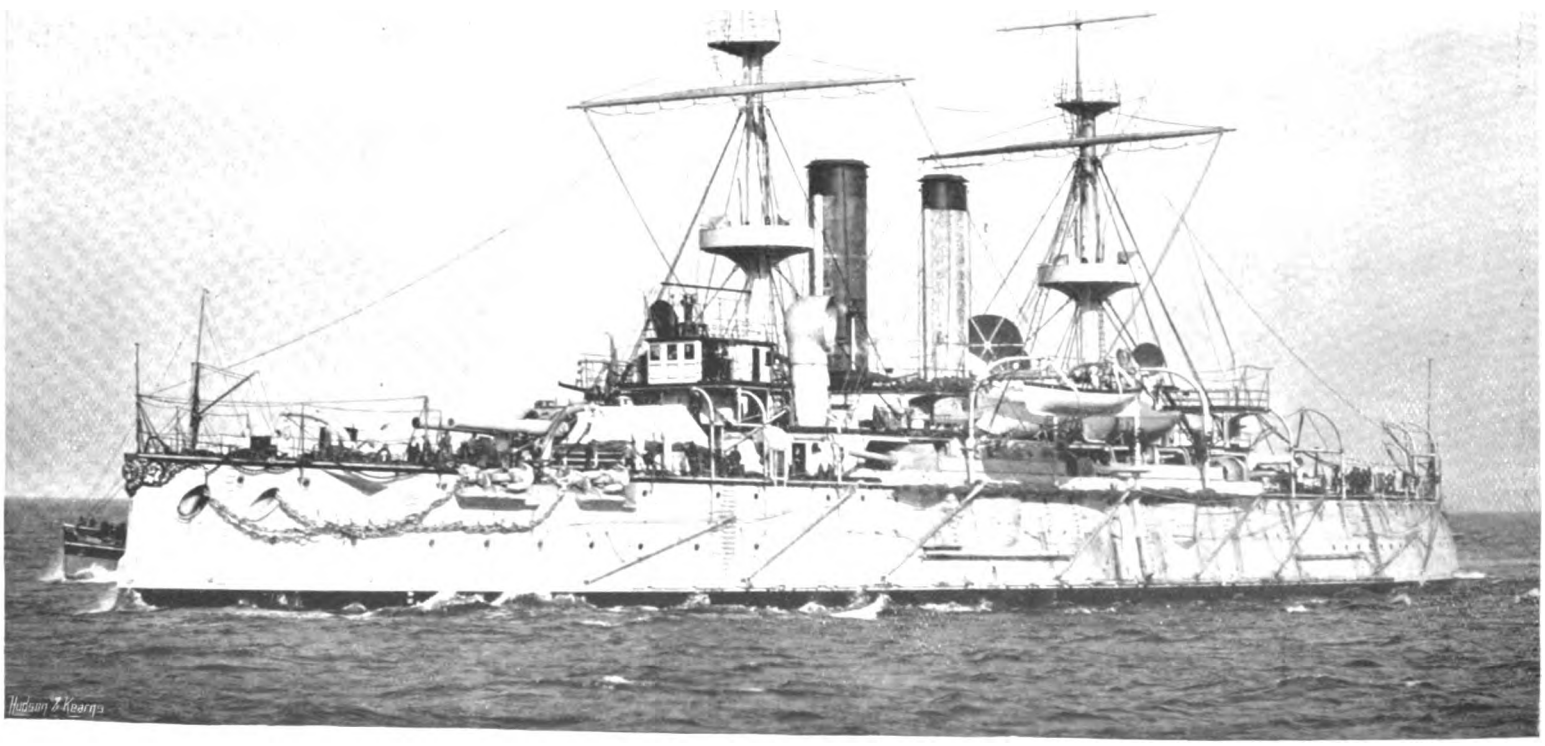
The Elswick Ship-building Yard.—III.



THE BUILDING OF THE "YASHIMA," MAY 3rd, 1895.

THE importance of handicraft is a subject that has occupied the attention of the Society of Arts and of Sir W. B. Richmond during the present week. Nowhere can handicraft and machine work be seen so well wedded together as at the Elswick ship-building yard. We shall now contemplate the ship as a creation—the greatest outcome, as has been well said, of the human intellect, working in multitudinous channels towards a common end. We have, appropriately, illustrations of the "Yashima" and of the new "Esmeralda" for an accompaniment, because the battle-ship is the finest vessel yet built at Elswick, and the cruiser the latest achievement of her class, and because the Naval development of Japan—in which the Armstrong yards are taking the greatest part—is one of the most considerable factors in the international politics of the present day. A still larger battle-ship, of upwards of 15,000 tons, the armoured cruiser "Asama," of 9,750 tons, being the first cruiser afloat really fit to take her place in the line of battle, with two sisters; the "Takasago," 4,150 tons (actually ready), and a sister, of the "Yoshino" class, with exceptional speed—these are the vessels the Elswick Company is now building and completing for the Japanese Navy.

The establishment at Low Walker—"Mitchell's" it was always called—five miles below Elswick on the Tyne, had been in existence many years when the latter yard was created. Sir William White, the distinguished Director of Naval Construction, was really its creator, but he resigned his office in September, 1885, and during many years his accomplished successor, Mr. Watts, director of the Elswick shipbuilding departments, has been designing and superintending the building of the magnificent cruisers that have given the yard its world-wide fame. But to describe the successive steps in the construction of a war-ship is impossible, and perhaps unnecessary, here. The character and purpose of the vessel, the conditions of structural strength, stability, sea-going qualities, speed, coal endurance, draught, accommodation, armament, and other features involved are embodied in the design. The ship is laid off to her full size in the



THE JAPANESE BATTLE-SHIP "YASHIMA."

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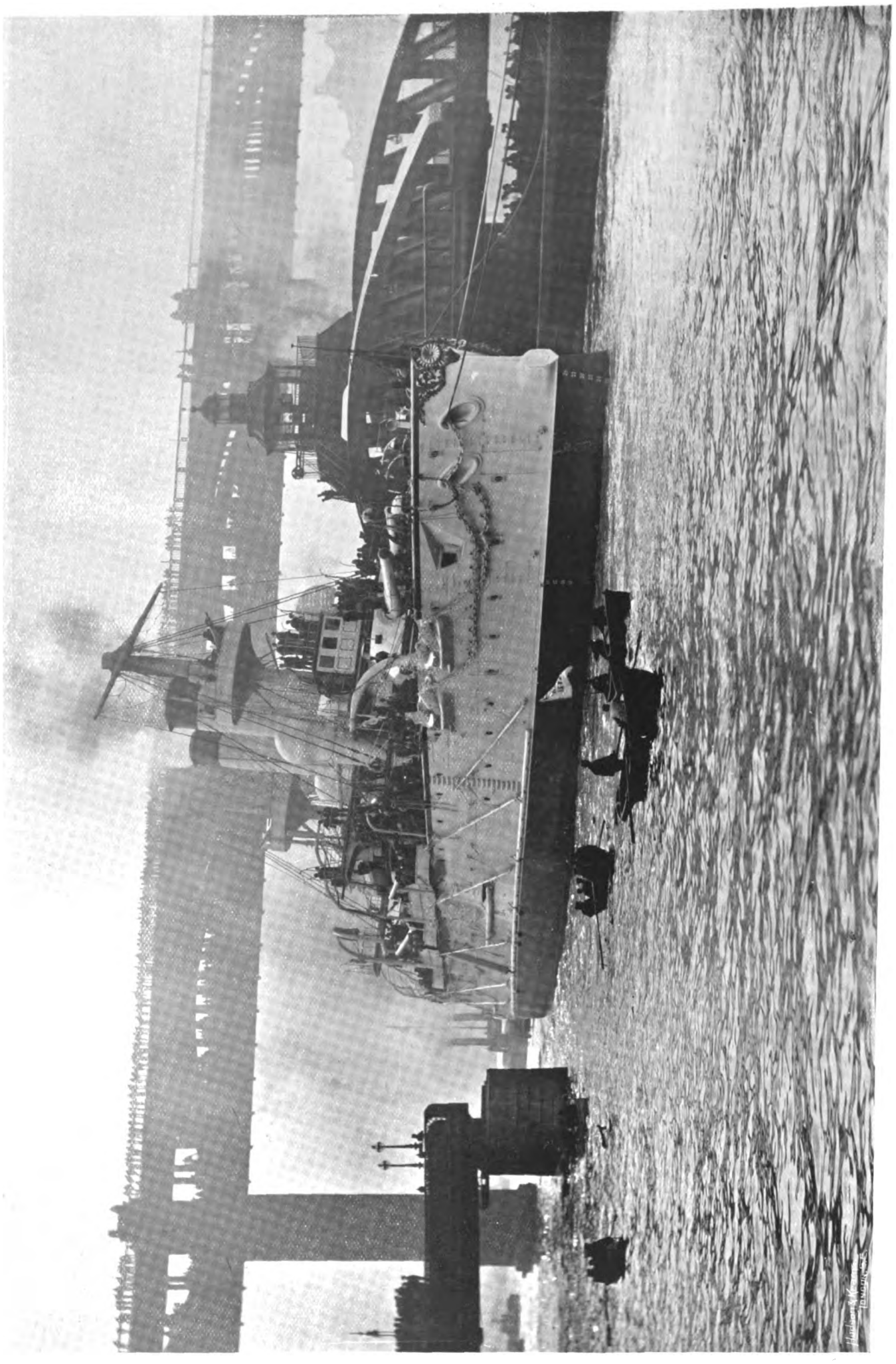

THE "YASHIMA" PASSING THE SWING BRIDGE, NEWCASTLE.

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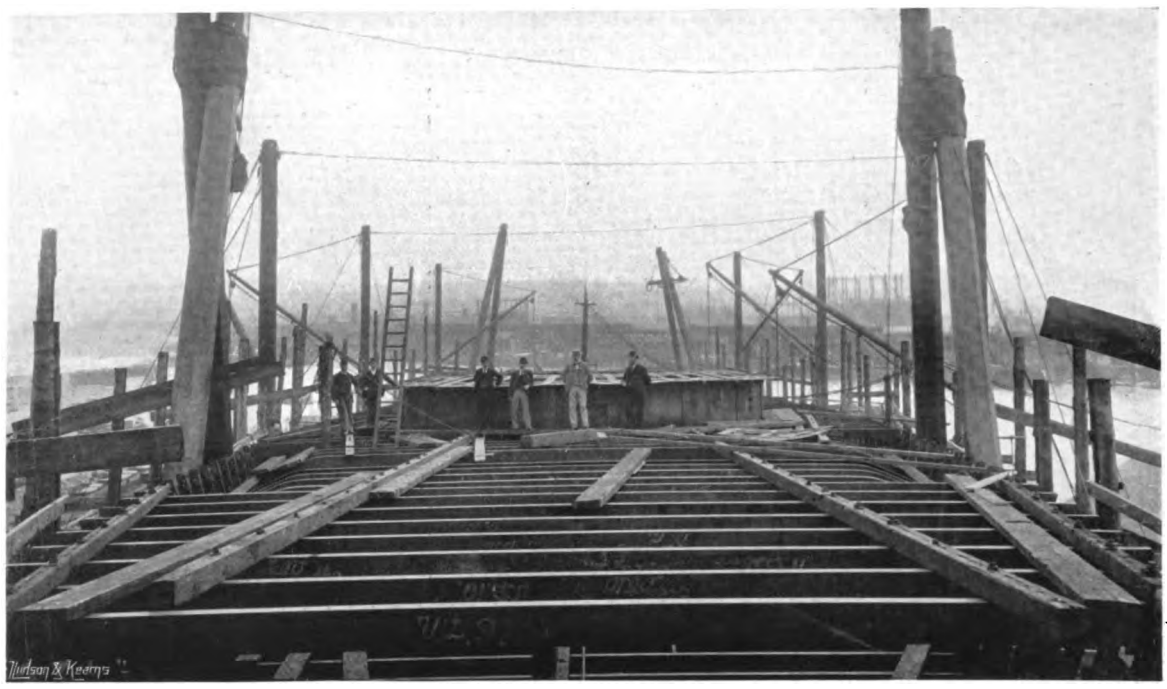
mould-loft, and the working drawings and specifications for plates, armour, and structural parts are prepared. The keel is laid and the ribs are bent, and the structural work of framing and plating, fixing the stem and stern posts, laying the decks, and building the material into the hull, goes on. Thus is all made ready for the reception of machinery, armour-plating, and ordnance, and for the final completion of the vessel, the launch taking place in the course of the work at a period of its advancement determined by the circumstances of the case.

The "Yashima," which is illustrated, and of the launch of which we have already published a picture, is a very splendid example of the work done at Armstrong's yard. Her special character is well seen in the picture of her as she passes the swing bridge on the Tyne. What would the legionaries of Hadrian have thought—who raised at Newcastle, at the Pons Ælii, where the swing bridge is, an altar to Neptune in thankfulness for delivery from the sea—

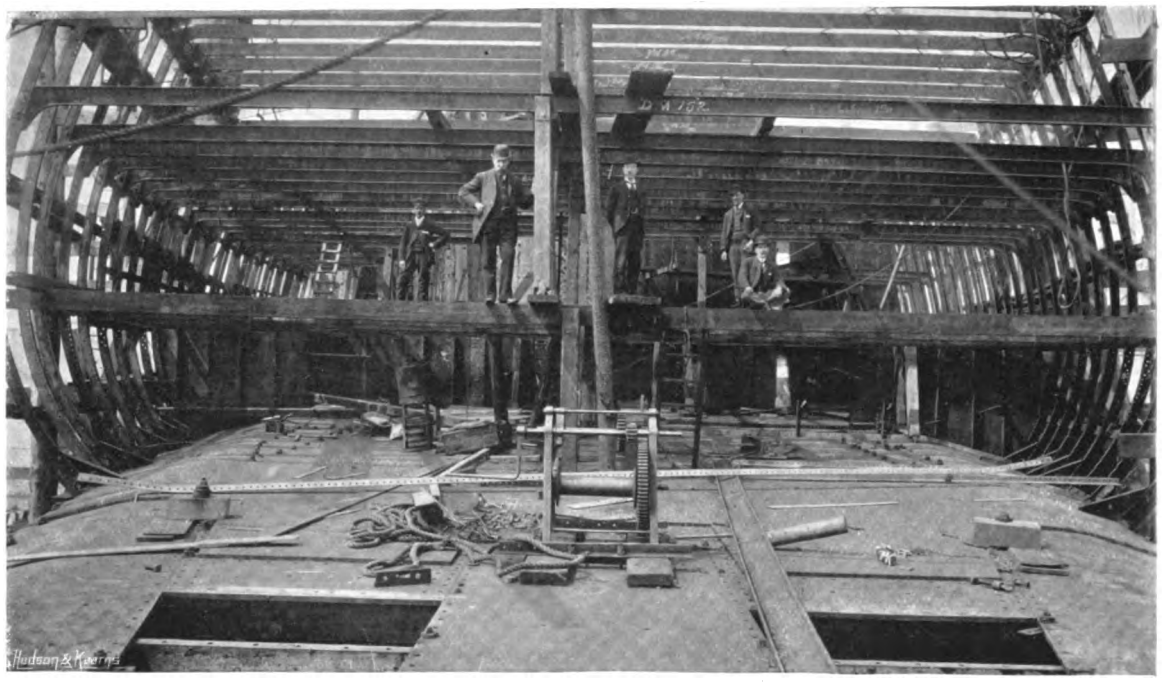


THE BUILDING OF THE "YASHIMA," JULY 23rd, 1895.

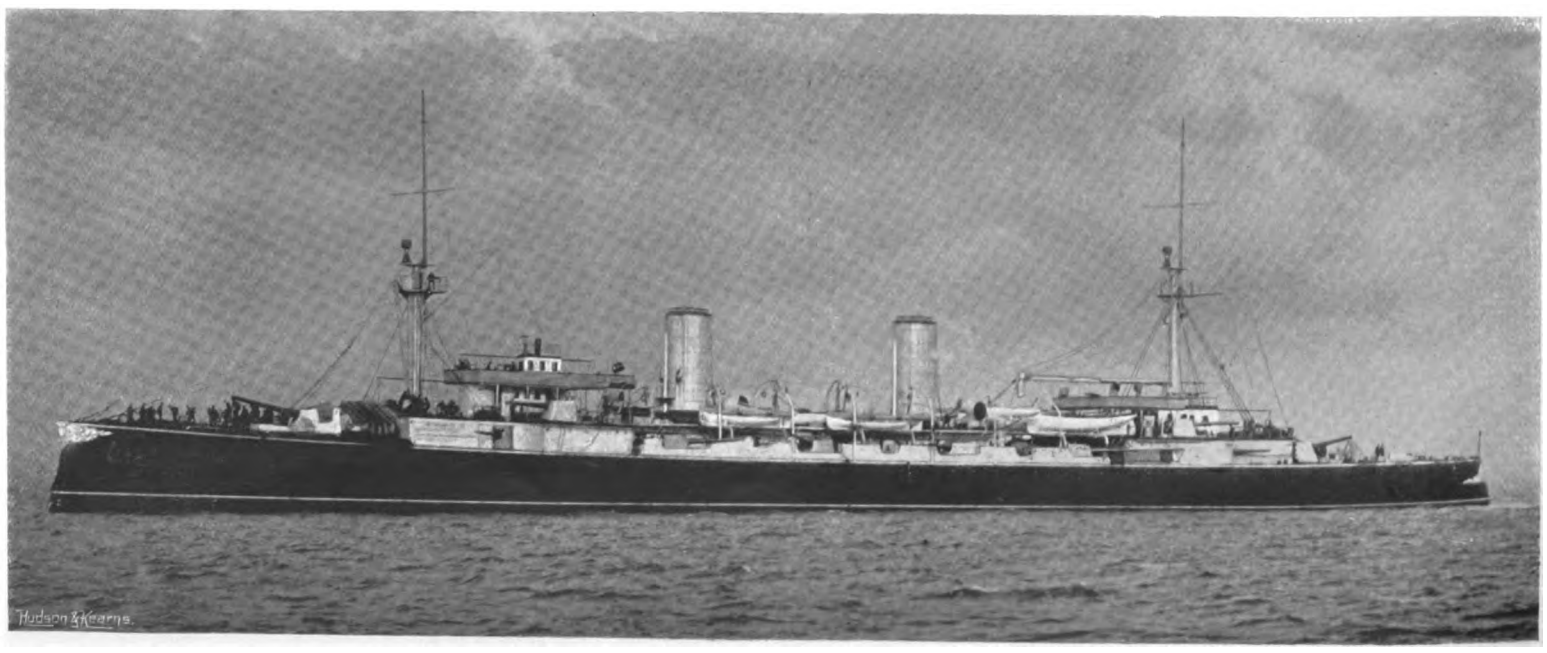
if they could have seen the "Yashima" steam down the Tyne? Resembling our own "Magnificent" and "Majestic," she has somewhat smaller displacement (12,320 tons) and better speed. She is heavily protected, and powerfully armed. Four 12-in. guns are coupled in the barbettes. These are of 45 calibre, and, with a smaller charge of cordite, have a higher velocity than our 40-calibre gun. Ten 6-in. quick-firers, and twenty-four lighter pieces, besides a bow torpedo-tube and four submerged ejectors, complete the armament.

The new "Esmeralda" represents a late development of the cruiser class. This splendid cruiser carries a more powerful armament than any other afloat, combined with a belt-defence of 6-in. of Harveyed armour, and a speed of over 23 knots. The armament comprises two 8-in. breech-loaders, practically quick-firers, and sixteen 6-in., eight 12-pounders, and two 3-pounders. In a later article we shall describe and illustrate these powerful pieces.

(To be continued).



THE BUILDING OF THE "YASHIMA," JULY 23rd, 1895—BETWEEN DECKS.



THE CHILIAN CRUISER "ESMERALDA."

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At the Front in the Soudan.

ALL England has thrilled with the gallant story of how the British Brigade in the Soudan, aided by their trusty Soudanese and Egyptian comrades, has broken up the last Dervish attempt at the offensive, and cleared the road for that final dash on Khartoum which is to avenge Gordon and give back the Egyptian Equatorial Provinces to civilisation. This week we are able to give to the readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED a series of photographs which vividly bring home to the imagination the life of the "Tommy Atkins" whose lucky lot it is to be a unit in "Gatacre's Brigade," of that Anglo-Egyptian Army that Sir Herbert Kitchener has led from one victory to another, and which is the instrument that will once and for ever depose the tyranny that for over a decade has made the region of the Upper Nile a hell upon earth.

Our illustrations show us exactly the nature of the country in which our troops are operating—stony, sandy desert, with no vegetation except along the Nile and the few streams that debouch into it. And the vegetation, when it occurs, is of the most meagre: here and there a few isolated palms, and low scrub fit for naught but firewood or camel fodder—for a camel can eat almost anything.

One of our illustrations shows a wood-cutting party bringing into camp the fuel that the country affords. In another we see a regiment returning from church parade. In a third photograph we have depicted an outlying picket suddenly called to arms. The men, aroused by the alert sentry, are jumping to their rifles stacked before the tents, in which they were smoking, chatting, or sleeping—some perhaps, a bit down on their luck with a touch of fever, wishing they were at home; others cursing the flies and other desert vermin; all devoutly praying that the long-wished-for brush with the enemy may not be further deferred. Notice in front the rough breastwork thrown up to give, at all events, some slight check to an enemy's rush.

RETURNING FROM CHURCH.

A WOOD-CUTTING PARTY.

A CALL TO ARMS.

From Photos. *READY.* By a Military Officer.

Turn, then, to the other picture and note how there has been no confusion or disorder on the sudden alarm. See how every man knows his place and takes it, and how, in one single moment, a careless mob of some twenty or thirty men has been transformed into a little well-equipped body that will give infinite trouble to a numerically stronger but less organised force, and will hold their own until reinforced, or be in a position to fall back with a minimum of loss on their main body. This is discipline and training, and what it has done and is capable of doing has never been better exemplified than in Kitchener's campaign on the Atbara. The Camerons, Seaforths, Lincolns, and Warwicks have added laurels to their colours that any regiment in the British Army may well be proud of. Atbara will be a war honour as well and worthily earned as any that adds lustre to the records of these regiments. Once again has the British soldier shown that, well handled and led, there is not his equal in the world. The soldier's post has given "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" his due meed of praise, and once again "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" has learnt that of the two "Tommy" is the better man.

Our three remaining groups are illustrative of two of the regiments that took such an illustrious part in the Atbara battle. They show us in one a group of officers and non-commissioned officers of the Seaforths. It will be remembered that before going on to Egypt a portion of this regiment was told off for duty with the international force in Crete, and these officers are those that belonged to that detachment. The other shows us Colonel R. H. Murray—wounded at the Atbara—Major J. A. Campbell, and Adjutant C. J. Ramsden. It was Colonel Murray who cheered on his men with the words, "Seaforths, the news of our victory must be in London to-night." The remaining picture shows us that other gallant regiment, the Warwicks, which stormed the Dervish position with its band playing a lively bugle march.

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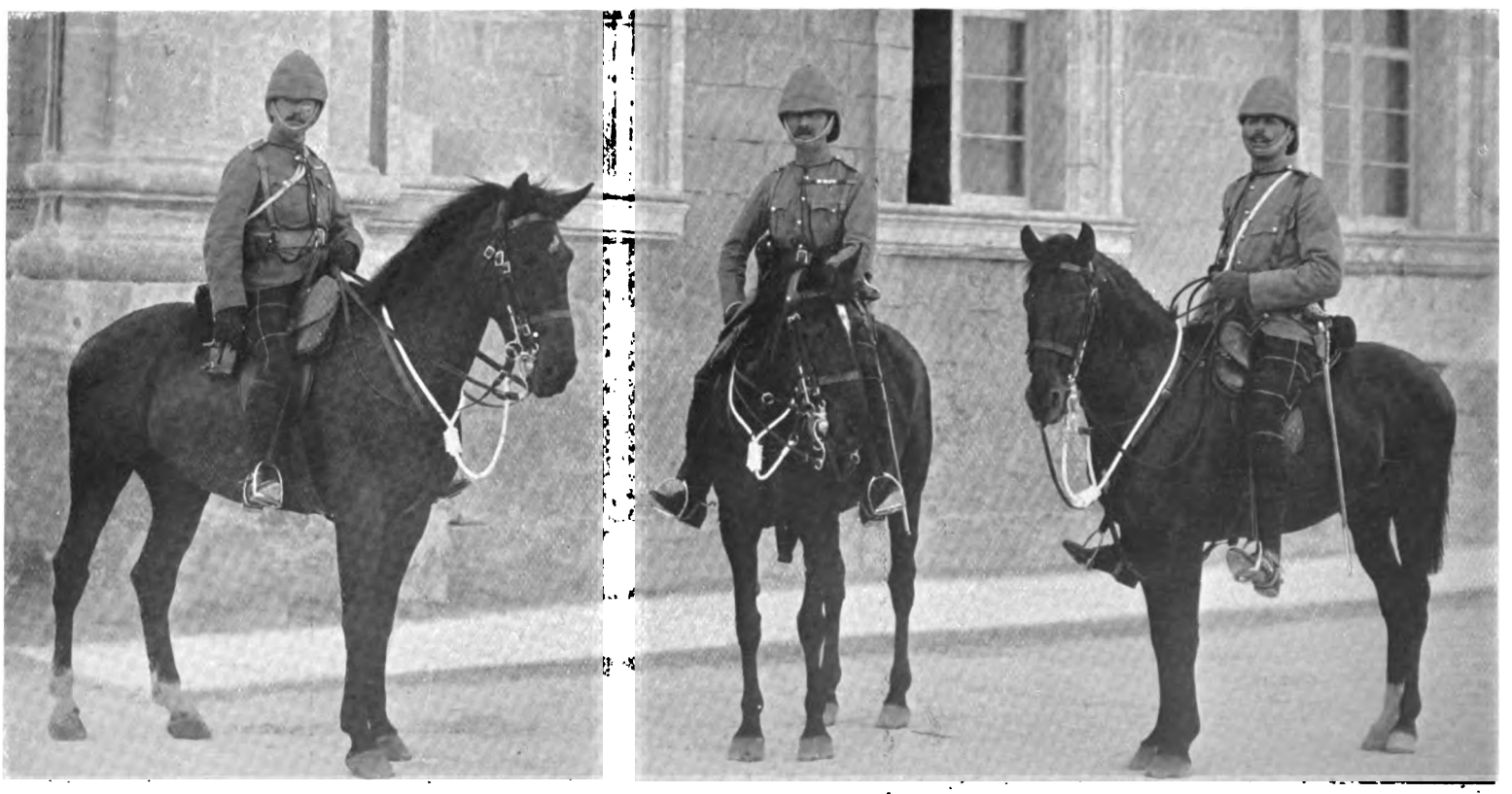
1st BATTALION WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT ON PARADE.

OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, 1st BATTALION SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.



Photos. R. Ellis. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns.

COLONEL R. H. MURRAY, MAJOR J. A. CAMPBELL, AND LIEUTENANT C. J. RAMSDEN.

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THE WOUNDED FROM INDIA.

PREPARING TO DISEMBARK.

THOSE of us whose *rôle* it is to "sit at home at ease" while a campaign is proceeding in some corner of Greater Britain are usually more concerned with the successful issue of the undertaking than with the well-being of the troops engaged. In our eagerness to witness the triumph of the Union Jack we lose sight, for a time at least, of the great amount of human suffering inseparable from "grim visaged war," even when only a few thousand men are summoned to take the field.

The accompanying illustrations must recall the recent expedition on the North-West Frontier of India, attended as it was by a loss in killed and wounded great in proportion to the number of troops engaged.

Photos. F.G.O.S. Gregory & Co. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns.

CARRYING THE WOUNDED ASHORE.

The Queen by visiting the wounded at Netley Hospital has paid a tribute not only to those immediately concerned, but to the whole Army. Her Majesty visited no less than nineteen wards, conversing with each of the wounded men, and before leaving the hospital she instructed Surgeon-General Nash to have made for those who had lost their arms or legs the finest artificial limbs that modern invention could produce.

Since her recent visit, both the Queen and Princess Henry of Battenberg have sent gifts to the patients as a memento of the visit. One of the illustrations represents a scene on board the steam-ship "Nubia," a vessel in which numbers of the wounded were conveyed to England. Only those who are more or less "physically fit" appear on deck. No doubt some are only too glad to see the land again

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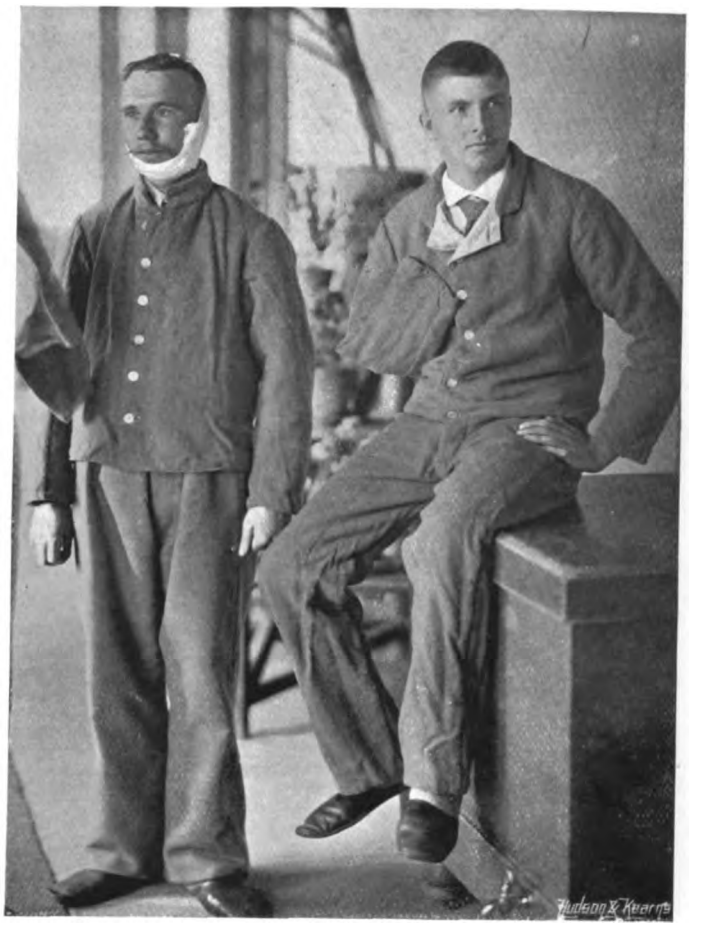
after the miseries of sea-sickness, but only those who have experienced it can imagine the wretchedness which results from a combination of that malady with acute bodily pain arising from

PIPERS FINDLATER, MILNE, AND KIDD.



PRIVATE WEEDON AND PRIVATE GREENWOOD.

a gun-shot wound or amputation of a limb. Another picture shows the means adopted of disembarking those who are unable to move.

The duty falls to the lot of the Medical Staff Corps, the men of which are specially trained to the work. The corps is distinguished by a red cross on a white field worn on the right arm. Immediately on landing the wounded proceeded to Netley Hospital, and another illustration represents a group taken there of fifteen men suffering from wounds in a greater or lesser degree. They are attired in the regulation blue hospital clothing, which, if un-military in appearance, is warm and comfortable. The crutches and bandages tell their own story. Unless the cap is worn there is nothing to indicate as to which regiments the men belong, but their names and corps, taken from the rear and from right to left (*i.e.*, from the observer's left), are as follows: First rank—Private Stoker, 23rd Field Battery, Royal Artillery; Private Smyth, Dorsetshire Regiment; Private Curran, Inniskilling Fusiliers; Lance-Corporal Macgregor, Welsh Regiment; Private Lyons, Black Watch. Second rank—Private May, The Buffs; Private Pope, Royal West Surrey Regiment; Private Warne, Gordon Highlanders; Private Llewellyn, Welsh Regiment; Lance-Corporal Jones, Welsh Regiment. Third or front rank—Lance-Corporal Judson, Northamptonshire Regiment; Private Watson, Yorkshire Regiment; Private Davis, The Buffs; Private Brown, Gordon Highlanders (all four sitting); and Sergeant Sheen, Gordon Highlanders. These do not by any means represent all those who suffered, but are taken from among men sufficiently well to be moved.

Another illustration represents Private Greenwood, Northamptonshire Regiment, and Private Weedon, Royal West Surrey Regiment—the former a young soldier who has been unfortunate enough to lose his right arm. The photograph of Piper Findlater, Gordon Highlanders, one of the heroes of Dargai, is perhaps the most interesting. This gallant Scotsman, it will be remembered, though severely wounded and unable to advance, continued to play his pipes until the heights of Dargai were taken. His heroism has called forth admiration in every part of the globe. On hearing of his gallantry, the Scotsmen of Cape Colony at once organised a subscription for him. His native county, Aberdeenshire, has not been behindhand. Nor have the fair sex been slow in showing their feelings. Piper Findlater has received several offers of marriage, one from a lady not unknown in Indian Society, and possessed of a large income.

In another picture the piper appears with his comrades Milne and Kidd, both of whom have lost a limb. The behaviour of the pipers of the Gordon Highlanders, and, indeed, of the whole battalion, has proved that *esprit de corps* in our Army is not dead.

Photos. F.G.O.S. Gregory & Co. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns

A GROUP OF WOUNDED.

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *has now been registered by the Post Office authorities as a newspaper, and can therefore be sent through the post under the special conditions and with all the advantages which follow from such registration. It may be pointed out to subscribers that this will mean a considerable reduction in their subscription. The net result is that they will obtain the weekly paper at a cost which but slightly exceeds that which they were in the habit of incurring when they subscribed for the fortnightly issues with supplements. The registration of the paper will also confer a benefit on those who are desirous of sending the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *to their friends. In making this announcement, we desire also to direct the attention of advertisers and others to the alteration which has been made in the scope and purpose of the journal. In it are described and illustrated for the general public all current events and topics connected with the Naval and Military Services the wide world over.*

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT asks me—*a propos* of the Dreyfus case recently agitating our neighbours across the Channel—whether there are any Jews in the British Navy or ever have been. There are, I believe, some at the present moment, one of the better-known perhaps being Commander Henry Aguilar, on the retired list, a brother of the novelist, Grace Aguilar. As to Jews who have served in the Navy in times past, the subject is one on which very little information is available. According to one authority, Commodore Chamberlain, who lived at the beginning of the last century, was a Jew, and there is also a curious story, related by Lindo, of a Jewish captain of a British man-of-war who was dismissed his ship in the reign of Queen Anne for violating Spanish territory by landing a boat's crew to rescue a co-religionist who had been condemned to the stake by the Inquisition. The writer's authority for the story, however, there are no means of knowing. Coming nearer the present time, we are on more certain ground in regard, at any rate, to one distinguished set of Jewish Naval officers, the descendants of Dr. Mayer Low Schomberg, a physician of eminence in London early in the last century. His eldest son was Sir Alexander Schomberg, who commanded the "Diana" frigate at the reduction of Quebec in 1759. Sir Alexander's sixth son, Alexander Wilmot Schomberg, died Admiral of the Blue. Vice-Admiral C. F. Schomberg, Rear-Admiral Herbert Schomberg, Captain Isaac Schomberg (of the Naval Chronology), and Captain Sir Charles Marsh Schomberg were also members of the same family, and descendants of old Dr. Mayer Low Schomberg.

* * * *

OF the eight new battalions sanctioned in this year's Estimates, three are now in process of raising, and are probably all that we shall see added to the infantry of the Line in the course of the present year. These are 3rd Battalions for, respectively, the Royal Warwickshire, the Royal Fusiliers, and the Lancashire Fusiliers. It is evident that the choice of the regiments to which extra battalions are being added has been governed by considerations as to the ease with which they can secure recruits, for in each case they are added to regiments whose territorial districts are prolific recruiting grounds. The Royal Warwicks comprise in their territorial district the whole of Warwickshire, and tap a large county population, besides several big towns such as Birmingham and Coventry. The Lancashire Fusiliers do the same as regards a big slice of the County Palatine, their depôt being at Preston; while the "old 7th," the Royal Fusiliers, have their depôt at Hounslow, and thus can draw the necessary recruits from London and its suburbs.

* * * *

SEVERAL different plans have been tried in the Navy for supplying servants for the ward-room officers without increasing the number of non-combatants on board. At one time a certain number of boys were selected from the seamen in each ship, and allotted to the ward-room officers as servants. This was bad for the boys, who should have been learning their duties as seamen instead of waiting on their masters, so short service men were obtained from the shore, who joined as officers' servants. These men were, of course, non-combatants, and eventually the cry was raised about the increasing number of non-combatants in our ships, so this plan was abolished, and men from the Marine battalions were invited to volunteer for the posts. This has worked very well ever since without change, except that the more highly-trained Marine artilleryman was exempted from volunteering for the billet. The result is an addition of serviceable men fit for landing with a Marine detachment or taking their places at any of the guns in action, whereas their predecessors could only be utilised for handing up powder and shot.

* * * *

THE rules for promotion in the Medical Staff Corps are somewhat elaborate, even privates being graded as 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class orderlies, according to length of service, conduct, ability, and efficiency. Subsequent promotion is given by selection, seniority alone giving no claim to advancement. Special promotion, *i.e.*, where the examination tests are departed from in cases where special distinction has been won or special proficiency indicated, is allowable, but not above the rank of sergeant. Before appointment as lance-corporal, or promotion to corporal's rank, a private of any grade must fulfil a number of qualifications, including a considerable term of good conduct service and a second-class certificate of education. Further educational qualifications are not required until promotion to 1st-class staff-sergeant is in view, when a first-class certificate of education is required. Promotion from this rank to that of sergeant-major is given by selection on account of ability and merit, an examination in general corps duties being a necessary step. The highest rank to which a private of the Medical Staff Corps can rise is that of quartermaster Army Medical Staff, promotions to which are made by selection from the warrant officers of the corps.

* * * *

IT is only by poking about in what may be called the bye-ways of history that we find out how valuable was the assistance rendered by the Naval force that hovered off the coast of Portugal during the advance of the army under Sir Arthur Wellesley. A Hanoverian officer, describing the landing of the forces in the Mondego, bore splendid testimony to the fine spirit the sailors displayed on that occasion; and in referring to the capsizing of the boats in the surf, wrote: "It is only due to the courageous and untiring exertions of the seamen that such accidents were limited to so small a number. The English sailors, fired by the example of their officers, might be seen wading up to their shoulders in readiness to haul the boats up on to dry land the moment they were thrown ashore by the surf." Here is further testimony to the same effect. In describing the removal of the wounded after the battle of Vimiera, Dr. Neale, Physician to the Forces, tells us that their conveyance to the coast for embarkation in the hospital ships prepared for their reception had to be carried out during the night. "On reaching the shore we found a number of our sailors with lanterns in their hands, busily employed in removing into the boat the wounded. It was highly gratifying to me to witness the very attentive and humane manner in which this service was performed by these kind, honest-hearted tars, who, during the whole of a very cold night, were wading, nearly up to the middle, in the wash of the sea. Fortunately the surf was moderate, and, owing to their great exertions, by ten o'clock this morning I had the last of my charges sent off."

* * * *

"HORSEMAN" enquires when the title of "Hussar" was first used in the British Army. In 1806, when the present 7th, 10th, and 15th Hussars were thus entitled and equipped. Some foreign corps of Hussars had previously existed in British pay, and the title had also been applied unofficially to certain corps and troops of Light Dragoons. The present 15th (King's) Hussars is the oldest existing Light Cavalry Corps in the British Army, and was raised in and about London by Colonel George Augustus Eliott, of the Horse Grenadier Guards (afterwards created Lord Heathfield for his heroic defence of Gibraltar), on a warrant dated 10th March, 1759. The officers appointed to it included Henry, Earl of Pembroke, a well-known authority on military equitation; William, afterwards Sir William, Erskine; David Dundas, then a subaltern in the Royal Artillery, and afterwards Commander-in-Chief; Money, of ballooning memory, and others of future note. This historic corps greatly distinguished itself at the battle of Emsdorf (16th July, 1760), where it lost 2 officers, 2 sergeants, 71 men, and 116 horses killed, 2 officers, 1 sergeant, 47 men, and 52 horses wounded, and defeated and captured *five battalions* of infantry with their colours and nine pieces of ordnance.

* * * *

THE first mention of Naval artillery occurs in an account of a sea fight between the Phœnicians and the Iberians about 1,100 years before the Christian Era. This date was somewhere about the time of the Siege of Troy, which is supposed to have been undertaken B.C. 1184. The Phœnicians then occupied the ancient sea-port of Gades, now known as Cadiz, and encountered the King of Iberia, who came from Northern Spain to make war upon them. The Phœnicians went out in their long ships to fight the enemy, who believed that they saw lions on the prows of the Phœnician vessels and that these beasts poured out flashing rays of fire which consumed their boats and won the day for the invaded. The pieces of artillery were long tubes made of copper, out of which was projected, by some explosive means, a sort of Greek fire. This is the earliest record of ships employing artillery for the destruction of an enemy. The first cannon ever cast in England was made by Ralf Hogge in 1543, and his method superseded the hooped or banded guns which had hitherto been used. There is still in existence near the church of Buxted in Sussex an ancient building known as Hog House. It has the figure of a hog carved over the lintel of the door, with the date of 1581. This is the identical house in which Hogge was living when he made his casting.

* * * *

UNDER existing conditions, the Chinese Army is a factor that scarcely bears very seriously on the conditions in the Far East. There are two descriptions of troops—firstly, the old Chinese, and, secondly, those organised on European models. There are 678 Manchurian, 221 Tartar, and 266 Chinese companies. Taking them at an average of ninety men per company, this would give a strength of some 106,000 men, of whom more than half are stationed in the Imperial province of Pe-chi-li, in contiguity to the capital. But only a very small portion of this force is worth anything, as but a meagre percentage is armed with European weapons, has had European drilling and discipline, or has, in fact, received any military education. The territorial troops, or "Green Flags," as they are termed, number over half a million, but they are a mere undisciplined rabble, whose main *raison d'etre* is to give the handling of their pay to the provincial authorities. In the late war with Japan their absolute inefficiency was glaringly displayed.

* * * *

THE Report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting gives some interesting particulars as regards which are the most prolific recruiting grounds. Of regimental districts Tralee heads the list, having contributed no less than 855 men. Burnley is second with 766, while Hounslow and Belfast are bracketed with 710 each. Cardiff is fifth with 649, and Winchester sixth with 567. It is extraordinary, also, to note the fluctuations. In 1896 Burnley produced 229 men, and only 167 in 1895. Belfast could only give 297 and 213 in the same years. The poorest of all is Inverness, which sends only 40 recruits. In fact, all the Scotch districts are not productive: Berwick-on-Tweed, depôt of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, only gave 70; Fort St. George, the depôt of the Seaforths, 79; Ayr, the depôt of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, 84; Glencarse, the depôt of the Royal Scots, 97. In towns, London, as is only natural, heads the list, producing no less than 6,516 men. Glasgow follows with 1,163, nearly double what she contributed in 1896; while Manchester is third with 1,054. In all, England gives 24,466 recruits; Wales, 1,004; Scotland, 3,533; and Ireland, 3,858. THE EDITOR.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Captain Wood is an officer on the staff of the Intelligence Department of the War Office engaged with certain confidential questions pending with the United States Government. A lawyer tells him that an unknown relative, an American millionaire, has left him a colossal fortune. At the same time an American detective warns him that he has enemies plotting against his fortune and his life. At the Intelligence Office he is given some confidential work to carry through connected with an attack on New York. The same day the American detective details the nature of the plot against his fortune and the military secrets he possesses. He meets Frida Wolstenholme at a ball, where he proposes, and is accepted. He gets into a cab, when he is attacked, hocussed, and loses consciousness. Recovering at length, he finds himself tied and bound, and is subjected to a cruel and painful ordeal. Snuyzer, the American detective, having shadowed Captain Wood all night, sees him carried off towards Hammersmith, follows his tracks, and believes he has run him to earth. Sets an assistant to watch the house, and returns to London. Hears at Wood's chambers that he has met with an accident, and at the American Consulate that Wood has been there. Now Sir Charles Collingham supervenes with anxious enquiries for confidential papers that are missing. Miss Wolstenholme is informed of Captain Wood's disappearance, and the whole party, with Wood's collie dog, proceed to Hammersmith. The villa is broken into, with the assistance of the police, but no Captain Wood is to be found. Snuyzer's boy Joe, whom he had placed on watch, has gone, leaving a few words chalked on the gate saying he is following some clue. Snuyzer is now much discredited. Strong doubts are thrown upon the story of Wood's capture. The police suggest Wood is hiding, when the boy Joe, Snuyzer's assistant, is brought in with the report that he has seen Wood's transfer in a carriage from Hammersmith to Featherstone Gardens. The house in Featherstone Gardens is visited, but appears to be respectable—a Spanish Duke's, family out of town. The police now declare they wash their hands of the whole business. Snuyzer finds out from the caretaker that Wood is not in the house at Featherstone Gardens, but has been kidnapped and taken to sea in a steamer; it is determined to follow in a fast cruiser, if such can be obtained from the Admiralty. On application this is found to be impossible, but at Lloyd's they agree to send a tug after the steamer, the "Fleur de Lis," and Miss Wolstenholme determines to accompany Snuyzer to New York, the detective having found out that the Spanish Duke and family, together with Wood, are going there in the "Chattahoochee." No news comes from Snuyzer in the tug, so she starts for New York alone, but is helped by a stranger who proves to be a colleague of the American detective. The dog Roy accompanies her, and is much excited, for no apparent reason, on the "Chattahoochee." Miss Wolstenholme is prostrated by sea-sickness, and can do little in watching the conspirators, and the dog, having a tell-tale collar, betrays his ownership to the Duchess. Snuyzer takes up the story, and tells how he started, late, with Major Thornhill in a steam tug to intercept the "Fleur de Lis," and, having just missed her, chased her to the French coast, where she takes refuge in a small harbour, under the French flag. The pursuers lie outside watching and waiting. After nightfall Joe brings off the dinghy of the steam yacht, which he has found abandoned on the shore. They proceed to row back with it to the yacht, when firing is heard, and they wait till daylight. They then find the yacht in the possession of the French authorities. Captain Wood has escaped. There are no papers on board. Captain Wood himself continues the narrative, and describes his imprisonment on board the "Fleur de Lis," and his efforts to bribe Lawford to help him to escape.

CHAPTER XXIV. *(continued).*

I LAUGHED again, as I had laughed already, although the laugh had been very much against me so far.

"They've other good reasons for putting a stopper on you and getting first across. You're not, perhaps, aware that your scheme for the attack on New York has fallen into their hands?"

I almost shouted with disgust.

"That's so; and you had better keep your mouth shut, or we'll be in Queer Street. The Duke has the papers, and he means to trade them to the United States Government for coin. Yes, sir."

"I tell you, Lawford, I must recover them. It's a matter of honour, of more than life and death. Name your own price; only set me free from this."

"It's worth ten thousand pounds, and you won't miss it."

"But the Guild will."

"I'll stand that racket. Here, scribble down an I.O.U. for the amount. I'll take the risks," and I agreed for the amount conditional on release.

I knew nothing of what was in progress above, for Lawford never came near me again. I saw nothing of the chase, for I was not suffered to go on deck, or even leave my cabin. The darkie brought me my food, but was absolutely dumb, and I was forced to possess myself in patience for what might come to me.

It was early in the afternoon that, looking through my port, I first saw land ahead; the outer port had never been lowered, and the dead-light, being too small in circumference to allow a man to pass through the aperture, had not been closed or fastened. So I easily made out rocks and green slopes, but no houses or signs of life.

I realised, as I heard the anchor rattle down at the chains, that we had entered some quiet haven where we might lie, free from interference and prying eyes.

For the rest of the day I experienced all a captive's emotions when escape seems near. I alternated between high spirits and the depths of despair, the latter predominating as the hours crept slowly on to nightfall. I had all but given up hope, believing either that Lawford had sold me or could not see his way to help, when something ticked lightly against my port-hole, and I saw a small parcel pendant outside. Opening the dead-light eagerly, I fished in the parcel, which was wrapped around with paper, and contained a key. There were also a few brief lines from Lawford:

"This will let you out. It is the key of your cabin. Beware of the black; and wait till after dinner, when we are on deck and the darkie forward. Slip out through the stern-ports. The dinghy is astern, if you can only reach her. Cut adrift, and paddle your own canoe. That's about the best I can do."

I did the rest easier than I thought.

(The movements of the dinghy have already been told, and the events that followed the escape.)

I was quite lost, at first, when I got on shore; but I did not care, so long as I was free. I was in France, I knew that much; and after climbing a steep path, I soon hit on a road gleaming white and dusty in the darkness.

I stood for a moment debating which way I should turn, eastward or westward, my object being to reach some town or place on a line of railway, whether by walking to it or taking a vehicle. As soon as I came upon a milestone I struck a match and read the legend. In the direction I was going Lamballe was distant 15 kilomètres, and behind me the road led to Brest, 160.

It was clearly to Lamballe, not Brest, that I must make my way, some eight miles in all, and I reached it before 11 p.m. People were still up as I passed along the narrow streets, seated at the café doors, and I took my place at one of the tables, calling for a *bock* and a railway guide. They brought me "Chaix," and I was not long in arranging my plan.

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Fortunately I had money, plenty of money, in my pockets, and that made everything easy. I found that a train left at 6.30 a.m. for Paris, the longest, yet the quickest, route to Southampton. I could catch the night express for Havre, and be in Southampton at daylight. By this I should have a couple of hours and more in Paris, enough to buy necessaries and make a considerable change in my appearance, for I was resolved to take passage *incog.* and in the fore-cabin, where I should attract no attention.

All fell out as I had planned, except that, to my extreme surprise, at Southampton when embarking I tumbled on friends, the dearest, most faithful friends, and the unfailing instinct of one of them was not to be denied. I met both my love and my dog; the first I felt certain was making this voyage on my behalf, and I hungered to speak to her, yet dared not make myself known too soon. I was nearly betrayed, however, for Roy, clever brute, soon penetrated my disguise, and was not to be shaken off. Only when I had seen him comfortably stowed away in the fore part of the ship near where my own quarters were would he settle down.

I had no opportunity of meeting Frida, nor was I able to advance my other business until the voyage was half over. There is a wide gulf set between first and second cabin passengers. My range was strictly limited. I could not go near the hurricane deck, nor enter the principal smoking-room, the music-room, or saloon, although I hung about constantly, and became at last an object of suspicion to the officers, stewards, and quartermasters, and met sometimes with rough rebuffs.

The second day out I once more became conscious that I was being watched wherever I went. Recent events had left me very sensitive of espionage. I was no longer disposed to make little of it, but still my feeling was more of resentment than alarm, so much so that I turned sharply on my follower, who was a saloon passenger, and quite out of place on the fore-deck, our territory, and I challenged him to explain his conduct.

"I am a friend, Captain Wood," he said, in a whisper, as he took me aside. "Rossiter is my name, and I represent Saraband and Snuyzer, who could not sail with us. He went after you in the 'Fleur de Lis.' How in thunder are *you* here?"

As soon as I was satisfied of his good faith, and he proved it by his knowledge of every circumstance of the case, I told him my story.

"Miss Wolstenholme will be real glad, I tell you, sir. She knows nothing yet, although I made you out from the first, through the dog, sir; besides which, I had your description and your photograph—Snuyzer is great, sir, and misses no point of detail. I have had no chance of speaking to her."

"She must be told at once. I must speak to her myself; you must manage that, please; now, directly."

"Why, certainly, sir. I will bring you together, and at the earliest possible moment after dark; it won't do for that young lady to be seen consorting too openly with a second-class passenger. It might spoil the game."

"And that is———?"

"Grand, sir, grand, now you're aboard. We'll just let them have rope. They shall work their bunco steering right ahead, and just when things look rosiest produce you. These ladies will identify you; Saraband's have all the threads of the conspiracy, and we'll land the lot in States' prison, whenever it suits us. Yes, sir, they're about fixed."

"You say Saraband's have all the threads? I haven't. What does it all mean?"

"I got an outline from Snuyzer. The plot originated with one McQuahe."

"I know him. I have reason to do so———"

"Well, he was in with Bully McFaught, the testator, had some of his secrets, and was the first to hear the money was going to you. So he joined in with the Spaniard, who is no Duke (it's a bogus title that Tierra Sagrada, but it gives him a great show), and the pair brought over a clerk once in Quinlan's law office. That's the larrikin who's personating you on board."

"And the 'Guild of Universal Excellence'? Did they invent it on purpose to play upon me?"

"We may suppose so, or that it fell in with their schemes to have recourse to it. We have never known rightly whether that organisation really exists or not. But there are some queer stories current, and our Mr. Sidney Saraband (he's the president of the firm) has always believed in it. He knows most things does Sid."

"Including my little business, eh?"

"That was brought to them. They have jackals out everywhere, I guess, and can pick and choose among a dozen jobs of the kind whenever it suits them. You'd best have put yourself in their hands from the first, Captain. Anyway, you're on the inside track now, and may leave it all to them."

"There's one thing I cannot leave to them," and I proceeded to tell my new friend about the missing papers.

"I must recover them before we arrive in port. If all else fails we must have the villains arrested on board, but that I'd rather not do. For it might expose the contents of documents that are of absolutely the most secret and confidential nature."

"Don't you suppose this crook will have got them by heart long ago?"

"They are so strange that no one would believe him on oath unless he could back them up by the papers themselves. I don't mind telling you that much."

"Then I guess you must have them, only I don't see a way short of lifting them from the man's state-room, and that sort of thing has an ugly name—if it's found out."

"It would be theft—for you, not me. They are mine, or my employer's, and I tell you I should not hesitate to take them openly or secretly, to fight over them if I could get anywhere within reach."

"Reckon, Captain, you'll be likely to qualify, too, for States' prison," said Mr. Rossiter, laughing.

"The missing papers."

CHAPTER XXV.

I HAD been promised news of Frida by my new friend Rossiter. But day followed day, and yet he had nothing to tell me. It was always the same story: "Missy's still under the weather, like the rest of the women-folk. Not able to leave her state-room; stewardess thinks she'll be laid by

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till we make Sandy Hook. But I'll let you know soon as I hear."

At last, on the fourth day at sea—a superb day, fresh and sunny—my dear girl made her appearance on deck; and, as I was ever on the watch, I saw her from my distant second-class station long before Rossiter came with his report. Indeed, he was too busy, good soul, in seeing to her wants, and dancing attendance upon her, to think very much of me. When he did appear it was only to get Roy. "Missy was mad to see the dog"; there was not a word about me.

When he returned, it was with rather a scared face.

"All the fat is in the fire! The Duchess has read your name on the dog's collar——"

"And guesses I am on board?"

"I don't say that—not yet, any way; but they're likely to ferret it out pretty slick unless you *cache* down below for the rest of the run."

"I shall not hide, my friend, not till I've seen and talked with Miss Wolstenholme, and that I'm going to do with or without your help or leave."

"Right now?"

"Right now. Over there on the poop-deck, in the face of them all. I can pay for a first-class passage, and I'll do it under another name."

"So as to call attention to yourself, and bring those toughs on top of you again—spoil all your hand."

"What can they do to me? And if they choose to try, I'm man enough to meet them. I'm not afraid of anything straight and above-board."

"That's just what it wouldn't be. If you come out now you will be playing their game—will put them on their guard, anyhow. Don't be wrong-headed, Captain darling, and wait, won't you?"

"How long? This is the fourth day out—Wednesday. We shall make port by Saturday, at latest, and then what am I to do?"

"See here, Captain: I'll bring Miss Wolstenholme to you my own self this very evening about dusk; or you to her. How's that for high? There's a snug spot right aft over the steering gear—just room for two; if they're fond of each other——"

I did not know whether to be angry with him or not, but I began to see the force of his argument, and I agreed eventually to wait as he advised.

"Have you told her I am here? If not, I think—you will understand—I should prefer——"

"A nod's as good as a wink, Captain. Never a word has she got from me as to your being on board, and she shan't. Whether she has any suspicion of it or not, I cannot say. But I don't know why she should; and if she did, cart-ropes wouldn't hold her, I reckon. But may be I am making too free."

I am not ashamed to confess that for the rest of that day, so long as Frida kept the deck, I stayed in the place from which I could best see her, and I borrowed a pair of glasses from Rossiter to spy the better on her beautiful face. I saw that many emotions agitated it in turn; it was wistful, expectant, sad, downcast, now flushing bright with some vague hope, now tender with soft memories, with thoughts of me, as I was conceited enough to believe, and rightly, to judge by the glad welcome she gave me when I was once more by her side.

How the time passed I cannot say. We sat there hand in hand, gazing out across the long track of the steamer as it sparkled and foamed under the moonlight, and taking no thought of it, of why we were there, what might be in store for us, what I should do next. We should have sat on, far into the night, I believe, perfectly unconscious and unconcerned except with ourselves, had not a tall figure suddenly thrown its shadow over us, and we were addressed in a low, nervous female voice:

"Pardon me. But I knew I could not be mistaken. It's Captain Wood?"

The Duchess of Tierra Sagrada!

"I could not rest till I had spoken to you," she went on hurriedly. "Yet I felt *de trop*. I did not like to disturb you, to interrupt you. May I ask one word? You escaped?"

"As you see, Duchess, uninjured too, except for the discomfort and rough handling. You shall hear the whole story some day."

"I would gladly have spared you this suffering from the very first. I tried hard, I did, indeed, even that first night in the opera box; and afterwards I would have warned you, but I dared not be more precise. Again, in that terrible house, I was on your side."

"Indeed, Duchess," broke in Frida, "you have made us your friends; we are grateful, and we will yet show it, I hope."

"But why are you here?" went on the other woman impatiently. "How did you come? I have never seen you during the voyage, nor have the—the others. It is fortunate. They would certainly try to do you an injury."

"They have done so already—an injury that may be irreparable. They have robbed me."

"Yes, yes, that I know," she said; "but it will be a small matter, and you would have your redress; you could protect yourself against worse, now you are free, if you were only careful. I cannot think why you should risk so much now. You are within their reach again. Remember your oath."

I laughed.

"That has never weighed with me, nor do I care for the money. It is my honour that is at stake, Duchess. I must recover certain papers that you—your people have stolen, or I shall be eternally disgraced."

"Papers? Are they yours? I have heard of them. State papers, belonging to your Government, and worth a fortune to anyone who will give them to ours. You are concerned?"

"Closely. I would give a large sum—any sum—to get them back."

"I need no bribes, Captain Wood." She spoke with dignity. "You cannot mean to offer me money, surely! I have not fallen so low as that, I hope. I am ready to make restitution. It is the least I can do for you. You shall have the papers; I will fetch them."

"You are a good woman. I feel for you—indeed I do," Frida said, as she stayed her for a moment with a gesture as though to kiss her, but the Duchess brushed past, and hurried away.

"Yes, she is a good woman," I repeated, echoing Frida, only to find that the remark was not exactly pleasing to her.

"I do not quite see why she is so much interested in you, and I shall want to know more about that."

"I thought you were grateful to her, darling," I said quietly.

"So I was, darling, so long as I knew she acted out of general philanthropy. But if it was to serve you especially, and for yourself—I am not so sure. A woman does not want other women to heap benefits on her young man; and you are mine, and I—I—I am——"

"A little jealous, eh, Frida? You could not please me better, dear. It is the greatest compliment."

"Your conceit, Willie Wood——"

But why need I set down in words the gleeful badinage of a pair of silly fools? And it was ended abruptly when the Duchess returned.

"Here, take them, if they are yours. I leave that to your honour. I knew where he kept them, and I have secured them—no matter how."

A single glance under the nearest electric light satisfied me that these were the missing papers. They were still in their official "jacket," a broad band of bright green paper, on which were printed the words "Strictly confidential."

"Be on your guard, I implore you," she went on; "there may be trouble about them. If your identity is discovered they will suspect you, and it will be another reason to attack you. Put them by; lock them up securely."

"Let me have them," interposed Frida; "no one would think of mixing me up with the business, and I'm not afraid of anything they can do to me."

"You shall run no such risk, Frida," I protested. "It is entirely my affair. I came for them, I have got them, and I will keep them against all comers. In the last resort I would throw them overboard. They are of no actual value, except in the wrong hands. We have copies of them."

It was so settled, and the party broke up. I was the last to leave the stern, having given my dear girl a rendezvous in the same place at the same time the next evening. But as I passed along the now deserted deck, making for the companion ladder that led to my second-class quarters, I was met by a quartermaster in the full light of an electric lamp, who hailed me roughly.

"Hulloa, my hearty! Vast heaving and run alongside. What brings you in these waters? You've no right here, aft, and you know it. I am going to bring you in front of the officer of the watch. He wants you."

"If he does he knows where to find me. In the second saloon forward."

"Aye, aye, that's where you berth. We know that much, and more—that you won't stay there. What takes you cruising round the first-class deck? That's what you've got to answer for."

"So I will, to the right person, the captain, and no one else. Stand aside," I cried, for I was nettled by the man's surly speech. "Don't dare to interfere with me. I've good reason, the best reason, for what I've done, and I'll give it, but not to you. Clear out, or I'll put you on your back double quick."

He retorted angrily, and we should soon have fallen to blows, but a sharp voice interposed, that of the captain himself, for the altercation had occurred just outside his cabin.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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Photo. F.G.O.S. Gregory & Co.

PIPER FINDLATER.

(See Page 135.)

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Our Colonial Forces: CANADA.—III.

"WATERING ORDER PARADE," ARTILLERY PRACTICE CAMP, DESERONTO.

AT the conclusion of the last notice of the Canadian Militia it was promised that an account should be given of the interesting events which caused some of the regiments to be called out in 1870; but the fulfilment of this pledge will have to be partially postponed, as the interesting pictures given in this number will afford matter for nearly all the available space.

The Canadian Artillery are said to be the most efficient body in the Militia. The men appear to take very kindly to the duties of gunners and drivers; and there is, indeed, something very attractive about them, which perhaps neither cavalry nor infantry can claim in the same degree. Everyone who has seen our splendidly-equipped batteries, in tournament or sham fight, must have been impressed by the admirable combination of dash and skill exhibited; and the Canadian Artillery have taken their brethren of the Imperial Service as their models, with very satisfactory results.

LT.-COL. J. F. WILSON, ROYAL CANADIAN ARTILLERY.

The permanent force consists of the Royal Canadian Artillery, comprising A and B Field Batteries, each of six guns and about eighty-five men, and Nos. 1 and 2 Garrison Companies, with equal numbers of men.

The Field Artillery Militia is made up of seventeen field batteries of six guns each, and musters altogether 1,870 men; the Garrison Artillery Militia consists of six regiments and five independent companies, and numbers 2,460 men. The uniform is throughout almost exactly similar to that of the Royal Artillery; the 1st and 3rd Field Batteries wear busbies, the remainder white helmets. Only four of the field batteries are armed with breech-loaders, the remainder having the old 9-pounder muzzle-loader. This is a drawback, but the deficiency is shortly to be remedied; and the disadvantage is not as serious as would appear at first sight, for the 9-pounder ranges as far as is usually necessary in artillery practice, and muzzle-loaders, when employed as field-guns, are not as heavily handicapped as when mounted on board ship.

The officer whose portrait is given in our second illustration is Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Wilson, the Commanding Officer of the Royal Canadian Artillery, and also an Inspector of Artillery on the Headquarters Staff. He is an enthusiast at his work, and has done much to advance the efficiency of the Canadian gunners.

Leaving for a moment the first picture, the two next command attention as being especially characteristic of Canada. We are accustomed to associate the movements of artillery with the rumble of wheels and jingle of lynch-pins; but here is a transformation. Wheels are comparatively useless in deep snow, and it would be almost impossible to transport the field-guns, with their limbers, etc., with any degree of rapidity over its surface. Necessity, however, came to the rescue, as she usually does, in her well-known capacity as the mother of invention, and produced Major R. W. Rutherford, an officer of the Royal Canadian Artillery, who came along with a clever design for mounting the guns and limbers on what are known as "bob" sleighs; the origin of this euphonious prefix is probably known to Canadians, but it has not been communicated on the present occasion. There, however, are the guns, in their carriages, transferred bodily from wheels to runners; the gun-limber, waggon-body, and waggon-limber—all necessary adjuncts of the field-gun on service—each on a separate sleigh of its own, and joined up by the traces in the usual manner; and the beauty of the arrangement is that the change from summer to winter equipment, from ordinary rumbling wheels to noiseless runners, can be effected in one minute. There is something to be said, too, in favour of these same runners when bringing the guns up to attack: their approach would be absolutely silent. The scene is sufficiently wintry; the

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BATTERY ON SLEIGHS—"ACTION FRONT."

piled-up snow and long fringe of icicles from the eaves of the buildings are indicative of a pretty low thermometer; and the next picture, where a sleigh battery is seen in action, is perhaps even more bleak in aspect. The gun is the 9-pounder, but it is shortly to be replaced by the 15-pounder breech-loader, a very powerful gun.

The fifth picture shows a group of the staff-sergeants and sergeants of the 9th (Toronto) Field Battery, and does not need much comment; the physique and bearing of the men speak for themselves, and no one could distinguish them from regulars.

The first and sixth illustrations are, in point of fact, the most interesting of all, for they bear reference to a very important feature of Artillery training in Canada, and one of comparatively recent introduction. Realising the importance of affording the gunners some practice as nearly as possible assimilated to actual service, a camp of field artillery practice was organised in 1894 at Laprairie, in the Province of Quebec; and so encouraging were the results, that the experiment was repeated in 1896. The situation of the camp, however, left much to be desired, as a really safe range for shell was not available, so the Artillerists looked round for a more commodious one; and last year the camp was held at Deseronto, in the Province of Ontario, on the borders of what is known as the "Tyendinaga Reserve," appropriated to the Mohawk Indians, who readily acquiesced and lent every assistance in their power. Here a fine range of over 4,000-yds. was obtained, with level ground for miles round, good water in unlimited quantities, and all the features, in fact, of an ideal artillery practice-ground; it has already been dubbed the "Canadian Okehampton."

Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson was appointed commandant, and the Royal Canadian Field Artillery performed the camp duties, the Militia Artillery being represented by all the officers and twelve non-commissioned officers and men of each field battery, who competed under precisely the same rules as are in force at home. All the necessary machinery was provided for producing moving squadrons of "dummy" cavalry and artillery, and a very effective and ingenious arrangement it is; but there is not space to describe it minutely, and it is well known in England. Suffice it to say that it is an eminently practical test, for the dummies have to be hit, and the slain are scrupulously counted afterwards, points being awarded for accuracy of fire and smartness in handling the guns. The officer in charge is given twelve minutes in which to find the range and get in as many effective rounds as possible. In the case of a rapidly-approaching dummy squadron of cavalry, a change of projectile

WINTER EQUIPMENT, ROYAL CANADIAN ARTILLERY.

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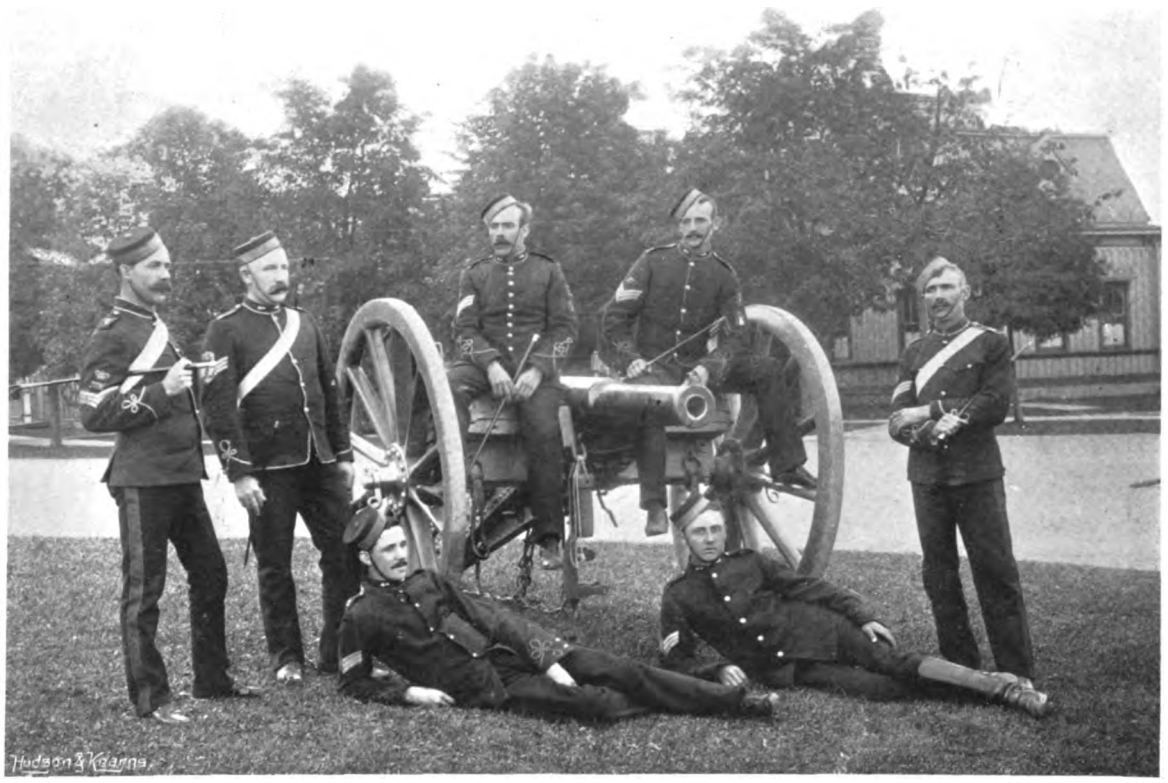
is necessary, for case shot is far more effective at close quarters than shrapnel shell; and in this respect the judgment of the officer is the really important factor upon which the result is almost entirely dependent. Promptness in finding the range in the first instance is also, of course, a vital point, which appears to be well understood, though there is no mention of range-finders, which are in common use in the Royal Artillery.

The Artillery officers did not forget to extend their hospitality to the Mohawk chiefs who had so largely contributed to the success of the proceedings, and the names of several are mentioned who were guests at the mess. They are not such romantic appellations as would be expected, however, Sampson Green, and similar homely combinations, taking the place of "Driving Cloud," "Sitting Bull," and other titles dear to Fenimore Cooper, Longfellow, and others.



STAFF-SERGEANTS AND SERGEANTS, 9th (TORONTO) FIELD BATTERY.

The horses watering, in a kind of orderly disorder, make a pretty picture, with the bright glare on the surface of the lake for a background; and the last illustration gives an excellent idea of the practical nature of the exercises, and the great stretch of undulating ground on which they are carried out. This is the Toronto Battery firing; and the umpires may be noticed directing a mimic battery of binoculars on the targets. This battery came out second in the competition, with 178 points, the Welland Battery leading with 200.

The Artillery batteries and regiments date back, for the most part, to the early sixties and seventies, though some are of greater seniority, having been raised in 1855; the Garrison Artillery is of considerably younger average age than the Field Artillery. Representatives from fifteen batteries and regiments came over last year for the Jubilee, and were quartered at Chelsea Barracks.

The acquisition of the North-West Territory was attended, as has already been indicated, by difficulties which had not altogether been anticipated, and which eventually led, in the year 1870, to the employment of an armed force to assert British authority. The agreement with the Hudson's Bay Company was arrived at without difficulty, a certain sum of money being paid as compensation; but there were other interests, or alleged interests, at stake, among the French half-castes in the North-West, and it was soon apparent that resistance was to be offered to the approach of the newly-appointed Government officials. For some time matters were at a standstill.

The leading spirit in these operations was one Louis Riel, a man of good education and considerable resource, but of a cruel and wayward disposition. The inaccessible nature—in those days—of the old forts and posts of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Red River, led him to suppose that he could play his game with impunity, and he eventually seized Fort Garry, with all the stores and arms therein. He was destined to be undeceived as to the impossibility of successful operations against him, with Canada proper as a base.

The Government determined to send an expedition which should quell the insurrection, and dispel at once and for ever the idea that they could be deterred by any considerations of difficulty in transport from carrying out their plans. With this object a force was organised, moderate indeed in numbers, but indomitable, as the result proved, in energy and determination. It consisted of 350 men of the 60th Rifles, a small detachment of Artillery and Engineers, and about 800 men and officers from the Canadian Militia, and was placed under the command of Colonel G. J. Wolseley, then holding a staff appointment in Canada.

(To be continued).

BATTERY IN ACTION, ARTILLERY PRACTICE CAMP, DESERONTO.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 66.] SATURDAY, MAY 7th, 1898

Photo. Elliott & Fry. Copyright.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GEORGE BENJAMIN WOLSELEY, K.C.B.

(See Page 152.)

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"LONG SERVICE" IN THE ARMY.

NON-COMMISSIONED officers are in a sense the backbone of our Army, for upon them, even more than upon the commissioned ranks, depends the maintenance of discipline at all seasons. While the company officer is necessarily often separated from his men, the non-commissioned officer is in some shape ever present, and no greater influence for good can be imagined than a sergeant who is both liked and respected by those for whose discipline he is directly responsible. The accompanying picture shows a group of sergeants of the Devonshire Regiment, a fine corps with a fine history, and one need only glance at this smart body of men to realise that its present personnel well maintains the traditions of the old 11th Foot. With such a set of sergeants no regiment could be otherwise than in the first rank, alike in parade smartness and in the sterner qualities which go to make up hard fighting discipline.

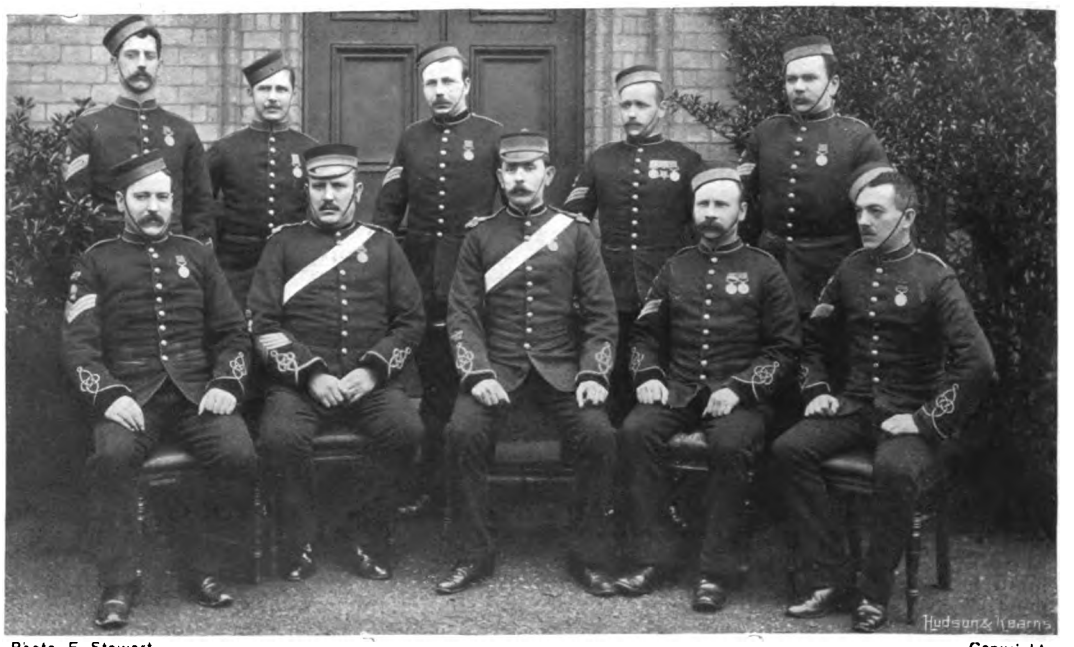
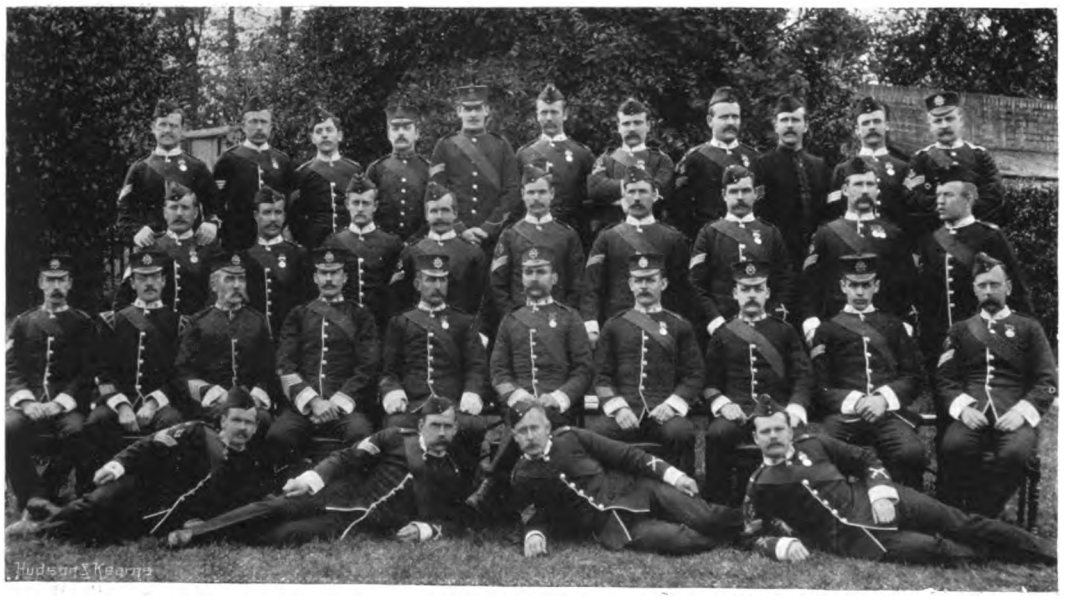


Photo. E. Stewart. *AN ORDNANCE SURVEY GROUP.* Copyright.

There are few establishments in the country where scientific work of a deeply important, and sometimes very complicated description, is more quietly and thoroughly carried out than at the Office of the Ordnance Survey in Southampton. To give even an outline of the map-making operations undertaken here would require some columns of space, which, perhaps, we may one day be able to devote to this interesting subject. But in the meantime we are pleased to be able to reproduce a group which is an excellent illustration of the fact that in the Ordnance Survey long service is associated with professional advancement, as well as with technical proficiency. The office establishment mainly consists of about seventy non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Engineers, including one warrant officer, one regimental quartermaster-sergeant, three company sergeant-majors, and seven sergeants. Of these twelve the photograph shows ten, and it will be noted that every one of these is in possession of the long service medal. The average service is over twenty years.

The last photograph is probably unique, and represents eleven non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineer mess at Aldershot, each one of whom is in possession of the good conduct medal, and from one to three war medals in addition. There are altogether thirty-seven medals distributed among the eleven, and we have never heard of an instance in which so many good conduct medals were to be found in one non-commissioned mess. This decoration, it will be remembered, is only granted after eighteen years' exemplary service. That it should be found in such profusion in a sappers' mess is not surprising, as the corps of Royal Engineers is perhaps all round the best conducted in the British Army. Consisting, too, of men who are for the most part clever artificers, it pays the War Office very well to offer special inducements to long service in the way of pay and allowances, although in many cases these last are by no means so large as would be drawn for such skilled labour in civil life. A glance at the war medals worn by these eleven non-commissioned officers is a sufficient reminder of the added fact that the Royal Engineer is a first-class fighter as well as worker, and his gallantry in carrying out his duties under fire is well known.



SERGEANTS, DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT.

ELEVEN SERGEANTS AND THIRTY-SEVEN MEDALS.

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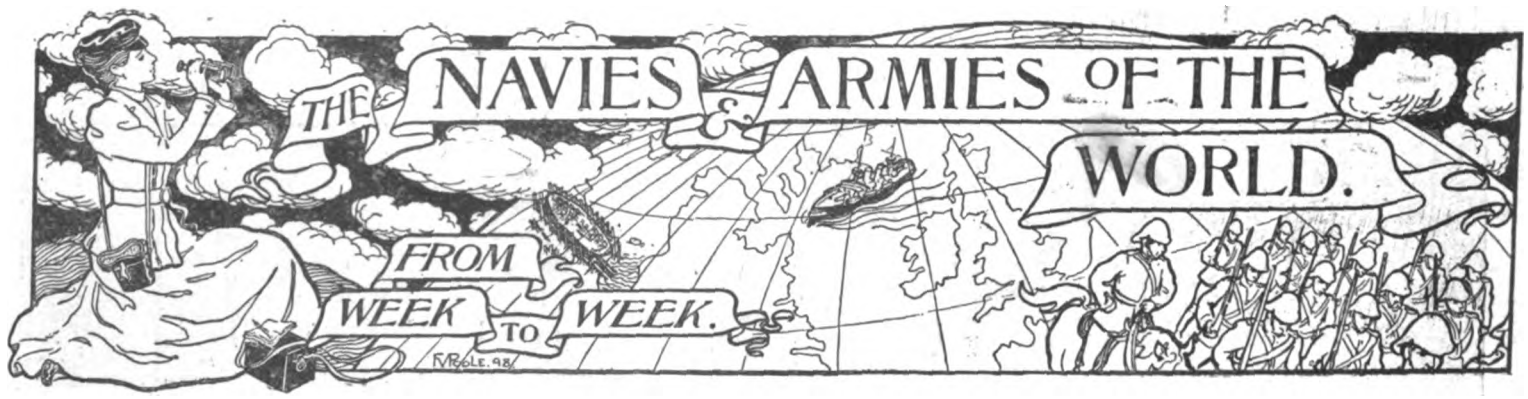

THE little "Dryad," one of our first-class torpedo gun-boats, who hauled down her pennant at Chatham on Thursday, has had quite an historic commission. She was the vessel sent through the Dardanelles by Sir Michael Culme Seymour after the Armenian massacre in Constantinople, to serve as British guard-boat or *stationnaire* at the Turkish capital. To get her through, it took all the efforts of the European Concert, who spent weeks trying to wring the necessary firman or "permit" out of the Sultan. In passing the Dardanelles, the "Dryad" was, indeed, challenged at one point, but, on her name and nationality being established to the satisfaction of the Turkish Governor, he permitted her to pass on. The "Dryad" herself was originally built as one of the notorious "catchers," the forerunners of our present torpedo-boat "destroyers," which latter class came into existence owing to the catchers proving themselves unable to catch the vessels they were supposed to prey on.

* * * *

A SECTION of the French Press, headed by the *Gaulois*, has been making reflections on the presence of the "Ramillies," the British Mediterranean flag-ship, at Villefranche, near Nice, last week, where the "Ramillies" anchored that Sir John Hopkins might attend on Her Majesty "by command." The *Gaulois* and the other French papers take exception to the presence of a ship so named, and say it is a gross want of tact on our part to allow a ship which "bears the name of a French defeat, inflicted by Marlborough in 1706, to visit the French coast." How touchy our neighbours are in these matters was further shown quite lately in the matter of the names of three of our new armoured cruisers, the "Cressy," "Hogue," and "Aboukir." The *Echo de Paris* and certain French Service journals inveighed loudly against the naming of these British ships "after French defeats." Yet, indeed, our friends the French are in the same boat. Until comparatively recently they had a "Fontenoy" on their Navy List (the original name of the present "Bretagne," training-ship at Brest), and the name, we are told, is to be renewed in another ship shortly. The present torpedo school-ship at Toulon, the "Algésiras," also bears a name which commemorates a British defeat in 1801, when the "Hannibal" was captured. And how about the following names of ships at this moment in the French Navy:—"Magenta," "Jemmapes," "Valmy," "Friedland," "Fleurus," "Wattignies," "Jena," "Eylau," and "Navarin," names about which half Europe might have its say?

* * * *

NOTHING seems to be wanting in the thoroughness of the experiments to test the systems of harbour defence arrangements which the authorities have taken in hand at our Naval ports. Witness the search-light experiments to test the defences of Portsmouth Harbour, begun last week, which are to be continued for some time to come. There is an interesting continuity in the way the authorities have gone to work in the matter. First alarmed about five years ago, at the expansion of the French torpedo-boat flotilla and its distribution in the Channel ports along the French coast, they began by dredging the inner portions of our harbours, notably at Portsmouth, to provide berthing accommodation out of reach of torpedo-boat attack. Then they set to constructing booms to block the mouths of our Naval ports. Finally they are completing a system of search-light defence, outside the area protected by the booms—adding to the boom protection a brilliant light-belt of observation—by means of search-lights in selected positions, backed up by batteries of quick-firing guns. The approaches to Portsmouth by both the Spithead and Needles passage are thus protected, and the same has been done at the mouth of the Medway and the entrance to Plymouth Sound, where a combined defence system of boom, search-light, and quick-firer has been established.

* * * *

IN virtue of special orders from the Admiralty, the dockyards are just now specially busy making the new torpedo-nets with which the battle-ships of the Channel Squadron are to be fitted on their arrival a month hence. The new "crinoline" is of much smaller mesh than that of the nets at present in use, and of stouter material, the steel rings of the nets being made thick enough to resist the latest form of net-cutters fitted to the heads of torpedoes. A much lighter form of steel tube boom for supporting the nets round the ships is also making. It is curious in this connection that one or two foreign Navies have since the introduction of the net-cutter practically discarded torpedo-nets on board ship, and what they will do now we are adopting a better type of net it will be interesting to see.

* * * *

No fewer than five big battle-ships are at this moment under construction in Russian dockyards, all begun since the announcement of the new Russian programme a month ago. In addition to the three ships for which preparations have been made at the Baltic shipyard and the St. Petersburg Admiralty Docks, two big battle-ships, each of 12,675 tons—intermediate between our "Renown" and the vessels of the "Canopus" class—have during this week been begun, as additions to the Black Sea Fleet, at the Sebastopol and Nicolaieff yards. Besides these ships there are under construction in the Black Sea dockyards two Russian first-class cruisers, each about the size of our "Blake" and "Blenheim"—9,000 tons odd—and some eighteen or twenty large sea-going torpedo-boats.

SOME very interesting experiments in long distance riding have been carried out by one of the Indian Imperial Service Corps, the Bikaneer Camel Corps, a fine regiment composed of some 500 Rajpoots. In one test two companies of the regiment rode 232 miles in five and a-half days with great ease, and the officer in command reported that the camels could have done another forty miles. The strength of the detachment was 159 fighting men and 17 followers, with light field-service equipment and baggage complete. The camels of the rank and file carried two men each, the total weight borne by each camel being 472-lb. Thus it was shown that a corps could easily cover forty miles a day for six days, riding double. In the second test a full company, with full service equipment, riding singly, and each rank and file camel carrying 274-lb., rode 100 miles in exactly twenty-four hours, five hours of which was in the teeth of a heavy storm of wind and rain.

* * * *

THE ordering of the 1st Bengal Infantry to garrison duty in the Mauritius is a new departure, for, with the exception of Aden, it has not been customary to send Indian troops outside of India and Burma for purely garrison duty. Aden has always been garrisoned by Indian troops, and we have enlisted men in India for service in Hong Kong, Singapore, and are now doing so for service in Africa. In war time, also, we have taken our Indian troops to fight for the Empire in various parts of the globe. Before the Mutiny we had them in Java, Egypt, and Persia. Since, we have used them in China and Egypt, and, most remarkable of all, have brought them in touch with Europe, and the stalwart Sikh and lithy Ghoorka have swaggered through the streets of Valetta. The using of Indian troops for the garrisoning of Mauritius is one more instance of how our vast military power is becoming more cohesive, and how our great Empire is day by day growing into "one Imperial whole."

* * * *

THE Uganda Rifles now being formed at Poonah will consist of 400 men, half Sikhs and half Punjabi Mahomedans, that is to say, drawn from two of the best fighting races that India produces. Service in it will be for three years, at the end of which gratuities will be given; and the pay is very good, being at a monthly rate of eighteen rupees for Sepoys, twenty-five for naiks (corporals), thirty for havildars (sergeants), 100 for jemadars (native lieutenants), 200 for subadars (native captains). The European officers are to be only six in number, viz., a commandant, two wing commanders, two wing officers, and a combined adjutant and quartermaster. The regiment when formed will be a most unique and complete little unit, in fact a model battalion, and on its organisation any local levies that may in the future be raised will be modelled.

* * * *

RUSSIA devotes this year to her Army no less a sum than 288,808,664 roubles, which is an increase of considerably over 4,000,000 of roubles on the amount expended in 1897. This amounts, roughly, to an expenditure of a little over £45,000,000 sterling, and is thus apportioned: 65,000,000 of roubles goes to pay, 46,000,000 to food and rations, 29,000,000 for barracks, 23,500,000 for clothing and equipment; 19,250,000 is devoted to the re-armament of the Army, 11,000,000 is for cost of transport, 10,500,000 is to be spent on artillery, garrison and field; the forage bill sums up to 19,000,000, and finally 5,000,000 of the sum is allotted to the Transcaspian Railway.

* * * *

THE first State troops to co-operate with the United States Regulars on the outbreak of hostilities will be those of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio, and Illinois. This is a very high compliment to these States, as to make the first call on them clearly indicates that in the opinion of the War Department their troops are the best equipped and organised for prompt military service. They are, in fact, the cream of the National Guard, and if the whole force of these States were called upon for service it would place at the disposal of the military authorities a body of 40,000 officers and men. These regiments will be armed with Winchester and Lee-Metford repeating rifles of ·30 calibre. For actual operations in Cuba itself, the services of as many trained coloured troops as possible, both regular and militia, will be utilised, the reason of this being of course that they are much more likely than white troops to enjoy immunity from the evil effects of the Indian climate.

* * * *

THE well-known khaki uniform, general throughout the whole Empire for field service, is, it would appear, to be adopted by the American Army. The uniform is described as of "dull brown canvas," which would appear to mean American drill dyed brown, which is exactly the Indian khaki that has now been adopted by our whole Army. One hundred experimental uniforms are being issued for trial under Service conditions, to infantry, cavalry, and artillery. One difference to that which we are accustomed to, however, is being made, for leggings are to be worn by all branches of the Service instead of that most serviceable and useful leg-gear, "putties." The hat is of the "bush-ranger" type, rendered so familiar to us by the visit of the Colonial Troops during the Jubilee. There is no more serviceable and useful uniform than khaki, and it is equally valuable in tropical and temperate climates, for it is light in weight and cool in wear in warm weather, and with heavy underwear is equally suitable for wear in cold weather.

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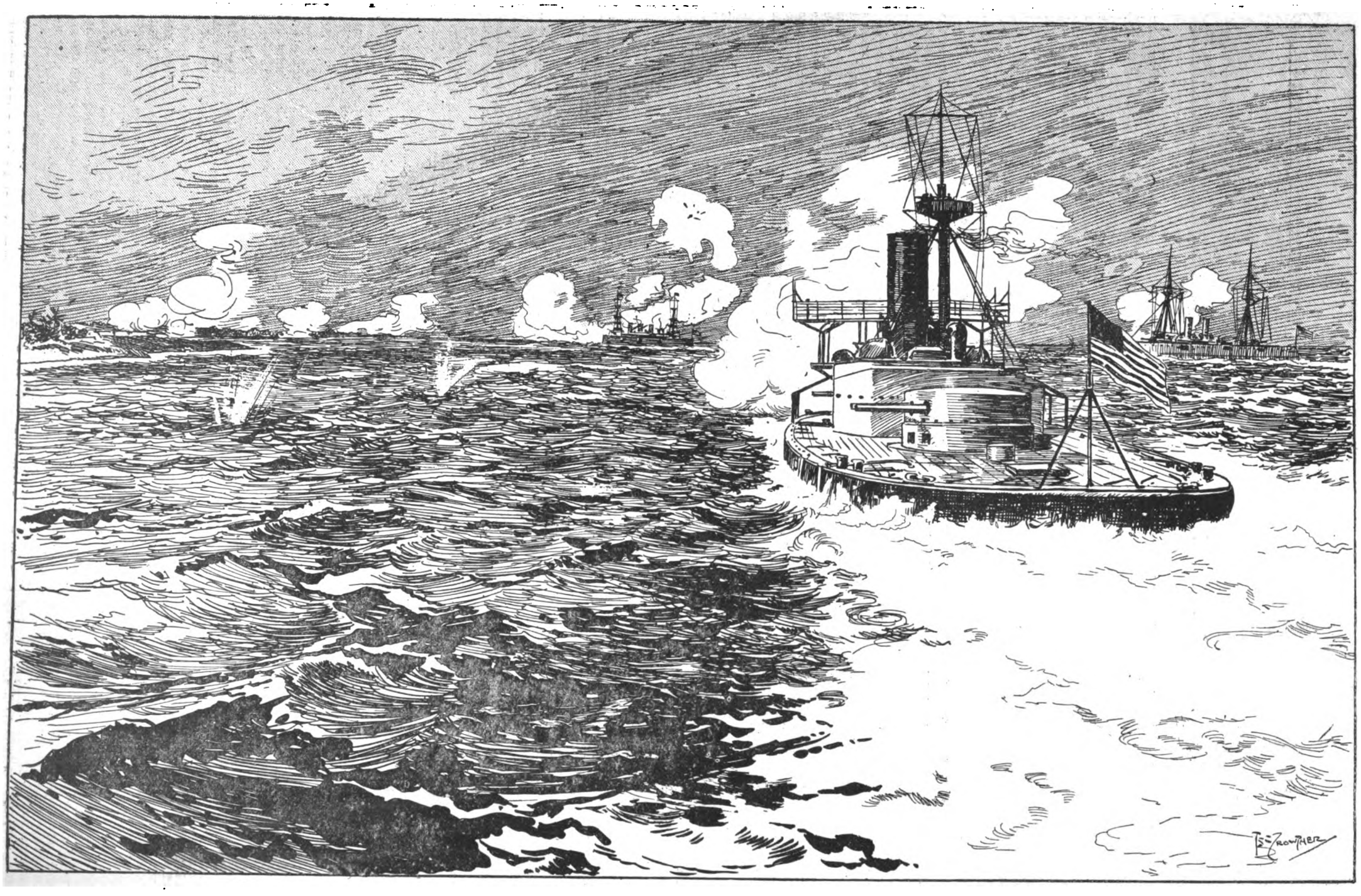

THE BOMBARDMENT OF MATANZAS.

THIS, the first important hostile act of the war, took place between one o'clock and half-past on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 27th. It having been reported to Rear-Admiral Sampson of the blockading squadron that new earthworks were being thrown up for the protection of the harbour of Matanzas, he proceeded to that place in his flag-ship, the armoured cruiser "New York," with the monitor "Puritan" and protected cruiser "Cincinnati." Our illustration depicts the engagement which took place between these vessels and the batteries, the vessel in the foreground being the "Puritan."

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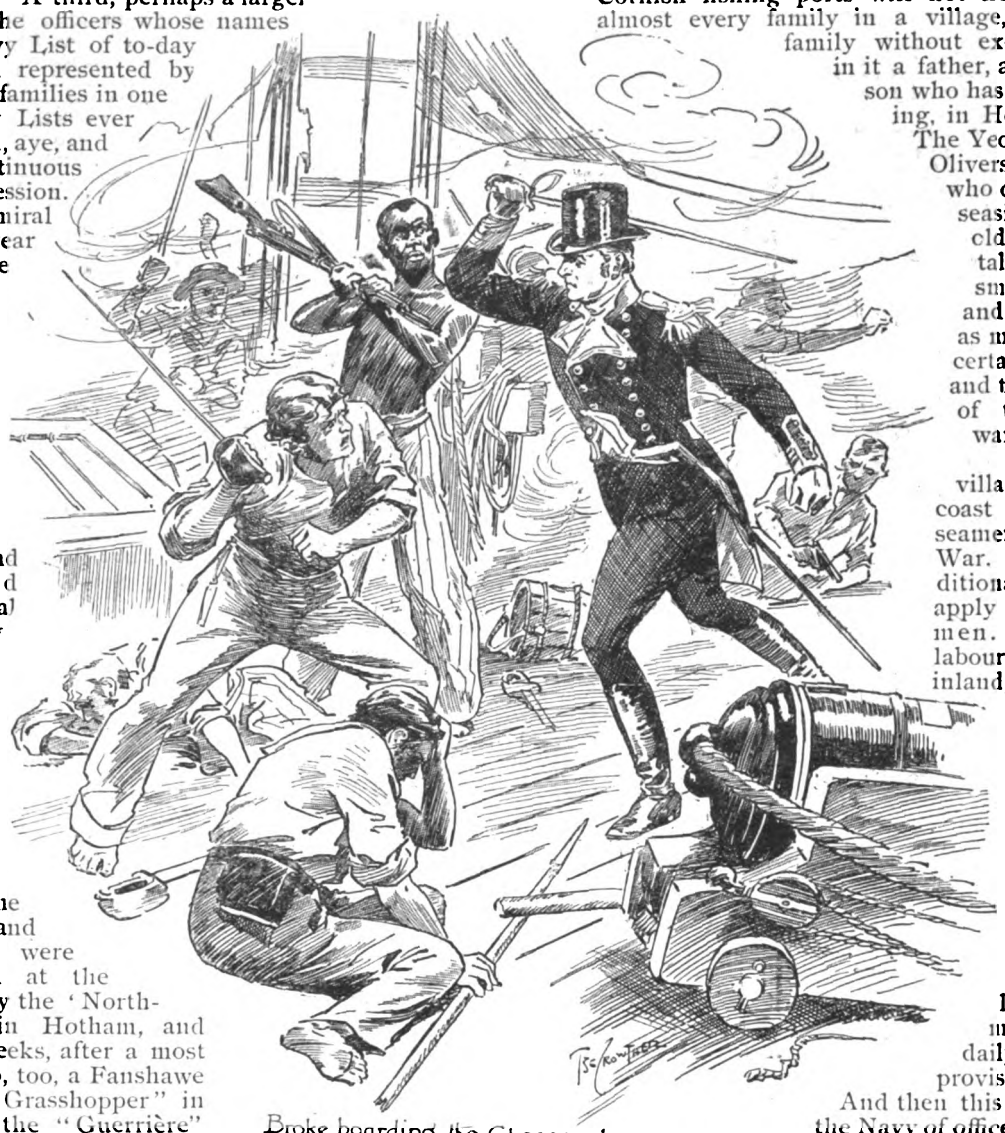
TRADITION IN THE NAVY.

By CHARLES S. JERRAM.

IT was the custom in the family of the Stones, Dr. Conan Doyle tells us, for some one member in each generation to enter the Service, the Service being in that family emphatically the Navy. The popular author is a great student of facts, and he may have drawn his notion of the Stones from actual perusal of old Navy Lists. Just as in the Highlands we find family after family where son, father, grandfather—as far back as the settlements which took place after the '45—have served King or Queen in the Army, so it is in the case of many of our best English families with regard to the Navy.

Let us take a few names, premising that we do not vouch in any case for the fact that the owners of such names in this generation belong to the same families as the owners of such names among the heroes of the past, though there is no doubt that this is usually true.

Fremantle, Hotham, Kerr, Fanshawe, Beresford; but why pick and choose? A third, perhaps a larger proportion still, of the officers whose names are found in the Navy List of to-day appear to have been represented by some member of their families in one or other of our Navy Lists ever since such lists existed, aye, and many of them in a continuous line of unbroken succession. We have a Rear-Admiral Fremantle in the year when England broke Napoleon's power, at Waterloo, and in the 60th year of the reign of Her Majesty the same name was represented in the Service by an admiral, a lieutenant, and a midshipman. The name of Kerr gives us to-day a vice-admiral, a lieutenant, and a sub-lieutenant; and Steel's list of the Royal Navy speaks of "Le Gascon," 16, and "Esperance," 36, taken by the "Unicorn," Captain A. R. Kerr, in 1810. Hotham, too, is to-day represented by a vice-admiral and a lieutenant, and Steel tells us that, in 1811, the "Ariadne," 44, the "Andromache," 44, and the "Mameluke," 18, were "burnt and destroyed at the entrance to L'Orient, by the 'Northumberland,' 74, Captain Hotham, and 'Growler' G. Bg., J. Weeks, after a most gallant action." And so, too, a Fanshawe is in command of the "Grasshopper" in 1806, and a Dacres of the "Guerrière" in the same year.



Broke boarding the Chesapeake.

Taking, almost at random, a few of the admirals of the year preceding Waterloo—Markham, Bedford, and Fellowes were in the list for the year 1814, and the same names occur in the list of admirals in 1898. In that same year, 1814, name after name is found among the list of admirals which shows the close connection between the West Country and the Service, a union still as strong as ever, whether we speak of officers or seamen. In the list of flag officers for 1814 we find a Carthew, a Carlyon, a Fortescue, a Greville. Bulteel was vice-admiral of the Blue, and Buller rear-admiral of the Red. The most famous name of all, Nelson, seems to have belonged almost continuously to Her Majesty's Naval Service since Horatio, Lord, Nelson died with undying fame at Trafalgar, whilst giving one more proof of the efficacy of our traditional Naval policy of going for the enemy wherever he was to be found, and sticking close to him until he could be brought to action. There is a Nelson, a midshipman, to-day. There was a Nelson, a post-captain, in 1823. There was a Nelson, a Naval aide-de-camp to Her Majesty, who died a few years ago.

In 1813 the "Chesapeake," 38, was taken, after a short, but most gallant, action, by the "Shannon," 38, Captain Broke. The Broke who won this "gallant action" was that same "brave Broke" who

> "waved his sword,
> And cried, 'Now, my lads, aboard,
> And we'll stop their Yankee Doodle,
> Dandy—andy—O!'"

but it is doubtful whether he was connected with the officers who figure in to-day's Navy List under a name pronounced in the same way, but spelt rather differently. It would not be difficult, probably, to establish some connection between the Beresford who fought on the American coast in 1812 and the fighting Beresfords of to-day, or between many another gallant captain or lieutenant of those stormy days and their namesakes of to-day.

In the case of the seamen, it is not so easy to bring proof of service in the same families generation after generation, but anyone who is acquainted with our tiny Devonshire and Cornish fishing ports will not need to be told how almost every family in a village, sometimes every family without exception, will have in it a father, a grandfather, or a son who has served, or is serving, in Her Majesty's ships. The Yeos, the Jolliffes, the Olivers, the Curteises, who dwell in the quaint seaside villages, full of old-world smugglers' tales and old-world smugglers' haunts and hides, still provide as many men, and men certainly quite as good and true, as in the days of the long French wars.

One tiny fishing village on the Cornish coast provided thirty seamen for the Russian War. Nor does this traditional Naval service apply only to the fishermen. Every farm labourer, for some miles inland, sends his likeliest son into the Navy. The Service, in fact, is justly popular in the West Country, where, for generations, it has been best known, and has provided the two things for which our poor look in life, namely, a means of getting daily bread and a provision for old age. And then this family service in the Navy of officers and men has a peculiar value. The qualities which made the father a good sailor are likely to descend to the son—the physical strength, the alert intelligence, the habits of obedience and command, the smartness, the devotion to duty, and love of the profession. All these qualities are more likely to be found in the lad whose father and grandfather were in the Service, and have handed down a noble tradition of courage and devotion to one's country, a tradition which, when the trying time comes, the lad feels he must support, lest he bring dishonour on his father's name. And he's got the backbone in him, too, to enable him to support that tradition—the strength of mind and body born of generations of good air, good food, good discipline, and plenty of work.

Traditional Naval service has, in the past, been one of the main supports of our fleets, in regard both to officers and men. What can be more animating in a time of storm and stress, in that "sublime and beautiful" moment, as the poet Goethe has it, which comes occasionally, though seldom, in the lives of most of us, what can better inspire us to high deeds, than the thought of the thing which father or grandfather would have done, and the determination never to bring disgrace to those grey hairs and that honoured name?

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *has now been registered by the Post Office authorities as a newspaper, and can therefore be sent through the post under the special conditions and with all the advantages which follow from such registration. It may be pointed out to subscribers that this will mean a considerable reduction in their subscription. The net result is that they will obtain the weekly paper at a cost which but slightly exceeds that which they were in the habit of incurring when they subscribed for the fortnightly issues with supplements. The registration of the paper will also confer a benefit on those who are desirous of sending the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *to their friends. In making this announcement, we desire also to direct the attention of advertisers and others to the alteration which has been made in the scope and purpose of the journal. In it are described and illustrated for the general public all current events and topics connected with the Naval and Military Services the wide world over.*

* * * *

THE WAR.—Our readers will also be interested to know that the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is fully represented by a corps of photographers at every likely scene of action, who will supply illustrations of all the important incidents which happen during hostilities. A special steamer has been chartered to accompany the blockading squadron off Cuba, and the representatives of the paper, men of great experience as artist photographers, will furnish scenes of life on board the vessels of the United States Squadron as well as on shore in the blockaded cities. The material thus supplied by our correspondents should form a unique pictorial history of the war.*

* * * *

SIR GEORGE WOLSELEY, who has been acting in charge of the Punjab army corps of the Indian Army during the absence of Sir William Lockhart and Sir Palmer Power with the Tirah Expeditionary Forces, is the divisional commander of the Lahore District in India, which post he has held since March, 1895. He entered Her Majesty's Service in 1857, five years after his distinguished brother, Lord Wolseley, and first saw field service with one of the punitive columns in the second stage of the Indian Mutiny. This was the 84th Foot, now the 2nd York and Lancaster Regiment, in which corps (either in the 84th or its senior and linked battalion, the old 65th) all Sir George Wolseley's regimental service has been passed. In 1878-79 he served as A.A.G. with the Candahar Field Force; in 1882 as A.A.G. with the army in Egypt, being present at Tel-el-Kebir. Sir George again served in Egypt as A.A.G. in the Khartoum Relief Expedition of 1884-85, and in 1887 in the campaign in Burma, where in the operations of 1889-91 he commanded a brigade. He has been three times mentioned in despatches, and won a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy in Afghanistan, an A.D.C.-ship in 1882, the C.B. in 1885, and the K.C.B. for his services in 1889-91. *(See illustration.)*

* * * *

"WHAT has become of the Spanish submarine boat 'Peral'?" asks a correspondent. Little has been heard of this vessel, whose advent at the time of Prince Bismarck's attempt to deprive Spain of the Caroline Islands made some stir in the world. She was last heard of at Cadiz, but during the preparations for the present American war little or nothing has been heard of the "Peral." On the other hand, the American Government has just bought for Naval purposes the new "Holland" submarine boat, which is described as probably the best of her kind. At her trials in New York Harbour, the "Holland" boat showed that she could dive like a duck and come up again unexpectedly. She is shaped, it is stated by those who have seen the boat, like a Whitehead torpedo, and is 55-ft. long by 10½-ft. extreme breadth, with 75 tons displacement, and is able to go 16 knots on the surface and 10 knots below. Electricity is the motive power. For purposes of attack, the "Holland" carries a torpedo launching apparatus in the bow or "nose," and has four guns, two forward and two aft, to fire 100-lb. gun-cotton shells—two (with a range of 1,200-yds.) above water and two (with a range of 200-yds.) below water.

* * * *

VOCAL music is taught, to some extent, to the boys in the training-ships. Volunteer classes of forty or fifty are instructed in the Tonic Sol-Fa system three evenings a week; and once a week all the boys are exercised for fifteen minutes in singing from a book of suitable songs which has been compiled. Prizes to the amount of £70 per annum are distributed among the six training-ships, the classes being examined by the London School Board examiner of Tonic Sol-Fa. There is also an allowance to each training-ship of £6 a year, to be distributed in prizes to volunteer choir boys. While much excellent work is thus done, it cannot, however, be said that this training has so far had any appreciable effect in raising the standard of vocal music in the Navy. The numbers trained are perhaps too small to admit of this, but a further reason is to be found in a too rigid adherence to the Sol-Fa system. This system is no doubt excellent for sight singing, but requires to be combined with the old notation, in which most songs are printed.

How to tell an admiral when you see him is a question that I have had asked me by several correspondents. Well, first of all look at the cuff of the officer's sleeve. The special distinguishing mark of flag rank, which is common to all admirals, is a broad band of gold lace, nearly 2-in. wide, round the cuff. A rear-admiral wears on his cuff above this one ring of gold lace 5-8-in. wide, a vice-admiral two rows or rings, a full admiral three rows or rings of lace, and an Admiral of the Fleet, whom my readers, however, are not likely to meet every day, four rings. In each grade the upper row of lace forms also a "curl" or circle 2-in. in diameter, which "curl" is the mark of all executive officers of the "military" branch of the Service. Next, as another way to know an admiral at sight, look at his cocked hat. All flag officers' cocked hats are bound round with gold lace, and they have three loops of bullion up one side of the hat. Officers below flag rank wear cocked hats bound with black silk ribbon, and have, captains and commanders two loops of bullion, lieutenants and sub-lieutenants one loop. When wearing cloth caps in undress, the embroidery on the peak of the cap denotes the rank. Flag officers have the peak embroidered all round with oak leaves in gold, while captains and commanders have the embroidery only on the front edge. All junior officers' caps have peaks of plain leather without embroidery.

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OTHER means of identification, in addition to those given above, are the devices on the epaulettes. A device of cross sword and baton on each epaulette is the special badge of flag rank common to all admirals. A rear-admiral wears a crown and one star as his epaulette device, in addition to the cross sword and baton badge, a vice-admiral a crown and two stars, and a full admiral a crown and three stars. The epaulette device for an Admiral of the Fleet is, however, a little different. Instead of the cross sword and baton, he wears two crossed batons surrounded by a wreath of laurel with a crown and no stars at all, having no doubt reached an altitude which is beyond the stars. Finally there are the shoulder-straps worn in cold or wet weather in England on officers' great-coats, and in warm climates on the white undress and white jacket. These are of blue cloth, and show the epaulette devices of stars, as above, for the rank of the wearer in each case. Captains, commanders, lieutenants, and sub-lieutenants wear bars of distinction lace in rows, four, three, two, one, as on the cuff of the sleeve, according to rank.

* * * *

THE Duke of Bedford has set an example which might well be followed by large land-owners and county magnates throughout the United Kingdom. To encourage the large number of employés on his vast estates to join the Militia, he has circulated a notice amongst them informing them that in the case of all who do so their places will be kept open for them during the time they are away for their Militia training. Not only this, however, but for such time as they are fulfilling their military duties their pay will still continue at the rate they are earning. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that no compulsion whatever is exercised to make men enlist, but this very generous offer is simply made as an inducement. The Duke is lieutenant-colonel in command of the 3rd Bedfordshire Regiment, formerly the Bedfordshire Militia. He is an old regular, for he served as a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, and is also honorary colonel both of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment and of the 19th Middlesex.

* * * *

THE word "staff," when prefixed to the denominational rank of a Naval officer, may appear something of a puzzle to the uninitiated, as it occurs in four different branches, and in such numerous instances as to preclude the possibility of its being interpreted as denoting that the officers are all on an admiral's staff. It was first introduced in 1864, in the case of the navigating branch, by way of giving masters, as they were then called, a superior relative position after a certain amount of service; but in order to distinguish them from executive commanders they were styled staff commanders, and subsequently, under certain conditions, staff captains. Since then, the term has been applied successively to the medical, accountant, and engineer branches, as an intermediate rank, but with the somewhat curious anomaly that in these branches "staff" officers rank only with a lieutenant of eight years' standing, though for some time a staff surgeon ranked with a commander. The prefix is, in short, merely an arbitrary one, to denote the relative military rank of officers of the civil branches; and the pioneers in the title—the staff commanders—will gradually die out under existing regulations, by which a separate "navigating" branch is abolished.

* * * *

WHEN the Queen, with Princess Henry of Battenberg, visited the Tirah sick and wounded at Netley Hospital, she ordered that at her expense the best artificial substitutes that modern science could produce should be provided for all those who had lost limbs in her service. She has now added to this Royal generosity by presenting—besides other gifts—a magnificent portrait of herself, and also one of the late Prince Consort, to each of the nineteen wards which she inspected. Besides these she has also presented fine engravings of herself in her pony carriage, the Jubilee procession leaving Buckingham Palace, a group of the Royal Family, and various coloured prints. But what will be even more acceptable are four magnificent invalid lounge chairs, all of the latest and most comfortable pattern. The Princess Beatrice's gift—from a soldier's widow to his wounded and sick comrades in arms—is a superb steel engraving of the late Prince, who lost his life in his adopted country's service.

* * * *

THE complete force which the United States will have immediately available for war operations will, when completely organised, amount to 102,000 men, and is thus composed:—Infantry, 75,000 (of which 35,000 are regulars); cavalry, 12,000; artillery, 15,000. Both cavalry and artillery are all regulars. The organisation of the infantry is in three battalion regiments, of a total strength of 3,000 men to each of the twenty-five regiments. The 40,000 men who will go to augment the nucleus of 35,000 regulars, to a strength of 75,000, are picked Militia regiments from the States of New York, Ohio, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Wisconsin. They are the cream of the United States Militia, composed of young, active, and vigorous men, and have received a fairly efficient training. They will, however, still want some licking into shape.

THE EDITOR.

WITH OUR NEXT NUMBER WILL BE GIVEN AWAY A SPLENDID COLOURED PORTRAIT OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES IN UNIFORM AS ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

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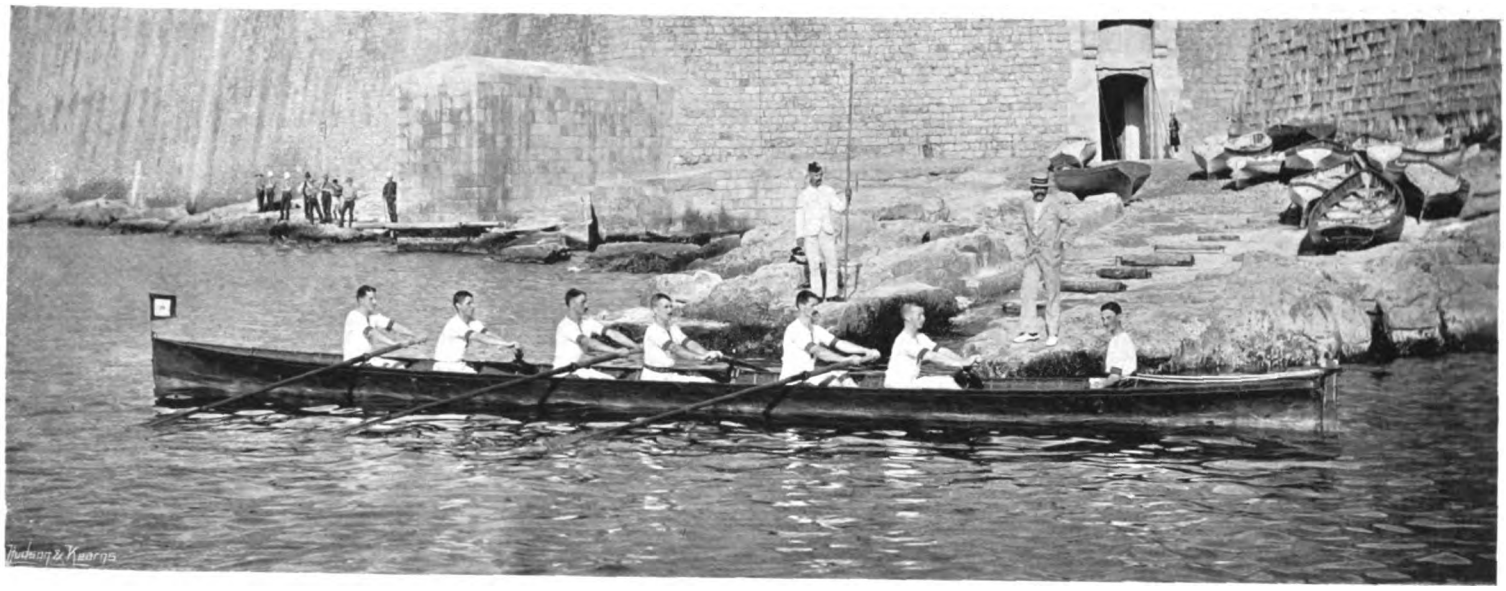
THE "CAMERONS" IN EGYPT.

WE herewith reproduce some photographs of this gallant regiment, who headed the rush on the Dervish position on the Atbara. And they are of very deep interest, showing how thoroughly the officers and men of this regiment are in touch. This it is that creates that strong *esprit de corps* that makes a British regiment absolutely invincible. Our first group shows us the regimental shooting team, and the officer seated in the centre is Captain Findlay, who, along with Captain Urquhart, met a soldier's death on the Atbara. Our second photo graph, taken outside the sallyport of the Fort of St. Elmo at Malta, shows the racing crew of the regiment, which won a race at the last Malta regatta.

THE "CAMERONS'" CRACK SHOTS—THE LATE CAPTAIN FINDLAY IN THE CENTRE.

The officer on the shore in mufti and a straw hat is Major Napier, one of the officers who was severely wounded in the last fight.

In the next photograph we have Captain Findlay's company of the regiment, the tall figure of that gallant officer being easily distinguishable standing behind the sergeant on the right of the picture. From their dress it is evident that most of the company have been engaged on some fatigue duty, probably in connection with the timber seen around. The last photograph is that of Captain Gordon's company, evidently taking a halt on the march. Very picturesque do they look, the men wearing the neat white undress jackets that are only worn by the Guards and Highland regiments. After Atbara, the Sirdar said to Colonel Money, of the "Camerons," referring to their splendid advance, "It was one of the finest feats performed for many years; you ought to be proud of such a regiment." And he was right.



THE "CAMERONS'" RACING CREW—MAJOR NAPIER TO THE RIGHT.

Photos R. Ellis

THE LATE CAPTAIN FINDLAY'S COMPANY.

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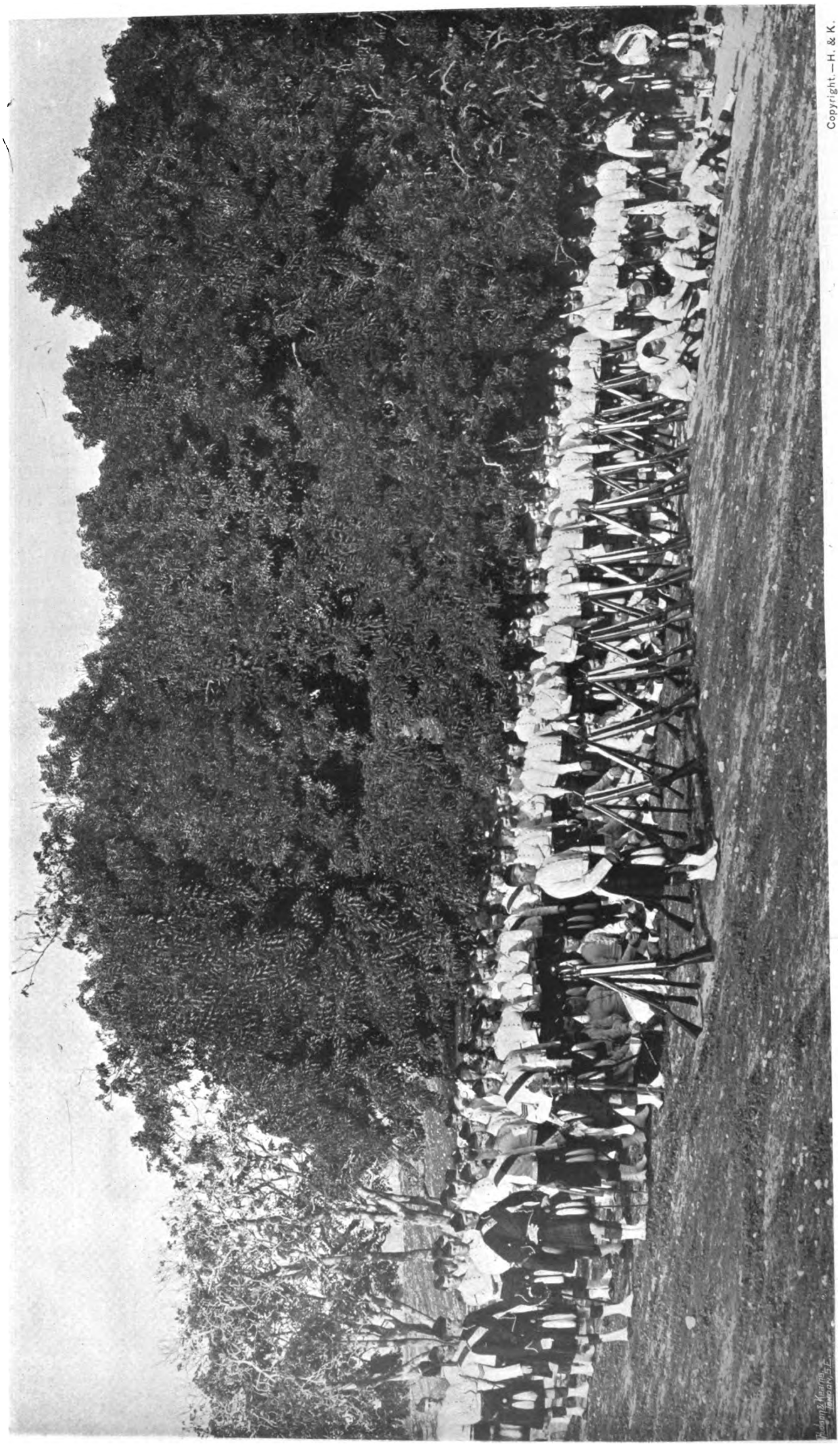

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THE "CAMERONS" ON THE MARCH.

Photo. H. Ellis

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THE LAND FORCES OF SPAIN.

Photo. J. David. Copyright

TROOPS OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD

EVERYTHING that relates to the Naval and Military forces of Spain and the United States is at the present time of quite absorbing interest. Certain pictures are here given which should be particularly so. The splendour of the Spanish Court is proverbial. A kind of stately magnificence has attended it for centuries, and the noble corps of the Albarderos, the magnificent Palace Guard, and the Blue Dragoons, are well known at Court and State functions. Here we have a group of officers and men representing the various branches and arms of the Royal Guard. The cuirassiers are the finest body in the mounted Service, and the other military bodies of the royal *entourage* are chosen on the ground of personal worth and military efficiency among the men, and often of illustrious lineage among the officers.

An equally typical group is that of the staff of the military government of Majorca, which has its seat at Palma, in that island. The forces there do not, indeed, meet with the active employment that has often fallen to the lot of their comrades in Cuba and the Philippines, but they are representative of the regular troops of the Kingdom. The officers grouped about the general in command belong to the various branches of the Service, and include the aide-de-camp and chaplain.

IN QUEST OF A SITE FOR THE OVENS.

SETTING UP A DOUBLE FIELD OVEN.

From these pictures we turn to the troops on active service in Cuba. There is nothing so important as the provisioning of troops in the field, and in this matter Spain has encountered many difficulties; but her system is good, being modelled upon the practice prevailing in all European armies. The day's march ended, and the camping ground reached, the tents are pitched, and then special squads of men are told off to make ready the place for the ovens, and to prepare everything for the work of the regimental bakers and cooks. In one of the pictures we see a party detached from the column on the march halting to select a position suitable for the double ovens, of the pattern of 1893, and now in use in the Spanish Army. Another picture of military life shows the work going on of setting

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up the ovens and completing the bakery appliances.

But these operations are only a part of the closely-jointed administrative arrangements of all efficient armies. Upon the completeness with which they are carried out, success in action often depends, and it has been the maxim of many a great soldier that men to fight well must be fed well. The Superior School of War is, so to speak, the nursery of the good officers and administrators of the Spanish Army. One of our pictures shows a section of it devoted to another highly-important branch of the military art, namely, surveying. It is in the Superior School that instruction in this work is largely carried on.

When the patriotic enthusiasm of Spaniards and Americans reached its fever-heat, outbreaks were not infrequent, but the Spanish Government took the strongest measures to prevent any insult being offered to the United States. This, however, did not prevent the term "pig Yankees" being applied to Americans generally, nor an exciting episode occurring before General Woodford reached Bayonne. But the Guardia Civil is an excellent corps, well disciplined, and familiar with the duty of repressing popular outbursts. It has its hands very full, and our picture of a patrol of the well-known corps will, therefore, not be without special interest to our readers. It is enough to look at the faces of the Spanish officers and men we depict to discern some of the characteristics in which they differ so markedly from their adversaries. They are good soldiers, who will follow a trusted leader to the death, and who fought well in times gone by, when Spain was a school of arms. But they have not the grit and endurance of their foes. They are not like the men who rode with Sherman, nor the youthful veterans who hurled their force on the Petersburg lines when Grant had crossed the James. It is certainly impossible to imagine a more interesting conflict than one in which Spaniards and men of Anglo-Saxon race are foes.

SURVEYING WORK AT THE WAR SCHOOL.

A PATROL OF THE GUARDIA CIVIL

Photo. J. David. Copyright.

THE MILITARY STAFF IN MAJORCA.

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UNCLE SAM'S NAVY.

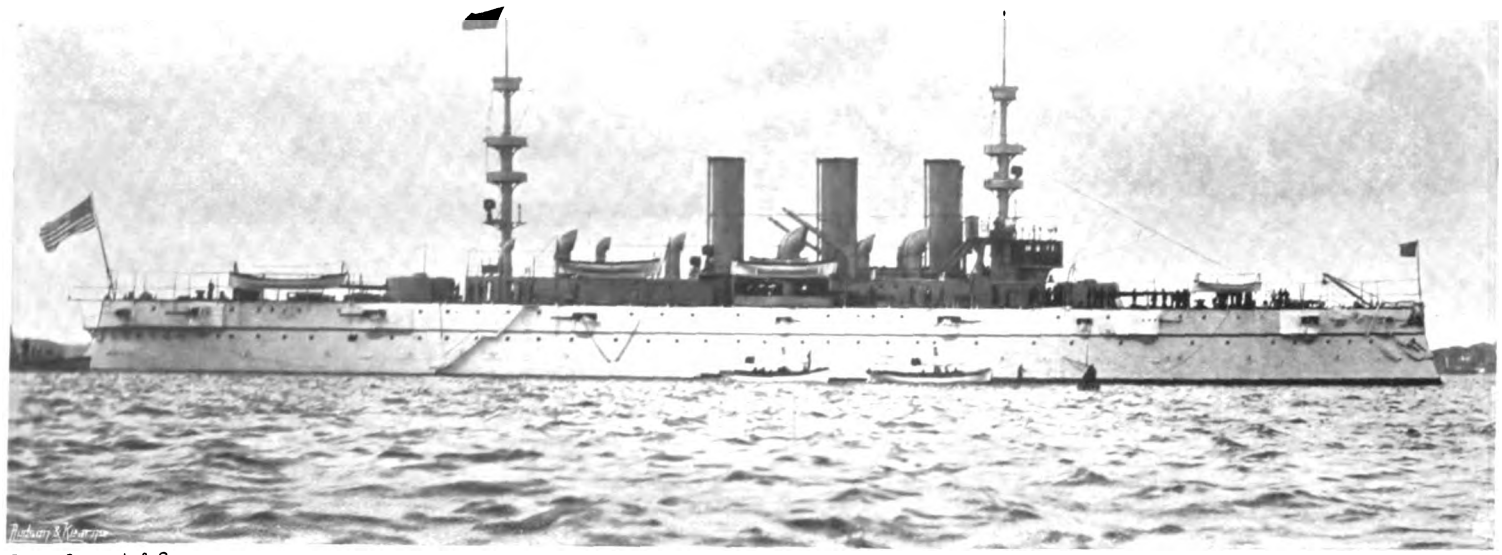

Photo. Symonds & Co. *THE ARMOURED CRUISER "NEW YORK."* Copyright.

IN stirring times of war, or in the circumstances that precede it, when nations are shaking the metaphorical fist at one another across seas or oceans, we scan closely the qualities of the war-ships they possess. Here are certain of the finest vessels of the United States Navy. Rear-Admiral Sampson, a veteran of the Civil War, and a great authority on gunnery, has his flag in the "New York," but the "Iowa," "Indiana," "Oregon," and "Massachusetts" constitute the battle-ship list. The three last-named are sisters, but the "Massachusetts" was attached to the squadron at Hampton Roads, and the "Oregon" was in the Pacific at the outbreak of hostilities. A picture of the "Indiana" we give herewith. These are steel battle-ships of 10,288 tons, with 18-in. of side armour, extending nearly two-thirds of the length (which is 348-ft.), and surmounted by 5-in. plating to protect the bases of the turrets. The armament is formidable. There are four 13-in. breech-loaders coupled in the well-protected great turrets, eight others of 8-in., also in pairs, in turrets at a higher level, and four 6-in. quick-firers in sponsons, two on each side. The result of this arrangement is that, exclusive of eight pieces, two 13-in., four 8-in., and two 6-in. guns are disposed for end-on fire, while four 13-in., four 8-in., and two 6-in. guns are available on each broadside.

We turn now to the cruisers. Two of those armoured—the "Texas" completes the list since the loss of the "Maine"—are illustrated. The "New York" is the flag-ship of the blockading squadron. We have nothing quite like her in our Navy, and our new armoured cruisers will be larger. The ship, which displaces 8,200 tons and is credited with 21 knots speed, was launched in 1891. She has a complete belt, 4-in. thick, and a steel deck, but no protection for the bases of the gun-turrets. Four 8-in. guns are coupled in hooded barbettes fore and aft with 10-in. armour plating, and another with six 4-in. quick-firers is on each broadside, besides several 6-pounders. The arrangement admits of four 8-in., six 4-in., and six 6-pounder guns being fired ahead.

The "Brooklyn" is a little larger (9,250 tons), and of different design. Her 3-in. side plating extends for only about half her length, but her eight 8-in. guns are coupled in armoured barbettes fore, aft, and sponsoned on each side, the arrangement thus approaching the French model. In addition there are twelve 5-in. quick-firers, of which all but two are also in protected sponsons, and sixteen smaller. The armoured deck varies from 3-in. to 6-in. in thickness. The trial speed of the vessel was nearly 22 knots, so that she was well fitted to form part of a Flying Squadron.

The protected cruiser "Columbia," sister of the "Minneapolis," is one of the two swiftest war-ships in the United States Navy. She was built as a "commerce-destroyer," upon very fine lines, the length being 412-ft., and the beam

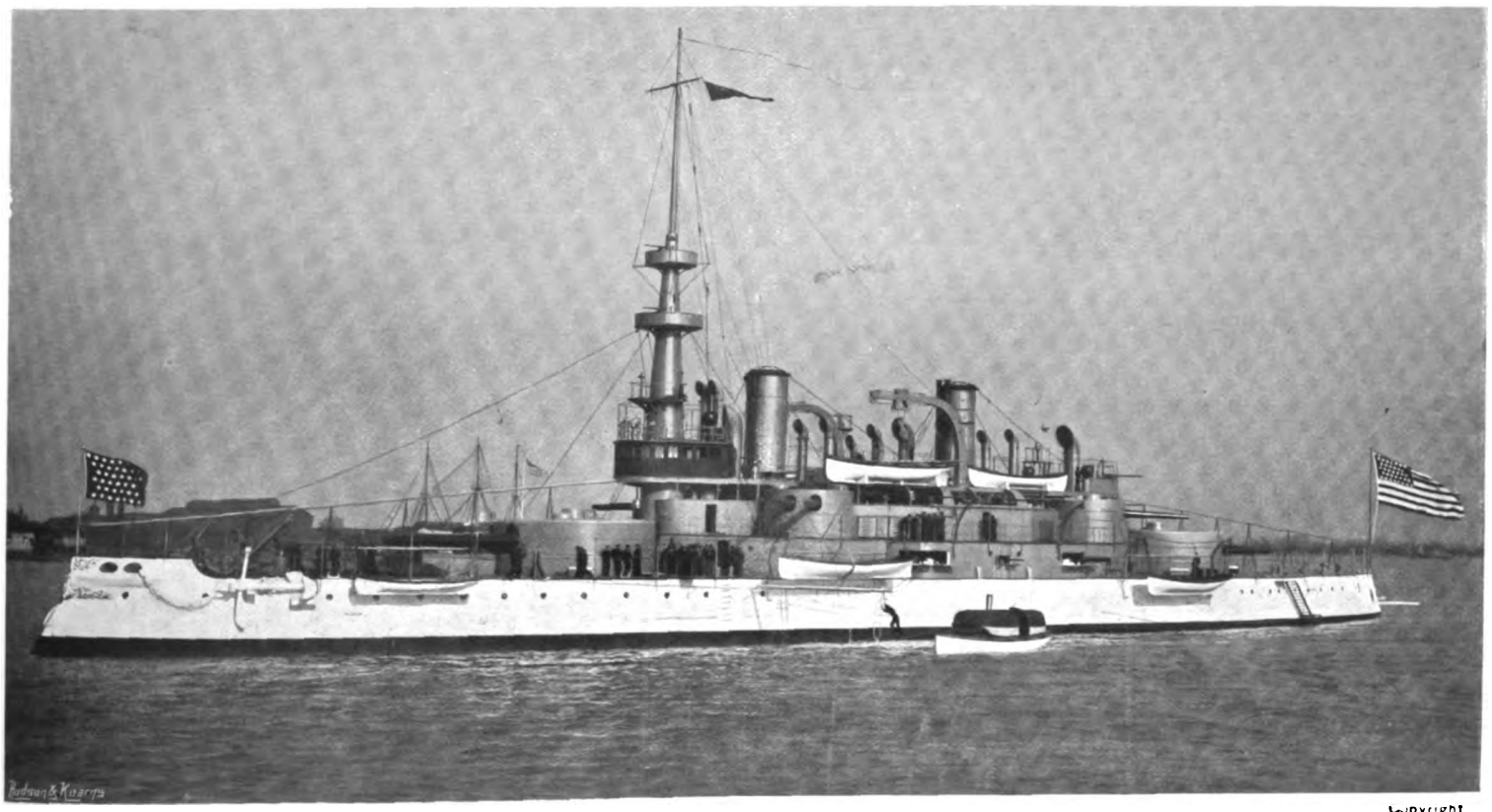

Photo. W H Rau. *THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA."* Copyright

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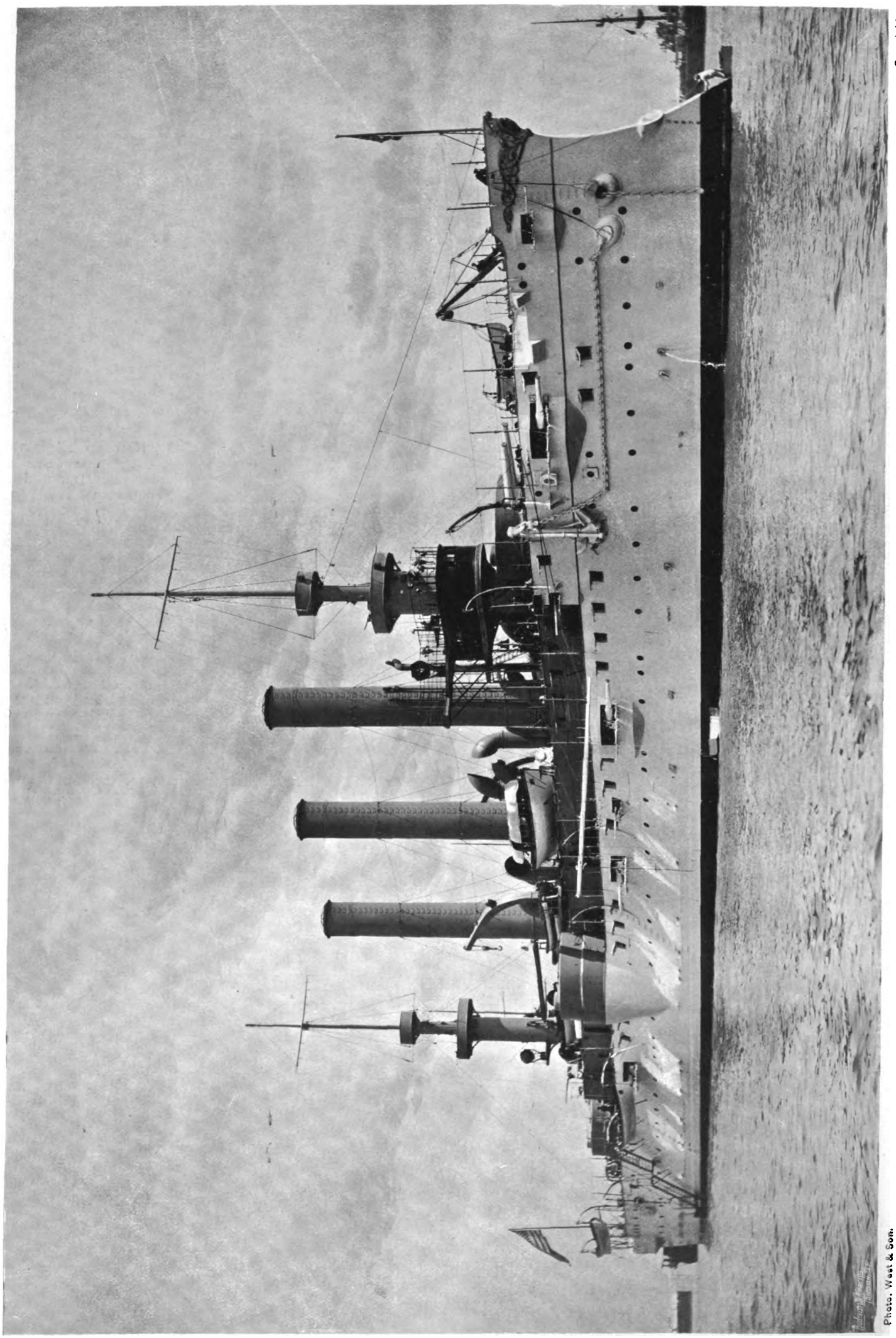

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THE ARMOURED CRUISER "BROOKLYN."

Photo. West & Son.

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58-ft., with 7,475 tons displacement. She is propelled by three screws, driven by as many vertical inverted triple-expansion engines, which gave her a speed of 22·8 knots at her trials. She carries two 6-in. guns abreast forward and an 8-in. gun aft, and has also eight 4-in. and sixteen smaller quick-firers, besides machine guns and six torpedo-tubes. The "Columbia" is thus one of the most interesting of war-ships, and has set a pattern to the French, who have built the "Guichen" and another on the same lines.

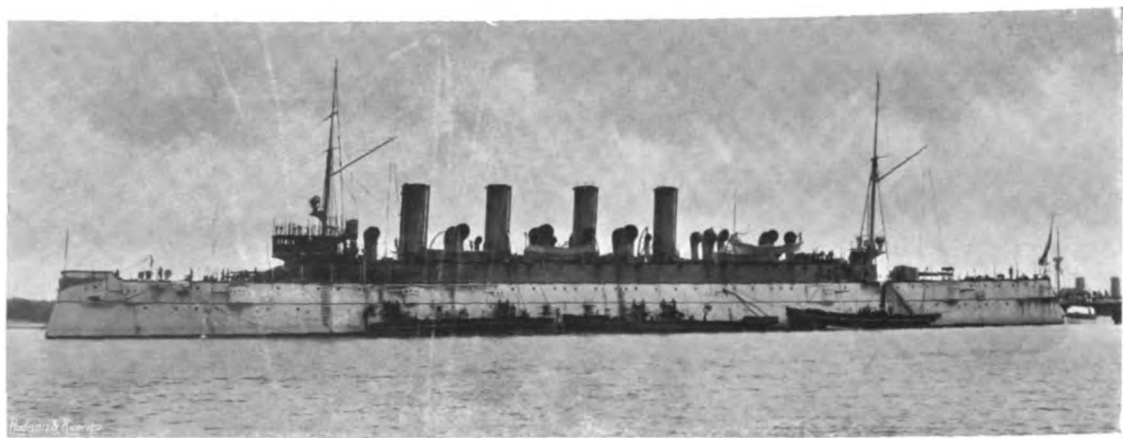
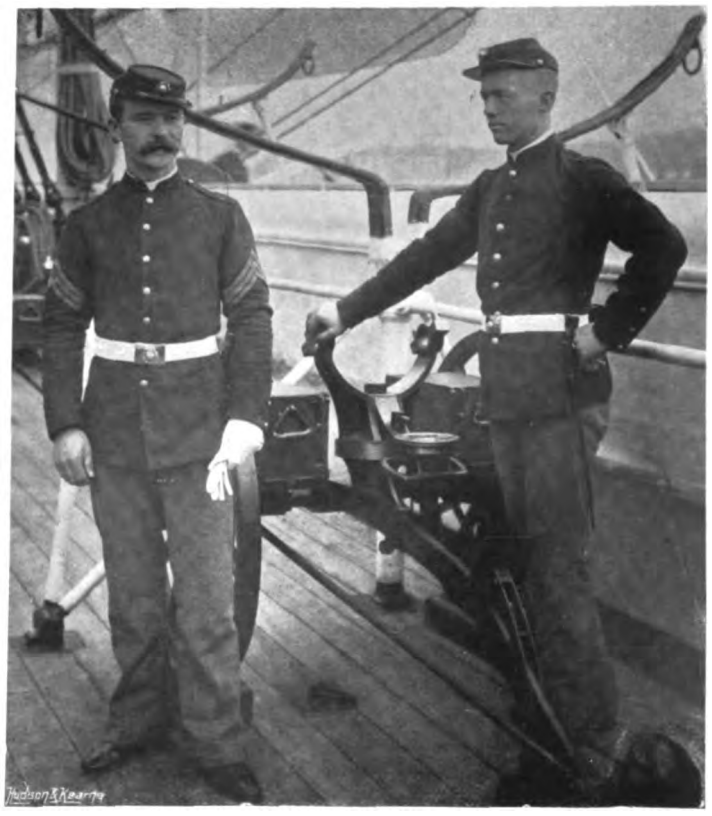


Photo. Symonds & Co. THE PROTECTED CRUISER "COLUMBIA." Copyright.



Photos. Gregory. TYPICAL GROUPS OF UNITED STATES SAILORS AND MARINES. Copyright.

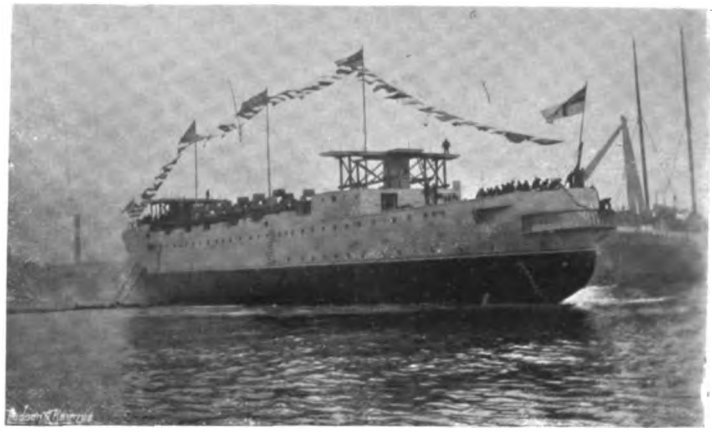
LAUNCH OF THE "HERMES."

IN the matter of Naval construction Scotland has ever held a forward place. The Fairfield Company at Govan, of which Sir William Pearce is the head, has been entrusted over and over again with the building of ships for the Navy.

It was at the yard of this company that the "Hermes," a protected cruiser of the second class, was recently launched. The ship was ordered in 1896 by the Admiralty, and is in every particular up-to-date. She has been constructed on the very latest scientific principles to meet the requirements of modern Naval warfare, and is undoubtedly superior to any ship of her class in the possession of a foreign Power. The "Hermes" can accommodate 500 men. She is armed with eleven 6-in. guns, eight 12-pounder quick-firing guns, and several small machine guns. Under the usual conditions the speed of the "Hermes" will be about 20 knots.

The vessel was released by Lady Kelvin, and the launch was one of the most successful that has ever taken place at Fairfield.

TAKING THE WATER.



AFTER THE LAUNCH.

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The Gun-boats on the Nile.

A SECTION IN THE RIVER.

THE glorious feat of arms on the Atbara must not blind us to the fact that the Royal Navy is having no small share in that campaign that is gradually crushing the power of the Khalifa. The little squadron of shallow-draught gun-boats, officered by the Royal Navy, and with their complements of bluejackets and Marines, are doing yeoman's service.

Was it not their gallant dash in Shendy which made possible the attack on the Dervish position on the Atbara? Illustrations of this type of craft, and the method of their construction in compartments, we give herewith. Some of these steamers are stern-wheelers, but the one we have selected for illustration is a twin-screw boat, the "Melik," one of the latest constructed by Thornycroft and Co., and now being put together on the Nile. Two of our illustrations show how

FITTING THE SECTION TOGETHER.

she is constructed in sections that can be easily transported for ocean transit, and then pieced together on the river or lake where she is intended to operate. In this particular instance the sections were taken first to Ismailia, through the Suez Canal, and thence towed up the fresh-water canal to the Nile.

The batteries of these gun-boats have a commanding height above the water-line, and are thus rendered doubly effective. The guns are worked under the supervision of non-commissioned officers of the Royal Marine Artillery. In one photograph is shown a party of these gallant fellows, who have just left England for Egypt.

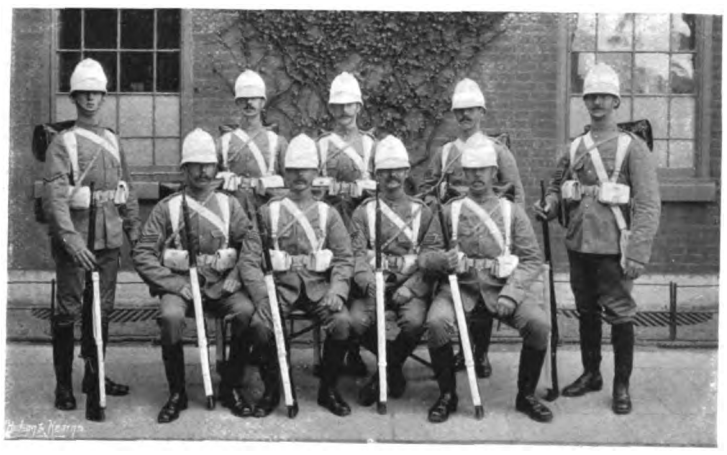
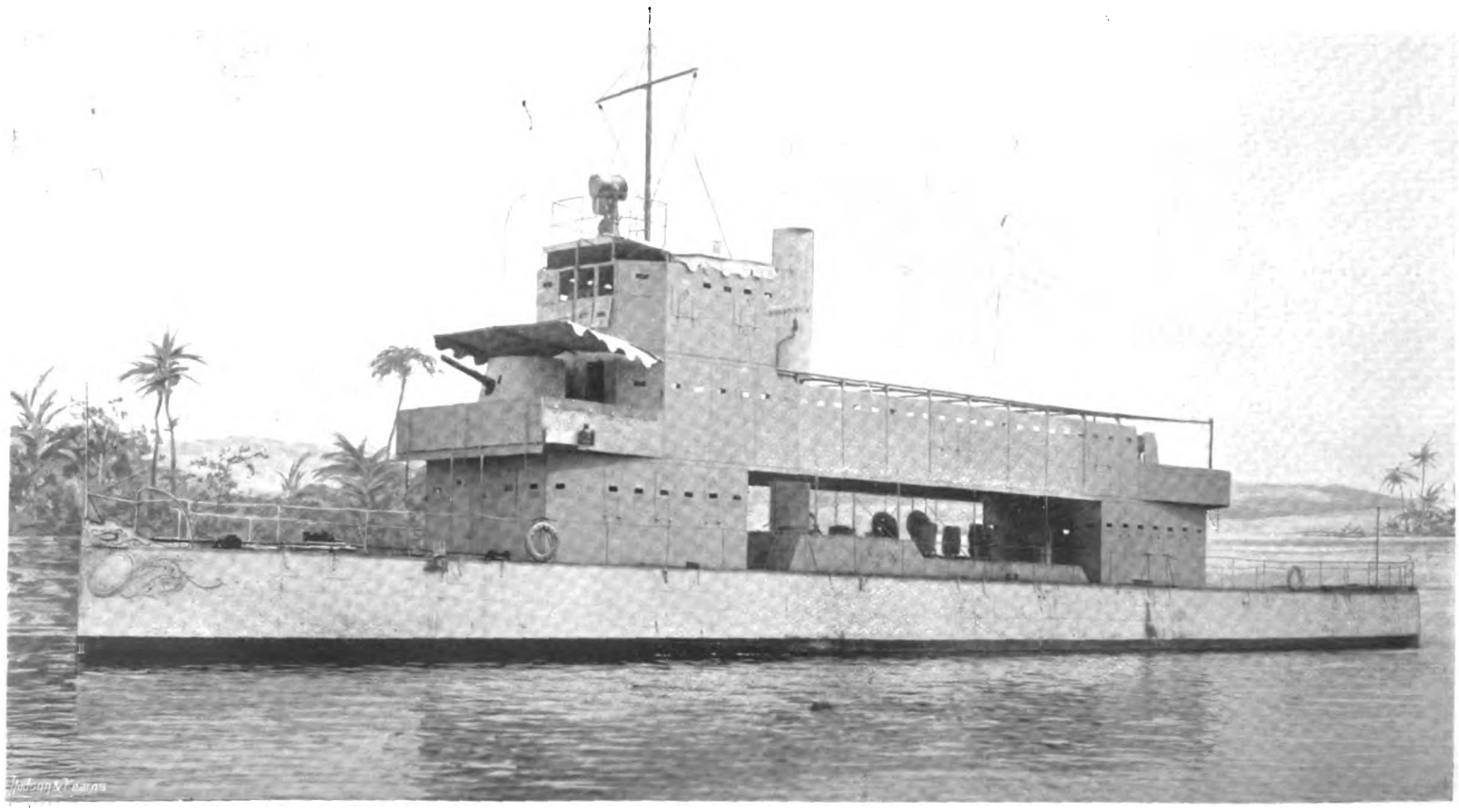


Photo. Stobie. Copyright

MARINES FOR THE GUN-BOATS.



THE GUN-BOAT "MELIK," NOW AT WADY HALFA.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Captain Wood is an officer on the staff of the Intelligence Department of the War Office engaged with certain confidential questions pending with the United States Government. A lawyer tells him that an unknown relative, an American millionaire, has left him a colossal fortune. At the same time an American detective warns him that he has enemies plotting against his fortune and his life. The detective afterwards details the nature of the plot against his fortune and the military secrets he possesses. He meets Frida Wolstenholme at a ball, where he proposes, and is accepted. He gets into a cab, when he is attacked, hocussed, and loses consciousness. Recovering at length, he finds himself tied and bound, and is subjected to a cruel and painful ordeal. Snuyzer, the American detective, having shadowed Captain Wood all night, sees him carried off towards Hammersmith, follows his tracks, and believes he has run him to earth. Sets an assistant to watch the house, and returns to London. Hears at Wood's chambers that he has met with an accident, and at the American Consulate that Wood has been there. Now Sir Charles Collingham supervenes with anxious enquiries for confidential papers that are missing. Miss Wolstenholme is informed of Captain Wood's disappearance, and the whole party, with Wood's collie dog, proceed to Hammersmith. The villa is broken into, with the assistance of the police, but no Captain Wood is to be found. Snuyzer is now much discredited. Strong doubts are thrown upon the story of Wood's capture. The police suggest Wood is hiding, when the boy Joe, Snuyzer's assistant, is brought in with the report that he has seen Wood's transfer in a carriage from Hammersmith to Featherstone Gardens. The house in Featherstone Gardens is visited, but appears to be respectable—a Spanish Duke's, family out of town. The police now declare they wash their hands of the whole business. Snuyzer finds out from the caretaker that Wood is not in the house at Featherstone Gardens, but has been kidnapped and taken to sea in a steamer; it is determined to follow in a fast cruiser, if such can be obtained from the Admiralty. On application this is found to be impossible, but at Lloyd's they agree to send a tug after the steamer, the "Fleur de Lis," and Miss Wolstenholme determines to accompany Snuyzer to New York, the detective having found out that the Spanish Duke and family, together with Wood, are going there in the "Chattahoochee." No news comes from Snuyzer in the tug, so she starts for New York alone, but is helped by a stranger who proves to be a colleague of the American detective. The dog Roy accompanies her, and is much excited, for no apparent reason, on the "Chattahoochee." Miss Wolstenholme is prostrated by sea-sickness, and can do little in watching the conspirators, and the dog, having a tell-tale collar, betrays his ownership to the Duchess. Snuyzer takes up the story, and tells how he started, late, with Major Thornhill in a steam tug to intercept the "Fleur de Lis," and, having just missed her, chased her to the French coast, where she takes refuge in a small harbour, under the French flag. The pursuers lie outside watching and waiting. After nightfall Joe brings off the dinghy of the steam yacht, which he has found abandoned on the shore. They proceed to row back with it to the yacht, when firing is heard, and they wait till daylight. They then find the yacht in the possession of the French authorities. Captain Wood has escaped. There are no papers on board. Captain Wood himself continues the narrative, and describes his imprisonment on board the "Fleur de Lis," and his efforts to bribe Lawford to help him to escape. He tells how he gets away, and, hurrying over to England, takes passage in the same liner, the 'Chattahoochee," where he meets the conspirators and Frida. His adventures are detailed until the ship is overhauled by an English man-of-war.

CHAPTER XXV. *(continued).*

"WHAT'S this, quartermaster? Quarrelling with the passengers? And who are you, sir, who talk so big?"

The seaman answered while I hesitated, doubtful how to act.

"A second class, sir, who's been a-trespassing up here, constant, and I'd my orders, sir, from the chief officer to watch him."

"What do you call yourself?"

'Hardcastle is my name on the list, but——"

"A purser's name, eh? Fishy, on the face of it. However, this is no time for discussion. I'll see you to-morrow, forward, in the second cabin. Take him there, quartermaster, and tell the steward to have an eye to him—not that he can get very far."

"Aye, aye, sir. Now, heave ahead, will you, or must I make you?" No doubt he felt annoyed by the support of the "old man," and as I had now recovered my temper I did not resent his tone. I had had time to consider that for the present I had better lie low.

So I went straight to my cabin and to bed. I was doubled up with two others, both ocean "drummers," men who crossed every month or two, and they were already sound asleep. But before turning out my light I climbed up into the privacy of my own little bunk, where I quickly ran through the papers, and saw with delight that everything was intact.

Then I placed the precious packet under my pillow, and felt that I had spent a profitable day.

CHAPTER XXVI.

La nuit porte conseil, and by next morning I had resolved to take the captain of the "Chattahoochee," directly I saw him, into my confidence. He was an Englishman. The liner, although it had an American name, sailed under English colours; on her deck I was on English ground, and I thought I might count on his protection. I was taking too much for granted, as I soon found. The plainest truth does not always prosper when it is contradicted by a seemingly well-substantiated lie.

I had not to wait long for my interview with Captain Sherborne. Instead of coming to the second cabin, he sent for me, and I was led before him, very much like a malefactor, with a steward on one side of me and a quartermaster, my friend of the previous night, on the other. I had the papers on me in an inner breast-pocket.

I was not taken to his own cabin, on the poop-deck, but to the purser's, in a central part of the ship—half-cabin, half-office—and that officer was also in attendance. The captain was a square-set, weather-beaten sailor-man, very bluff and cheery no doubt when it so pleased him, but his mottled red face in its fringe of white whiskers could shine fierce and forbidding as a lighthouse through a fog, and it did so just now.

"You are the person calling yourself Hardcastle, who has been breaking the ship's rules by trespassing on the first saloon accommodation? I saw you myself."

"I admit it. What is the penalty? To pay first cabin fare, I presume? Then, Mr. Purser, take the necessary amount and give me a receipt. I won't change my cabin."

I tossed a couple of fivers on to the little table in front of which the skipper sat; and the purser, a little, old, spare gentleman with a long white beard, took the money up, but looked at the captain doubtfully.

"Stay, stay, my fine fellow! It's not going to end like that. The trespass is only the smallest part. There has been a robbery on board It has been reported to me this morning, and, and——"

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"You suspect me?" He nodded. "On what grounds, may I ask? I am entitled to be told that."

"I shall tell you nothing. I am captain of this ship———"

"But will not be so very long, I think, after this voyage, if you adopt such a high-handed and unwarrantable course as to accuse a passenger of theft, yet give him no reason for it."

This shot told; his fiery eyes faltered for a moment, and there was less assurance in his voice when he went on:

"I am answerable to my employers, not to you———"

"And, pardon me, to the public—of whom I am one—and to the British Government, whom I represent, Captain Sherborne."

His jaw fell, and he looked rather helplessly at the purser, who stooped over and whispered a few words in his ear. They only seemed to stiffen and strengthen, to still further stir up his bile, and he proceeded to more sturdily vindicate his authority.

"By ———," he shouted, "I'll not be bounced by every longshore scallywag that chooses to face me out with thundering lies. On board my own ship, too! British Government be hanged! What have I to do with it in mid-Atlantic, and with fifty fathoms of blue water under my keel? Besides, it's what you say. How are we to know it's true? You admitted you were sailing under false colours. What's your real name?"

That moment I had intended to tell him everything, but now I did not trust his discretion.

"You shall know all in good time. When it suits me. Meanwhile I hold you responsible——"

"Yah. You're worse than a sea lawyer, tacking and veering all round the compass. Answer my question. Did you steal those papers?"

"What papers? Whose?"

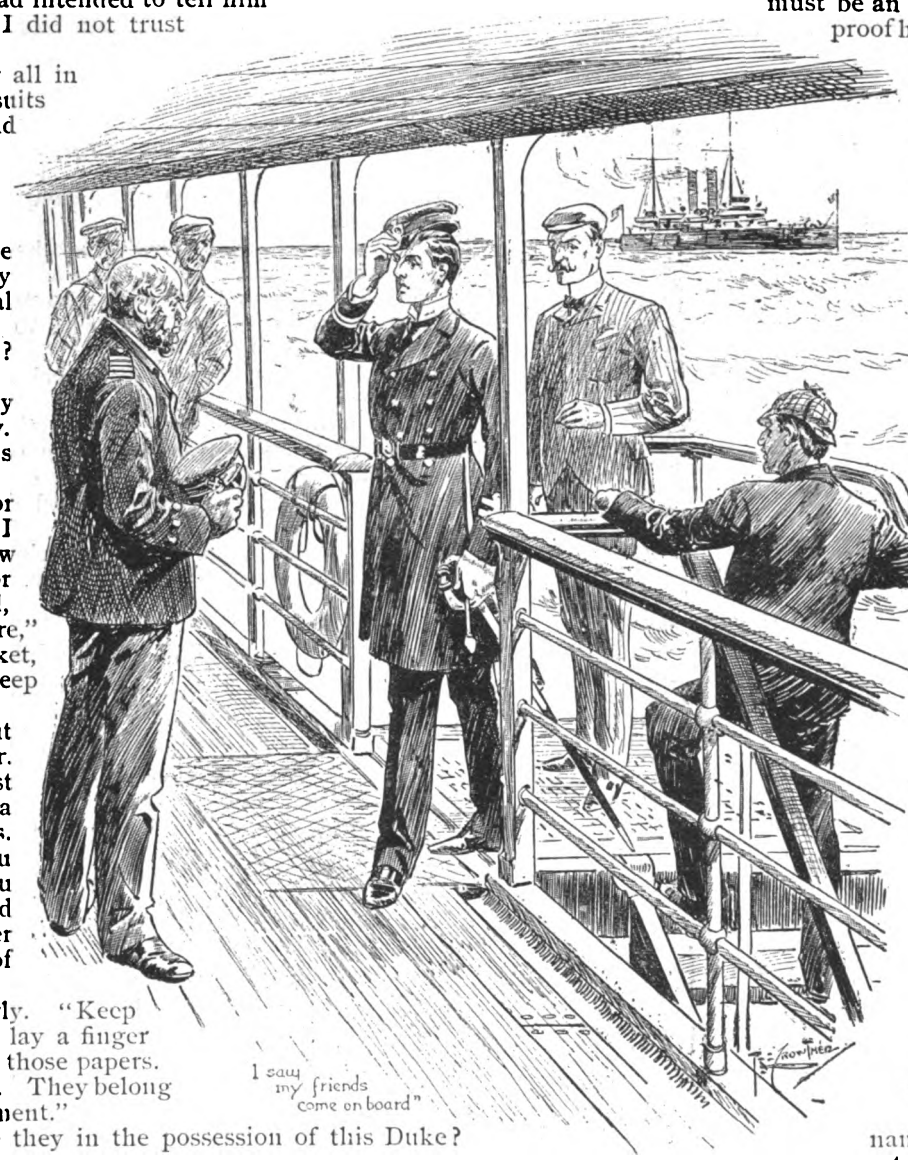
"The Duke's, Tarry Grada's, you know. You were seen near his state-room."

"That's untrue, for I never went to it. I couldn't, for I don't know where it is. But as for the papers———Well, yes, I have them here," I touched my pocket, "and I mean to keep them."

The skipper all but bounded from his chair.

"I think you must be stark staring mad; a raging lunatic, no less. I shall have to clap you in irons and send you down for safety to sand alley. Hand them over now, in a brace of shakes, or I'll———"

He rose menacingly. "Keep your distance. Don't lay a finger on me, nor don't touch those papers. No one must see them. They belong to the British Government."



"I say my friends come on board"

"Then how came they in the possession of this Duke? Yah—try another."

"He acquired them wrongly, and will have to answer for that—and other things—he and those with him."

"Including that millionaire youth, I suppose, Captain Wood, who seems even more upset at this robbery—your robbery."

I could contain myself no longer.

"He is not Captain Wood. He is an impostor. I am really Captain Wood, Mr. McFaught's heir."

The skipper here burst into an uproarious fit of laughter, which the purser echoed heartily.

"By the everlasting jingo, this is too much. Quartermaster," cried the captain, and my friend ran in. "Call in a couple of hands with a rope's end and tie this chap down. It's not safe to let him range about the ship loose. But, first of all, hoist those papers out of him. They're in the inner pocket."

Before they could touch me I made one step to the open port hole, and with a quick movement threw the parcel out into the sea.

"You desperate ruffian! I'll have the ship stopped—boat lowered. Run up to the bridge, quartermaster."

"They're heavy enough to sink, Captain Sherborne, long before you could get within a mile of them; and you may do what you like now—my mind's perfectly easy."

"I shall confront you with the boss who owns those papers."

"That he never did, nor will anyone else, now. But again I warn you to be careful. If you bring us face to face there will be mischief done."

"No, for I shall have seized you first, made you so fast that you won't be able to stir a finger or even look crooked, my fine fellow."

"The boot's on the other leg, captain. The mischief will be done to me, and I tell you whatever happens will be laid on you. I claim your protection; withhold it at your peril."

The skipper looked nonplussed. No doubt he was still inclined to think me a lunatic, but I spoke so quickly and collectedly that he was a little shaken in his first impression.

"Upon my soul, I don't know what to say or do. What d'ye advise, Mr. Boffinge?"

This to the purser.

"He says he's Captain Wood. We have reason to believe he's not, not according to this"—the purser touched a printed list of passengers lying on the table—"or if he is, the other must be an impostor. Ask him, sir, what proof he can give us that he is the real Simon Pure. Can he refer to anyone on board who will bear out this monstrous assertion?"

"That's a good idea, Boffinge. Come, my man, what do you say? Can you do it?"

"Easily, if I choose. There are two ladies who would bear me out, but I would rather not bring them into it. I am engaged to be married to one of them."

The captain grinned. This was rather against me: a fresh proof of lunacy.

"And a young fellow who is practically in my employ, although one of Saraband's people———"

"The New York detective agency? I've heard of them."

"And he may not care to have you know who he is."

"So that you can offer us no guarantees of your good faith, eh? Strikes me you're in a sinking condition, and will soon be a complete wreck," sneered the captain. "The whole thing is ugly—your loafing round where you shouldn't; your unlawful possession of the papers, which you make away with when tackled; your claiming another man's name—I don't like it; and I'll tell you what I mean to do with you: keep you a close prisoner till we make New York. There you must answer to the proper authorities. Meanwhile, I'll stand the racket. I must look to the name and credit of my ship."

"Where shall I be imprisoned?"

"In a spare cabin the purser will find you. You shall have your meals and all attention; but you'll stay below under lock and key until Uncle Sam sends on board to fetch you, after we're alongside the wharf."

"I protest, and, as I have already said, will hold you responsible. You will be sorry———"

At this moment an urgent message came down to the captain from the bridge. The officer of the watch reported that the large steamer that had been overhauling the "Chattahoochee" for the last few hours was now within signalling distance.

"Signals she wants to speak us, sir," said the fourth officer, who brought the message. "Can't make out her number, but she's a new man-of-war cruiser, British; and

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Mr. Aston says she must be steaming twenty-three knots an hour."

"She's after those papers, Captain Sherborne, unless I'm much mistaken," I put in with a little laugh of satisfaction. "Perhaps there will be someone on board her who knows me. I strongly advise you to let me be till after you have communicated."

The captain glared at me, but his eyes fell before my steady glance, and I could read his thoughts plainly—the growing doubts, the fear that he might be all in the wrong, the trouble that might come upon him if he misused me without clearer proof. Yet he carried it with a high hand to the last.

"I'll settle with you later, my fine fellow, and handsomely. You shan't bluff me."

"If I might suggest, Captain Sherborne, your place is on your bridge. I don't presume to teach you your duty, but a man is apt to forget it when he loses his temper and his self-control. We can square our little matter later. But I warn you against using any violence. I may have friends in that ship astern———"

I could see fresh rage gathering in his face at my words, but he restrained himself, and, with no more than a parting oath and an order to cast me loose, he floundered out of the cabin.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I STILL insisted that the purser should take my extra passage-money, for it might be necessary for me to have the full run of the ship; not that I desired, as yet, to go openly among the saloon passengers, or to make myself generally known. If I did so prematurely I might alarm the conspirators, and I could not tell what their action might be then. I had no actual fear of their interference with me, directly or indirectly, but I did not want them to escape retribution. Once put upon their guard (I could trust the Duchess with my secret) by seeing me at large, they would realise that the game was up, and that they must be held to strict account unless they could slip away.

This could probably be effected on arrival, amid the confusion and bustle at the wharf-side; or yet, again, they might bounce or bluff me, a stranger and outsider, and resist any attempt on my part, even with Rossiter's help, to give them into custody. True, I had been told that Saraband's were on the alert, but they could scarcely act till they had conferred with me, and in the meantime our gentlemen might escape.

I felt satisfied that I ought still to keep out of the way; that by giving them rope enough I should be best able to pull them up short at the end.

These thoughts did not occupy me entirely, as I went on deck without further let or hindrance, and took my station by the fore-companion. I was much interested in what went on around. Everyone was excited at the approach of this splendid war-ship; the rumour that she had some business with us had already run like wild-fire around, and it was strengthened by the many-coloured fluttering bunting with which she constantly signalled us.

The excitement increased when orders were given to slow down. Any change in a steamer's progress always attracts attention on board, and our decks fore and aft were crowded with passengers; I could see those of the first-class talking eagerly together, gesticulating and pointing to the war-ship.

Many glasses were levelled at her, and I could gather that her interference with our voyage was not taken in good part. In these days of record passages across the "ocean ferry," the delay of even an hour is a serious matter.

Now the butcher of the "Chattahoochee" joined me where I stood, somewhat apart. He was an acquaintance through Roy, somewhat surly and uncommunicative, but I found him suddenly quite garrulous and friendly. He was an old man-of-war's man, and his spirit was stirred at the sight of the white ensign.

"It's grand: yon. Grand to see that iron kettle, 13,000 tons displacement, riding triumphant like a wee birdie on the surface of the michty waters. It means man's conquest of nature, science, and knowledge, and, above all—pluck. There's a sicht, my man! The finest and newest cruiser afloat—H.M.S. 'Victrix'———"

"You know her then?"

"Aye, laddie. My own sister's third cousin is fourth engineer aboard, and I was all over her not a week syne, when she lay in the Solent. She was under orders then for the China seas. Deil ha' me if I know what brings her into mid-Atlantic."

"Some special order, I suppose?"

"War, mayhap. These are fearsome times, laddie, and I read—in the papers—there was trouble brewing. What if she is sent to warn our shipping?"

"We shall soon know. See! She has lowered a boat, and we're going now under easy steam to take them on board."

The "Victrix" lay half a mile off, and her boat, looking like a cockle-shell compared to her great bulk as it left her side, came bravely along, lifted over the long Atlantic swell by the well-cadenced stroke of sixteen oars. In the stern was a group of three, and as they got within range of my glasses I saw that one was a naval officer, no doubt in command of the boat, and the two other persons in plain clothes.

One was my colleague in the Intelligence Office, Swete Thornhill; the other—yes, there was no mistaking that rosy scorbutic visage—the other was Snuyzer, the detective.

I decided then and there what I should do. I saw that it was possible by acting promptly to tell Swete Thornhill all I knew, and yet preserve my incognito. So I slipped down into the second saloon and wrote him a few words:

"DEAR SWETE,—

"I got the papers and have thrown overboard. Don't let on about me more than necessary, but make the skipper bring you and Snuyzer down here, forward, for a few words private talk in my own cabin, or anywhere out of earshot. I have strong reason for still lying low.

"Yours,

"W. WOOD."

I took this to the purser's cabin, and was lucky enough to find him there, poring over interminable and voluminous accounts of victualling. They interested him far more than what was going on above.

"You will oblige me by getting this into the captain's hands at once," I said, very peremptorily. "It is for one of the gentlemen who are now close under our quarter in the man-of-war's boat."

He took the letter, and read its superscription with some surprise, not to say alarm. It was "On Her Majesty's Service. To Major Swete Thornhill, D.S.O., R.A., c/o Captain Sherborne of the s.s. 'Chattahoochee.' Confidential and most immediate."

"Certainly, sir," said the purser; his whole manner suddenly changed, and then I returned to my post of observation on deck to await events.

I saw my friends come on board, the naval lieutenant first, who raised his cap to our captain as he received them at the gangway, then introduced his companions; after which the whole party quickly and silently passed through the crowd of passengers, who were dying to hear what it all meant, and entered the captain's cabin.

I had not long to wait for the next act. Within a minute or two I was hailed by the second-cabin steward, who told me, a little abruptly—but he knew no better—that I was wanted by the captain, below.

"Halloa, Master Willie," began Swete Thornhill, after a brief shaking of hands all round. "You've led us a pretty dance, and no mistake. How the mischief did you get here, and are you certain about the papers?"

"All that will keep, man. As to the papers, ask Captain Sherborne. He knows what became of them."

"I will not be a party to this. I saw you throw certain papers overboard which I still believe you stole———"

"Captain Wood will answer for that to the proper persons, and so will you as to any charges you bring," interposed Swete Thornhill, stiffly; "you can rely on that. We shall proceed straight to New York ahead of you, and you shall be met by the British Consul and other authorities."

"That is all I wanted to say," I cried. "Get there first, and set everything in trim—you understand, Mr. Snuyzer. I am in hopes that the others do not know, or have no more than suspicion of what has happened, and we should be able to arrest them on arrival."

"We'll do our best, Captain, you bet," said Snuyzer, "and take them if the law will let us. Our Mr. Sidney Saraband will work it if it's to be done. But their only offence was committed on British soil, and there may be a muss. Anyway it's plain we need not detain this fine vessel," he bowed to the captain, "now things are pretty well fixed. The Major here's satisfied; you're safe, for which we may be truly thankful, if I may say so; and there's nothing left to do till we make the shore. Look out for us, Captain. Some of us, I guess, will run out to meet you in a special steamer just inside Sandy Hook."

Again we shook hands all round, and I promised them, the captain included, who was now very much on his good behaviour, the best dinner to be had for money in New York.

The "Victrix" would be there, if all went well, in some thirty hours more, the "Chattahoochee" in forty-eight to fifty, and these figures proved to be pretty correct in the issue.

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I made no change in my arrangements for the rest of the voyage, but kept to my own part of the ship, except in the evening hours, which I spent in blissful *tête-a-tête* with Frida. What passed between us is no concern of any but ourselves.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

We passed Sandy Hook in the forenoon of Sunday, and it was understood that we should be alongside the wharf by 2 or at latest 3 p.m. Already there was a great flutter among the passengers, those of the saloon in particular, and symptoms of coming change. They appeared in their smartest clothes, coming out with extraordinary splendour, as though for a fête or garden party—new costumes, new hats, much jewellery. I heard, too, curious expressions bandied freely about "dutiable," "what to declare," and so forth, and I was told that the customs' examination was greatly dreaded by almost all.

The excitement grew intense when a small steamer was sighted bearing down on us at full speed, and some cried "the customs' boat" as she ran alongside, and we were quickly boarded by a great crowd. I thought the eagerness of these American officials very remarkable, and in strong contrast to our slow-moving, dignified Customs House people. But I soon saw my mistake as these new arrivals ran, raced indeed, to the hurricane deck, pushing and jostling and catching at each other's coat-tails, laughing and shouting boisterously: "Fair do's," "share and share alike," "we'll pool it," "where is he?" "trot him out," "we want the young British Crœsus; give us a sight of fortune's spoiled favourite, William Aretas Wood."

They were Press men, special reporters, and they were come to interview the wrong man! For I stood aloof, watching and highly amused, knowing that when Snuyzer appeared the tables would be swiftly turned on the conspirators, who had no doubt planned all this by cable, in advance. Now my double, the false William Wood, stepped forward and began a set speech, evidently carefully prepared.

I heard the opening sentences as I went aft, determined to end this audacious farce. Rossiter saw me coming and would have stopped me, but I pushed past, and getting in front of the assembled mob, cried:

"This is all a mistake. I am Captain Wood———"

I was interrupted with jeers and loud yells, and someone said, "Throw him overboard," while others cried, "Order! order! Chair! chair!" on which rose a louder cry, "Back to the tug! We'll carry him right ashore." There was a general movement to the ship's side, headed by a couple of reporters, who had the "other" Wood by each arm, and behind, in the crowd, went the Duke of Tierra Sagrada.

I saw at once what had happened. My brusque and unexpected apparition had no doubt shown the nearness of danger, and the conspirators were trying to make a run for it.

They succeeded, too, for although I begged the officers, the captain, the customs' officers, anyone and everyone to detain the tug, she presently steamed off in the direction of New York.

And that, I may say at once, was the end of it, so far as I know. Snuyzer came presently in another steamer accompanied by his principal, Mr. Sidney Saraband, a most gentlemanly person, and an assistant to the United States' Marshal. When they heard of the evasion they hurried back to New York, but were unable to come upon the track of the fugitives. The Duchess had been abandoned, but we owed her too much gratitude to trouble or interfere with her.

I took this failure philosophically enough, for I wanted to hear no more of "The Guild of Universal Excellence," nor have I, at present. Sometimes I look at its brand, which I still carry as a tattoo mark upon my wrist, and wonder where are the pains and penalties it was to impose upon me, and whether I shall be called upon to perform any of the extravagant promises I was supposed to have signed.

As to that the future alone can decide. I gladly liquidated Messrs. Saraband's charges, and have placed myself entirely under their protection.

For the rest, it is enough to say that as soon as possible after landing I married Frida, Swete Thornhill being my best man, Snuyzer and Joe Vialls most honoured guests at the wedding. No one, Mrs. Wolstenholme least of all, wished to brave the risks of another Atlantic voyage, so we settled down for the summer and autumn in a charming Newport "cottage," where we were cordially received by the F.F., the most exclusive American Society, who proved much pleasanter acquaintances than the members of the Guild.

[THE END.]

MANY a beautiful book concerning Naval armaments has been issued from the press in England, France, and Germany, but I know nothing so notable in this way—and certainly nothing at the present time so interesting—as a splendid oblong volume which I have before me. It is entitled "Our Navy, its Growth and Achievements"—the Navy being that of the United States—and it is published by the American Publishing Company at Hartford, Conn. Lieutenant J. D. Jerrold Kelley has supplied the text, and Mr. Fred. S. Cozzens the illustrations. To the student I do not know which will be most interesting. Lieutenant Kelley is one of the best-known of American Naval officers, and he has written much and often upon Naval subjects with equal knowledge and literary skill. He knew well the prominent actors in the stirring Naval events of the Civil War, which was in its full course in 1864, when he entered the Naval Academy; and he is filled with a right enthusiasm for his subject, begotten of his youthful recollections of that dramatic time. Mr. Cozzens, whose name is not so well known "on this side," is evidently an artist of great ability, who has shown marked aptitude for the picturesque and yet accurate delineation of war-ships. A great number of coloured plates are in this delightful volume, each more pleasant to look upon than the last. Not the ships only, but the grouping of them, and the truthful rendering of sky and water, contribute to the wholly satisfactory character of Mr. Cozzens' pictures, and his small pen-and-ink sketches are, in their way, just as good. At such a time as this "Our Navy" must be of quite absorbing interest to many readers, and I commend all who can procure it to do so forthwith. Messrs. Sampson Low are the publishers in this country.

Lieutenant Kelley opens his dissertation upon the United States Navy with a quotation which we all know, though the author thereof is forgotten:

> "When the Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be;
> But when the Devil was well, the Devil a monk was he."

He does not mean to imply, for it would be unfair to do so, that the American people have ever forgotten their warm love for their Navy, though many circumstances, as in this country, too, have contributed to some neglect of Naval defences. Lieutenant Kelley acutely ascribes the state into which the Navy fell after the Civil War to the comparative ease with which a number of cruising ships sufficient for the blockade had been brought together. It was supposed that the like would be possible again, but I am much mistaken if the outcome of the war with Spain will not be to cause the Americans to lay to heart the teaching of the quaint distich I have quoted, with the result that within a few years we shall see a much greater fleet flying the stars and stripes than the United States now have at disposal.

The accomplished author of the book will not leave much doubt upon his readers' minds as to the necessity of a Navy. He pictures the United States holding a position such as we occupy, or one greater still. "We are the world's great middle kingdom, and an analysis of the laws underlying trade expansion proves incontrovertibly that, with commonsense and normal enterprise, we should rule the commerce of the world." There is logical deduction from history here. We also are a great commercial Power largely because we lie between the old world and the new. Again, following the same line of argument, Lieutenant Kelley points out that commercial supremacy and Naval power have always gone hand in hand, and he suggests that Naval power should not fall below a due ratio to commercial expansion. I make these notes of the American officer's views to show what a broad outlook he takes when he sees America the great trading Power of the world, with the Pacific in the hollow of her hand. Space altogether fails to deal with his views as to the character and methods of the increase in the Navy he advocates. The control of a Panama or Nicaraguan Canal, the acquiring of coaling stations throughout the world, and the creation of interior lines of water-ways across the head of the Florida peninsula to Hampton Roads, between the Chesapeake and the Delaware, and through Cape Cod, are all in his outlook.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the book is one devoted to Naval policy. It surveys not less intelligently the Naval history of the States. Jeremiah O'Brien and the old Revolutionary days, with a crowd of events enacted in an atmosphere of brine, breeze, and villainous saltpetre, are the introductions to the furious fighting of days a little later. Here is Paul Jones, "a blockade in himself," the man who knew men and sea-lore "from A to Ampersand." Later on we come to the war of 1812, and to the deeds of the famous American captains, Dale, Bainbridge, and many others, to several of whom I referred in speaking recently of Miss Seawell's "Twelve American Captains." I shall not follow Lieutenant Kelley in his history. His narrative is vivid and telling, and is cast in just such a style as must compel his readers' attention. Incidentally he discourses upon old uniforms. Tailors were few in those times, and Decatur fought the Macedonian in an old straw hat and a plain suit, looking the picture of a farmer. Hence it may be inferred that the gorgeous uniforms worn by the old American officers were drawn sometimes out of the riotous imagination of the artists. These officers had come from the merchant service, and knew little of gold lace and fine uniforms, but the younger officers, who liked fine feathers, would buy military uniforms cheaply, and change the trimmings to taste. As late as 1863, Lieutenant Kelley has seen a rear-admiral in such full uniform, less the cocked hat, which was replaced by the sacred silk "tile" or "beaver," which was time-honoured in the Navy.

The volume contains moreover a great deal of information concerning the American Naval stations; its interest seems inexhaustible, and the pictures have rarely been surpassed.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

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A SUPPLEMENTARY "BRITANNIA."

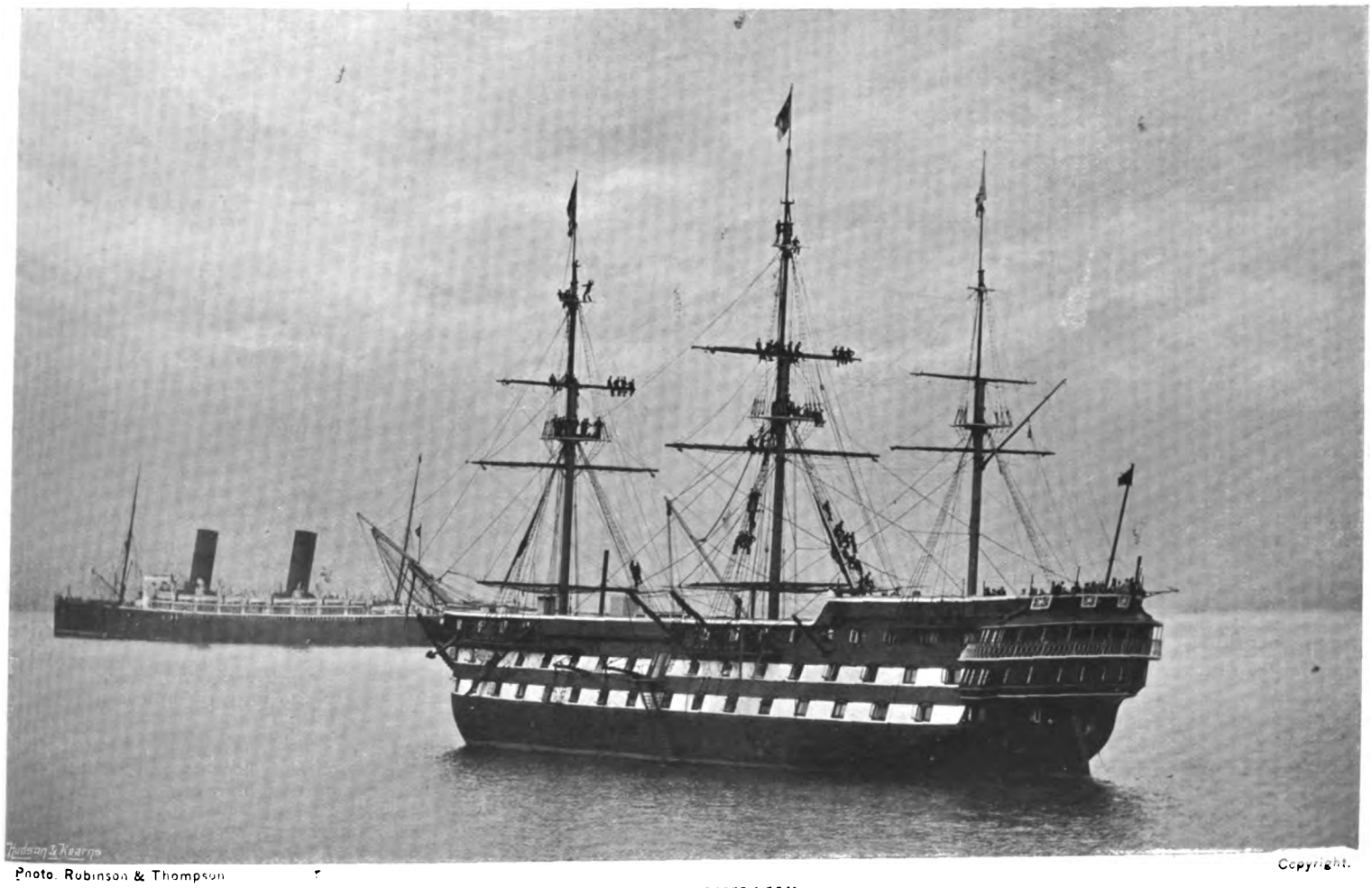
ANCHORED off Rock Ferry, in the River Mersey, lies H.M.S. "Conway," the school-ship where boys are trained for becoming officers in the mercantile marine; one of the two "Britannias" of the merchant service, to which the cadets now under instruction have just returned after a short vacation. As long ago as January, 1859, a large number of the merchants and ship-owners of Liverpool petitioned the Mayor of Liverpool to convene a meeting for the establishment of a floating school-ship in the Mersey, with the result that Mr. T. B. Horsfall, M.P., applied to the Admiralty for a ship for the purpose. The outcome of his efforts was that Sir John Pakington, the First Lord of the Admiralty, placed the "Conway," a 28-gun frigate, at the disposal of the Mercantile Marine Association of Liverpool. A committee of management, composed of the principal merchants, ship-owners, and ships' captains of Liverpool, was appointed, and the new institution was warmly approved by Princes and Ministers, who inspected the ship at various times and distributed the prizes. So successful was the "Conway," that two years later she was found too small for the large number of pupils, and the "Winchester," 51-gun frigate, replaced her, adopting the name of the first ship. But as time rolled on this second vessel was found inadequate to hold the increasing number of boys, and the committee had again to apply to the Admiralty for a larger ship. In 1876 the "Nile," carrying ninety guns, was handed over to the governing body, and became the present "Conway." She had formerly been Sir Alexander Milne's flag-ship in the West Indies.

The present "Conway" is a 90-gun line-of-battle screw steam-ship, of 4,875 tons, and has four decks. Her machinery has been removed, and she is ballasted with 220 tons of copper dross and 175 tons of iron. Three good iron lower masts have been placed in her, so constructed that, with perforations below and a raised cowl on the tops, they may serve the purpose of ventilation. The topmasts and top-gallant-masts, yards, rigging, etc., are all in perfect order for the instruction of the pupils in manning yards, making and shortening sail, and giving experience in all branches of nautical training. Large nets are spread round each mast to catch any boy who has lost his footing, but no boy is forced to mount the rigging. Her beam is nearly 50-ft., and her length 245-ft., the upper deck forming a capital fine weather playground for the boys. Conveniently arranged on the main deck are the fittings for the school desks and forms; a part of this deck is used as a

Photo. Wa'ery. Copyright.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE "CONWAY" COMMITTEE.

mess-deck. Cadets obtain a practical knowledge of catering, for they have to serve as messmen in turn. The lamp-room and electric engine and dynamo rooms are here also, protected from fire by tile paving. On the starboard side are the



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THE "CONWAY."

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ON THE MONKEY YARD.

ON THE UPPER DECK.

AT WORK WITH THE SEXTANT.

From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

berths for the men and a hospital for special cases, so cut off from the ship as to prevent communication with the other part of the main deck. Going aft, the ward-room, fitted up for the masters and other officials, is reached. On the lower deck (within full view of the chief officer's cabin) are the library, chaplain's cabin, a large, well-ventilated sick-room, with matron's room attached, and a well-fitted lavatory. This deck is used for a wet weather playground. The lowest or orlop deck is the sleeping deck, where there are hammocks for 200 boys, each sleeper having 750 cubic feet of air. Every cadet is taught to lash and sling his own hammock. Two officers have their quarters on this deck, in order to see that all is well at night, while a night watchman patrolling the deck prevents skylarking. The hold is devoted to a large lecture-hall and a gymnasium. Parents solicitous for their sons' comfort will be interested to know that the whole ship is warmed by a hot water apparatus, and the lavish arrangement of the catering is shown by the fact that every day a large tin of fragments from the cadets' mess tables is sent ashore for the benefit of the poor.

The scheme of education carried out on board is general, besides being technical, English grammar, physics, geography, geometry, French, arithmetic, and algebra finding a place, besides nautical astronomy, chart drawing, swimming, boxing, fencing, and cutlass drill. During nautical instruction, as well as at all times when not in school, the pupils are under the commander and nautical staff, and are exercised in all the duties of a first-class ship, in splicing, reefing, furling, heaving the lead, the management of boats and steam engines, and in practical seamanship generally. Lectures upon divers interesting subjects are given weekly, besides general instruction in some of the most useful and practical departments of surgery and medicine. That physical training is not neglected can be seen by a glance at the cadets, whose robust and healthy aspect proclaims the *mens sana in corpore sano*. In addition to the vigorous exercise of rowing, two fields have been provided for the practice of cricket, football, and other outdoor games, while instruction in swimming is given daily throughout the greater part of the year. There is a resident chaplain on board the "Conway," and the religious instruction and moral tone of the boys receive the greatest attention. A league has been

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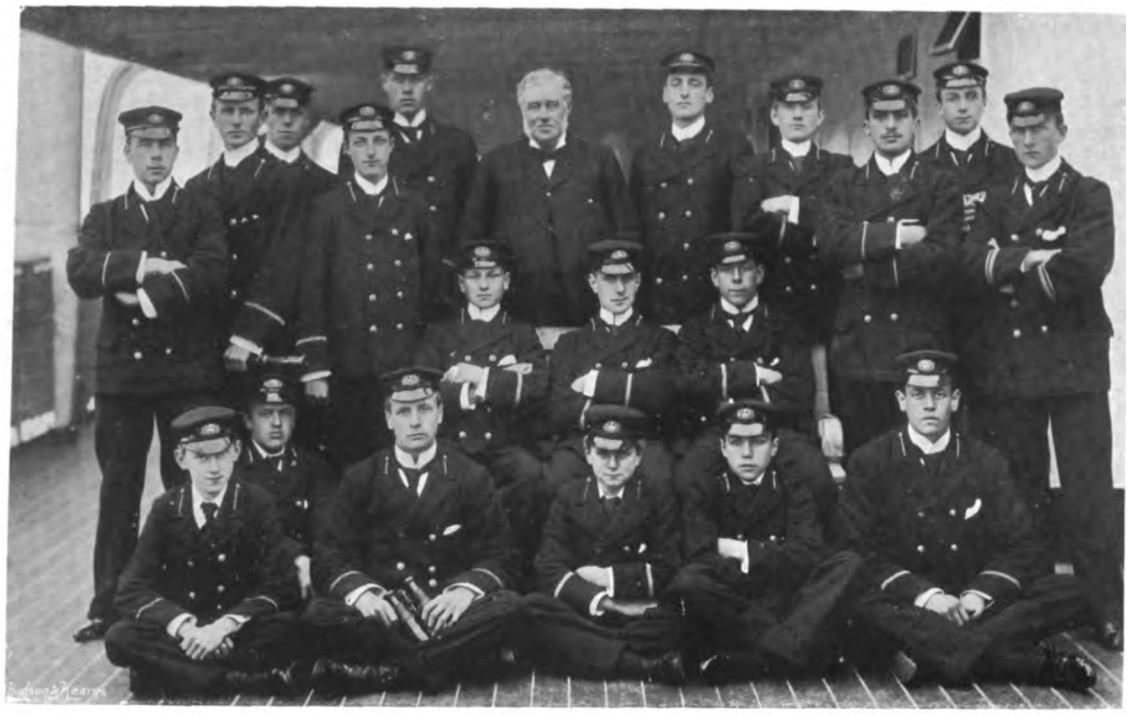
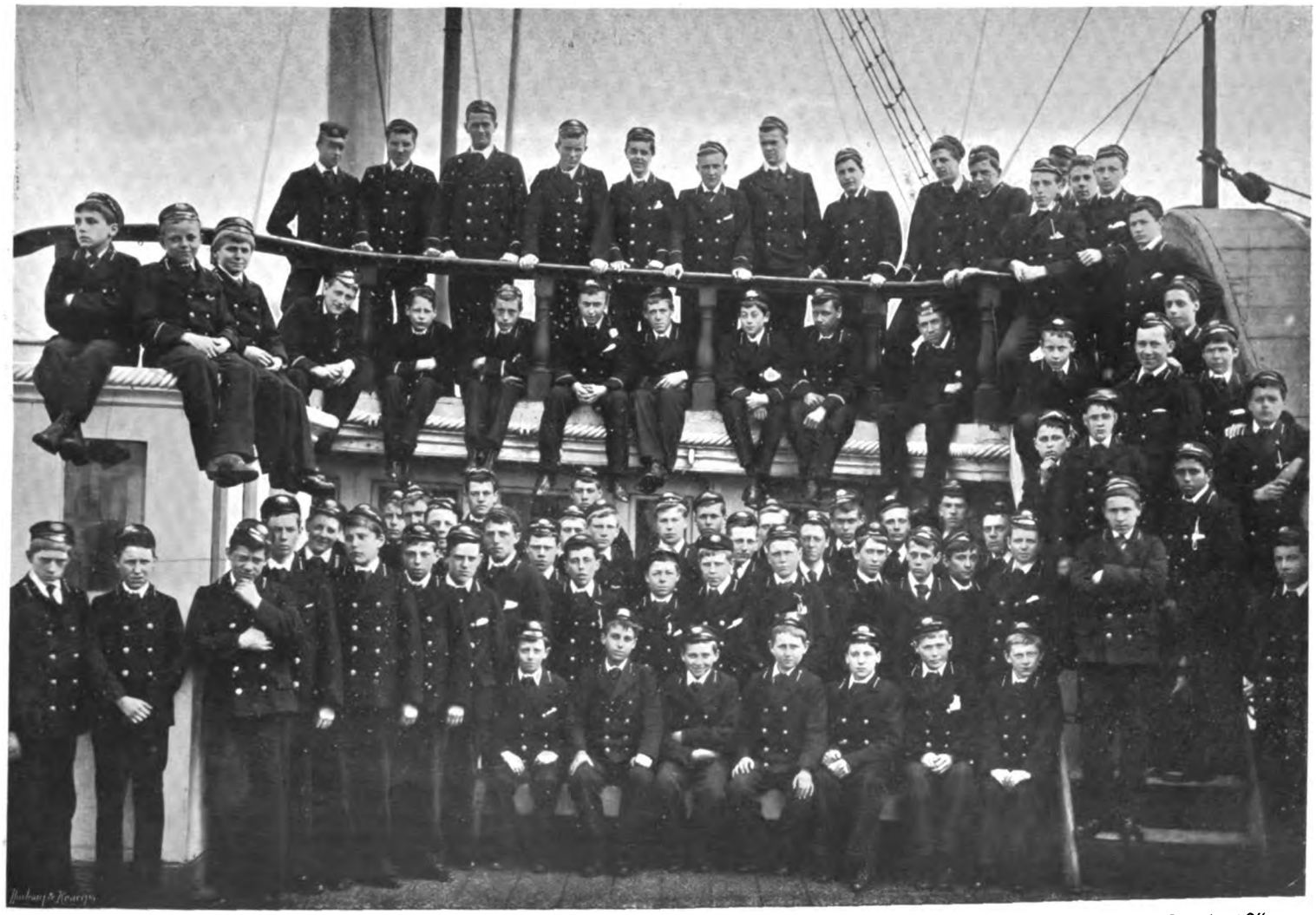
formed to withstand the temptations of drinking, swearing, impurity, and smoking, which has the happiest results and an increasing number of recruits. *Esprit de corps* on board the "Conway" is fostered by a brightly-written paper, the *Cadet*, which has a large number of readers among old "Conway" boys in all parts of the world. A debating society encourages the formation of opinions.

Every year a gold medal is given by the Queen to the cadet who, in her opinion, possesses the qualities which will make the finest sailor, and the further interest taken by her in the ship is shown by the fact that she gives a yearly prize of a pair of binocular glasses and £35 to the boys who compete for the Naval cadetship. Besides these there are many annual prizes. A number of appointments as midshipmen in the Royal Naval Reserve are annually granted by the Lords of the Admiralty, and appointments in the Bengal Pilot Service (in which the emoluments reach to £1,200 per annum in the higher grades) are awarded by the Secretary of State for India.



CAPTAIN MILLER AND THE JUBILEE REVIEW PARTY.

Within the last few years a great change has come over the merchant fleet; sailing ships are rapidly becoming extinct, steam ships replacing them everywhere. When one of the former is lost or broken up, she is usually replaced by a steamer. Of the new tonnage built during the past year, according to Lloyd's Register, no less than 98 per cent. was of steamers, with the result that the total of apprentices carried has diminished from about 18,000 to 2,000. Formerly a boy destined to become an officer in the merchant service had to serve a lengthy term as apprentice on board a sailing ship, where a rough life of hardships had to be endured, combined with a great amount of personal risk, and the undesirable contact with "pitch." Now, thanks to the enterprise and energy of the commander and the committee of the "Conway," all this has been changed. Cadets can now pass direct from the school-ship on board many of the principal steamers as midshipmen to train for certificated officers in steam without paying premiums. They receive special consideration and treatment on board, and are seldom absent from home for more than a couple of months at a time, instead of years as formerly—an inestimable advantage only to be fully realised by those who have gone through the mill of apprenticeship. The parchment certificate of two years' service on the "Conway" is reckoned by the Board of Trade as one year passed at sea out of the four which are necessary to qualify for a second mate's certificate. In one matter the "Conway" lads



From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

A GROUP OF THE "CONWAY" CADETS.

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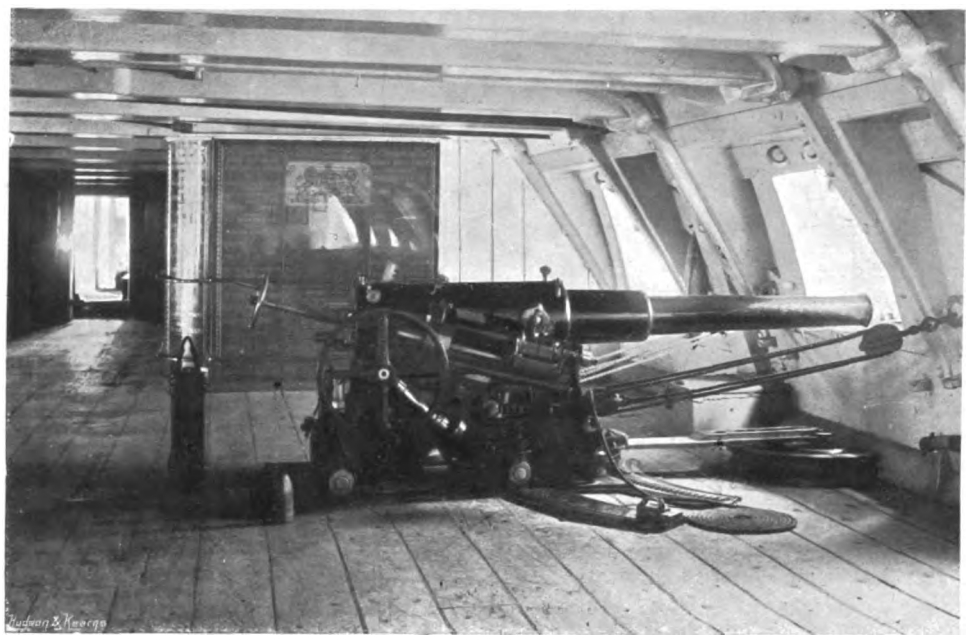
are exceptionally lucky, for they are qualifying for a profession which is the reverse of overcrowded. Besides the appointments offered by the Admiralty and Secretary of State for India there is a constant demand for cadets upon the principal liners. "I could to-day place forty or fifty of our cadets in first-class steamers, but have none to send," writes Captain Miller.

Over 200 ex-"Conway" boys are in the Royal Navy and the Royal Naval Reserve, fifty others are in the P. and O. Line, and no less than seventy have joined the Bengal Pilot Service, while a very large proportion of officers of the Indian Marine owe their success to the school-ship. In all parts of the world old "Conway" boys have distinguished themselves by acts of bravery; the gallant conduct of Captain de Berry and Lieutenants Dobbin and Goldsmith on the occasion of the loss of the "Aden" last summer, which brought them the recognition and thanks of the Indian Government, is still fresh in people's minds. Both gold and silver medals

THE READING-ROOM.



From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

THE "CONWAY'S" 4-in. BREECH-LOADER.

of the Royal Humane Society, together with the Albert Medal for bravery at sea, have also been won by former cadets—Captain Irving, late of the White Star Line, Lieutenant Wood-Robinson, R.N., Lieutenant Huddlestone, R.I.M., and Mr. Stanley Prior. The late Captain Webb, of Channel fame, first learned to breast the waves when a "Conway" boy.

Visitors to Liverpool should not miss the opportunity of inspecting the "Conway," for they cannot fail to be interested in the ship's routine. Wednesdays are visiting days, when a boat waits at Rock Ferry Slip at 1.45 p.m. to take visitors on board, but admission can be had on other days by an order from the commander.

To Mr. T. B. Royden, J.P. (formerly M.P. for Liverpool), the chairman of the committee, is owing in a large measure the success of the school-ship. Himself a shipowner on a large scale, he was one of the first to take cadets direct from school upon his steamers, and with his name must be associated that of the popular commander, Captain Miller, who is indefatigable in working for and promoting the interests of his pupils on board the "Conway."

Inspection of the Royal Marine Light Infantry.

ACCORDING to custom, Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, made recently his annual inspection of the Royal Marine Light Infantry stationed at Gosport. The Admiral expressed himself well satisfied with the turn-out and drill of the division. This is only to be expected, considering the excellent physique of the material enlisted for the Marine forces, and the systematic training which they undergo both on sea and land. The Marine is a general "handy man." He is to be found in every part of the globe, from South Africa to Nova Scotia. "The Jollies," as they are called, are always in request, and a detachment of the famous corps, whose motto is "Per mare, per terram," has lately left England for Egypt.

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THE REVIEW ON SOUTHSEA COMMON.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 67.] SATURDAY, MAY 14th, 1898.

REAR-ADMIRAL ARTHUR KNYVET WILSON, C.B., V.C.,

COMPTROLLER OF THE NAVY.

(See Page 185.)

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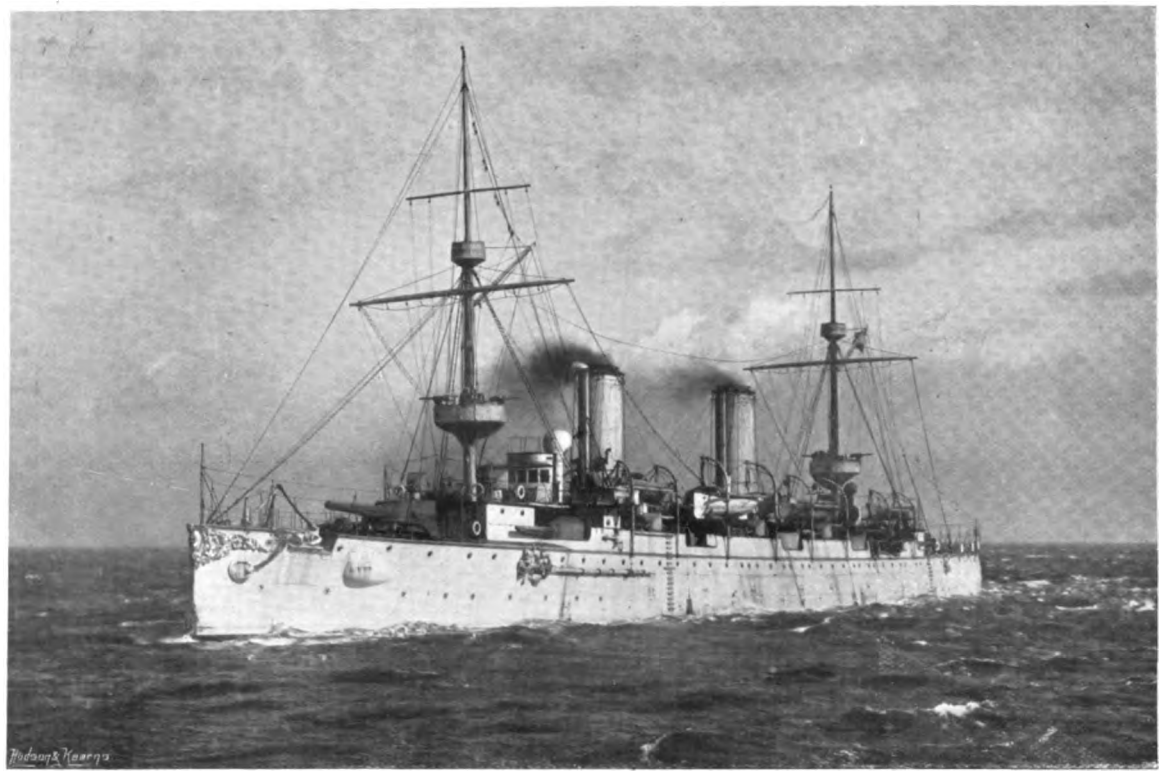
The Elswick Ship-building Yard.—IV.

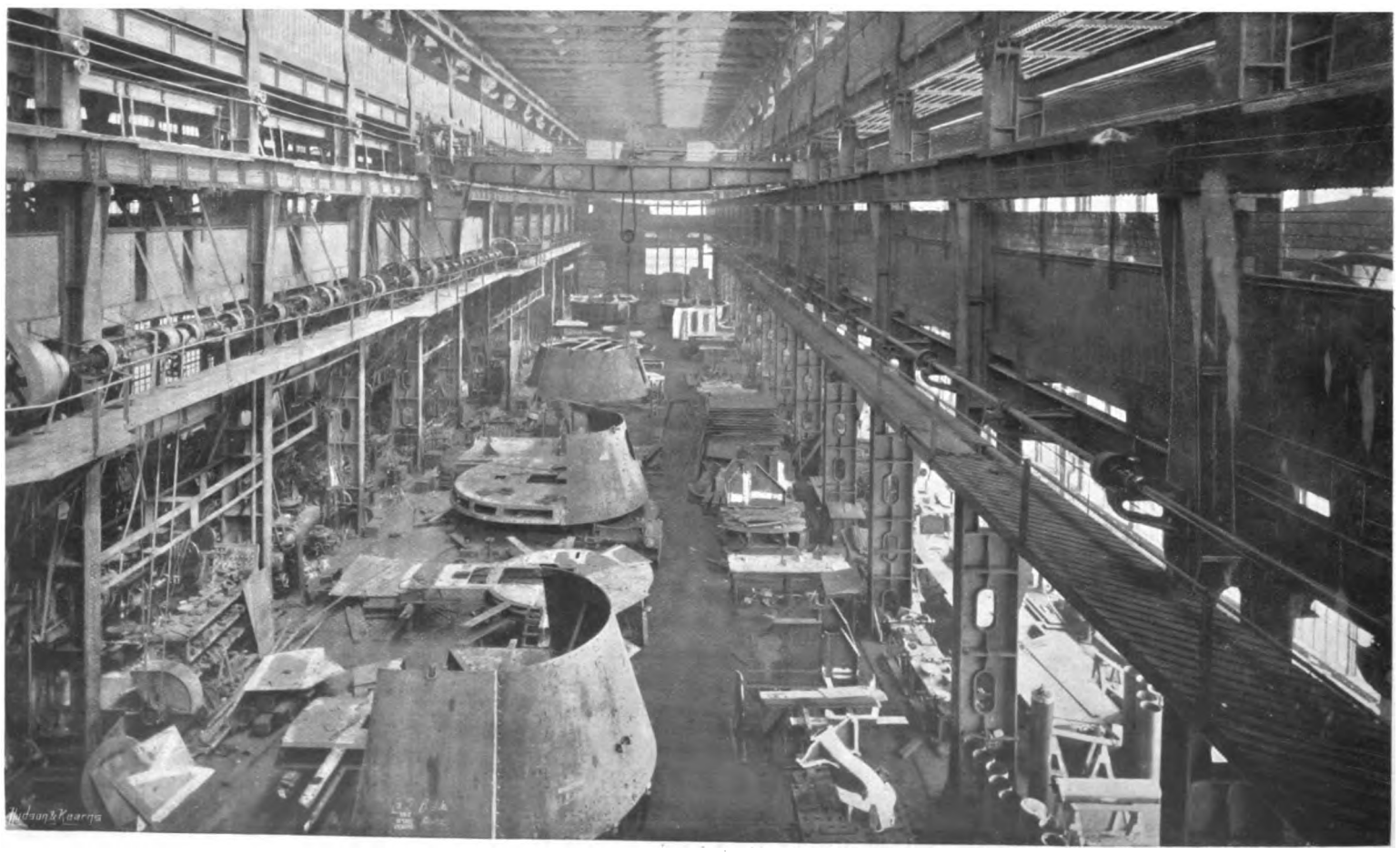
THE very eager competition among would-be buyers to induce the Chilian Government to part with its splendid armoured cruiser "Almirante O'Higgins" lends interest to the picture of the launch of that ship which we publish to-day. The House of Commons laughed a few weeks ago when Mr. Goschen mentioned the name of O'Higgins, but he was a very gallant admiral nevertheless, hailing of course from the Emerald Isle, greatly valued in Chilian Naval annals, and who has already given name to an old barque, built in the Thames in 1866, and now fitted for the Chilian torpedo service. The new ship will rank high among those splendid vessels designed by Mr. Watts, and launched at the Elswick yard.



THE ARGENTINE CRUISER "BUENOS AIRES."

It is not easy to distinguish between a cruiser like this and a battle-ship. Our own new vessels of the "Cressy" class fall into this category, and the "Asama," launched not long ago at Elswick, and the "Tokiwa" and another Japanese sister now building there, are also examples. The "O'Higgins" is a peculiar instance of the difficulty, for she appears to have the offensive and defensive qualities of a battle-ship. She displaces 8,500 tons, and carries four 8-in. breech-loaders, and the following quick-firing armament: Ten 6-in., four 4·7-in., eight 40-calibre 12-pounders, two of 23-calibres, and ten 6-pounders, besides four machine guns, and she has an 18-in. torpedo-tube in the stem, and one submerged on each broadside. All the larger guns are either in casemates or gun-houses, covered with six or seven inches of Harveyed armour, and there is a long belt of the same. Very notable points of this ship are her high speed of 22 knots, and the power of her end-on fire, the guns being so placed that she can concentrate right ahead two 6-in., two 4·7-in., six 12-pounder and two 6-pounder guns, and right astern one 8-in., four 6-in., two 4·7-in., six 12-pounder and two 6-pounder guns. This ship will be the most important in the Chilian Navy, and is to be completed within eighteen months of the date of the order for building.

Some other pictures illustrate further the methods and processes of ship-building. No. 7 Shop, for example, which is 300-ft. long, with a centre bay and two side bays, has two travelling cranes, each capable of lifting fifty tons, and others smaller. Here, in the foreground, may be observed circular gun-houses for the Norwegian battle-ship "Tordenskjold" (sister of "Harald Haarfagre," completed not long ago); to the right parts of gun mountings; further on circular armour-plate shields for gun-houses; behind, again, twin mountings



No. 7 SHOP, SHOWING TRAVELLING CRANES CAPABLE OF LIFTING 50 TONS.

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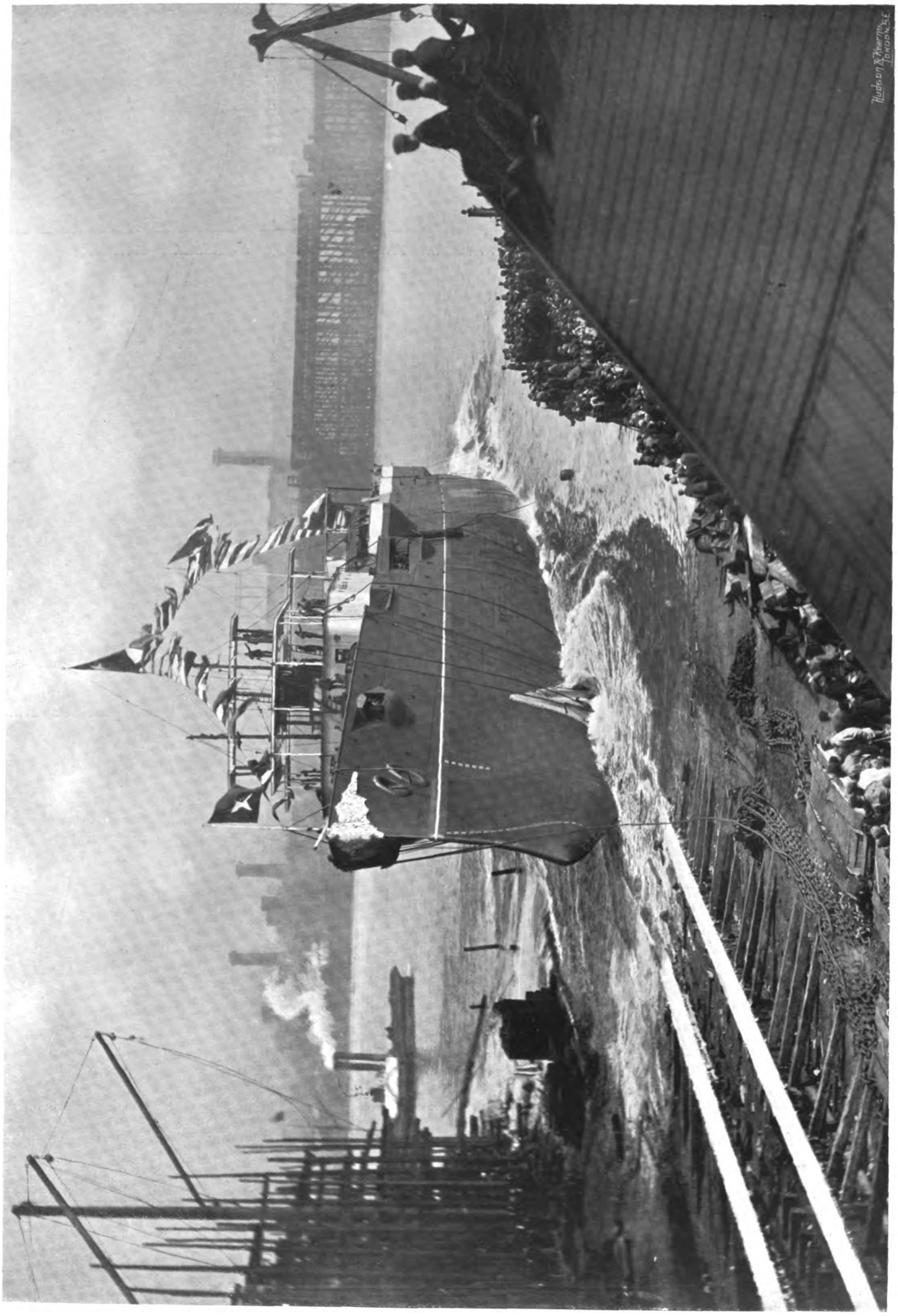

THE CHILIAN CRUISER "O'HIGGINS" TAKING THE WATER.

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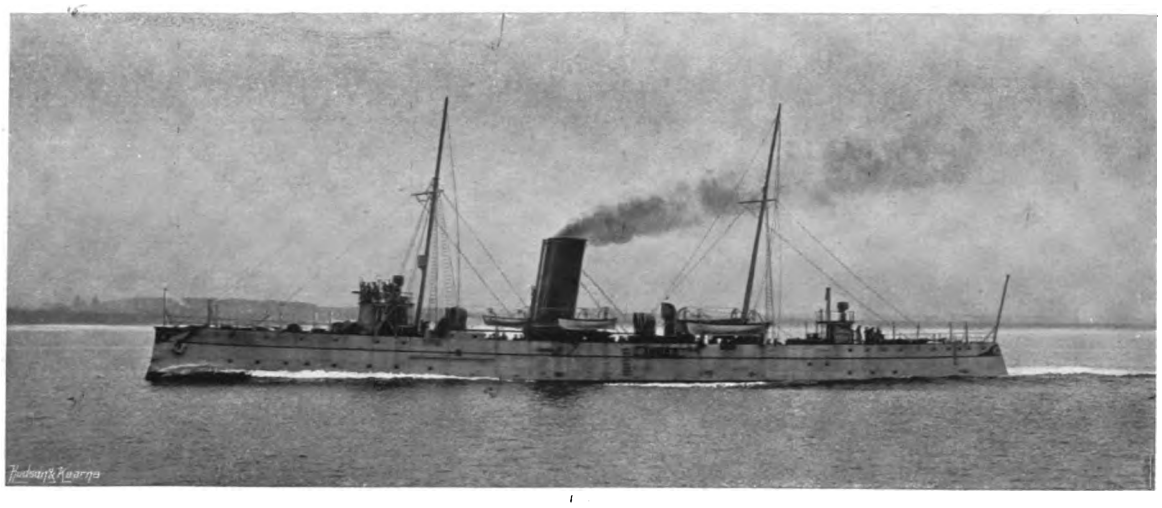
for the Brazilian ship "24 de Maio"–the same which, under the name of "Aquidaban," was torpedoed and sunk in shallow water during the Brazilian revolt—and between these and the armoured circular shield, some of the 8-in. mountings and their protective armour intended for the "O'Higgins." In the right foreground, under the platform, may be seen cages for the ammunition hoists of our own battle-ships "Mars" and "Jupiter," and powder-cases for Japanese battle-ships. The shop is mainly devoted to the manufacture and erection of turn-tables and mountings of heavy guns.

The work of building and fitting war-ships is carried on at Elswick in every detail, and nothing is wanting to the completeness of the works. No. 29 Shop is one of the most important in the whole establishment. Here are portions of gun-houses—curved plates ready for machinery—parts of gun cradles, recoil cylinders, roller paths and roller rings, on which gun turn-tables revolve, and many other appliances connected with guns, all shown in various stages of manufacture. For the facility of moving such heavy weights, great cranes driven by power, and capable of lifting twenty tons, are provided. Another part of the same shop is devoted to the fitting of dynamos and electric light projectors. The Argentine cruiser "Buenos Aires," which is illustrated, is quite one of the most interesting vessels ever built at Elswick. She displaces 4,780 tons, and carries two 8-in. guns, which are virtually quick-firers, and six 4·7-in., sixteen 3-pounder and six 1-pounder guns properly so described. She was launched in 1895, and obtained the unprecedented speed of 23·2 knots on her trial trip with natural draught.

(To be continued).



A BROADSIDE VIEW OF THE TORPEDO GUN-VESSEL "TATSUTA."

A CRUISER IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

No. 29 SHOP, SHOWING PORTIONS OF GUN-SHIELDS AND CASEMATES.

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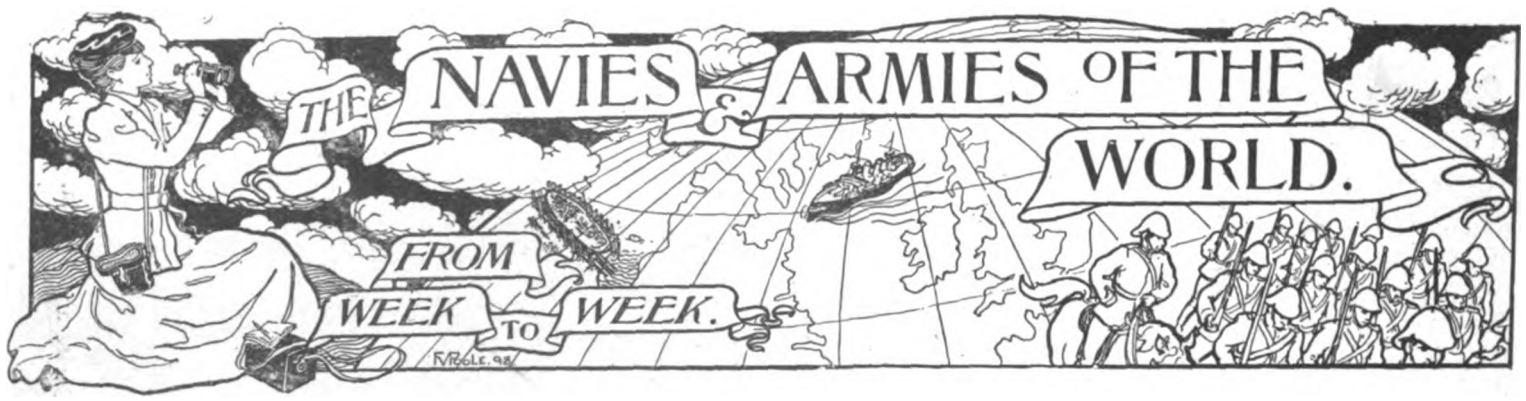

WE have all of us heard of those who would annihilate time and space to make two lovers happy. It has commonly passed for a very pretty example of a foolish attempt to do the impossible, but for all that the able editor appears to expect that the feat can be achieved, and not by him, but by foreign Governments, for the benefit of the lover of news. Though neither side was ready when this Spanish-American War came upon them suddenly, as long-expected events do often come at last to those who have yet predicted them for years, though the Atlantic was between the combatants, no small surprise seems to have been felt in some quarters that decisive events did not occur in forty-eight hours. In point of fact the war has moved with some rapidity. The American squadron from Key West was on the coast of Cuba at once, and one heavy blow was struck by the United States in the second week at Manila. In the war of 1870-71, though the countries touched one another, and Germany was both ready and diligent, the course of events was not so rapid. The declaration of war by France was handed to M. le Sourd by Lieutenant Wimpfen, at Berlin, on the 19th July. The first brush, at Saarbruck, took place on the 2nd August, and the first serious action, that between the Crown Prince and General Abel Douay on the Lauter, on the 4th—sixteen days after the declaration. The French squadron was first seen from the coast of Denmark on the 28th of July. Yet these two countries touch one another, and however unprepared France may have been as compared with Germany, she was incomparably more ready for war than either Spain or the United States. Even if America had had all her regular soldiers collected in Florida, it would hardly have been possible for her to get transports and stores together, ship her men, carry them to Cuba, land them, and come into contact with the Spaniards in less time than it took the Crown Prince, with the help of Germany's carefully-laid system of railways, and years of preparation, to reach Abel Douay's camp on the Lauter, that is to say before last Saturday.

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THERE is something serious in the exaggerated estimate which people seem to have formed of the rate at which wars can be settled—if only because it has such a manifest tendency to set them clamouring for something to happen. Shouting of this kind has been heard in the States, but the President, who holds his office for a fixed term, can afford to treat it with indifference. A British Cabinet is not in that position, and would accordingly be much more severely tempted to order premature operations if it thought its popularity in danger from any public excitement. We have had an example within the last fortnight of how pressure might come to be put on a Ministry. Though we are not ourselves at war, though it only concerns us indirectly, though there is not the least prospect that our food trade will be interrupted, we have seen the price of the loaf go up very sharply, and meat a little. The explanation is perfectly simple. American syndicates which "control" great quantities of wheat are holding back because they hope to see better prices in future, and English dealers seize the chance given them by the absence of competition to ask for more. And be it observed that the Navy can do nothing to prevent this. If it were twice as strong as it is it could not force Americans, or any other people, to sell wheat now, if they thought they could get higher prices by holding on for six months. Supposing now we were at war—say with the Dual Alliance—and our ships were liable to capture, the same speculation would be made on stronger grounds. We might then see the loaf go up, not by a halfpenny or three farthings, but by twopences and threepences. Then we can easily understand that a roar for something to be done at once would go up from an impatient people. It would not be very rational, but it would be very formidable to a Prime Minister.

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How such a danger is to be averted is a question which cannot be too carefully considered. Our recent experience has given a great impetus to the scheme for establishing national wheat stores. That is a very complicated business, needing room for its proper discussion. But there is one measure of precaution we can all take. Let us grasp the meaning of the French saying *a la guerre comme a la guerre*, and remember that you cannot have a war (and least of all a Naval war which creates obstructions on the highways of the world) and enjoy the benefits of peace at the same time. These rises in prices are to be expected, and when they are speculative there is no more effectual answer to them than a fall in the consumption. As regards bread, we eat far more than our fathers did in the times of the dear loaf, and could do with less. A sharp fall in the demand would cause the smart man of business who is proposing to trade on the public needs to burn his fingers, and would bring him "to his bearings." At any rate, the more we get excited the more will he be encouraged, and the cooler we keep the less chance will he see of trading on our fears. Meanwhile, there is one encouraging feature in this rise in the price of food. It is not only we who suffer, but the French and other peoples. If this is the case during a comparatively small war which does not affect the great carriers of the world, what would happen if England were at war and her shipping were menaced? It is a serious consideration for the rulers of continental nations, and is likely to make them think twice before they plunge into a war with us.

* * * *

COMMODORE DEWEY'S easy victory at Manila will probably put the finishing touch to the long story of Spanish misfortunes in the Philippines. How easy it has been and how complete nobody guessed till last Monday, when Admiral Dewey's despatches were deciphered and the world discovered that the Spanish squadron at Manila was, if anything, rather more helpless than the Turks were when attacked at Sinope before the Crimean War. The Archipelago has never been of any real advantage to Spain, and has never been as much as thoroughly conquered. It has been retained partly because it has never been resolutely attacked, partly by the influence of the religious orders, Jesuits, Franciscans, and Dominicans, who have vast estates there. Now it seems that the natives are turning against the clergy, and if America pursues its attacks the Spanish rule must soon end. The Spaniards were nearly driven out by the Dutchman Spielbergen in 1615—1621. It was the Jesuits who, turning themselves into infantry and artillery officers for the occasion, saved Manila at that time. Even they would have failed if the Dutch had not turned their attention mainly to the Moluccas. The trade of the Philippines was conducted in the famous Acapulco ships which supplied so many English seamen with handsome sums of prize money. They were big ill-armed (or even unarmed) galleons which sailed yearly between Manila and Acapulco, in Mexico. They were considered best worth having when on their way to the Philippines, for then they carried the silver intended to be used for purchases in the Chinese market. Yet the returning ships laden with Chinese silks and porcelain were good booty also. Cavendish took an Acapulco ship in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and Woodes Rogers another in the Queen Anne wars. On this occasion the Spaniards were for once prepared. The great Acapulco ship beat off Rogers and his two privateers, the "Duke" and "Duchess" of Bristol. He himself was shot in the jaw and foot. This was the oddest of privateering voyages, for it was conducted, and successfully too, by a debating society, including Dr. Dover, of "Dover's powders," who was one of the "adventurers," that is, speculators who found the money. It captured the smaller Acapulco ship with a great booty, and, moreover, it took Alexander Selkirk off Juan Fernandez, and was thereby the means of enriching the world with Robinson Crusoe. Sad to say there was a tradition that the adventurers cheated their men of their fair share of prize money at the end of the voyage—at least Shelvocke's crew who entered the Pacific a few years later were of that opinion. But this complaint of the sailors was an old story, and lasted long. Then Anson took an Acapulco ship in the war of Jenkins' Ear, and "Vinegar" Parker another at the end of the Seven Years' War.

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IT was at this time that we took Manila, which we wanted the sense to keep. Yet we not only could have kept it, but could well have afforded to let the Spaniards have Port Mahon in exchange if we really wanted to make things pleasant for them. The result is that to-day we have neither one nor the other, though the Philippines would be of immense value in our hands, and they are only too likely to fall to some dangerous rival. This we owe to the egregious Bute and other persons who jockeyed the great Chatham out of office, and spoiled all his fine plans. On this occasion also the Spaniards, according to their prevailing custom, were quite unprepared when our expedition sailed into Manila Bay in September. It consisted of one English regiment, the 79th, a corps raised by the General, Sir W. Draper, and "reduced" at the end of the war, and of some Sepoys. A Naval Brigade was added by Admiral Cornish, who commanded the squadron. On the other hand the Governor, who was also the Archbishop, had one Spanish regiment of 800 men, which did not distinguish itself, and 10,000 Indians, or native savages. These last were told by the Archbishop that they would be helped against the heretics by a heavenly host of angels. Perhaps the Archbishop believed that himself. The delusion, or fiction, whichever it was, helped to make the poor wretches, who were only armed with lances, bows and arrows, fight desperately. Sir W. Draper confessed that if their skill and weapons had only been equal to their strength and ferocity they might have driven us back. As it was, though they once nearly made an example of some of the Sepoys, and charged home manfully against both the 79th and the Naval Brigade, they were easily routed. Yet they fought savagely, and died gnawing at the bayonets like wild beasts. When the survivors found that the heavenly host did not appear, they lost faith in the Archbishop and went off home. Then the town surrendered. Our loss was very trifling, and our difficulties arose mainly from the surf and the rains, yet the end was deplorable. We gave the place back, and got absolutely nothing in return. Cornish and Draper took the Archbishop's bills on Madrid (this ecclesiastical person must have abounded in the wisdom of the serpent, whatever his innocence may have been) for the ransom of the town, 4,000,000 dollars. The Spanish Government dishonoured the bills, which may or may not have been what the most reverend Father in God expected to happen. When Cornish and Draper asked the British Government to get them their money, Lord Shelburne told them in a lofty official way that their rights must be sacrificed to the public convenience. The commanders were consoled by ribbons and places, but the officers and men had their virtue for their reward. Finally, that no insult might be wanted to complete the injury, Draper was afterwards accused by that malignant brute "Junius" of having been bribed to consent to the wrong done to his men. The morals of this sad story are obvious. Never part with a good thing when you have got it; and never take bills for ransom. A till in the hand is worth two bills in prospect. Draper, by the way, gave the Spanish flags taken at Manila to his college, King's, Cambridge. Are they there still?

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN MANILA BAY.

On May 1st, at daybreak, a United States' squadron under Commodore Dewey engaged the Spanish Naval force in the Philippines and the batteries at Cavite and Manila. The result was disastrous to the Spaniards under Admiral Montojo, all their vessels being destroyed.

From a Description by an Eye-witness

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BRASSEY'S "Naval Annual" (Griffin, Portsmouth) is the most important of all such volumes published in the world. It is not only a magazine of information, but a record of events, so that a shelf-ful of "Brassey" has become a necessity to all Naval writers and students; and I have never been in a newspaper office where journalists were working, and rarely in a club, where its blue cover was not conspicuous. The Hon. T. A. Brassey, its editor, is not dismayed by the springing up of competitors all over the world—Italy and Greece have now their annuals to compare with the Pola "Almanach," "Durassier," and the rest—and I think he need not be. There are qualities in this book which its rivals do not copy. Where else shall we find a broad outlook taken year by year of Naval progress in every department?

The book so abounds with interest in every chapter that I cannot hope to do more than give an idea of its scope and value. Mr. Brassey himself contributes two chapters, and Lord Brassey, whose abundant duties in his colonial governorship have prevented him from taking his accustomed part in recent volumes, contributes a chapter on what I may call the general situation. His views are of great weight and authority. Chiefly we require greater numbers of men and a higher standard of efficiency. Every man in the Reserve should have served in the Fleet. The State should co-operate with ship-owners, both by subsidies and the active supervision of Naval officers. The merchant marine in Lord Brassey's view must be the nursery of our seamen. He by no means thinks it is so now, nor, until reformed, that it possibly can be. It is here he thinks a national duty has been neglected, and that if we go on allowing the merchant service to decline we shall be confronted with the necessity of maintaining a great and expensive permanent force. This is the view which Lord Brassey has consistently maintained. His concluding words must be alluded to. They are the expression of an earnest hope for a league of all English-speaking peoples. "So mote it be!" Would that we English-speakers could find some common ground of mutual advantage to give substance and practical force to our belief that blood is thicker than water.

But Lord Brassey's chapter is the last in the volume. In the first his son holds a similar line of argument in surveying the progress of the British Navy. His real contention is that it has not progressed as it should have done, and I believe all will agree with him. Great and rapid expansion there has been, but "we are tending to lose our predominant position owing to the large additions to the strength of so many foreign Navies." This is indisputable. The question of comparative strength may be studied in another chapter by the editor, and M. Weyl, who describes the movement of expansion in foreign Navies, is an instructive writer on details. Falling into the same section of the volume is an account, drily accurate, of the Russian Navy, by Lieutenant Stroumillo, who has been authorised by the Minister of Marine to write. Nowhere else does there exist such a full, accurate, and detailed account of the Russian Navy, its organisation, administrative departments, personnel and *materiel*. Russia, within a few years, will be one of the greatest of our Naval rivals, and Mr. Brassey has done exceedingly well to secure this chapter from one of its officers.

These are matters largely concerning the outward situation. Many other chapters are devoted to the inner work of the Navy. There is, for example, Mr. Thursfield's able exposition of the last manœuvres. He is a writer who possesses a singular grasp of the conditions of Naval strategy, and he never fails to discuss problems with insight and acumen. His criticism of the Admiralty for its loosely-worded instructions and ambiguous intentions, which just failed to mar the operations, is harsh but deserved. In relation to Mr. Thursfield's chapter, I commend to careful perusal Sir George Clarke's very well-informed discussion of the vitally important question of scouting. He classifies the various operations implied by the term, and discusses the many forms it takes, his most interesting points being in regard to "curves of search." He concludes with the mournful reflection that we alone neglect to include applied Naval science in our system of Naval education. Other chapters to which readers will turn with curious interest are upon "British Food Supply in War," by Mr. Gleig—a contention that the Navy in this matter is our best, and, indeed, our only safeguard—and upon "Precision of Fire-Attainable in Action," by Major Orde Browne, who is an ordnance expert of the highest repute, and who is urgent in his plea for efficient gunnery training in peace time.

I should have liked to dwell a little upon Commander Robinson's "Naval Reinforcements in War Time," but, as he is my editor here, I suppose I must not. Yet it may be said, being convinced, in case we should be engaged in war, that the hostilities would be so far prolonged as to make possible the building of vessels as reinforcements, he has made exhaustive enquiry into our resources in private establishments. In previous years he has shown that we need have no fear as to hulls or machinery, but he now finds a little less certainty in regard to armour and ordnance, the manufacture of these being necessarily centred in few hands.

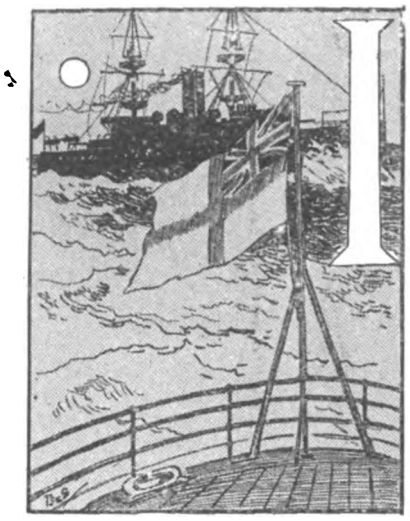
I think the illustrations of ships in the present volume are more numerous than before. The diagrams are in many cases reduced in size, in order that more may be given, and that is a quite acceptable change. Of course the "Annual" is, as I said, a magazine of facts. Its tables of the war-ships and guns of the world, and its details of the Naval expenditure of the chief Powers, are its features of permanent value.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

☞ Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

A Night at Sea in a Battle-ship.

By COMMANDER E. P. STATHAM, R.N.



IT is no uncommon experience, in glancing through the morning paper, to find an announcement to the effect that the Channel Squadron has sailed for Vigo, or has arrived at Lisbon; and it is naturally taken very much as a matter of course. We must have a Channel Squadron, and it must go to sea, and cruise in and out of Spanish ports, or perhaps run down to Madeira, in order that officers and men may become familiar with their duties and acquire experience and expertness in the handling of their ships.

Few, however, who read the matter of fact reports in the papers have any true conception of the duties and responsibilities of those, from the admiral downwards, on whom devolves the task of safely navigating these huge and costly vessels, some ten or twelve in company, through the long dark hours of a winter's night. It is proposed, therefore, to take our readers for a trip as passengers on board one of the battle-ships; an excursion for which there is no charge beyond the small coin necessary to purchase this number, and the preliminary difficulties of which can be overcome by means of one of those saltatory feats so familiar to the penman and his patrons.

Having discovered, by the aid of our unbounded journalistic vision, that the squadron is crossing the Bay of Biscay, we bid farewell for a time to smoky London, and alight on the deck of a vessel about the centre of the Starboard Division, just before dark on a winter evening. Here we are landed at once in technicalities; what is the Starboard Division? It is that of the senior admiral, and his flag-ship leads it, the second admiral's flag-ship leading the Port Division. There are five or six ships in each, and one of the smaller cruisers and a gun-boat cruise along separately. Our ship, we will imagine, is the third in the line, so that we get a good view of the whole of the Port Division, but cannot see much of our own, as the ships are in line ahead and astern of us.

Ushant is passed, and the sweep of the bay has taken the coast-line out of sight. It is not much after five o'clock, but darkness sets in early under a cloudy January sky, and the long rollers advancing from the westward reflect but a faint glimmer of light on their rounded crests, while purple shadows already deepen in the trough. The straight black hulls and towering top-works of the ships in the other division are still plainly distinguishable, though the lights are already lit, and the flag of the second in command flutters colourless in the dusk. Looking ahead, we see the military masts of our two leaders, now in line, and again crossing each other at a considerable angle, as the vessels roll different ways. Astern, a huge hull is pounding and weltering along in apparently dangerous proximity, her red and green bow lights staring like two great mismatched eyes.

While we are thus taking stock of our neighbours, however, the remnant of daylight has gone; the long winter night is before us, and the task of safely conducting the squadron during the hours of darkness is entrusted practically to a little handful of men on board each ship. The admiral gives the course to be steered, the speed to be maintained, the distance apart of the ships in each division, and of the divisions from one another. The former, on this occasion, is two cables, the latter ten cables; a cable being one hundred fathoms, or two hundred yards. Now, four hundred yards is a small matter at sea; and how is the officer of the watch to maintain his distance, on a dark night, from the ship ahead, without undue risk of running into her, or of dropping too far astern, and being received on the ram of his other neighbour? Let us join him on the bridge—an irregular and unlicensed proceeding, but as we are invisible he will be none the wiser. Here we look down on the forecastle, and see the glimmering wave thrown off by the stem rushing out impatiently at a wide angle on either side, while little patches of phosphorescent foam glide past, circling and eddying along the ship's side.

A sub-lieutenant is on the bridge, armed with a sextant, which he applies with great frequency to his eye. The ship ahead carries a light at a known height above her bridge, and on the sextant is set the angle it should subtend on our bridge when we are in station. Any variation in the distance is

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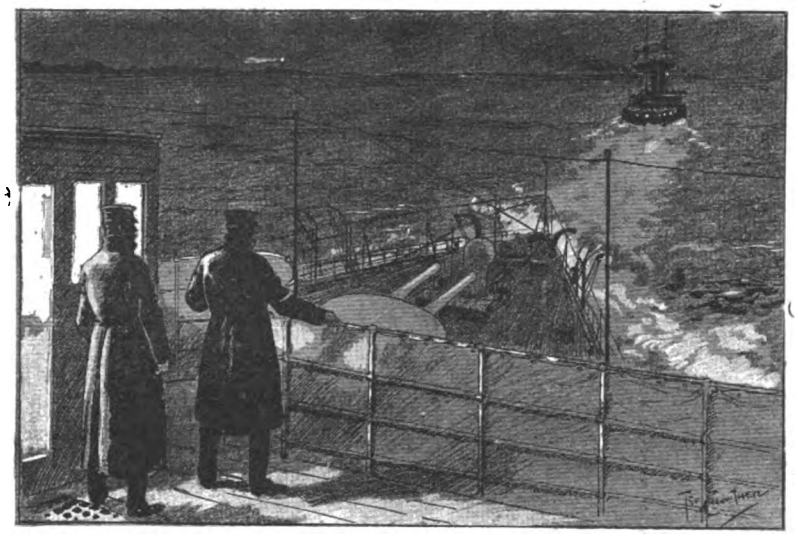
instantly detected, and reported to the officer of the watch, who alters the speed of the engines accordingly. It requires a certain knowledge of your ship, however, and a nice judgment to maintain station accurately at night. The leading ship of the other line has to maintain her distance of ten cables from the flag-ship and her station exactly abreast of her, which also requires some care and experience. The net result is, however, that after remaining on the bridge for an hour or so, we find the squadron going steadily in its ranks with the precision of a company of soldiers.

Every vessel carries, besides the usual lights required by the Board of Trade, two speed lights, one fixed and the other movable under it, by which any considerable alteration in her speed is indicated; the lower light hoisted close up signifies full speed, and lowered out of sight, "I have stopped."

There are usually four look-out men in a large ship at night, besides the marine sentry at the stern, whose duty it is to let go the lifebuoy when necessary; every half-hour, when the bell strikes, they call their stations, to show that they are on the alert; and very weird the variously-pitched voices sound through the darkness: "Starboard bow! Port bow!" etc., followed by the stolid marine's cry of "Lifebuoy!"

And now the bell strikes eight, and the boatswain's mates loudly call the starboard watch, it being their turn to keep the "first" watch, from eight to midnight. Our officer of the watch is also relieved, a new man coming up in a very comfortable overcoat, his binocular glasses slung over his shoulder. He is greeted by his predecessor in office with a few short and pithy remarks, somewhat as follows: "Here you are, old chap; Sou'-sou'-west; she's in station; all the squadron in company; twenty-eight revolutions; skipper's at dinner; good night!" And down he goes to enjoy his late dinner, and the glories of an "all night in," for he has no watch until to-morrow morning at 8.30. At five minutes past eight the watch is called to muster, and every man has to answer his name as called by the midshipman of the watch. Then the men who are to take the various look-outs during the next four hours are fallen in, likewise the lifeboat's crew, to see that all are fully alive to their duties. The wheel, of course, is taken by one man; steam steering gear renders this easy.



KEEPING STATION BY NIGHT IN A SQUADRON.

Meanwhile the squadron goes pounding along in the darkness, apparently in the utmost security. And yet, what a trifling matter may suddenly place one or more ships in imminent peril! The breakdown of the steering or main engine; a crossing vessel, to which each has to give way; the loss of presence of mind; a wrong order to the helmsman; and there is the deadly ram waiting for you—the weapon which, whether used accidentally or in earnest, *has never failed*, as our Naval annals so grimly and sadly testify.

This, however, savours of croaking; so, as an antidote to the melancholy reflections engendered by the contemplation of bygone disasters, let us go down and see what the inhabitants—numbering about 600—of our little floating world are doing. Descending the steep bridge ladder, and another scarcely less steep, we find ourselves on the main deck, with its battery of 6-in. guns; and here we discover the majority of the "watch on deck," sitting or reclining in various snug corners, some reading, others more than half asleep; for, with no sails to handle, there is but little for them to do. Many hammocks are hung up, and the greater number of the other watch have already turned in, for they have to be out again at midnight. The commander has "gone the rounds," and the deck is very quiet, only a murmured conversation going on. Passing along, we come to the engine-room ladder, and go down for a moment. The engines are running smoothly and easily, with a rhythmical pulse which appears to suggest some constantly repeated phrase, accentuated at regular intervals by a little hiss of steam. You can make a dozen ridiculous sentences out of it if you try, the hiss supplying an "s" very opportunely.

Ascending once more, we reach the officers' quarters, where everyone looks very snug and happy; some are smoking, others having a quiet rubber, a leg stretched well out here and there to counteract the roll, for the swell is heavy. The captain has a couple of officers as his guests, and from the gun-room comes a rollicking chorus, which testifies to the conviviality at least of the midshipmen, if not to their musical taste; for it is *not* classical music.

An hour or two longer, and it is close on midnight; silence reigns supreme, broken only by a slight creaking, or the rattle of the rifles in the arm-racks as the ship rolls slowly and monotonously. Hark! they are calling the other watch; and a midshipman comes racing down the ladder to see that his relief is turning out; his oilskin glistens, and we go on deck, to find a change. The wind has freshened up from the westward, there is a heavy crest on the seas, and sheets of spray fly over the forecastle, little rivulets running from side to side round the hatches and ventilators as she rolls. What are they doing with that light on board the second flag-ship? Flash, flash, flash, at rapid intervals; they are merely mimicking our flag-ship, and soon every ship is flashing in response. It causes some activity among our signalmen, and in a few minutes one of them reports "Course south-west, sir." "All right; tell the captain," says the officer of the watch to the midshipman; and in a wonderfully short space of time the captain appears, in a huge oilskin and sea boots. The significance of this signal is apparent in a moment to the initiated; there is going to be a westerly gale, and it is not healthy to be caught in the Bay; so we are keeping out westward, to give Cape Finisterre a wide berth. Then follows more flashing, to increase speed; and we speedily feel the more rapid pulse of the engines, and a great sense of power in the ship, as she maintains her way and swings slowly round in the wake of the next ahead. Our next astern has gone too fast, and made rather a mess of it, coming unpleasantly close, and sheering right out on our quarter to avoid risk. We can hear the rush and wash of the seas she throws off her bows in a ghostly white glitter. More flashing! Ah, it is a signal to our erratic neighbour—"Keep station." The admiral is down on him!

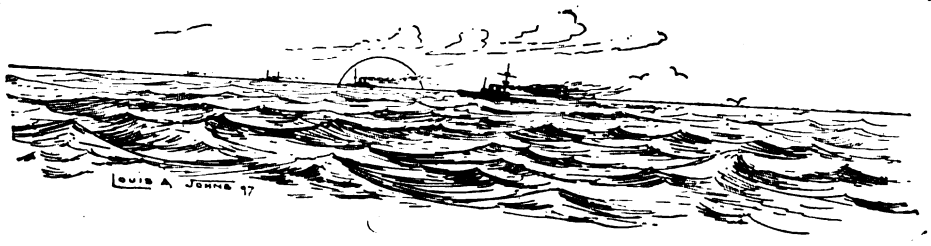
It certainly serves him right, too, to be thus publicly admonished, for only carelessness can bring about such a result. The increase of speed is not notified vaguely, by merely signalling "go faster"; this would be decidedly dangerous. The flag-ship flashes—"The admiral intends to proceed at so many revolutions," and every ship is supplied with a tabulated statement of the equivalent number of revolutions per minute of her own engines necessary to give a corresponding speed; and the officer of the watch has ample mechanical means of communicating to the engine-room the exact number of revolutions, while an automatic "tell-tale" informs him as to whether his orders are being carried out.

Meanwhile, as the weather grows threatening, every precaution has been taken to prevent the seas which may come over from getting below, and strong iron screw-down hatches and doors are in place. This makes the "'tween decks" decidedly stuffy; and in the old-fashioned ships all access below is prevented except by climbing up one iron ladder and down another. Our Channel Squadron battle-ships are, however, all of the most modern type, with a higher free-board, and very good sea boats.

The day breaks at length on a most unpleasant aspect of sea and sky. Huge grey-green seas tower up to windward, and send their crests flying across the bow; the rain streams aslant without intermittence; the wind screams hoarsely through the scanty rigging.

All the ships are here, however, and fairly in station, the gun-boat cutting a fine caper away on our beam.

We have no apprehension for their safety, and it is time we returned to our business; so, once more availing ourselves of our miraculous powers, we land in the grime and early turmoil of Babylon, where the gale is tearing the smoke in whirling wisps from thousands of chimneys and the rain is busily engaged in the manufacture of the mud which will presently bespatter our clean collars.



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THE HISPANO-AMERICAN WAR.

THE "Pelayo" is the only battle-ship possessed by Spain, and certainly a very formidable vessel, all the more so because she has just received a new and powerful armament at La Seyne, where she was also fitted with new machinery. The pictures show her character very well. Upon a displacement of 9,900 tons she has her main armament disposed on the French system—a system, by the way, now apparently abandoned.

The four heavy guns are disposed singly in barbettes, of which one is forward, the second aft, and the others sponsoned on each broadside.

The advantage claimed for this arrangement is that of not putting too many eggs in one basket, in case a turret should chance to be disabled.

When the ship was built, she was armed with 12·5-in. Hontoria guns in the principal turrets, and 11-in. guns in the others. This arrangement has been changed, and one of our pictures, showing the interior of the forward turret, illustrates the breech mechanism of the new Canet 9·4-in. 22-ton gun, which will perforate about 30-in. of steel at the muzzle, and is much more powerful than the heavier predecessor.

The ship also mounts a very large quick-firing armament, and is protected by a complete compound belt, with a maximum thickness of 17·7-in., a 3·5-in. deck, 15·7-in. bulkheads, and 11·8-in. of steel on the barbettes.

Photo. J. David. Copyright

THE CREW OF THE "PELAYO," NOW ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Two other pictures are of the old broadside ironclad, "Vitoria," built at Blackwall in 1865, but, like the "Pelayo," recently fitted with new boilers and modified at La Seyne. She displaces 7,000 tons, and has engines of 4,500 horse-power, giving a speed of about 13 knots. The new armament comprises six 6·3-in. quick-firers, eight of 5·5-in., and six of 2·2-in., with six machine guns, and two torpedo-tubes. She has been used as a seamen's training-ship, but her reconstruction fits her for active service of coast-defence character. She is well protected. One of the pictures gives

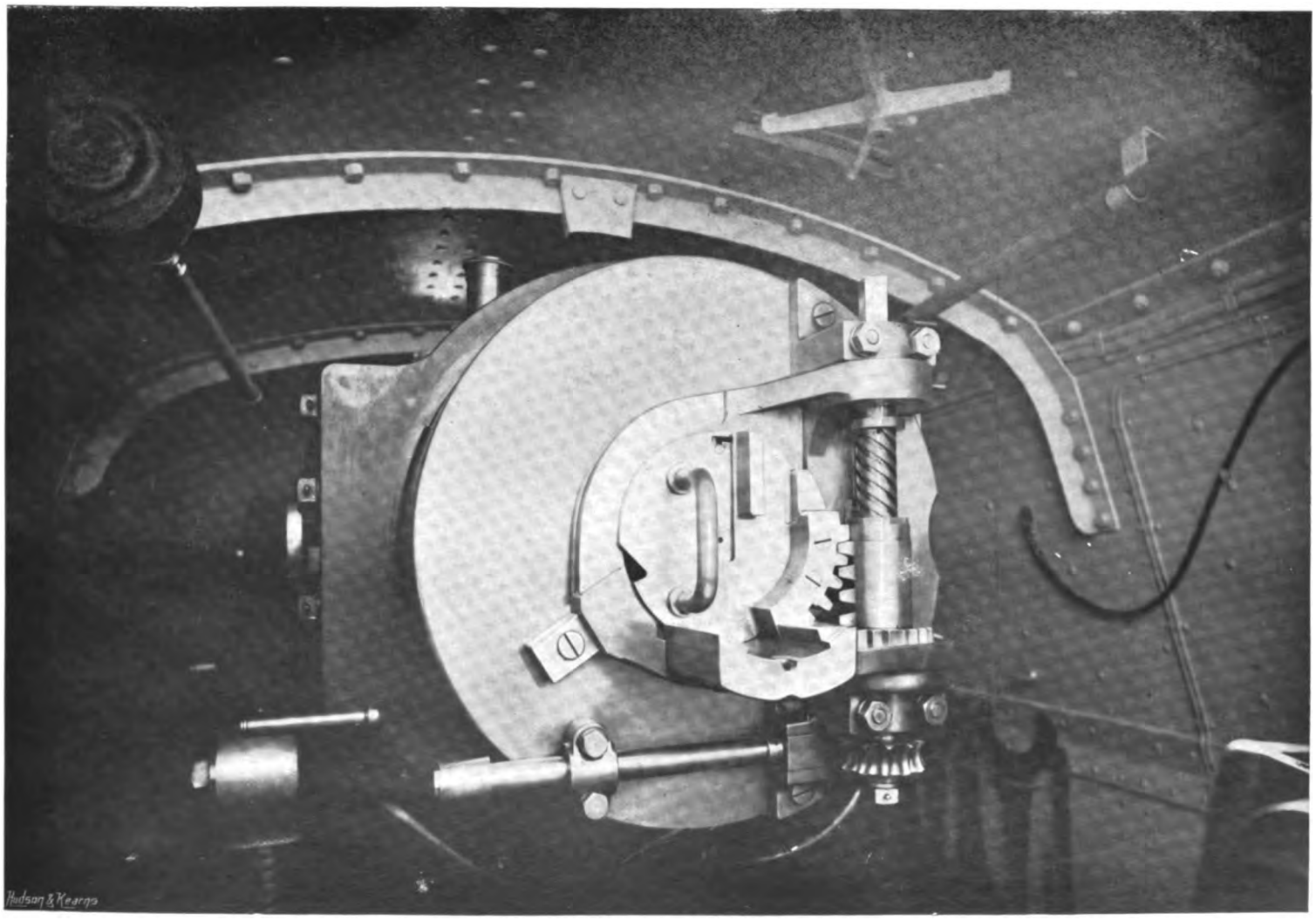

Photo. M. Bar. Copyright.

INSIDE A BARBETTE ON THE "PELAYO," SHOWING THE BREECH MECHANISM OF THE 22-ton GUN.

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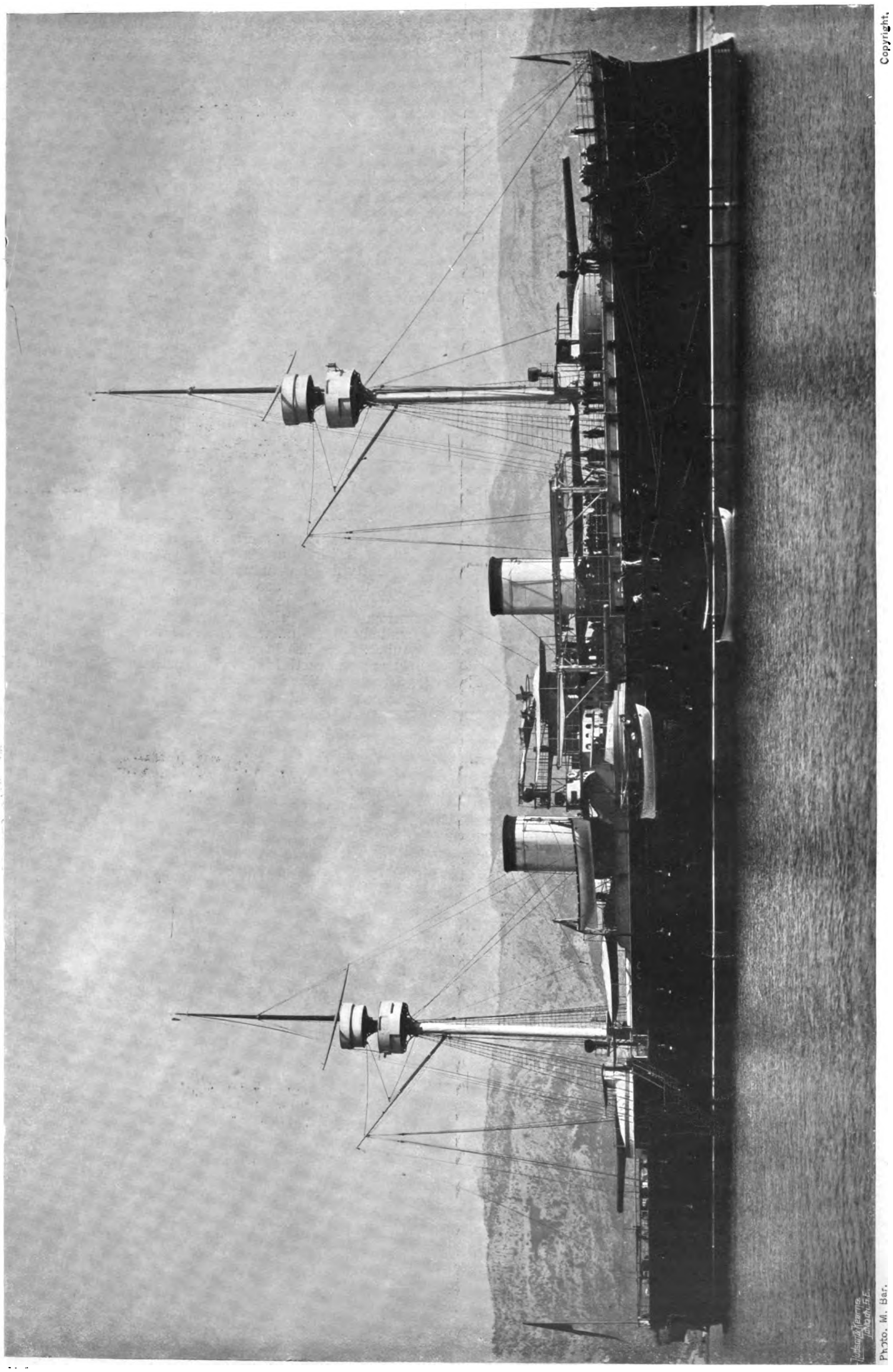

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"EL SOLITARIO"—SPAIN'S LARGEST AND MOST POWERFUL WAR-SHIP, THE "PELAYO," READY FOR SEA.

Photo. M. Bar.

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an interesting group of the officers of the ship. In the middle, with crossed legs, sits the captain, on his left the commander, and on either side and behind the lieutenants and others, including the chaplain. All these must regret that, with such a reconstructed fighting machine, they cannot accompany any squadron steaming at more than 10 or 11 knots.

Over page is a picture of the "Terror," a torpedo-destroyer built at Clydebank for the Spanish Government. She was one of the three boats which, about three weeks since, were under the orders of Captain Villamil at Cape Verde, and that left St. Vincent with the squadron. Upon these destroyers the Spaniards built their hopes, and the dread of their coming caused the strongest feeling in America. The commodore of the flotilla is one of the smartest of Spanish seamen, and his officers were all selected for their scientific knowledge and their zeal for torpedo warfare. These, in fact, were the principal men to whom the building of the Spanish torpedo was due.

Photo. J. David. Copyright.

THE OFFICERS OF THE CRUISER "VITORIA."

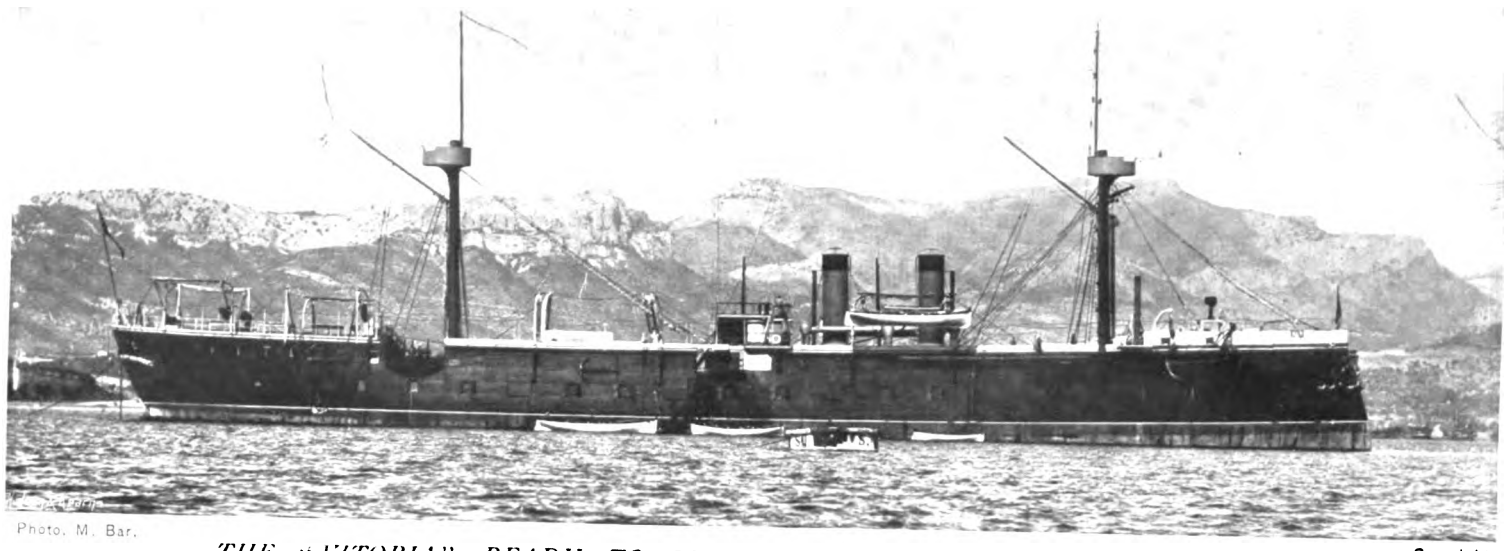


Photo. M. Bar. Copyright.

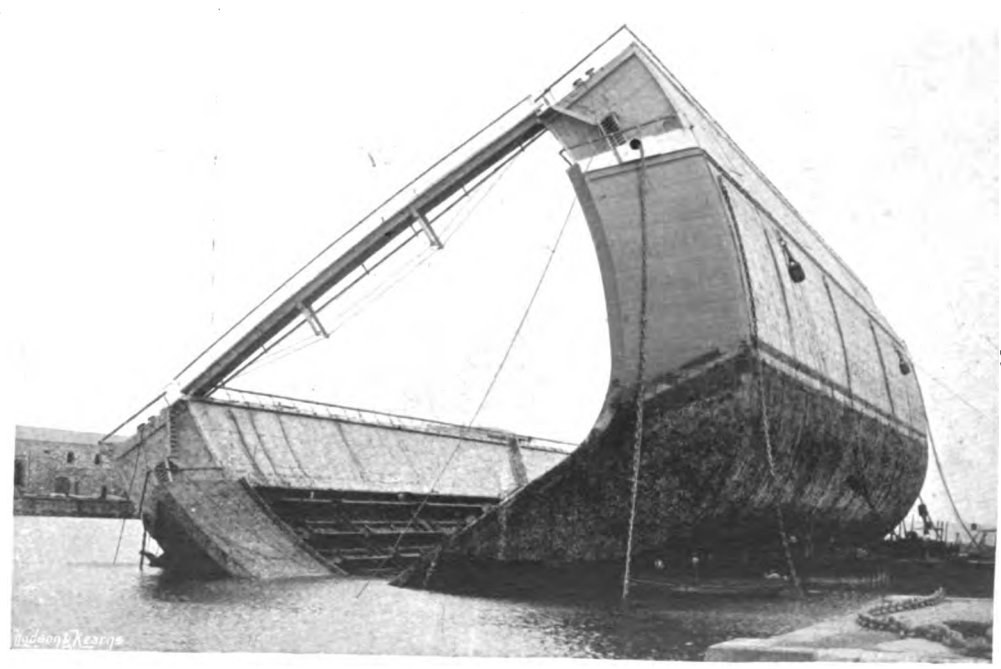
THE "VITORIA" READY TO LEAVE FOR THE SCENE OF HOSTILITIES.

BERMUDA DOCKYARD.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT WITH THE WEST INDIAN SQUADRON.]

THE Bermuda Islands, from their position, have always been regarded as of considerable strategical importance in the event of our being involved in war with any Power likely to prey upon our shipping, and at the present time they attract especial interest in view of the Spanish-American quarrel. As has been pointed out, Spain and America are not withheld by any undertaking from searching vessels under a neutral flag, and if either should avail herself to any great extent of this licence we might be the greatest sufferers. International law is a very thorny subject, bristling with difficulties and with apparently antagonistic precedents, and it will be necessary that our interests should be vigilantly guarded in this quarter of the world; hence the importance of Bermuda as a Naval base and coaling station for our cruisers. The little group of coral islands lies about 500 miles from Cape Hatteras, a little to the southward of it, and about 1,300 miles to the north-east of Havana.

Our illustrations show the large floating dock, which is capable of accommodating a vessel of over 370-ft. in length and 25-ft. draught. It was built in 1869, and was towed across the Atlantic by two iron-



DOCKING A DOCK—SCRAPING OFF THE BARNACLES.

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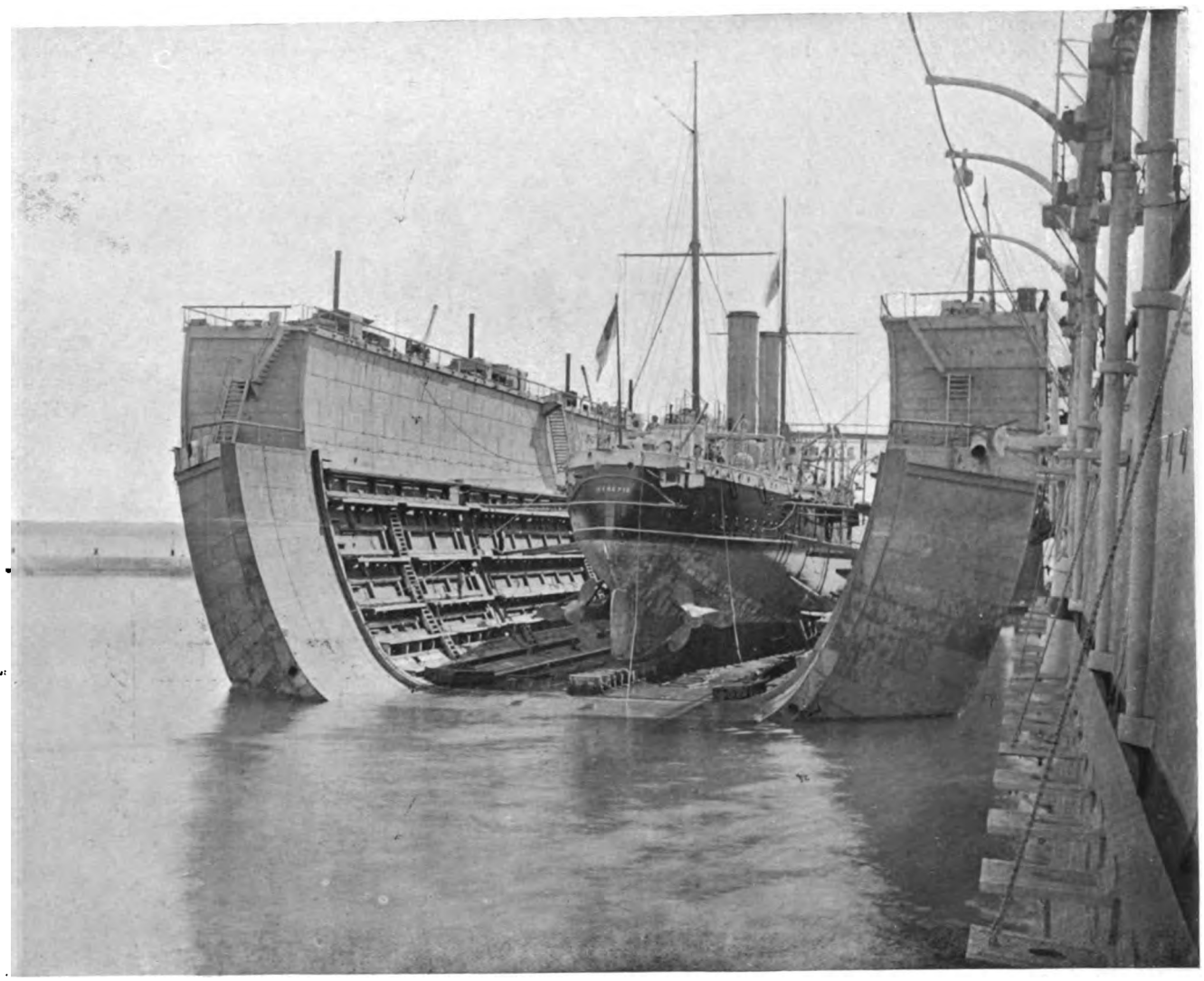

THE "INTREPID" UNDERGOING REPAIRS.

A DECK VIEW IN DOCK.

clads, with the old paddle-frigate "Terrible" fastened astern to act as a rudder. The vessel represented in the dock is the second-class cruiser "Intrepid," of 3,600 tons displacement. She looks, as Jack would put it, like a mere jolly-boat in the huge floating structure. In another illustration the dock is itself being docked, and having the barnacles scraped off its bottom.

The building of the dock "Bermuda" was commenced in August, 1866, on which there were at one time 1,400 hands employed; she was launched 3rd September, 1868, and finally completed in May, 1869.

Immediately after coming out of dry dock the ships are removed to the other side of the camber to coal. On the "long arm" of the breakwater immense stacks of coal are built up, the oldest being used first; thus the ship may be at one end of the breakwater and have to take her coal from the other end, in which case the dockyard train is brought into use, half the ship's company filling the baskets and loading the train, while the remainder stand by abreast the ship to unload the trucks and "dump" the coal. As soon as the bunkers are filled the ship goes out to Grassey Bay to clean up and put on a fresh coat of paint.

Spain's T.B.D. "Terror."

RIGGED FOR AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

(See Page 179.)

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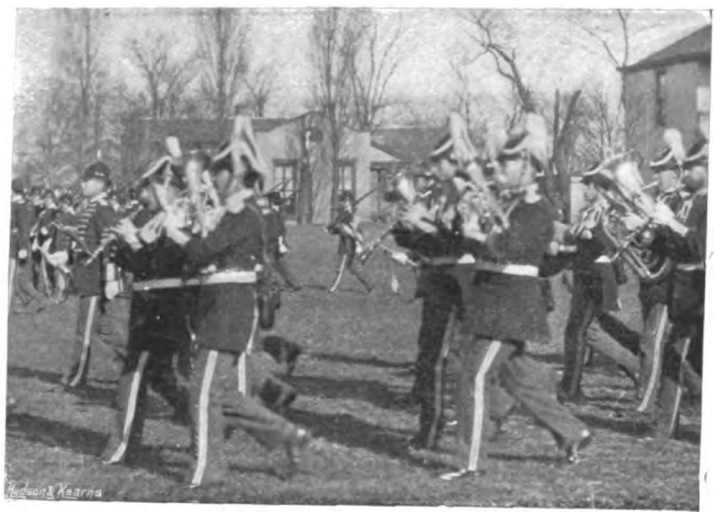
Uncle Sam's Soldiers at Tampa and New York.

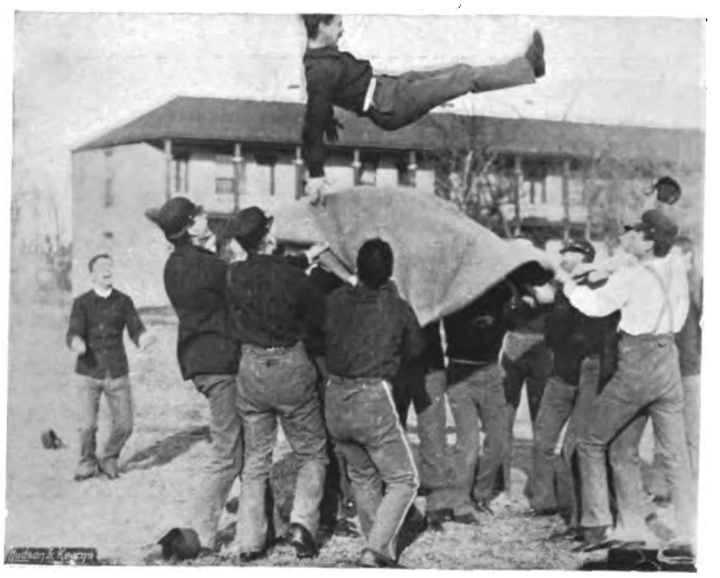
THE photographs we reproduce here give us some idea of the defensive preparations the United States have made for resisting any Spanish attack on New York. We also give various pictures of a crack United States infantry corps, and a portrait of Major-General Nelson A. Miles, whose official title is General in Command of the United States Army; for it must be remembered that, in virtue of his exalted office, President William McKinley is Commander-in-Chief of all the Naval and Military forces of the Republic. Three of our pictures give us illustrations of the quick-firing ordnance mounted at Sandy Hook for the defence of the entrance to New York Harbour. The particular gun shown is a 10-in.



BAND OF THE 13th INFANTRY IN FULL DRESS.

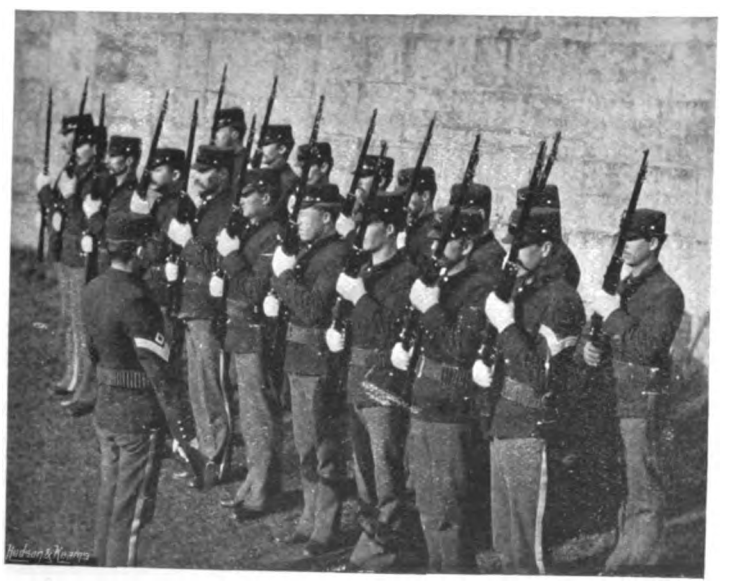
one mounted on what is known as a disappearing carriage. It will be seen that the gun is loaded under defence, in a pit or behind a fortification, and in this position it can, by means of reflecting mirrors, be sighted and aimed. This position is shown in the third picture, and in the second the gun is shown raised and firing. After firing, the recoil of the discharge itself brings the gun back into the loading position. The 10-in. gun here shown is of 27 tons weight, throwing a projectile of 500-lb. weight, and being able to penetrate some 25-in. of wrought iron. Guns, however, have been mounted on this system as heavy as 68 tons. In 1885 a model gun made of wood was mounted on this system at Portland Bill. The gun was brought up as if to deliver its fire, and then returned again, during the time that the "Hercules" fired over 100 rounds at it, and it escaped absolutely without the slightest injury. Five other of our photographs are illustrations of the 13th

MAJ.-GEN. NELSON A. MILES.



SUSPECTED OF SYMPATHY WITH SPAIN.

Infantry of the United States Regular Army. This regiment, which is under the command of Colonel A. T. Smith, formed until lately the garrison of Fort Niagara, New York, but is now part of the force assembling on the southern coast to form the expeditionary force to Cuba. One of our photographs shows the band of the regiment, a particularly good one. In another a squad is shown at attention; and it will be seen that the men are fine, stalwart fellows, not puny boys. Nor is it to be wondered at that the regular Army can attract fine men, for the pay is distinctly good; a private's pay is subject to no deduction whatever, and ranges from 13 dollars to 16 dollars a month during his first five years of service, and is raised to 20 dollars if he re-engages for a second term of five years. Corporals and sergeants get respectively 2 dollars and 5 dollars a month extra. Moreover, he is on enlistment credited with 400 dollars, "clothing allowance," which is intended to provide him with uniform, blankets, and under-clothing during his five years' engagement. Another group shows us the punishment of tossing in a blanket, being either in joke or for some infringement of barrack-room etiquette. In the picture showing the regiment off for service, the working field-kit of the United States Army is well brought out. Finally a drill party at attack of entrenchments are shown, the wounded being attended to and aided over by their comrades. General Miles, whose portrait is given, is one of the veterans of the Civil War, throughout which he saw much service. He was present at the storming of Newmarke



SQUAD OF THE 13th INFANTRY ON PARADE.

EXERCISES OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

THE ASSAULT OF A FORTRESS

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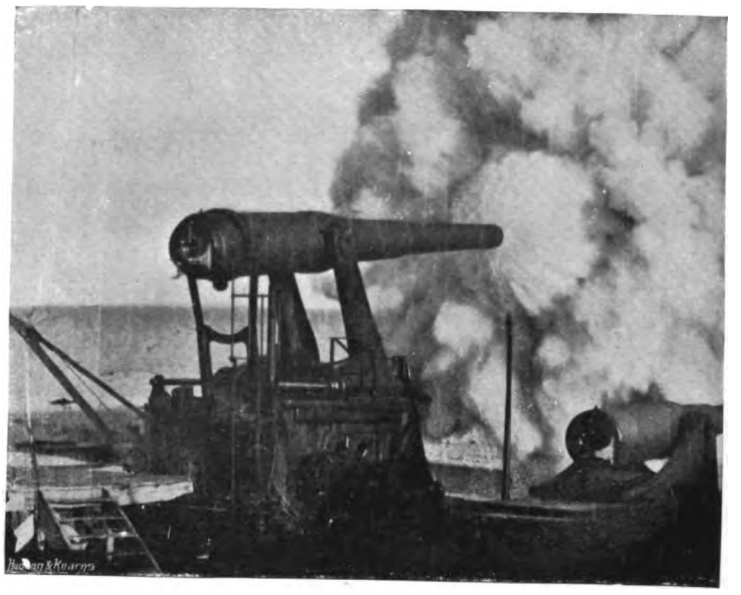
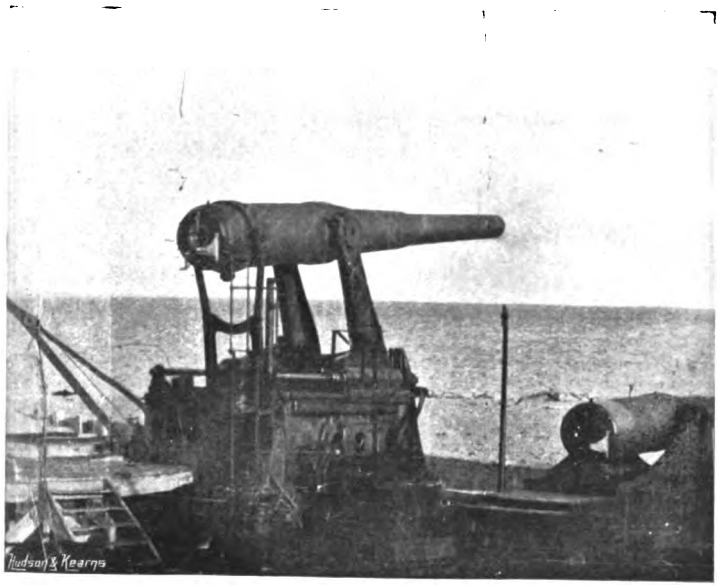
Heights, in August, 1864, and very greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Ream's Station and the desperate assault on the lines at Petersburg. It was in General Miles's charge, then quite a young officer, that Jefferson Davis was placed when he was sent North, a prisoner, after the fall of Richmond. For thirty years General Miles has been an assiduous student of military affairs; ever since the Civil War he has held important appointments, and has devoted himself unceasingly to the welfare and interests of the United States Army. There is little doubt, despite the fact that discipline in the United States Army is somewhat lax, that Uncle Sam's soldiers will give a good account of themselves in the present war.

ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT.



FIRING THE 10-in. GUN AT SANDY HOOK.



RAISED TO THE FIRING POSITION.

RETURNED TO THE LOADING POSITION.

THE BLOCKADED CITY.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE City of Havana is the capital of Cuba, the "Pearl of the Antilles," and the blockade which the American Fleet under Rear-Admiral Sampson has instituted is not by any means the first time that the place has experienced such a thing. It was blockaded by our own Fleet and captured in 1762, and the booty taken was considered the greatest ever captured by a fleet. The illustrations which we give will be found fully described on another page in the article "The City of Havana." Our first picture is that of the Plaza d'Armas,

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE.
MARSHAL BLANCO'S HEADQUARTERS.

THE PUERTA DE LA TIERRA.
THE SCENE OF A FAMOUS FIGHT.

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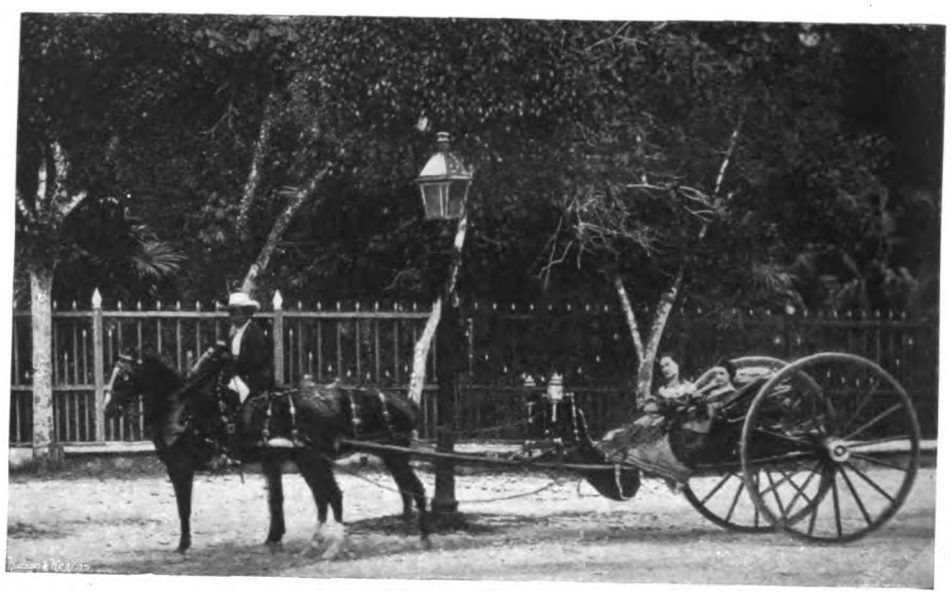
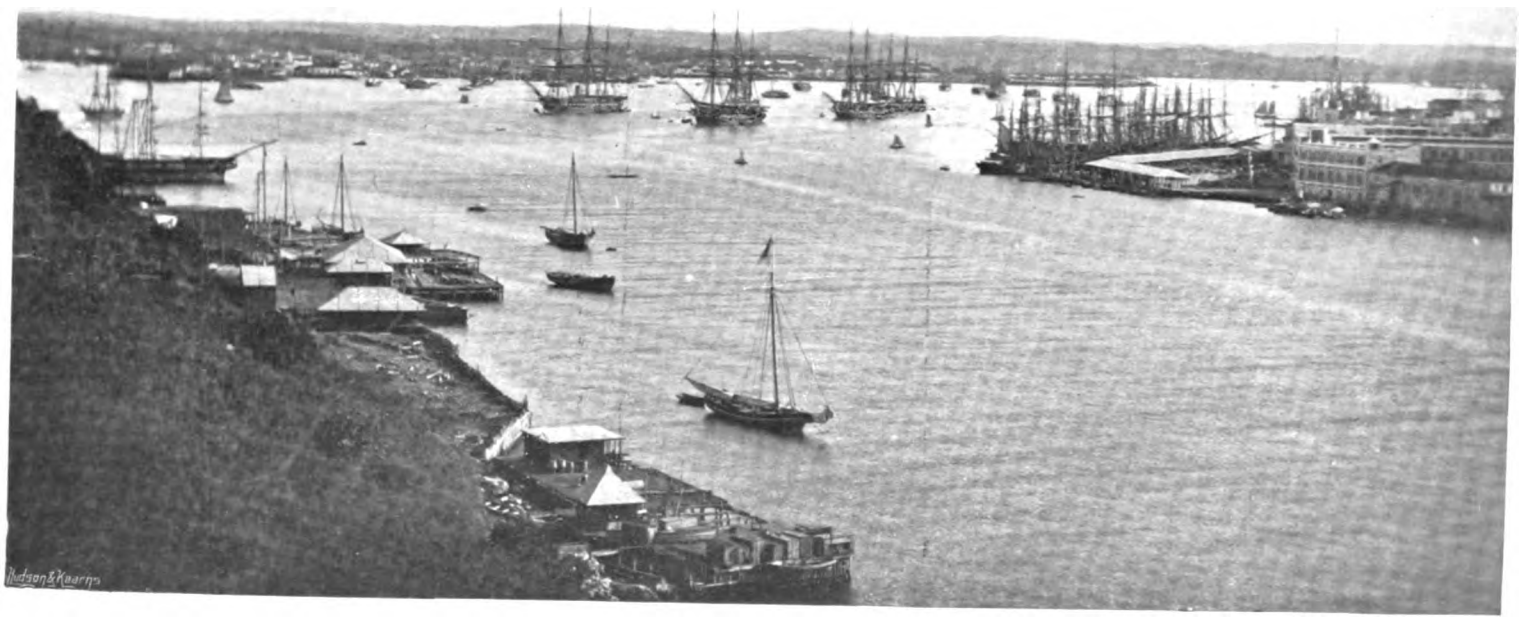
MORRO CASTLE, THE STRONGEST FORT IN CUBA.

with the town residence of the Governor-General. The cathedral spire to the right shows the resting-place of Columbus, whose remains were brought from St. Domingo in 1795. It is in this palace that General Blanco formulated his plans for the destruction of the American soldiers and sailors brought against him. Another picture shows the Puerta de la Tierra. In 1762 a British regiment lost 400 men killed and wounded in trying to force their way through this gate. Another shows the famous Morro Castle and lighthouse at the eastern entrance to Havana Harbour. Morro Castle is strongly fortified, and will not be captured without the loss of many lives and the expenditure of a great deal of ammunition. The volanta, a photograph of which is given here, is now almost supplanted by the hansom cab; it is said to be the easiest carriage in the world. Our last picture gives us the harbour of Havana, outside of which the United States squadron is patroll. The shipping in the harbour cannot get out unless the vessels are able to "run the blockade," a risky proceeding considering the fast cruisers at the disposal of the blockading squadron.



A BIT OF OLD HAVANA.



HAVANA HARBOUR—AMERICAN FLEET OUTSIDE.

VESSELS TO GET IN OR OUT MUST "RUN THE BLOCKADE."

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FOOTBALL IN THE ARMY.

GREAT excitement prevailed at Aldershot on Easter Monday on the occasion of the final round for the Army Cup.

The two teams were the Gordon Highlanders and the Royal Artillery, Portsmouth.

The Gunners were undoubtedly the favourites at the beginning of the game, and this is accounted for by the fact that the Gordons did not appear in good form in a former match for the Hampshire Cup against Eastleigh.

Soon after the kick-off, however, it was evident that "Greek had met Greek," and that a furious "tug-of-war" would consequently take place. For forty minutes there was a good show of skill displayed by both teams, but neither scored until Buist of the Gordons got possession of the ball, and, making a long-range shot, sent the ball between the posts well out of reach of Reilly, the Gunners' goal-keeper. This seemed to give the Gordons renewed vigour, but neither side scored again before the interval. The second goal was headed into the net by Hall of the Gordons The Gunners attacked furiously, but the defence was well maintained. The former were given an excellent chance of scoring in the shape of a free kick, but Meggs of the Gunners struck the bar. Several times the Gunners got near the Gordons' goal, but when time was called the result was a victory for the Gordon Highlanders by two goals to nothing.

FOOTBALL TEAM, 1st SOUTH LANCASHIRE REGIMENT.

THE TEAM OF THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES.

The victors were carried shoulder high to Malplaquet Barracks, headed by the band and pipers of the Scottish Rifles, the drums of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, and the band and pipers of the Gordon Highlanders. The cup was then filled at the sergeants' mess, and the toast of the winning team was proposed.

In our issue of 18th February we published a photograph of the team of the 2nd Battalion North Staffordshire Regiment. This team won distinction in the late contest for the Army Cup by remaining "in the running" until the semi-final, and was only beaten by the Gunners.

The illustrations on page 189 represent the regimental football shield, competed for yearly by the companies of the battalion, and that presented by Colonel Clark for competition between the 51st and 65th Districts.

Football in the Army is not confined to the British Isles. The team of the 2nd Battalion King's Royal Rifles, winners of the O'Reilly Cup and of the League, open to all teams in the Cape, is shown on this page.

Photo. F.G.O.S. Gregory & Co.

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THE FINAL FOR THE ARMY CHALLENGE CUP.

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *has now been registered by the Post Office authorities as a newspaper, and can therefore be sent through the post under the special conditions and with all the advantages which follow from such registration. It may be pointed out to subscribers that this will mean a considerable reduction in their subscription. The net result is that they will obtain the weekly paper at a cost which but slightly exceeds that which they were in the habit of incurring when they subscribed for the fortnightly issues with supplements. The registration of the paper will also confer a benefit on those who are desirous of sending the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *to their friends. In making this announcement, we desire also to direct the attention of advertisers and others to the alteration which has been made in the scope and purpose of the journal. In it are described and illustrated for the general public all current events and topics connected with the Naval and Military Services the wide world over.*

* * * *

THE WAR.—Our readers will also be interested to know that the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is fully represented by a corps of photographers at every likely scene of action, who will supply illustrations of all the important incidents which happen during hostilities. A special steamer has been chartered to accompany the blockading squadron off Cuba, and the representatives of the paper, men of great experience as artist photographers, will furnish scenes of life on board the vessels of the United States Squadron as well as on shore in the blockaded cities. The material thus supplied by our correspondents should form a unique pictorial history of the war.*

* * * *

With this number is given away a coloured reproduction of a photograph of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet. To those who have already bound Vol. V. this beautiful work will serve as an excellent frontispiece, while others will, doubtless, make use of it in the same way for Vol. VI. Special interest attaches to this portrait, because His Royal Highness selected it for reproduction in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. *In the next number we give the first instalment of a new serial by Mr. W. F. Shannon, whose humorous magazine articles on Naval life have gained for him a wide popularity. His character sketches of the British bluejacket are as absolutely realistic as his descriptions of man-of-war life are accurate. We feel sure that his work will be much appreciated by the readers of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

* * * *

ADMIRAL WILSON is the Controller of the Navy, and has a seat at the Admiralty Board as Third Sea Lord. He is one of our most distinguished torpedo specialists, and an officer of the highest scientific attainments. He has been one of our leading torpedo experts for the past twenty years, in fact, ever since the adoption of the automobile torpedo in our Service. In the early eighties he commanded the torpedo depôt-ship "Hecla," proceeding thence to command the "Vernon" torpedo school-ship at Portsmouth, the headquarters of our torpedo training service. From the "Vernon" he passed to the Admiralty as Assistant Director of Torpedoes. He is the inventor of the torpedo net-cutter now adopted in all Navies, and also of the double-barrelled torpedo-tube. As a young officer, Admiral Wilson saw his first war service in the Black Sea during the Russian War, and after that in the China War, 1858-59. He won his V.C. in the Soudan in 1884, with the Naval Brigade at the battle of El Teb, by one of the finest acts of gallantry on record. At the most critical moment of the action a gap was made in our square, and half-a-dozen Dervishes rushed at it to break in. Captain Wilson, who was near the spot, moved out alone to meet them. He broke his sword in cutting one man down, but would not retire a step, and held his ground, knocking the Dervishes down one after the other with his fists. By a miracle, or by the effect on the enemy of the surprising nature of his attack, the gallant officer escaped practically unharmed, and then the square, closing up, rescued him. *(See front page illustration.)*

* * * *

PREVIOUS to the year 1894 a soldier's clothing was renewed every year on the 1st of April, whether he wanted it or not, unless he was employed in some capacity in which he was not required to wear uniform, in which case he could get compensation in lieu. But it was either the whole "kit" or none. He had either to take the whole of his uniform in kind or take compensation for the whole of it. In the year named a more sensible arrangement was introduced, conferring a distinct benefit on the careful soldier. Under the new system the man becomes entitled to have his clothing renewed on the anniversary of his enlistment, but, provided any article in his possession is sufficiently serviceable to last longer, the monetary value is placed to his credit, and may be drawn upon at any time for anything in the way of clothing or "kit" he may require, the balance remaining, if any, at the end of the year being paid to him in cash.

I PICKED up in the shop of a dealer in odds and ends at Plymouth recently a memento of the old "Canopus" of the Nile, from which our battle-ship takes the name, in the shape of an old snuff-box made of oak, with a patch of dark stain ingrained in the wood of the cover, which I am told is blood. On looking up my notes I find that the old "Canopus" was in existence rather more than ten years ago, when the Admiralty sold her for firewood (in November, 1887) to the ship-breaker at Plymouth, who broke up Nelson's favourite old prize in Deadman's Bay, Plymouth Sound. So little interest was taken in the Navy at a period so recent as 1887 that not a single newspaper apparently made reference to the disappearance of our only existing Nelson prize, a ship, too, that was the only remaining trophy of the battle of the Nile. It is the more curious that nothing should have been said about the ship, for she had many memories. Not only was the "Canopus" the hardest fighting ship in the whole French fleet at the Nile, and had her name given her at Nelson's own instance, as it is said, in place of her former French name, "Franklin," but she also, under the British flag, was for twelve years during the Great War and several times in action. She served, indeed, with Nelson himself for nearly two years before Trafalgar, which battle the "Canopus," by mischance, just missed being present at. The strange apathy of the public, or of those who must have known something about the "Canopus," ten years ago, is the more marked when one thinks of the fuss made four or five years later about the unfortunate "Foudroyant," a ship which can scarcely be said to have possessed the historic interest of the "Canopus."

* * * *

"MEREBIMUR."—The action of Villiers-en-Couché was fought on 24th April, 1794. Here two squadrons of the 15th Light Dragoons (now Hussars), with two squadrons of the Austrian Leopold Hussars, greatly distinguished themselves. In recognition of the gallantry displayed by the English cavalry on this occasion, the Emperor Francis II. conferred upon each of the following officers of the 15th Light Dragoons the gold medal and riband of the Imperial Military Order of Maria Theresa, accompanied with a gold chain, in allusion to Edward III. of England, the first founder of a military order in this country, it being then the grand symbol of military merit and knighthood: Lieutenant-Colonel William Aylett, Captain Robert Pocklington, Captain Edward Michael Ryan, Lieutenant Thomas Granby Calcraft, Lieutenant William G. Keir, Lieutenant Charles Burrel Blount, Cornet Edward Gerard Butler, and Cornet Robert Thomas Wilson.

* * * *

"L. A."—Yes; history supplies some examples of what, for want of a better title, may be called smoke tactics, both afloat and ashore. When Drake was intrusted with the command of the counter-Armada, from which so much was expected, in 1588, an attack on Lisbon formed part of the scheme. To insure its success he proposed to screen his ships from the fire of the forts commanding the Tagus by the smoke of fire-ships. The failure of the land attack on Lisbon alone prevented him from carrying this out. To come to later times, we find the Pretender, on the eve of the disastrous battle of Culloden, screening the night march of his troops by means of great fires, on which wet straw was thrown, the dense smoke from which completely hid the movements of his force from the scouts of the Royal Army.

* * * *

FOR the benefit of the many officers who now learn Russian, with a view to passing the Service examinations in that language, I desire to state that an Anglo-Russian Literary Society has for some years been established in this country, and has its home in the Imperial Institute. That fact is not generally known, although a number of distinguished British officers are members of the society. Papers are read every month on the language, literature, history, or social aspects of Russia, and officers who are studying the language could hardly fail to derive advantage from joining in the proceedings. The objects of the society are to promote the study of the Russian language and literature; to form a library of Russian books and other works, especially interesting from an Anglo-Russian point of view; to take in Russian periodicals and newspapers; to hold monthly meetings for the reading and discussion of papers in English or Russian; and to promote friendly relations between Great Britain and Russia. The patrons are the Emperor and Empress of Russia and the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg. The committee is composed of Englishmen.

* * * *

AN American Naval officer whose fortunes in the fighting during the war now going on will be followed with much interest in England by his numerous friends is Lieutenant-Commander Cowles, until a few months ago American Naval Attaché in London. He has been appointed to the "Topeka," under which name that curious old craft the "Diogenes" is now known. The "Diogenes" herself has a story as strange as that of any ship now on the seas, and how she will acquit herself it will be curious to see. Built originally fifteen years ago in Germany for Peru during the war with Chili out of the subscriptions of patriotic ladies, she was prevented from sailing till the war was over, and then, not being wanted by those who ordered her, was sold to an English firm. Her new possessors were, however, unable to find a purchaser for the ship, in spite of repeated attempts all round, until the other day, when the Americans took the ship off their hands. In the war between China and Japan, the "Diogenes" was nearly got away, but the British Government, having the memory of the Alabama award before them, intervened. We had her watched in the river by the Customs, and when on one occasion the "Diogenes" essayed a trial trip beyond the Nore, a guard of bluejackets was put on board to prevent her going beyond the Maplin. Yet as a cruiser the "Topeka" ought to be able to do something, as her engines are capable of upwards of 17 knots, and she has armoured deck protection, with the engines well below the water-line, while her four broadside guns are mounted in sponsons to fire fore and aft, in addition to a heavy bow and stern chaser right forward and right aft. At any rate, a man of Commander Cowles' energy is sure to make the best of his ship.

* * * *

A MISTAKE, which I much regret, occurred in our issue of April 30th. In referring to the "Bonaventure" cruiser, she was said to have been commissioned by Captain Gerald C. Langley, whereas Captain Robert A. J. Montgomerie is actually in command of her.

THE EDITOR.

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THE ASSAULT AND CAPTURE OF CAVITE ARSENAL.

On May 2nd, the United States' men-of-war completed the destruction of the batteries at Cavite, when the bluejackets and marines from the squadron were landed, the magazines in the forts exploded, and the Spanish troops driven out of the arsenal.

From a Description by an Eye-witness.

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The City of Havana.

HAVANA Harbour has at its eastern entrance the Morro Castle and the Castle San Carlos, while the western side is defended by the Castle de la Punta and a range of low-lying water batteries. It is one of the finest harbours in the world, and large enough to contain a numerous fleet of vessels of all sizes, with a depth of water sufficient for loading and discharging merchant ships alongside the wharves, the principal of which are shown on the right-hand side of our illustration in another part of the paper. The entrance at the Morro Castle is about 1,000-ft. wide, and continues for nearly 5,000-ft. before it expands into this magnificent arm of the sea; while for the whole distance nothing impedes navigation. The harbour branches from the main portion, or basin, into three large arms, named respectively Regla Bay, Guasabacoa Bay, and Atares Bay. At the head of the last-named is a castle, still standing, built by De Ricla, the Governor who assumed command after our evacuation of Cuba in 1763. The entrance to the harbour, being so deep and unobstructed, would give easy access to the men-of-war of an attacking force; but it is hardly probable, however, that such an attempt would be made with large vessels until the fortifications had been reduced.

Morro Castle, or El Morro as it is more properly called, commands the eastern entrance of Havana Harbour. It was commenced in the year 1589, and is much larger and more important than any of the adjoining forts, having been added to from time to time and much attention paid to its powers of defence. After its completion, about the end of the sixteenth century, it stood numerous small attacks at various times from the English, French, and Dutch forces in those waters. For nearly 150 years it was perpetually assailed by those nations. When the British forces attacked it in 1762, they found it a difficult place to carry, as they were nearly two months effecting its capture. In the following year (1763), when Cuba was restored to Spain by the Treaty of Paris, Morro Castle was almost rebuilt and everything done to make it impregnable. Since that year it has never been subject to attack. The lighthouse on the eastern bastion is the finest on the Antilles.

The Puerta de la Tierra is historical in the episodes of the British Army. In 1762 a fleet of 200 vessels, commanded by Admiral Pococke, on board of which were 14,000 troops under Lord Albemarle, sailed for the capture of Cuba. They found it no easy task, as the attack lasted from 6th June to 30th July, when the sea forts surrendered; but the City of Havana did not capitulate until August 14th. The forcing of a passage through the Puerta de la Tierra was one of the most stirring events of the invasion. A British regiment charged and recharged the place for several hours against a much larger force. It was not until 400 of our troops were killed or badly wounded that they gained their point. It is estimated that the value of merchandise and specie which fell to us amounted to nearly £3,000,000. The specie was about three-quarters of a million, one-third of which is said to have been divided between the admiral and general.

The Plaza d'Armas is a large square in the City of Havana not far from the Customs landing-place, and contains the town palace of the captain-general, being his official or State residence inside the city walls, for he has others outside the city. The history of Spain, as well as that of Cuba, may be said to be found on the walls of this palatial building. Here are portraits, several of them very large, of the reigning monarchs in the past of the mother country, as well as those of the captains-general of Cuba, whose viceroyalty has in most cases been of little if any advantage to the "Pearl of the Antilles." The statue in the square is in memory of Ferdinand VII., who was dethroned in 1808 and restored in 1814, but time has sadly defaced the effigy of this monarch. On the right-hand side of our illustration the tower of the cathedral is shown. It was built by the Jesuits, 1724, and contains the remains of Columbus, brought from St. Domingo in 1795. It will be a matter of regret if the present complications in Cuba lead to a bombardment of the city which contains such old historic buildings and immensely valuable paintings.

The volanta, most luxurious of conveyances, was designed by the Spaniards in olden days, and is especially adapted to the country of Cuba. It is a species of gig-body with a movable hood placed between wheels, usually 6-ft. in diameter and about 10-ft. apart, with shafts 17-ft. long. Drawn by two horses, one is placed between the shafts, and the other is harnessed to the off-side shaft, about a head behind the former. The shaft animal carries the postillion, who was always selected from the gentlemen of colour of the colony, and attired, if the means of his owner permitted it, in a gold-laced jacket with jack-boots adorned with large silver spurs. The volanta is unfortunately unwieldy in streets, and has gradually given place to Victorias and hansom cabs, as more mobile vehicles for a thickly populated and busy city. Drinks, cabs, and cigars are the cheapest things in Havana.

Torpedoes in War.

By COMMANDER T. C. FENTON, R.N.

IN the Confederate War of 1861 to 1865 torpedoes were really for the first time brought actively into use as offensive and defensive weapons. Submarine mines had been used previously, but never with so much skill or success. The daring shown in some of the attacks made with torpedo-boats in this war excite great admiration from anyone reading its history. Whether the present war between the United States and Spain will prove as fruitful of stirring incident or not remains to be seen; certainly, had the Spaniards any torpedo-boats in the Cuban ports at their disposal, the blockading squadron lying outside should stand a poor chance of getting much sleep at nights. The conditions offer almost the best opportunity for a torpedo-boat to use the Whitehead torpedo after dark. At the time of the Confederate War the Whitehead torpedo had not been invented, and the only offensive torpedo was a charge carried at the end of a long pole, which had to be placed against the side of the vessel and then exploded. They also tried using submarine boats for this purpose, but unsuccessfully.

In the British Navy to-day the torpedo takes its place on fairly even terms with the gun as a weapon of offence. Those carried by our ships are of the well-known "fish" or locomotive type, and the "outrigger," which latter is only used from boats; these are probably the torpedoes used in nearly all foreign Navies, as well as our own. On coming into action with one another, ships can commence play with their artillery at long ranges of 3,000-yds. and over, but they must approach to within 600-yds. before the torpedo can be used.

The fish torpedo, which was invented by Mr. Whitehead from the designs of an Austrian officer some thirty years ago, and has been wonderfully improved since, is now manufactured by several European Governments and private firms, in addition to Mr. Whitehead's own works at Portland and Fiume. It varies in size from 9-ft. to 18-ft., is cigar-shaped, and made of steel or phosphor bronze, the latter metal being used for all the internal parts, as it does not corrode in the water. It carries a charge of gun-cotton or dynamite and a large store of compressed air, which latter is utilised to work a set of engines in the tail-end driving twin screws. These propel the torpedo in the direction of the enemy at a speed of 30 knots, or 34 miles an hour.

As a general rule battle-ships or cruisers can fire their torpedoes from right ahead and astern above water, and from submerged tubes on the broadsides. When discharged, the torpedo assumes a depth of 14-ft., runs in the direction it has been laid for, and on striking any hard object will explode. If it misses the object it stops at the end of its allotted distance, and the final effort opens a valve, which allows water to enter an empty compartment. This overcomes its flotation and it sinks, as it might be awkward in a fleet action to have one's own loaded torpedoes floating about near. When exercising only, this mechanism is not allowed to come into play, the torpedo floats, and is recovered; also the explosive charge is not used, for safety's sake.

These torpedoes are very bulky things to handle, the 14-ft. one weighing about 500-lb., but the arrangements for loading and discharging them are very complete. The tubes or guns from which they are discharged from above water are necessarily in some cases very much exposed, and though the torpedo when in place is to a certain extent protected from small projectiles by the thickness of the tube or gun it is in, the crew are very exposed; therefore attention has for a long time been turned to perfecting under-water discharge.

The largest charge carried by one of these torpedoes is about 200-lb. of gun-cotton; and some idea of the effect upon an enemy's ship by a successful shot with one can be imagined by considering that, some few years ago, one of an earlier type loaded with about 30-lb. of gun-cotton was fired at a hulk, with specially strengthened bottom to represent a modern ship, and exploded on contact about 14-ft. under water; the result was a hole that an ordinary ship's dinghy could have been put through—about 20-ft. by 10-ft. Since then the bottoms of men-of-war have been much strengthened and sub-divided into compartments, therefore the charge has been increased.

The accuracy of the torpedo to run in a straight line

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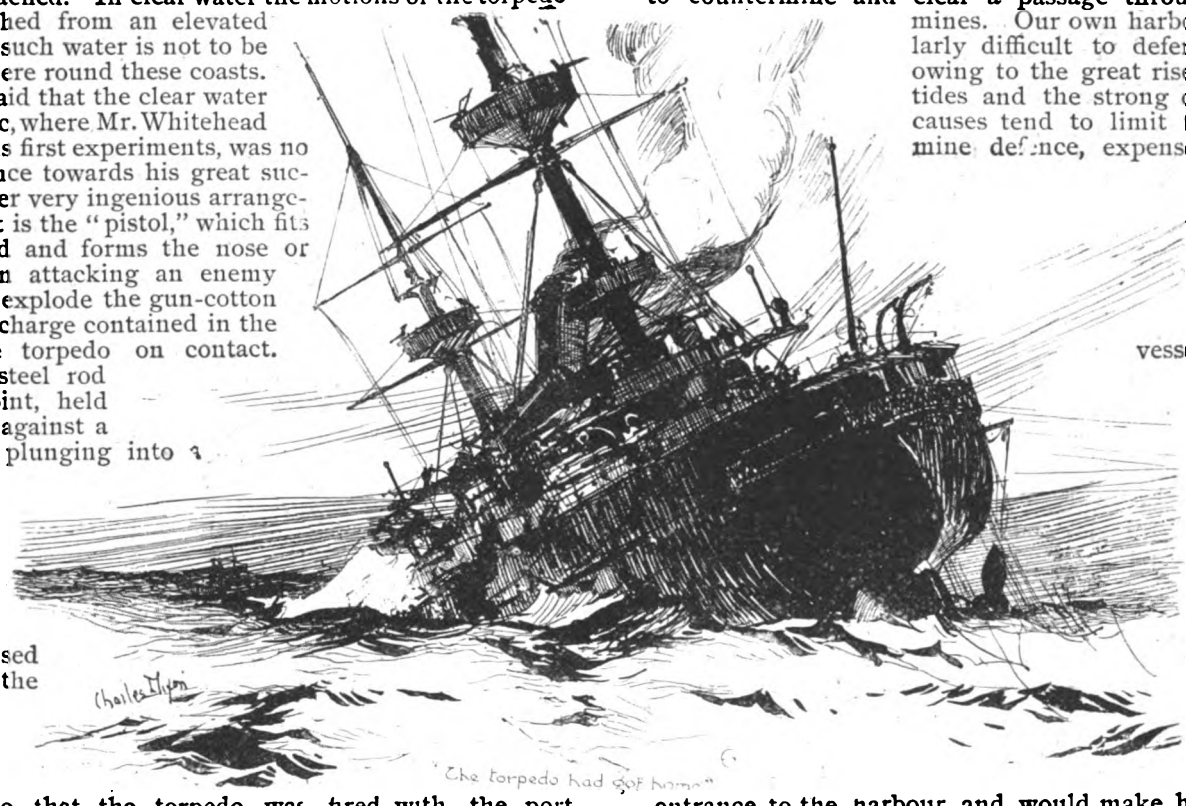
when fired is, of course, most essential. Every vessel has to fire from 50 to 100 torpedoes for exercise during the year, according to the number of torpedo-tubes or guns she has, and on an average there are barely 10 per cent. of misses annually in the whole fleet through various causes—accidents, faulty running, misjudgment in aim, etc. A means of making the torpedo steer itself automatically, so as to keep a straight course in the line of fire, has lately been added to its wonders, with considerable success.

This torpedo itself is a wonderful piece of mechanism, beautifully made and put together. When once discharged from the ship it steers itself to the required depth under water, and maintains that depth during the time it is running. This is attained by a horizontal rudder on the tail end, which is controlled by a most ingenious combination of a hydrostatic valve and a pendulum weight. These working together counteract a too violent action of either individually. Thus, if the torpedo runs below the allotted depth the valve at once puts the rudder hard up, the nose of the torpedo turns rapidly towards the surface, and would shoot out of the water like a porpoise; but the same motion causes the pendulum weight to swing towards the after end of the torpedo, and this has the effect of reducing the angle of the rudder, giving a gentle rise to the torpedo, which vanishes as the valve assumes its equilibrium, when the proper depth for the torpedo to run at is reached. In clear water the motions of the torpedo can be watched from an elevated position, but such water is not to be found anywhere round these coasts. It has been said that the clear water of the Adriatic, where Mr. Whitehead carried out his first experiments, was no little assistance towards his great success. Another very ingenious arrangement about it is the "pistol," which fits into the head and forms the nose or point. When attacking an enemy its duty is to explode the gun-cotton or dynamite charge contained in the head of the torpedo on contact. There is a steel rod with pin point, held by a trigger against a spring from plunging into a detonator cap inserted in the centre of the charge. This trigger is released by a blow on the nose of the torpedo, and in case of any mistake occurring, so that the torpedo was fired with the port closed, or that it struck any part of the ship firing it, there is a safety arrangement which practically half-cocks the "pistol" until the torpedo has run some 30-yds. or so from the ship firing it. This is a small collar with propeller fans on it. The motion through the water causes the fans to turn, and works the collar off to the danger position. The discharging apparatus is a breech-loading tube or cannon, a 3½-oz. charge of powder or cordite, ignited by electricity, being used for discharging.



For the last twenty years or more the utmost pains have been taken by the torpedo staff of the Royal Navy and the Royal Engineers in experimenting with and improving the torpedo in conjunction with Mr. Whitehead. Improvements were made in England and adopted by him, and *vice versâ*.

Gun-cotton has been chosen as the explosive to be used in our Service for many reasons, but chiefly because it can be stowed and handled with so much safety. Dynamite and different compounds of nitro-glycerine are used very largely as explosives; dynamite especially, which is like soft, damp clay, is particularly useful, as it can be pressed into any form or recess necessary at a moment's notice, and thus be made to fit closely to the object to be broken, or for whatever it is required, whereas gun-cotton has to be specially prepared to fit any shape required and cannot be so readily adapted to fit closely to the part required to be broken. Thus the former is used a great deal for blasting purposes; also it is used in some foreign torpedoes.

The explosive power of most of these compounds is pretty well equal, but in dynamite, which is a compound of nitro-glycerine and a certain clay, the nitro-glycerine is apt to exude after a time, and then it is fearfully dangerous and liable to explode on the slightest concussion. Gun-cotton, on the other hand, is comparatively harmless, unless detonated with fulminate of mercury. It can be stored wet with impunity, and does not explode if a light is applied to it, but burns fiercely if dry—if wet not at all. It can be exploded when detonated with equal force, wet or dry, in the water. A very small portion, 6-oz., of dry only is required to start it off.

One great danger to a battle-ship is its liability to be attacked with this weapon from torpedo-boats, especially when at anchor, and some successful night attacks were made by the Japanese boats upon the Chinese fleet when anchored in the harbour of Wei-Hai-Wei, our latest acquisition in the Far East. The protection our ships can provide against these attacks consists of a crinoline of wire netting extended round the vital parts of the ship and lowered to a depth of 20-ft. under the surface, also electric search-lights and patrolling boats near the entrance to the harbour to give warning of the enemy's approach. They are also supplied with a large battery of small machine and quick-firing guns to sink the torpedo-boats when seen.

Submarine mines are generally classed by the uninitiated under the head of torpedoes. They are very much moral weapons, and have played a very defensive part in some of the modern wars; harbours advertised as defended by them have been left unmolested. All large ships carry a certain number of them, to be laid out rapidly for their own defence whilst coaling or repairing in an unprotected harbour, or else to countermine and clear a passage through an enemy's mines. Our own harbours are particularly difficult to defend with mines, owing to the great rise and fall of the tides and the strong currents. Many causes tend to limit the extent of a mine defence, expense for one—the electric cables and plant are generally very costly; then a road must be kept open for friendly vessels, or else you block your own port. Guided by knowledge of many of these causes, an expert officer could make a pretty accurate judgment of the position in which an enemy's mine-field would be found when it was desired to force an entrance to the harbour, and would make his arrangements accordingly for destroying it.

The great importance of torpedoes to the weaker Power in a Naval war is easily appreciated when it is considered that a hit fairly in the vitals of a modern battle-ship costing half a million sterling from a torpedo which cost £400 to £500 would undoubtedly destroy her, and unless she could be beached she would sink as rapidly as the ill-fated "Victoria"; but then experience shows that the straight shot into the vitals is not so easily obtained. Our large fleet of "destroyers" (built expressly for destroying torpedo-boats) should be very busy in the beginning of a war after the enemy's torpedo-boats.

All the modern improvements of torpedoes, Maxims, quick-firing guns, magazine rifles, etc., add immensely to the horrors of war, and the wholesale loss of several torpedoed battle-ships with all hands would be like reverting to the earlier Naval wars, when the conqueror cleared the captured vessels by killing and throwing overboard all hands, except that in the latter case the number was probably 200 to 300 or less, whereas a battle-ship nowadays would number 1,000 to 1,200 men.

The distress and suffering caused to others by even the deplorable loss of one big ship is, fortunately, too well known for nations lightly to risk war without some very sufficient reason indeed.

Although inventors have now produced the most wonderful killing machines, and Navies and Armies have grown so vast, yet modern wars between civilised nations are carried out with more desire to avoid unnecessary suffering to non-combatants. A war for freedom is unfortunately often disastrous for a time to those who are to be liberated; and it is to be hoped that a speedy termination to the war may enable the inhabitants of Havana to avoid the miseries of a long siege.

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SHIELD PRESENTED TO THE 51st and 65th DISTRICTS.
(See "Football in the Army," Page 184.)

2nd BATT. N. STAFFORDSHIRE'S CHALLENGE SHIELD.

City of London Artillery Church Parade, Guildhall.

Photo. Thomas. Copyright

TO every regiment of volunteers is attached one or more chaplains. Their duties in connection with the corps are not, generally speaking, very onerous, but one or two are usually to be seen in billets during the Easter manœuvres and in camp for a week in summer.

Each corps has yearly, in addition, at least one church parade at headquarters, when as many men as possible attend worship in uniform. The above illustration represents the church parade of the City of London Artillery recently held in the City. The band, as is the custom in the regular Service, is playing a number of selections while the parade is being inspected.

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Our Colonial Forces: CANADA.—IV.

THE 3rd MONTREAL FIELD BATTERY.

THE summer is already upon us, and the war cloud still hangs lowering over Western and Eastern hemispheres, regardless alike of snowdrifts or of tropical heat.

The illustration below appears, indeed, somewhat unseasonable, for it represents a group of hardy Canadian artillerymen revelling in a snowstorm; and a snowstorm in Halifax is no child's play. The above picture shows the 3rd Montreal Field Battery in very different surroundings, with a background of trees in full leaf. This battery was raised in 1855, and is one of the most efficient among the fine artillery corps of Canada. The chief office of an artilleryman is scarcely perhaps that of saving life, unless it be, in an indirect manner, by bringing an engagement to a conclusion as speedily as possible. Two men of the 3rd Field Battery, however, were afforded an opportunity on Jubilee Day last year of displaying their prowess in this direction, and were swift to avail themselves of it, being instrumental in saving six men who had been capsized in the St. Lawrence. These two brave men are Sergeant-Major Kendall and Trumpeter Bishop; and they were awarded the Royal Canadian Humane Society's medal for "coolness, promptitude, and conspicuous bravery" on the occasion. Their portraits will be found on another page.

Some of the men of A Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery, appear in another picture in a sporting mood; they have obviously just engaged, or are about to engage, in a boat-race, and they make up a crew of considerable weight and muscle.

We must now return for a time to the affairs of the North-West Provinces and the Red River Expedition of 1870. Most of our readers are probably well aware that Colonel G. J. Wolseley, before referred to as having been placed in command, is no other than Lord Wolseley, the present Commander-in-Chief; and this expedition afforded an excellent opportunity for the exercise of his well-known determination and administrative powers. He was a comparatively young man in those days, not more than six or

HALIFAX ARTILLERY IN WINTER DRESS.

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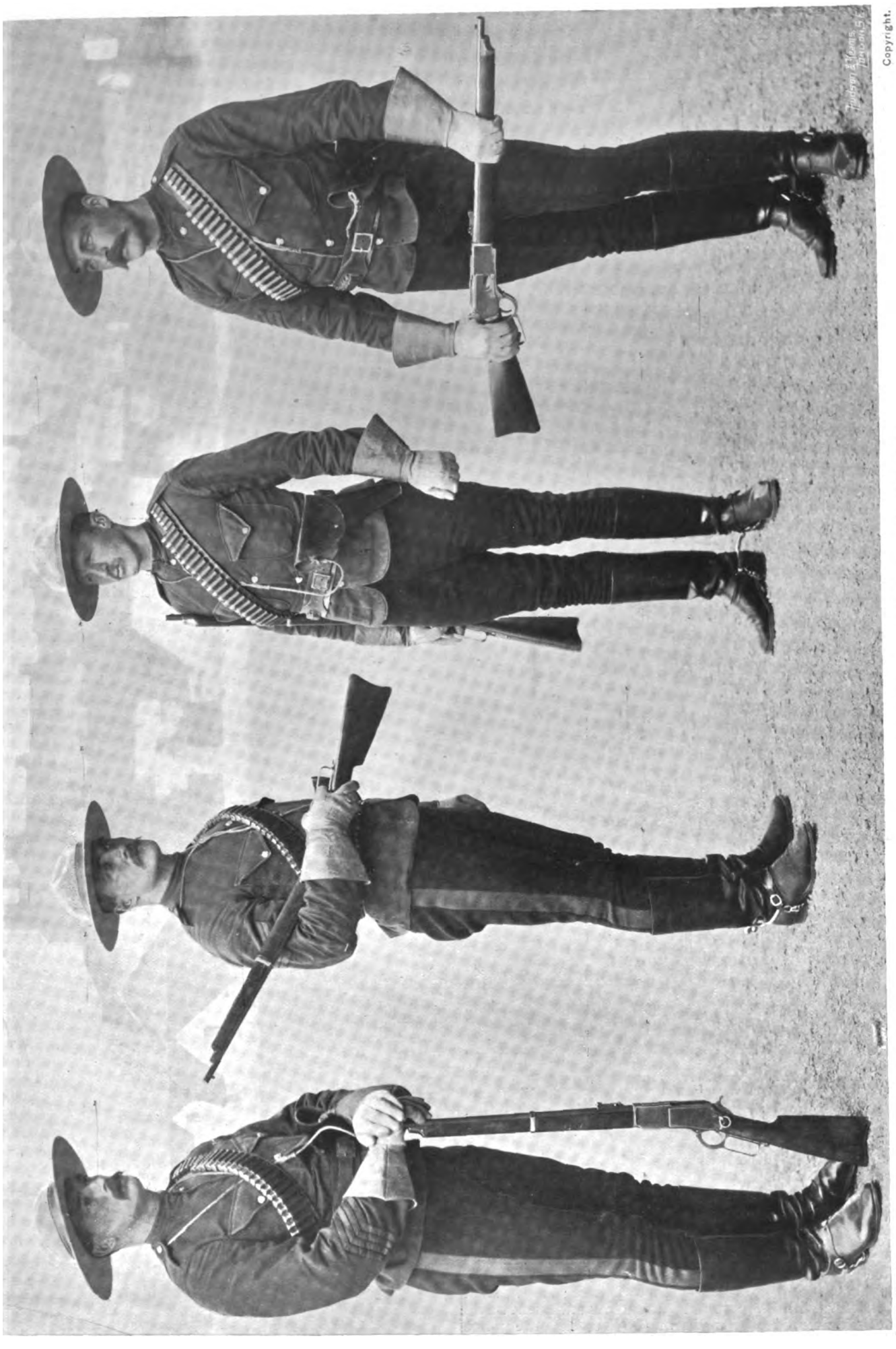

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THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE OF CANADA.

Photo. Gregory.

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seven and thirty, but he had already filled important staff appointments, and had then been Deputy Quartermaster-General in Canada since 1867.

The Imperial troops were not then finally withdrawn from Canada, though the edict had gone forth, and the Militia had not attained its present strength and efficiency of organisation. It was decided, therefore, to raise two battalions of rifles from among the men eligible for the Militia, and to select them with especial care as to physical qualities, as the service was likely to be of an unusually arduous nature. These two battalions were named respectively the 1st or Ontario Rifles and the 2nd or Quebec Rifles, and were enlisted for two years' service.

So eager were the Ontario men in coming forward that, rather than be excluded, many men in good positions were to be found in the ranks; in one company two brothers were respectively captain and sergeant. It was somewhat different with the Quebec battalion, and the fact is interesting as illustrative of the difficulties with which the authorities had to contend, even in comparatively recent times. The scene of the rebellion was the stronghold of the French half-breeds, and the large proportion of French Canadians in Quebec rendered it difficult to obtain recruits readily, as there were not wanting those who strongly dissuaded them from fighting against their "brethren" in the North-West. The vacancies were eventually filled by the overflow from Ontario, and no one

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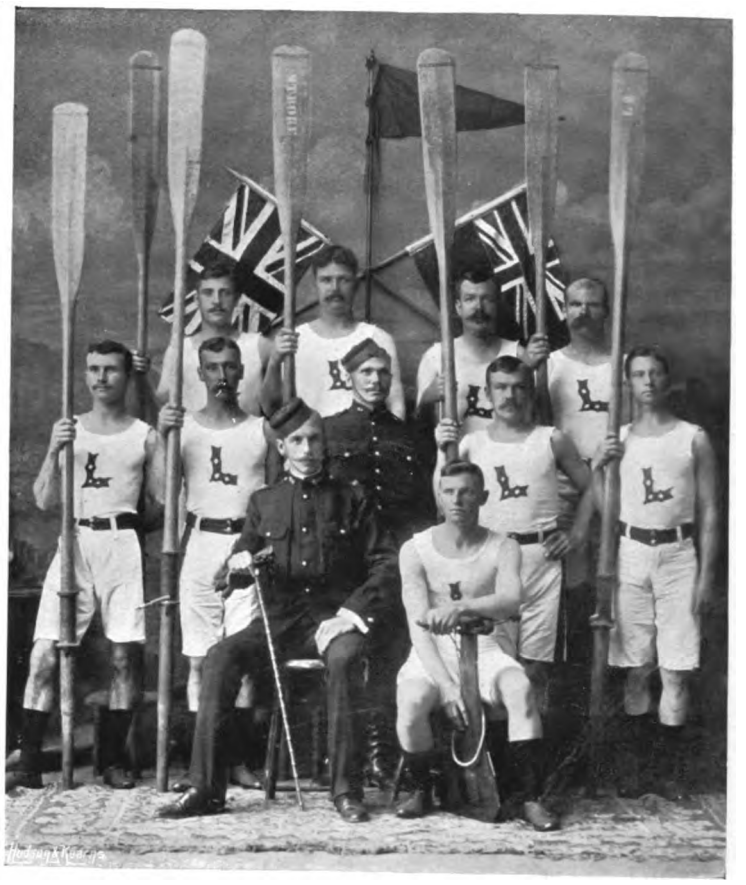
SERGEANT-MAJOR KENDALL, 3rd F.B., C.A.

had a word to say against the loyalty or discipline of either battalion, whatever may have been the private sentiments prevailing in Quebec.

The expedition had the desired effect of disposing for the time of all formidable opposition, and the Government officials were duly installed, the survey continued, and compensation arranged, on terms more than equitable, with all whose existing claims or rights had been in any degree interfered with.

The establishment of the Government involved the inevitable formation of some kind of police force to maintain order and assist in bringing offenders to justice; and in such a vast territory, with its scattered settlements and great tracts of almost unexplored country, it was obvious that the police must be organised on special lines in order to be of any service. This brings us to the splendid corps known as the North-West Mounted Police, first established in 1872, with a strength of 350, but since increased to 1,000. This force is not included in the Army List, either among the regulars or the Militia; but it is in fact a cavalry corps of splendid



A CHAMPION RACING TEAM.

physique and great efficiency, as no one will doubt who saw the men sent over last year under Major Perry.

Their work is often of a very arduous description, as the winter is extremely severe, and they have immense distances to travel, sometimes among people who are not too kindly disposed towards them; but they have acquired an excellent name for their firmness and tact in dealing with Indian and other offenders.

(To be continued).

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TRUMPETER BISHOP, 3rd F.B., C.A.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 68.] SATURDAY, MAY 21st, 1898.

Photo, A. Bassano. Copyright.

MAJOR-GENERAL ARCHIBALD HUNTER.

IN COMMAND OF THE EGYPTIAN TROOPS ON THE NILE

(See Page 209.)

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THE WAR: Spain's Army at Home and Abroad.

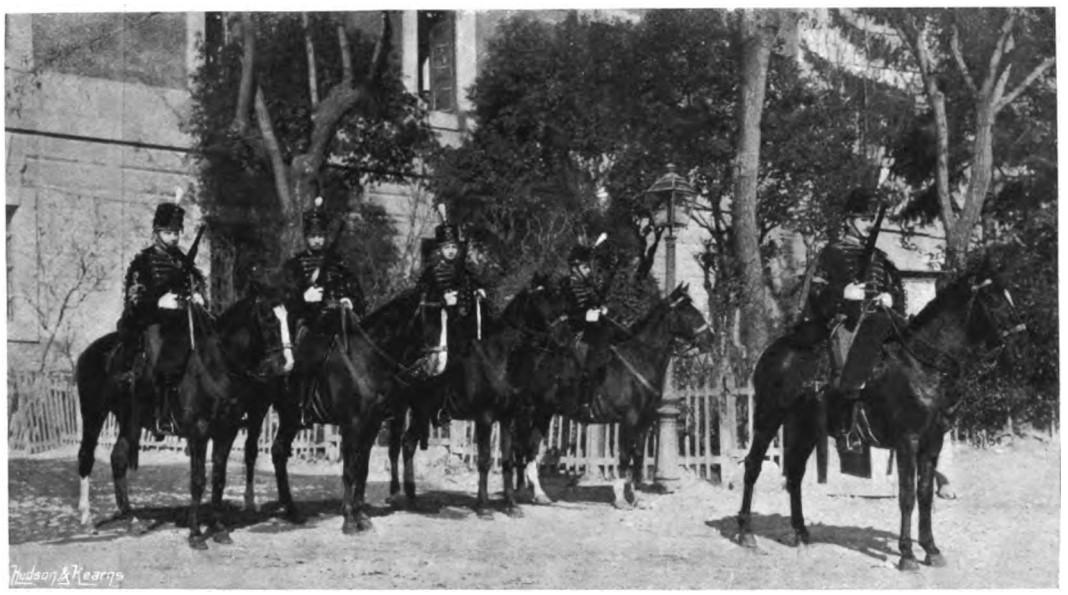
SPANISH soldiers belong to a type very different from our Tommy Atkins. The pulse of the South stirs their veins, and they are gifted with a kind of febrile bravery, which impels them to dashing acts, if it does not give them the stability and endurance of Englishmen. They may be depended upon to fight well and patiently for the honour of the country, and often to lay down their lives rather than surrender. Spanish military annals are full of the records of gallant exploits, and it may be doubted whether even the sanguinary affairs of the American Civil War were more hardly fought than the conflicts that have been waged by Spaniards on distant battle-fields and in the Carlist Wars in Spain. At the same time, we do not think that Spaniards—and perhaps not Americans—could have done what our soldiers have accomplished in the Chitral Relief and other frontier expeditions. We sometimes, it is certain, despised the Spanish soldiery during the Peninsular War, but since that time a vast work has been accomplished in developing the military resources of the country, organising the Army, and training the men. Spain has now, in some of her best regiments, both officers and men who are as good as can be found. But to look at the general run of the regiments of the country, it must be confessed that a feeling of disappointment is aroused. The uniform seems heavy and cumbersome in the infantry, and there is nothing in the appearance of the men like the alertness that seems to inspire the troops of Uncle Sam. This uniform is much of the French pattern that prevailed in the days of the Third Empire, while in the aspect of the cavalry we notice a considerable dash of the Teuton. There is an undeniable slouch in the gait of the Spanish infantryman, and his clothing is apt to be frayed and shabby, while his feet, encased in country sandals, and his hands in coarse woollen gloves, give him a singular appearance to those accustomed to the smartness of home, or the brilliant character of French and German troops. Nevertheless, at the back of gallant devotion, such as nerved the men who fought on the blood-stained field of Igualada, in the Carlist War, to die rather than surrender, there is good-tempered content, such as reminds us of the much-despised Turk.

THE OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT DU PAVIA

Luxury is neither attained nor desired by the Spaniard in the ranks. Coffee or soup in the early morning, a breakfast at nine, and a kind of dinner-supper at five in the afternoon, in which black bread—the Government ration is 1½-lb. a day—garlic and oil are chiefly prominent, with a little meat sometimes, or a savoury scrap bought at the regimental canteen, content the men of the Peninsula.

Let us now turn to the interesting series of military pictures which are presented here. The Spaniards have lately seen a great deal more of actual service in the field than the troops of most other nations. We are therefore glad to depict the regimental baggage waggons of a corps attached to one of the columns, as well as a six-gun battery, all with mule draught, in Cuba. The character of the equipment is well shown. There are actually in the regular Army thirteen artillery regiments, of four batteries, in addition to a horse regiment and the mountain and garrison branches, and there is a very complete department and organisation for the equipping and training of the force. The guns are of the Krupp and Placencia patterns, with 3·5-in. and 3·1-in. calibre—a little larger than our 12-pounder.

The Pavia regiment of hussars, of which we depict a group of officers, is one of the most distinguished mounted regiments in the Spanish Army, the other being the Princesa, these ranking with the splendid body of cuirassiers. The cavalry officers enter through the school at Valladolid; and, in addition to the two regiments of hussars, there



HUSSARS OF THE REGIMENT DU PAVIA.

Photos. J. David. Copyright.

SPAIN'S FUTURE GENERALS—ARMY STUDENTS AT TOLEDO.

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SPANISH ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH.

are eight of lancers, four of dragoons, and fourteen of chasseurs, besides some remount and other special bodies. The men of the Pavia regiment are selected for fine physique, and their uniform is one of the most striking in the Army, retaining the picturesqueness of the old hussars', and a character of uniform no longer retained in our own Service.

They remain in Madrid, and are practically a guard of the Court and Government in times of popular discontent.

The picture of the Covadongo Regiment of Infantry, No. 40, illustrates one of the most efficient corps in the Army, with the particular character of equipment referred to, but with the smartness that is sometimes wanting. The character of Spanish barracks is seen in this picture also. Much has been done within the last twenty years to give better accommodation to the troops, and, in many respects, their quarters leave nothing to be desired.

For the training of officers, an excellent system has been devised, and military academies and colleges have been established at which cadets go through special courses of study, tested by examinations before being drafted to their regiments. We give an illustration of a group of cadets at Toledo,

MILITARY TRANSPORT IN CUBA.

SPAIN'S ARMY AT HOME—INFANTRY PARADING IN BARRACKS.

who would seem to have in them the making of good officers. In Spain, as in all the countries of Europe, the Army is an honoured profession, and the cadets of the great families of the Peninsula are eager competitors for commissions in the Service. Spanish officers are always recognised as a highly-trained and intelligent body of men. Their experience has been mostly of guerilla warfare, and the operation of resisting a large body of soldiers trained in another school comes to them with unfamiliar character. Yet, with hardy men under their orders, they may be trusted to fight well. Hamley had a high opinion of Spanish soldiers Living in a climate, he said, where it was not necessary to provide against the rigours of the elements by domestic comforts, they are not bound to their houses; and "men of high spirits, accustomed to carry arms, to sleep in the open air, to live frugally, to endure fatigue, to care little for their homes, are already more than half soldiers."

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OUR CAVALRY REGIMENTS.

THE illustration herewith represents the late regimental quartermaster-sergeant of the 11th Hussars, more familiarly known as the Cherubims. Quartermaster-Sergeant Knowlden served for twenty-three years in the regiment under seven different commanding officers. It will be seen that above the badges of rank the crest of the late Prince Consort is worn with the motto "Treu und Fest" (Leal and Steadfast). It represents a pillar charged with the arms of Saxony rising out of a ducal coronet and crowned with a like coronet. This badge is worn by all warrant and non-commissioned officers above the rank of corporal. The overalls are crimson, and this distinction assists civilians in recognising the regiment, for in no other regiment in the British Army do the rank and file wear such gorgeous overalls. The tunic is blue, the busby-bag crimson, and the plume worn on the busby crimson and white. In undress the regiment wears crimson forage caps, and the cloaks are lined with crimson instead of red as in other Line cavalry regiments. Their trumpet slings are of red, yellow, and blue cord, like Royal regiments, instead of green as in other regiments. The 11th Hussars were raised in Essex in 1715, by Brigadier-General Honeywood.

The regiment was present at Culloden, 1746, at the capture of Martinique and Guadaloupe, under the Duke of York in the Flanders Campaign of 1793-94, and in North Holland, 1794-95. The 11th accompanied Sir Ralph Abercromby to Egypt, and on this account were allowed to wear the Sphynx with the word "Egypt." They also fought at Quatre Bras and Waterloo.

The regiment served in India in 1825, and during the Russian War took part in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, as well as earning distinction at Alma and Inkerman.

Photo. R. Shorter. Copyright.

A TYPE OF THE 11th HUSSARS.

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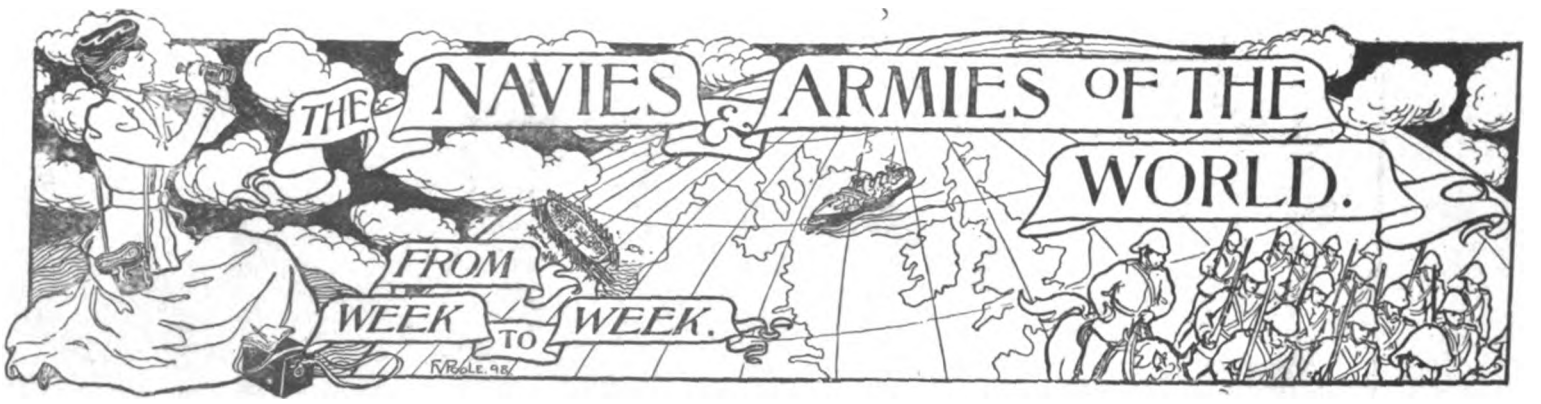

ALL loyal subjects—the minute handful who are not loyal may easily be counted, and therefore, if the jingle of phrase may be permitted, do not count—will be glad to hear that the Duke of York has been appointed to command the "Crescent." It would have been a subject for great regret if His Highness's other obligations were allowed to put an end to his active association with the Navy. In a monarchical country the Royal Family ought to be largely represented in the Services which are pre-eminently the servants of the Crown. Times have changed since George III. was thought to have raised the Navy in the social scale by giving the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., "a cockpit education." And they have changed in nothing more than this, that no prince would now think himself justified by his rank in leaving his station and coming home against orders, as the Duke once did. There are few better forms of education than the "cockpit" gives. A little more of the reality of it, rough as it was 120 years ago, might have done William IV. no harm. But, though we have amended certain old forms of snobbery, it is still true that the fighting services ought never to be without members of the Royal Family among their chiefs, and that the Navy has not until very lately had its fair share of recognition in this way.

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IT was probably because the life was so rough that, though kings and princes have commanded more armies than the longest memory could undertake to name, and have included a large proportion of good generals, very few of them have led fleets since the time of the Norse sovereigns, who were, in a way, driven to the sea. They could, in fact, be counted on the fingers of one hand. One does not remember more than our own Edward III. among actual kings, though some of the later Scandinavian sovereigns must have commanded in sea fights. There is what from the translation seems to be a capital Danish ballad beginning "King Christian stood by the high mast." If this was Christian V., he certainly had a great deal of sea fighting done for him by his admiral, Niels Juel; but his own warlike achievements seem to have been mainly performed with his army. One can hardly count Peter the Great as a sea fighter, though he was actually present in a small affair or two, and was, in a way, the most naval of monarchs. Among princes, our own Duke of York is the most famous of naval commanders in the old fighting days. The Count of Toulouse, who commanded against Rooke at Malaga, was only the natural son of Louis XIV., and though Philippe Egalité was present in D'Orvillier's battle with Keppel off Ushant in 1778, and it was no doubt a calumny that he showed the white feather, still he did not go to sea any more. Does the world remember at all that one of Napoleon's brothers was a naval officer after a fashion, and for a time? He never did anything to make the fact worth remembering. Since the great wars ended it has become an understood thing that one member of most royal families which have any Navy should go to sea, and a longish list could be made of them. The "since" is not "spoke sarcastic." Wars at sea are not over by any means. On the contrary it is not improbable that we are at the beginning of another great epoch of naval campaigns, and if any prince has it in him to be a Gustavus Adolphus, a Frederick the Great, or a Eugene of Savoy on blue water, his opportunity will hardly be denied him. If royal persons did not go to sea more in the old times the reason, no doubt, was that they were more afraid of the perfume of the bilge, and other discomforts, than of bullets.

* * * *

IT was the opinion of Swinburne the Quartermaster, given to Mr. Peter Simple as the result of his observations at St. Vincent, that the Spaniards would have fought better if they had known how, and that there was no want of courage in the Dons. We have yet, perhaps, to learn all that the Fleet of Spain can do, but so far there does not seem to be much reason for supposing any great change to have come over the Naval service of the Peninsula. Manila has been exactly the sort of thing the Spaniards have done over and over again. No preparation, no proper means provided, no look-out, no intelligent plan—that about sums up the general position. This is no new state of things with them. So far back as the sixteenth century, when they had a great and deserved military reputation, it was a proverb of theirs that, "Help from Spain comes late or never" (Socorro de España o tarde llega, o nunca). Philip II. was compelled to look on helplessly while Drake swept the West Indies in 1585, simply because he had no squadron ready for service, and could not get one out in time. The Spanish King in fact, at the height of his power, was as much at a loss as his descendant is to-day, or more. What difference there is lies chiefly in this, that while other nations have discovered how necessary it is to be prepared beforehand (they may not all have learnt the lesson equally well, but they have learnt it more or less), the Spaniard has "learnt nothing and forgotten nothing," as the well-known phrase has it. To be just, he has not forgotten how to fight like a man. Admiral Montojo's officers fought as bravely as their ancestors did in the "Poder" in the Mathews and Lestock battles, or on board the "Princesa" and the "Glorioso" in the Austrian Succession War, or in the "San Juan Nepomuceno" at Trafalgar. But they fought to the same melancholy end. It may be said of them, as of certain Celtic heroes, that "they went to the wars, but they always fell." And the reason is that they are too indolent, too careless, too tolerant of official dishonesty, to make ready in peace. Also the one idea the Spaniards have concerning the qualifications of a good fighting man is that he should be brave. Of course they will not say as much, and can in fact talk the most beautiful good sense about the need for preparation. When all you require is talk, the Spaniard is often the wisest man in the world. The misfortune is that he has such a reserve of foolishness to use up in his actions. When you push him a little in argument you very soon discover that he believes courage can atone for the want, or at least the great insufficiency, of everything else, which is a mistake. People who write scientifically of war occasionally go to the other extreme, and may be heard speaking as if bravery were a very unimportant qualification indeed. As a matter of fact, it is the one thing needful, since with it all else is possible, and without it nothing is of the least avail. Yet the Spaniard's is a costly error, seeing that he is not the only brave man in the world. Therefore he is always liable to find himself opposing bravery alone to bravery and knowledge, which are long odds to overcome.

* * * *

IF President McKinley and his advisers are acquainted with that very delightful book, Napier's "History of the War in the Peninsula," they must have been reminded of some passages in it more than once lately. We are told that the Cuban leader Gomez has given Mr. McKinley to understand that the Cubans do not want the help of American troops. All they ask for is arms, food, and presumably, though this is not expressly stated, a subvention in money. Then they will dispose of the Spaniards themselves. Now this is just what the Junta of Galicia told Sir A. Wellesley, as he then was, when he was on his way to Portugal for the first time. Their only army had just been smashed to pieces at Rio Seco by Bessières, but they were perfectly confident of their power to beat the French, and they were at the bottom of their hearts intensely jealous of the English as foreigners. They were not quite sure what tricks we might not be up to, so they asked for arms and money only, and got them. Of course, when Sir John Moore retreated through Galicia a few months later he found the Galician army represented by a handful of starving men under the command of the Marquis of La Romana. Gomez is in rebellion against Spain, but he is Spanish for all that, and so are his fellow Creoles. They do not want an American army among them. What they do want is that they should be well armed and fed by America, and so be put in a position to go on with their rebellion comfortably. If Mr. McKinley consented to that they would give him plenty of opportunity to continue supplying help to them for years.

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FOOLS and children should never see half-done work, as the sound proverb puts it, and for that reason prudent men will abstain from commenting as far as may be on what is not yet finished. Therefore let us wait for the end of Admiral Cervera's cruise before passing judgment. So far as we yet can see it proves nothing, or next to nothing, as to the effect which the threat of interference by an inferior Naval force can have on an admiral who has to cover the transport of troops oversea. The Americans have no regular army ready to invade Cuba, and their volunteers cannot be got in order for the field yet awhile. Therefore even if no Spanish squadron were at sea they cannot move troops. If they had the Army their Navy could easily concentrate, and start from Key West with the transports, giving Admiral Cervera the choice either to fight at hopeless odds, or allow the invading army to land in Cuba unimpeached by him. Yet we can assert one thing with confidence, and it is that even in these days of steam and search-lights the sea is a very fine hiding-place. Steam enables you to range far and wide when scouting, for so long as your coal holds out, and with an independence of the winds and currents impossible to the sailing ship. But then it equally enables the enemy for whom you are looking to alter his course, and go as he finds most convenient. The dependence on coal affects both seeker and sought. A greater capacity for carrying coal answers to greater weatherliness and greater speed under sail. As for the search-light, if it enables you to see the enemy when he would have been invisible in the old time, it also shows the enemy where you are. Moreover, it is no more able than a telescope to enable the human eye to "see round the corner," or over the horizon line. So though ships can go faster, the decision may come more speedily than of old, the proportions remain pretty much the same. Now, as then, there is only one effectual way of stopping a hostile squadron, and it is to mew it up at its port of departure. If that cannot be done it is able to vanish into space, and nobody can tell where it will reappear—at least, he can only guess, and make more or less well-founded suppositions. When Pocock left England to take command of the expedition which was to conquer Havana, in 1762, a much stronger French squadron left Brest under the command of M. de Blenac. The Ministry of the day was blamed for exposing Pocock to risk. Yet these squadrons never met, and our expedition was carried out undisturbed. There is a great element of luck in war which good management can reduce, but has never yet abolished. It exists now in spite of scientific inventions. At sea it was always greater than on land, as Nelson said, and we may calculate that it always will be. When an enemy is once out and off, his greater power of escape will counterbalance the better power of search, and there will be nothing for it but to take care that you are able to fight him at the vital points; and as for those which are not vital, they must take care of themselves, and suffer for the time being. One curious feature of this war is the little damage done as yet to American commerce at sea. The States have many merchant ships on voyages, and their Navy is in no position to protect them, save in a very limited area. In such conditions one would think that the Spaniards ought to have snapped up American prizes right and left, yet as a matter of fact we do not hear that they have. Is it the case that the need of coal hampers the business of commerce destroying even in seas clear of an enemy's protecting cruisers? The Americans have done very little in that way except on their own coast. We have every motive to watch this part of the war with care.

DAVID HANNAY.

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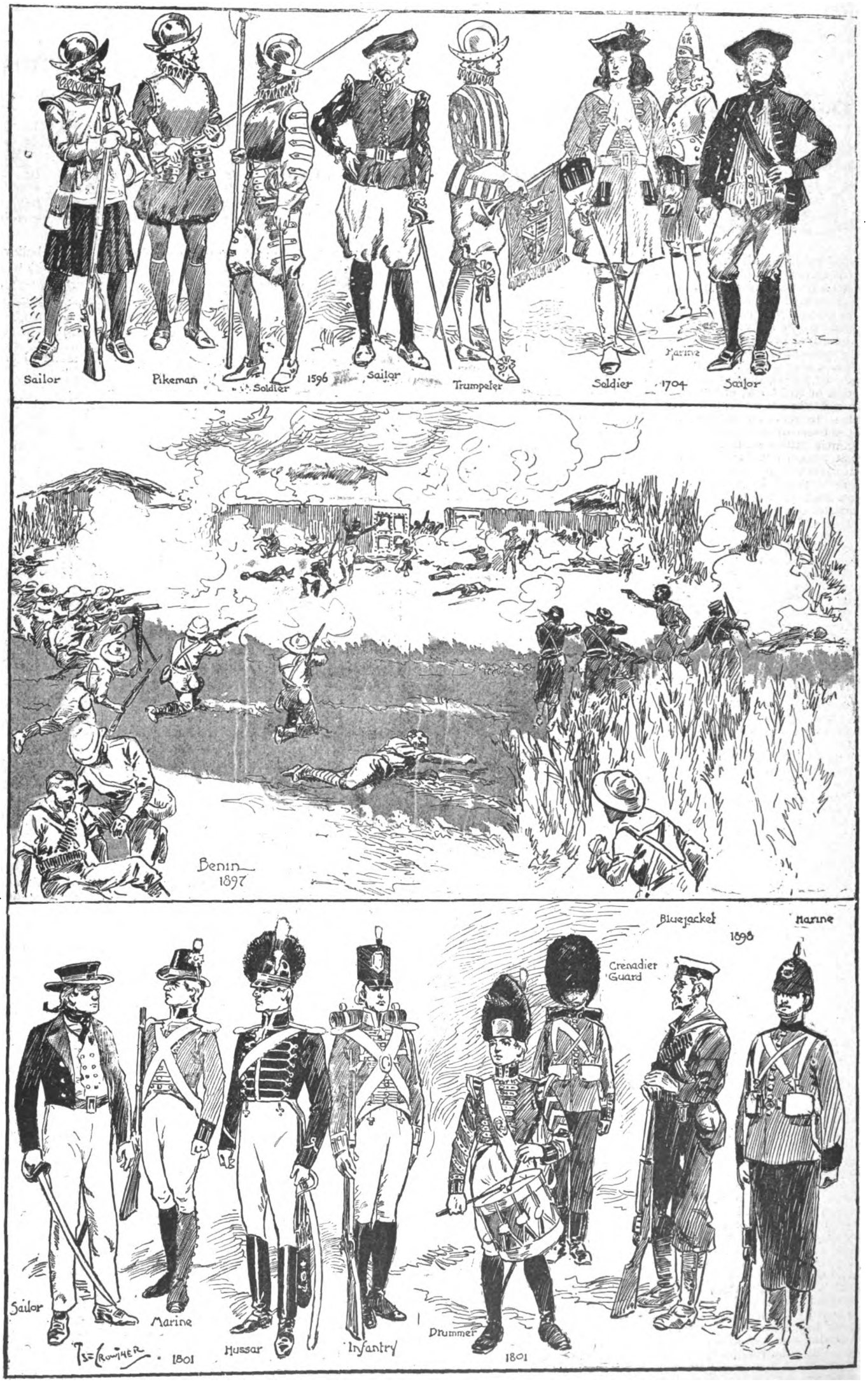

"SHOULDER TO SHOULDER."

THE special features of the Royal Military Tournament this year are designed to illustrate those achievements of the Army and Navy in which our gallant soldiers and seamen have fought together, side by side, shoulder to shoulder. The above picture accurately illustrates the principal spectacle at the Islington show, as well as the costumes worn by our land and sea forces from Queen Elizabeth's time to Queen Victoria's.

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IT is to be supposed that MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte wrote their "Désastre" with the purpose of rivalling the "Débâcle" of M. Zola. They have succeeded, for it is impossible to read their story without feeling that they have dealt almost as ably with the great struggle of the army of the Rhine at Borny, Rézonville, Saint Privat, and Noisseville, as he with the disorganisation of the Châlons army and the Sedan catastrophe. They know the subject well, for they are sons who cherish the memory of their father, General Margueritte, who was mortally wounded near Sedan. I took up Mr. Frederic Lees' translation of the book, published under the title of "The Disaster" (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.), with some apprehension, for nothing is so difficult as to render good French dialogue into good English. He has not succeeded altogether, for French locutions are retained, and the grammar halts sometimes. It was surely a mistake to make a Jewish banker talk like a Welshman, and we should not in this country be likely to hear of the proud grace of a lady's neck "rippling to her shoulders." The lady in question is Madame de Guionic, with whom the hero, Paul du Breuil, a staff officer, is temporarily in love, while her husband, quite in the manner of French novels, has found other consolation. The story opens with a brilliant soirée at Saint Cloud, on the eve of the war of 1870, the Society of the Third Empire being cleverly depicted, with all the confident illusions of its votaries. It concludes with the lurid scenes that marked the capitulation of Metz. The attitude of the authors towards the French Army is expressed in the words of Colonel Laune to Du Breuil after the defeat at Worth: "To think we have been beaten—beaten with such troops! Because, you know, the arm is strong. It is the head which is weak. We are in need of a man." Then comes the terrible immigration of the peasantry into Metz. I should have liked to quote the powerful description of this melancholy but grotesque procession. It is the harbinger of the catastrophe to follow. Meanwhile horrible fears are eating into the hearts of Du Breuil and his friends. But long before this the authors have gripped the reader, and he follows the strange dramatic story with increasing interest to its close. Excitement grows and dismay steps in with each successive event in the terrible story. Men's faculties are seized with dizziness and paralysis of will, and, like haunting nightmares, columns of red-haired Teutons crowd upon the imaginations of panic-stricken people. But the soldiery, living as in a legend of glory darkening daily, reflect little, and bluntly do their duty, speechless in disaster. They are imperialist more by habit than by fidelity, and as the days pass by, it is France more than Empire they think of. There is severe censure in this book for Bazaine, and it may be that the authors have devoted too much space to a searching analysis of his character. But their story, though closely based upon the evidence of facts, is not merely historical. It is full of picturesque description, and the characters move with natural force, and are delineated with great fidelity. As the translator himself points out, there are passages of almost Stevensonian charm, as where disconsolate Du Breuil overhears at midnight the cavalryman, Jubault, playing "Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre" on a flute in his stable.

The beam of this search-light has rested rather long upon this remarkable book, but there are other volumes to be examined. Colonel H. D. Hutchinson's "Story of 1812" (Thacker, 3s.) is not an account of our unfortunate actions with American frigates in that memorable year, but of another French disaster, that which befel Napoleon in his invasion of Russia. The Director of Military Education in India brushes away a good many cobwebs that have clouded a right conception of the circumstances. He shows that two causes chiefly undermined the chances of French success. One was the extraordinarily heterogeneous character of the Grand Army engaged in the campaign, which completed its numbers out of the scum of Europe, and the other the vicious habit acquired by the troops of Napoleon of living upon the carcasses they seized. Proper transport was wanting where it was above all things necessary, and the disaster was inevitable. The one-man system had failed, and I think no one will read this deeply interesting volume, which may be heartily commended to popular perusal, without thinking a little less of the military genius of Napoleon. It is worth while remarking the fact that Colonel Hutchinson wrote most of the book while he was with his regiment on the Malakand.

Few readers are likely to meet with a pamphlet I have before me, entitled "Shukr-a-Namat," which, being interpreted, means "Thanks for Favours," published by Murray and Co. at Lucknow. It is a brief essay translated from the Urdu of Rajah Tasadduk Rasul Khan Bahadur, Talukdar of Jehangirabad, by his nephew, Talukdar Naushad Ali Khan. The Talukdars of Oudh have long been famous for their loyalty, and the Rajah, moved by a certain spirit of unrest observed among his Mahomedan tenantry, enters into a defence of the British Raj. He attributes this spirit to Mr. Gladstone's censure of the Sultan, to the utterances of a certain inflammable canon, and to the eventual victory of the Turks, and proceeds to set forth the many advantages his Mahomedan fellow-subjects enjoy under our rule, especially their freedom of worship. I like to chronicle the appearance of such an essay from the pen of an influential Mahomedan land-owner.

It may be useful to make a note of the publication by Messrs. Blackwood of a volume of questions and answers in "The Theory and Practice of Military Topography," by Major J. H. Bowhill (4s. 6d.), accompanied by a set of excellent maps (3s. 6d.). Proficiency, says the author, may be gained by working out a series of questions and problems embracing the whole subject. Many who dread the vagaries of examiners, which Major Bowhill himself confesses he cannot always understand, will welcome his help, I am quite sure.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

THE

Royal Military Tournament.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

THE Services, the public, the country at large, owe a debt of gratitude to gallant "Fred" Burnaby, of the Blues, who was one of the originators of the Military Tournament. It was mainly on his initiative that twenty odd years ago a grand assault-at-arms was first established at Islington, with the idea of showing how skilfully our soldiers handle their weapons and how excellent is their horsemanship. The project "caught on," and was soon developed, improving and enlarging in scope year after year, until it has become one of the most popular entertainments of the London season.

It is sad to think that Colonel Burnaby did not come through the disastrous fight of Abu Klea with his life, and survive to see what the Military Tournament has become. The undertaking was singularly fortunate in its early promoters, and foremost among them stands Colonel George Onslow, formerly of the 21st Hussars, who showed peculiar aptitude for the post of commandant, and, so to speak, general manager of the show. He was long the head of the Aldershot Gymnasium, and as such supervised the whole of the physical training; he was a first-rate cavalry officer; he had had wide experience with troops of all arms; above all, he was a born impresario, gifted by Nature with a keen appreciation of scenic effect, and knowing almost intuitively what would take the public taste and tell best in such a grand arena as the Agricultural Hall. To him the Tournament is indebted for many of its most popular features. He invented the musical rides, the "bare-backed" and other mounted competitions, the various gymnastic exercises which he understood so well, the tent-pegging, lemon-cutting, the wrestling, and other combats on horseback which have so long delighted the company at Islington. The Tournament was the very finest kind of circus. The performers were true professionals engaged in their own work, in the business of war, in feats of skill on which their own (and their enemy's) lives might depend. This gave a very real and terrible value to the "combined displays," for which the public had also to thank Colonel Onslow—the admirably planned effects, the vivid presentment of tough encounters with every variety of savage foes: Afghans in their hill forts, Zulus behind zarebas, Dervishes in the desert scrub, into which every modern warlike contrivance has been cleverly introduced and brought home to the spectator. Quick-firing guns, screw guns, and machine guns have been seen at their deadly work; the operations of bridge-making, ballooning, diving mines, the arrangements for the care of the wounded, the laying of field railways and field telegraphs—these have illustrated practically war for thousands. Colonel Onslow in all this was no doubt encouraged and ably supported. He had the warm sympathetic approval of H.S.H. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the patron and chairman of committee, while in Colonel Tully, the secretary, he found a coadjutor of wonderful energy, an untiring worker with great organising powers.

Rather more than a couple of years ago it was decided to make some change in the executive body, so as to bring the Tournament more exclusively under military control. It was felt by the authorities at the War Office that where so large a body of men drawn from pretty well all branches of the Service were collected in an outskirt of London, the person properly responsible for them and the business in which they were engaged was the general officer commanding the Home District. The committee was accordingly reconstituted, and all the old members resigned, including Prince Edward, Colonel Onslow, and Colonel Tully, gentlemen who could ill be spared, as it was thought, from a going concern which they had so largely helped to create and run. For the moment, those who had the welfare and interest of this most useful institution at heart trembled for its future. Happily the mantle of the retiring committee fell upon the shoulders of thoroughly capable men. Lord Methuen, who replaced Prince Edward, was eminently well suited to be the new chief; he was known to be an athlete and a sportsman, a fine fencer, expert with the gloves, with sword, rifle, and lance, while as general commanding in London he had at his back all the military resources of the district. His genial, amiable nature, moreover, which has won him such troops of friends, was likely to smooth away any possible friction following such a complete change of staff. Colonel Fox, who had succeeded

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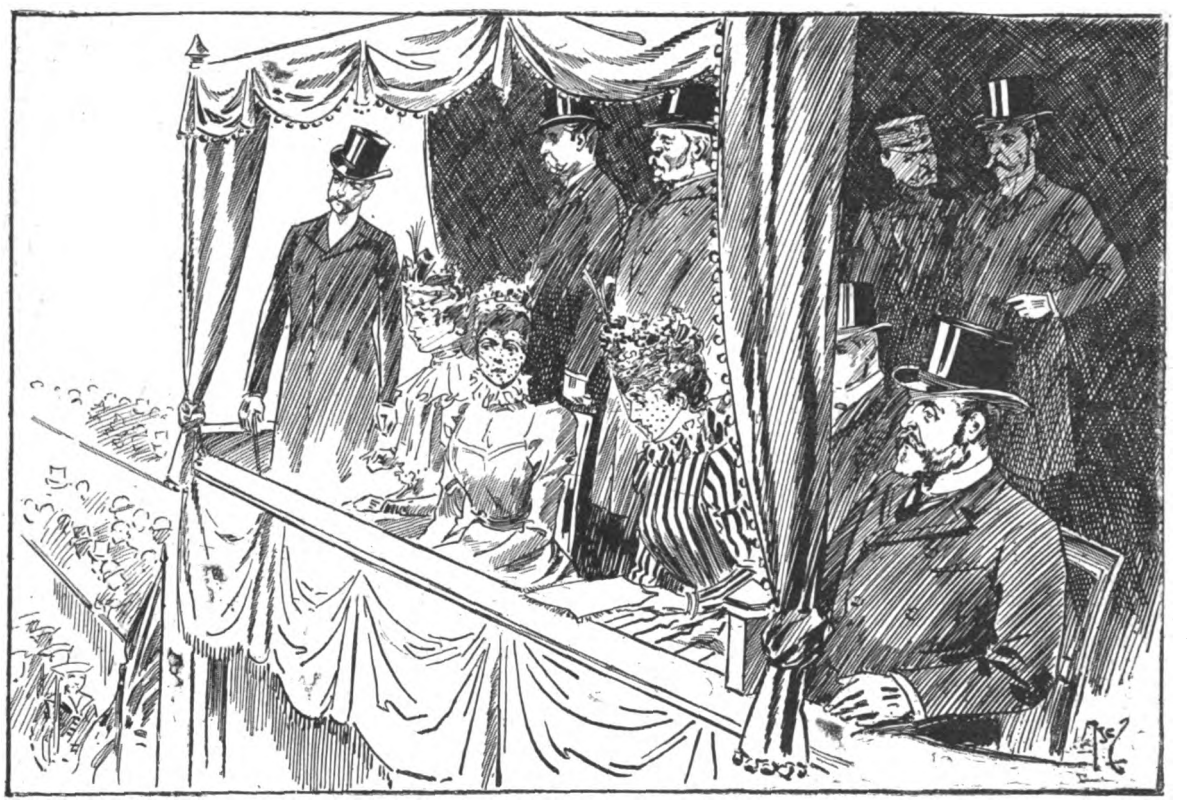
Colonel Onslow at Aldershot, now became commandant at Islington; Major Crabbe of the Grenadier Guards was the new treasurer; and Colonel Ward, who had just returned from Ashanti, where he had made the last campaign under Sir Francis Scott, became secretary, taking into his own hands the active control of the future shows. All parts of the new organisation have worked loyally and indefatigably to maintain the old traditions of the Tournament, and their success is proved by the ever increased support vouchsafed by the public, and the remarkable development of the financial results.

These must be specially emphasised when we consider the uses of the Tournament. It is not only valuable in affording a standard of excellence whereby to test the value of our military training through all its processes—physical drill, the skilful handling of weapons, precision and perfection in riding horses and driving teams—but it has become a great dispenser of funds to naval and military charities and to deserving individual cases. At one time the profits accruing were almost exclusively applied in one direction—the support of the Cambridge Asylum. Now Lord Wolseley, who as Commander-in-Chief has uncontrolled authority, distributes with a freer hand. A list of the donations liberally accorded to various charities in 1897 has been already published in the Press, and no doubt the money has been judiciously expended. It may be thought that the Navy is a little neglected; that, seeing how greatly the bluejackets have contributed to the success of recent shows, the amount accorded to Naval charities, a bare £500, was a meagre allowance out of the whole sum available, £12,000. That the net profits should have reached this high figure is a satisfactory proof of economical administration. Too much praise cannot be accorded to the responsible officials of the Tournament for their careful management, and especially their own ungrudging, self-denying efforts. One and all are unpaid, their offices are purely honorary, and probably no other case is known of persons manipulating such considerable funds who derive no pecuniary benefit whatever from their charge.



IN THE ROYAL BOX.

The system in force at the Agricultural Hall is undoubtedly excellent. It must be borne in mind that the premises are only handed over to the Tournament four days before the first performance. Everything has to be organised within that time, not merely the entertainment itself, the least part, perhaps, but all the details behind the scenes essential for its smooth working before the public. The difficulties to be overcome of time and space are enormous where 800 men and 400 horses have to be housed and cared for. The most minute and painstaking attention must be paid to every point, to every item. Messes must be set going, one for the officers, others for warrant officers and sergeants. A hospital must be established, with medical officers, nurses, and orderlies in attendance. The rations must be provided for the whole force, and means for cooking them, having due regard to the tastes and peculiarities of men of various nationalities, men not all British born, but Zaptiehs from Crete, Dyaks from Borneo, and full-blooded negroes from the West Indies.

Adequate facilities must be afforded for dressing and preparing the performers, for marshalling them in their places, with proper entrances and exits—no easy matter with horse artillery batteries which come in and go out at a hand gallop.

So much money is taken at the doors, some £15,000 (over and above what is taken at the libraries and box-office, £8,000 more), that an elaborate and carefully-devised system of check and accounts is necessary, and is worked well. In all this military labour is alone employed; non-commissioned officers and men supply all the ticket takers and artificers, the clerks and accountants, in short, the whole staff of the Tournament.

The receipts and disbursements run into very large figures. According to the last published accounts, those for 1897, the receipts were over £29,244 12s. 2½d., of which £15,181 4s. 9d. was expended, leaving a balance profit of £14,063 7s. 5½d. The outlay account shows £4,398 for "displays" and other items for entertainments, nearly £1,000 for prizes in the competitions, £1,655 for rations and forage, and £3,237 for the rent and expenses of the Royal Agricultural Hall. The net profits have been appropriated as follows:—£12,000 handed over to the Commander-in-Chief for charitable purposes, £1,200 given in aid of district tournaments, and the balance has been carried to the reserve fund or to meet contingencies. The reserve fund now amounts to £1,000. We could expect no better account of their stewardship from the managers of the undertaking. The result is another unanswerable argument in favour of officers as capable and trustworthy administrators and financiers.

A few words now of the show which has just commenced, and which promises to equal any of its predecessors in variety and interest. There are some essentially novel features side by side with many familiar and always popular friends. The "shoulder to shoulder" pageant has been cleverly introduced to foster the solidarity that has always existed between Navy and Army, and to show how our sailors and soldiers have fought side by side on many glorious occasions. No pains have been spared to put vividly and accurately before the public the scenes themselves, and the principal actors in them. We see the capture of Cadiz in 1596, the seizure of Gibraltar by a *coup de main* in 1704, when by their great gallantry the Royal Marines gained the right to bear "Gibraltar" on their appointments.

Abercromby's great action at Alexandria contrasts admirably with another famous Egyptian engagement, the battle of El Teb. In all these, bluejackets, marines, cavalry and infantry of the Line vied in gallantry with each other, and it is right that the memory thereof should be preserved. The "combined display" this year is a realistic presentment of the capture of Benin City, and many of the very men who were engaged in putting an end to this cruel and bloodthirsty *régime* take their places in the performance. In both of the foregoing the Royal Navy are engaged in twice the strength of last year, and they give a fine exhibition of field battery drill with 9-pounder and 12-pounder guns. There are, again, two musical rides—that by the Royal Horse Guards (the Blues), a splendid spectacle, and that by G Battery Royal Horse Artillery, a series of the most daring and beautiful evolutions. Later during the Tournament the 7th Dragoon Guards will take the place of the Blues.

The rest of the entertainment follows the usual lines, but extra displays are promised by the boys of the Royal Naval School, Greenwich, the Gordon Boys' Home, and the boys of the Duke of York's School, who will twice troop the colours during the Tournament.

The gymnastic performance of these last-named is above all praise.

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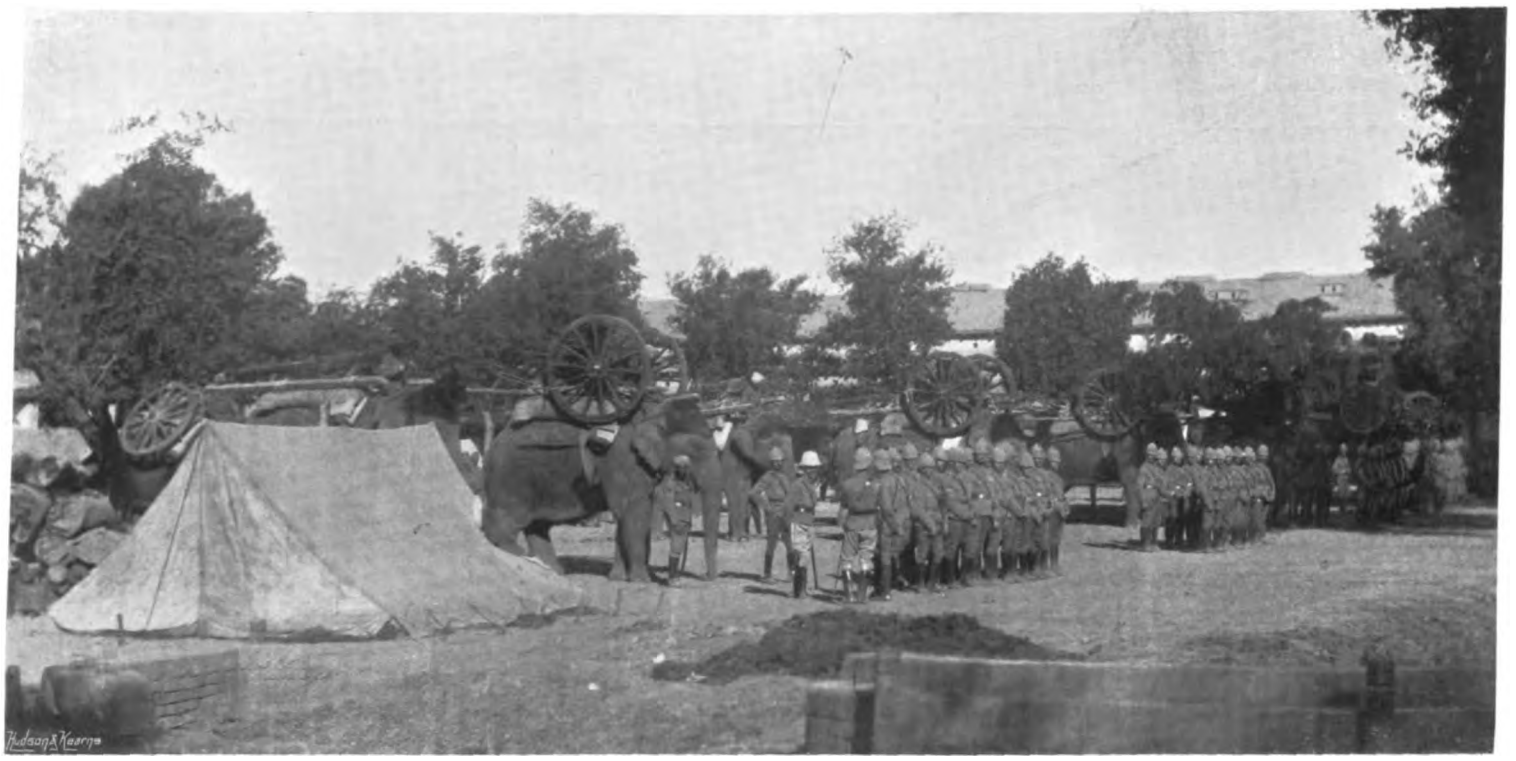
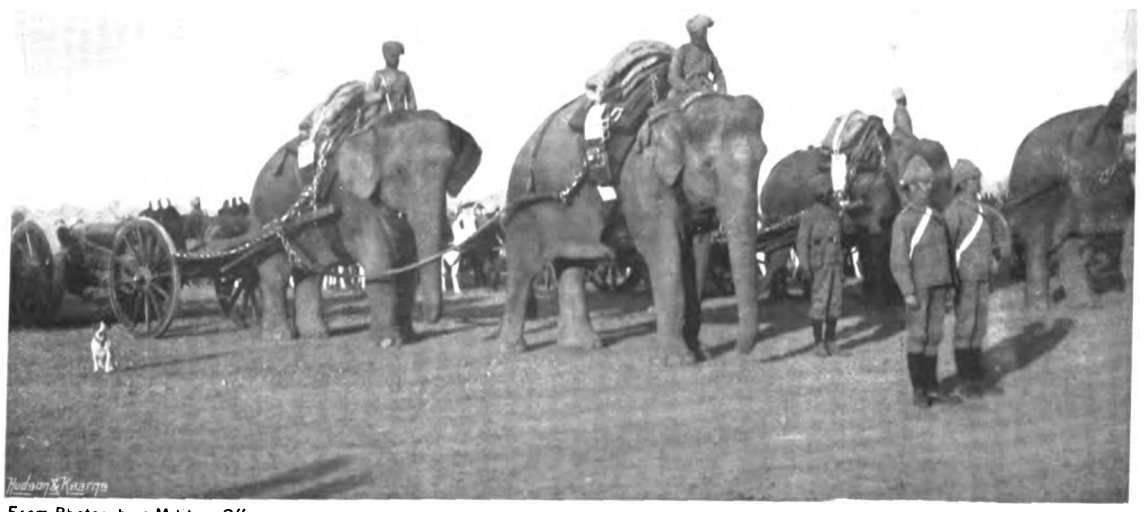
THE TIRAH ELEPHANTS.



THE LATEST ELEPHANT BATTERY, AS USED BY THE PESHAWAR COLUMN.

THE BATTERY ELEPHANTS.



From Photos. by a Military Officer. *PREPARING TO START.* Copyright

"An' the elephants bring the guns!
Ho! Yuss!
Great—big—long—black forty-pounder guns."
—*Barrack-room Ballad.*

FROM the accompanying illustrations readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED will be able to form a very good conception of the elephant batteries used in Indian warfare. Our two smaller illustrations are of the older style of battery, in which the guns are dragged by elephants, the limbers and waggons being drawn by bullock teams. One shows us the battery ready to march, the other a group of the battery elephants. Siege batteries of this description, with 40-pr. guns, have been used in all our Indian wars.

It is an interesting sight to see an elephant battery crossing a river which is too deep to ford. If it be spanned, as is often the case in Northern India, by a bridge of boats, each elephant will carefully test it before he ventures to trust his mighty bulk to its stability. He will strike it with his trunk, test it tentatively with one great forefoot after another, and not until he is absolutely certain of its capability to sustain his weight will he venture to trust himself on the structure. If there is no bridge, and the animals have to be ferried across, the barge in which they are to be carried has to be brought close in shore, and a bridge made from the land to connect with it. To induce the "hathi" to trust himself on this is no easy task, and he generally displays signs of distinct uneasiness when the frail bark launches out on her

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perilous voyage. Docile and intelligent as is the great brute, he is, when in the condition that is known as "must," capable of transports of the most ungovernable rage. A loose "must" elephant is distinctly an animal to be avoided, and quite capable of making things specially lively throughout a whole cantonment, with the not unlikely result that he has eventually to be shot by squads posted on the roofs of houses and other points of vantage. Another photograph shows us an elephant battery of the latest style recently equipped for the Peshawar column, and it will be seen that in this battery guns, limbers, etc., are all carried on elephant back, rendering the battery much more mobile. Finally, we show a group of commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and the native establishment of the Ordnance Field Park, Tirah Expeditionary Force.

From a Photo. by a Military Officer. Copyright.

ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT, TIRAH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

Recruiting for the Yoruba Regiment.

A FEW years ago our possessions in West Africa were regarded as of little value. Indeed, it was supposed that the deadly climate could never admit of colonisation—in the strictest sense of the word—by white men.

Of late, however, the Government, as well as the British public at large, have shown themselves deeply interested in the expansion of West Africa. New territories have been acquired, new trade routes opened up, new settlements built.

As a result of all this, those natives who continually come in contact with the white colonists are gradually becoming more civilised. In short, the country has been opened up, principally by the energy of our countrymen, and, above all, modern sanitary notions have been as far as possible enforced in all districts where the Union Jack has been hoisted.

Photo. C. T. Cutliffe-Hyne. Copyright.

THE YORUBA REGIMENT'S NEW CHIEFS.

West Africa can never be a favourable wintering place for invalids, but there can be no doubt that the cleansing measures instituted, together with the opening up of the interior, the draining of swamps, etc., have rendered the climate appreciably less injurious to Europeans. The development of a new country can never be carried out without a certain amount of bloodshed, as our many expeditions in that part of the country prove. To meet all emergencies, therefore, a large body of suitable troops must always be at hand. As our possessions become more extensive it is necessary to increase the number of troops.

Our regular Army is small enough for the needs of the Empire—some would say decidedly too small. For this reason it is not advisable to employ European troops in guarding our West African frontier. Moreover, the natives are more adapted for the species of work which must be undertaken.

Photo. C. T. Cutliffe-Hyne. Copyright.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, YORUBA REGIMENT

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Thus it is that within the last year we have considerably augmented our native troops in West Africa.

The new Yoruba regiment is the latest addition to a body of men who have already proved themselves "worthy of their steel." This regiment was recently formed from among the inhabitants of Yoruba, a district north-west of the Niger Coast. To assist in raising and training the new corps officers and non-commissioned officers were appointed to it from British regiments. Our first two photographs depict them

Photo. C. T. Cutliffe-Hyne. Copyright

DRUMMING UP RECRUITS.

on board ship on their way to Lokoja, a town on the Niger. The officers are Captain Welch, Hampshire Regiment, in command; Lieutenant Scott, Oxfordshire Light Infantry; Lieutenant Andrews, Highland Light Infantry; Lieutenant Welchman, South Staffordshire Regiment; Lieutenant Russell, Royal Artillery; Lieutenant Mangels, Royal West Surrey Regiment. The non-commissioned officers are Sergeant-Major Francis, Royal Horse Artillery; Sergeant-Major Bell, Royal Artillery; Sergeant McAllister, Royal Artillery; Sergeant Trivett, Royal Artillery; Sergeant Heffeman, Royal Artillery; Sergeant Webb, Royal Artillery; Sergeant Miles, Somersetshire Light Infantry; Sergeant Hill, Devonshire Regiment; Corporal Smith, Royal Artillery; Corporal Sherley, Royal Horse Artillery; Corporal Galpin, Royal

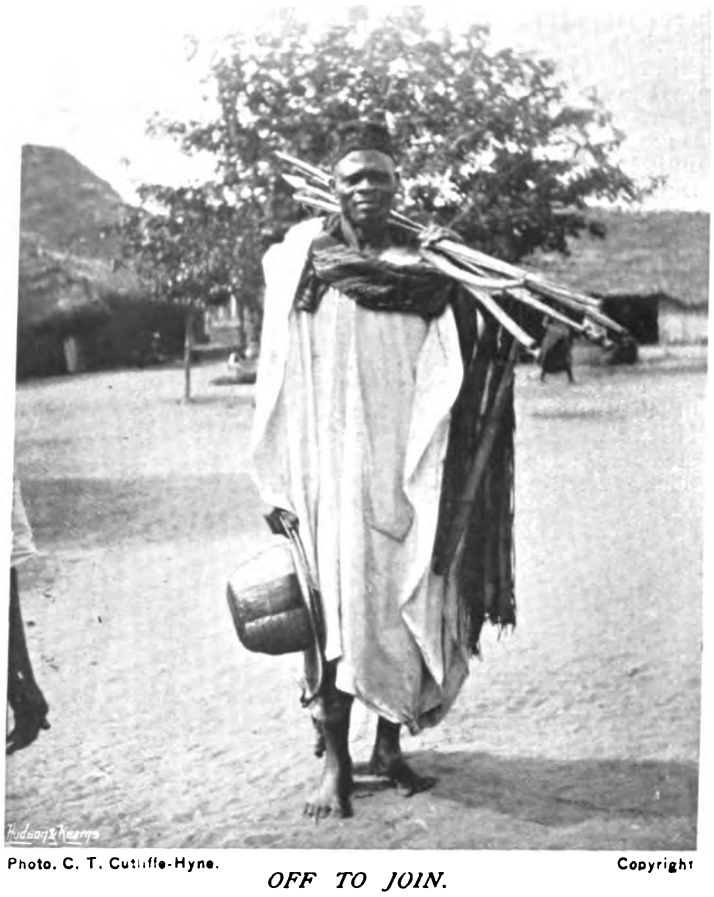

Photo. C. T. Cutliffe-Hyne. Copyright

OFF TO JOIN.

Horse Artillery; Corporal Gale, Leinster Regiment; Corporal Symons, Devonshire Regiment.

Their task is by no means an easy one: the raw material (as in the third picture, where are seen some Hausas in charge of goats) must first be obtained and converted into the finished article. From the last picture one can form an idea of the appearance of the recruits as they offer themselves for enlistment.

ON THE ROAD TO KHARTOUM.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

THE accompanying pictures illustrate vividly the surroundings and give a good idea of the incidents in the life of the troops as they wend their way up the Nile for the final dash on Khartoum. In one picture are shown a couple of officers leaving for the front. Their mounts are sturdy little Egyptian donkeys, the same kind as those that the English tourist at Cairo knows so well, and that have so often carried him from Shepheard's Hotel to the Pyramids. Another illustration shows the character of the desert line, the rail-head of which ought to be now getting very close to the Atbara. The train of trucks is loaded up

From a Photo By a Military Officer.

STALWART SEAFORTHS.

From a Photo By a Military Officer.

A STERN-WHEELER.

with the baggage of the Seaforths, that gallant Scottish regiment that so distinguished itself in the recent fight. Several of the sturdy "Tommies" crowded on the baggage trucks are now probably taking their long rest in a deep-dug trench on the Atbara, and they are perhaps to be envied. Their troubles are over, and they died, like British soldiers always have and always will do, fighting with dogged pluck and endurance, and with the shouts of victory ringing out for their death-knell. A good fight and a brave one was that on the Atbara, and of the four British regiments there none did better work than the gallant Seaforths. What build of men they are is well shown in another of the illustrations, which depicts a group of soldiers of this grand old regiment on one of the barges just about to start for Wady Halfa from Shellal. Fine bronzed stalwart-looking fellows are they, in the prime

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of youth, and yet old enough to be thoroughly seasoned for the trying work they have to go through and the trying climate they have got to face. This battalion is the 1st Seaforth Highlanders, and has a record second to none in the Service. Until its amalgamation with the 78th, the Rossshire Buffs, on the introduction of the territorial system, it was the 72nd Duke of Albany's Own Highlanders, not so called after the late lamented Prince, but after H.R.H. Frederick Duke of York, son of George III. The title was conferred on it in 1823, at which time the Duke of York (who was also Duke of Albany in the peerage of Scotland) was Commander-in-Chief, and was given to the regiment as a special mark of honour in recognition of the magnificent state of discipline and efficiency to which the corps had attained. One of the regimental badges, worn on the buttons, is, however, the coronet and cypher of the late Duke of Albany, but this they derive from their 3rd (Militia) Battalion, of which Prince Leopold was honorary colonel.

I have said that the group shown was taken on one of the barges in which the troops are conveyed up the Nile, and these barges are towed by stern-wheel river steamers, such as that depicted in my fourth illustration. These stern-wheel boats are built for the Egyptians in England by such celebrated builders of small craft as Yarrow at Poplar, Thornycroft at Chiswick, and Forrest at Wivenhoe, in Essex. They are built in sections capable of being transported as steamer cargo to Egypt, and are put together on the Nile. As typical we may take some of the latest, the "El Zafch," "El Fatch," and "El Nasch," built at Wivenhoe. These are 140-ft. in length, 24-ft. in beam, draw only 2-ft. of water, and displace 128 tons, while their engines, to which steam is supplied by locomotive boilers, give them a speed of 12 knots. As armament they carry a 12-pounder and two 6-pounder quick-firers, besides various Maxim and machine guns.

STARTING FOR THE FRONT.

From Photos. By a Military Officer.

A BAGGAGE TRAIN.

Three others, built by Yarrow last year, are slightly larger, their dimensions being—145-ft. in length, 24½-ft. in beam, draught 2-ft., and displacement 140 tons. They are of the same speed, and have their upper works armoured with ½-in. steel to protect against rifle fire, and carry as an armament two 12-pounder quick-firers and eight machine guns. When the final attack on Omdurman takes place, these craft, manned by bluejackets and marines, will play no small part in it.

The Attempted Assassination of the Khan of Dir.

IN his own district the Nawab or Khan of Dir is a person of some importance, whose word is a law in itself. The illustration shows him surrounded by his retinue and levies. The Khan is the central figure of the group, wearing a richly-laced uniform and grasping the hilt of his sword. On his right are his two sons. The one nearest his father seems prepared for all comers, for his sword is already drawn halfway from its scabbard. Rahim Shah, the Nawab's manager and head of the Kaka Khels, sits on his left. He is perhaps one of the wealthiest men in all the Swat country. He is a trusted adviser of the Political Officer of Swat, and is charged with the carrying out of all the transport arrangements connected with our army of occupation in Chitral.

From a Photo. by a Military Officer. Copyright.

THE KHAN OF DIR AND HIS LEVIES.

The Khan's body-guard on this occasion is not a formidable one. The men, it will be seen, are dressed and armed with no idea of uniformity. According to a telegram which appeared in the daily Press recently, an attempt was made to assassinate the Khan, but the would-be murderers were captured and put to death. The chief conspirator was his nephew, who had designs on the chieftainship. The Chiefs of such turbulent tribes as the Khan of Dir rules over have to be ever on their guard against such attempts, for there is always some ambitious chieftain of lesser rank ready to get together a small following of his own and raise the standard of revolt, and the death of the reigning Chief is all-important to the success of the undertaking.

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THE WAR: Notable Ships in the Spanish Fleet.

EVENING ON BOARD—THE MASTER-AT-ARMS AND HIS MEN.

WE have already given a picture, and with it some account, of the Spanish battle-ship "Pelayo"—"El Solitario," the only one. In these stirring days it must be interesting to see more of her and her officers, to whom was intrusted the work, not like the old half-legendary hero Pelayo, of founding a kingdom, but of fighting for one of the last West Indian possessions of the formerly vast Trans-Atlantic possessions of Spain. Captain Ferrandiz is there with his officers. He has the very aspect of an Englishman, and won golden opinions when the ship was being reconstructed at La Seyne. The officers of the ship were all picked by the Spanish Admiralty for their proved qualities. The outbreak of the war, or rather the conditions that made it inevitable, caused work night and day to be carried on for the completion of the ship, which had been delayed by a strike at the ship-building yard. By what was

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ON BOARD THE "PELAYO."

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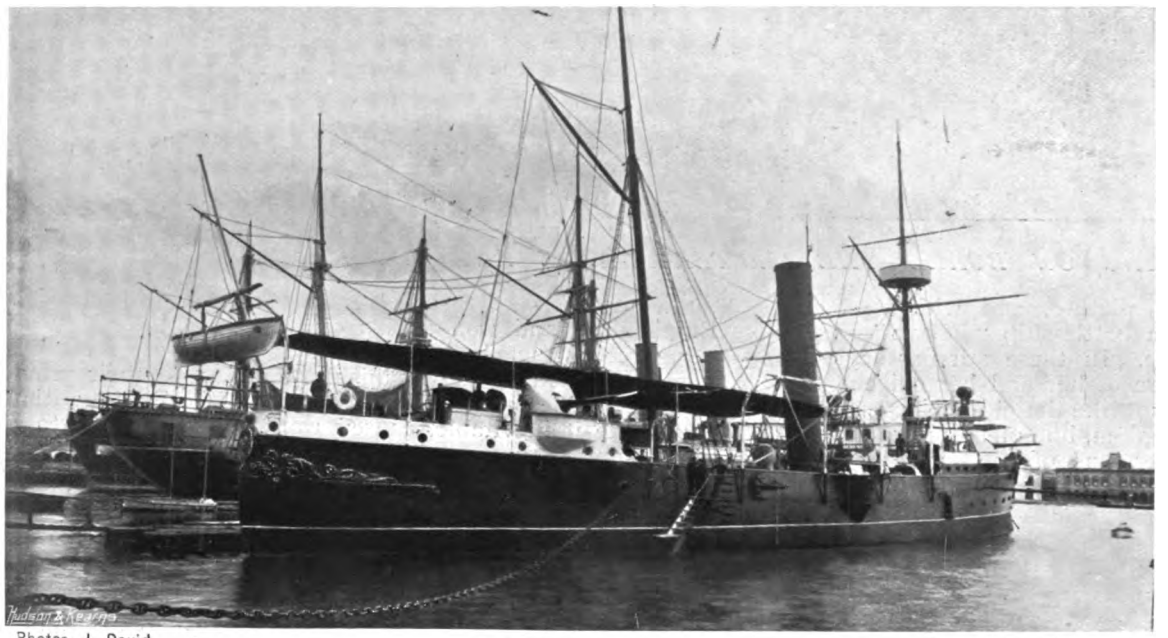
described as a *tour de force* she was made ready to leave for Cartagena upon urgent telegraphic orders, though not all the plating of the new redoubt for quick-firers was in place. The Spanish seamen have their special gallantry, but it is not of the enduring and tenacious quality of the Anglo-Saxon race. Still, they are generally excellent fellows, if not always well trained, and "Honor y Patria" is ever their watchword.

From the "Pelayo" we turn to look at the battery deck of the armoured cruiser "Cristobal Colon," the finest of all the belted cruisers to leave Cape Verde, under command of Rear-Admiral Pascual Cervera y Topete, one of the most experienced of Spanish flag officers. The "Colon" was built by Ansaldo at Sestri Ponente, near Genoa, as a sister of the "Garibaldi," which was sold from the same yard to the Argentine Government; her displacement is 6,840 tons, her length 328-ft., and her beam 59-ft. 8-in. Great success attended the trials of this cruiser, which caused the greatest satisfaction in Italy. Like the "Pelayo" and our own "Seagull," she was fitted with Niclausse water-tube boilers, of 14,000 horse-power for 19·5 knots, and 15,000, forced draught, for 20 knots, but, on a run of more than 20 miles, she attained a natural-draught speed of 19·6 knots, and on some runs reached 20 knots. Great attention was devoted to the protection of the cruiser by giving her a complete nickel-steel belt 6-in. thick, bulkheads of the same, and 5-in. on the barbettes, besides a steel deck. The armament was well disposed by the designer—in each of the barbette turrets, fore and aft, a 9·8-in. breech-loader, and ten 6-in. quick-firers in the battery, with wide firing arcs, besides as many 1-pounders and several Maxims. Altogether the cruiser was a credit to the foreign builders.

THE OFFICERS OF THE "PELAYO."



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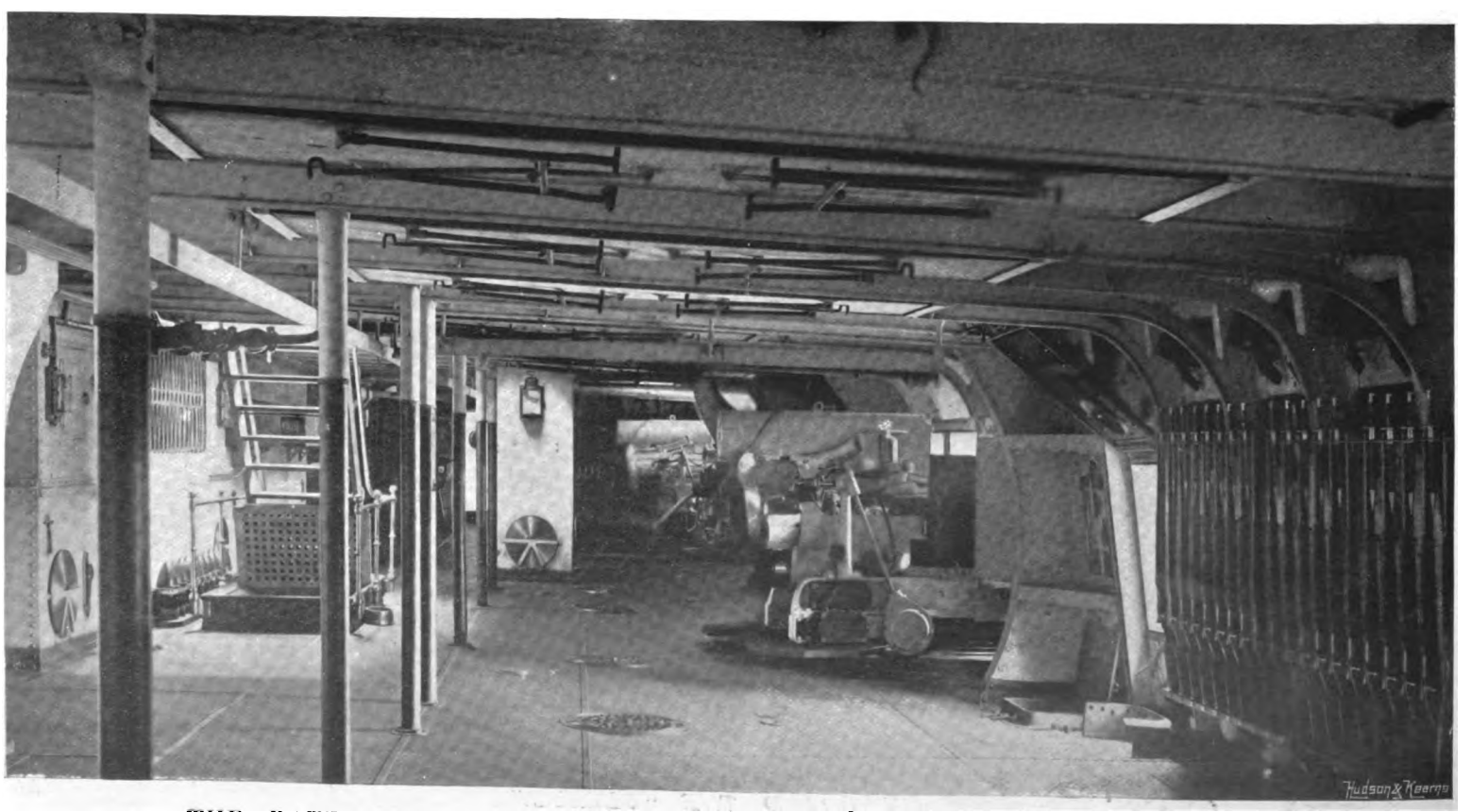
THE THIRD-CLASS CRUISER "ISLA DE LUZON."

The "Isla de Luzon," which is also illustrated, had for some time been in Philippine waters with her sister, the "Isla de Cuba," while the third sister, the "Marques



THE BATTERY DECK OF THE ARMOURED CRUISER "CRISTOBAL COLON."

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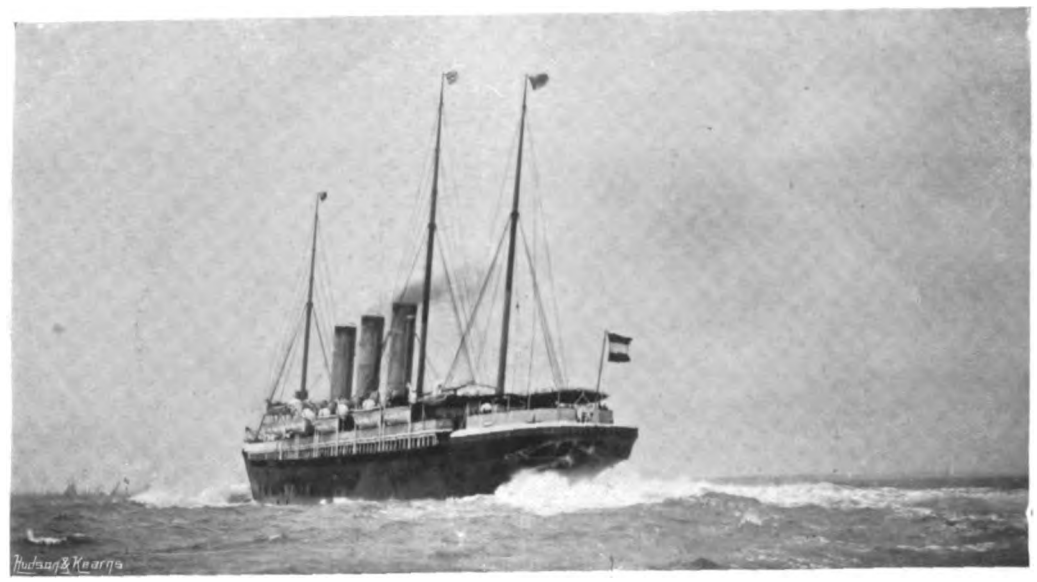
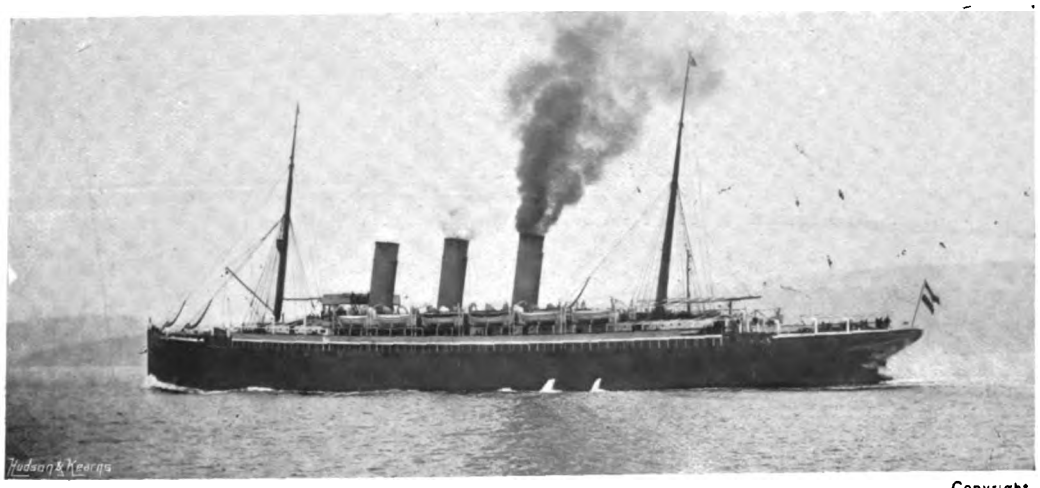
de la Enseñada," was at Havana. All were built at Elswick about four years ago, upon a displacement of 1,040 tons, with the excellent qualities with which the famous yard invests its constructions. The idea was to build small cruisers of 1,040 tons, with fair speed and roomy character, suitable for work in the tropics; and a steel protective deck, with a maximum thickness of 2½-in., was provided, while the armament included six 4·7-in. Hontoria breech-loaders, four 6-pounder quick-firers, and several Nordenfelts. It was to the "Isla de Cuba" that Admiral Montojo, in the engagement at Manila, transferred his flag from the "Reina Cristina" when she took fire. But both the "Isla de Cuba" and the "Isla de Luzon" perished in that terrible catastrophe for the Spanish Navy.



THE AUXILIARY CRUISER "COLUMBIA."

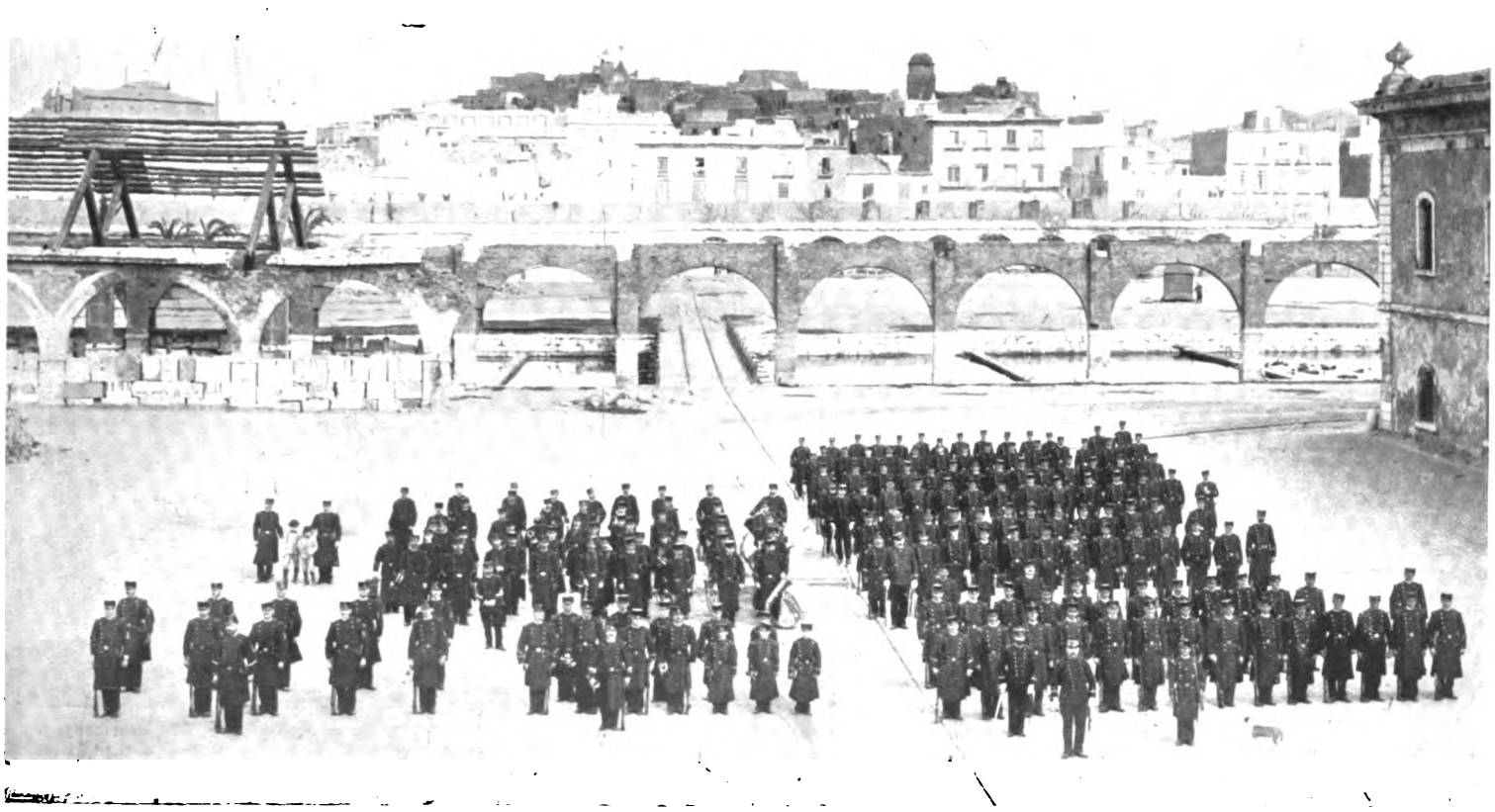
Spain did not relinquish her right of employing "auxiliary cruisers," if not privateers, and to the ships of the Compañia Transatlantica—the "Buenos Aires," 3,765 tons, "Antonio Lopez," 2,238 tons, and some others—has added, by purchase from Germany, the two magnificent vessels we illustrate—the "Normannia" and "Columbia," of the Hamburg-American Line, which both, curiously enough, were on the list of German "auxiliary cruisers." They were built about eight years ago, and are splendid ocean greyhounds of 19 knots speed. The "Normannia" displaces 10,500 tons and is close upon 500-ft. long, with 57-ft. 6-in. beam, and has engines of 16,250 horse-power. The "Columbia" displaces a thousand tons less, and is 462-ft. long, with 56-ft. beam. The "Normannia" was strengthened at Cadiz by English engineers to receive her guns, and similar work has been carried out in the "Columbia." Under the German arrangement with the Hamburg-American Company they were to carry eight 5·5-in. and four 4·7-in. guns, with four small quick-firers and about a dozen machine guns.



Photos. Symonds & Co. Copyright.

THE AUXILIARY CRUISER "NORMANNIA."

Our last illustration is of a parade of marine infantry at the Cartagena Barracks. These are very good fellows, patient and hardy, if without the smartness we are accustomed to expect in such troops. Spaniards are patient soldiers and sailors, frugal and hardy, and not wanting in patriotism; but it sometimes happens—Manila was a sad instance of it—that they make poor use of the weapons or ships they control, or are sacrificed by want of power in their leaders.



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SPAIN'S SEA REGIMENT—MARINE ARTILLERY ON PARADE.

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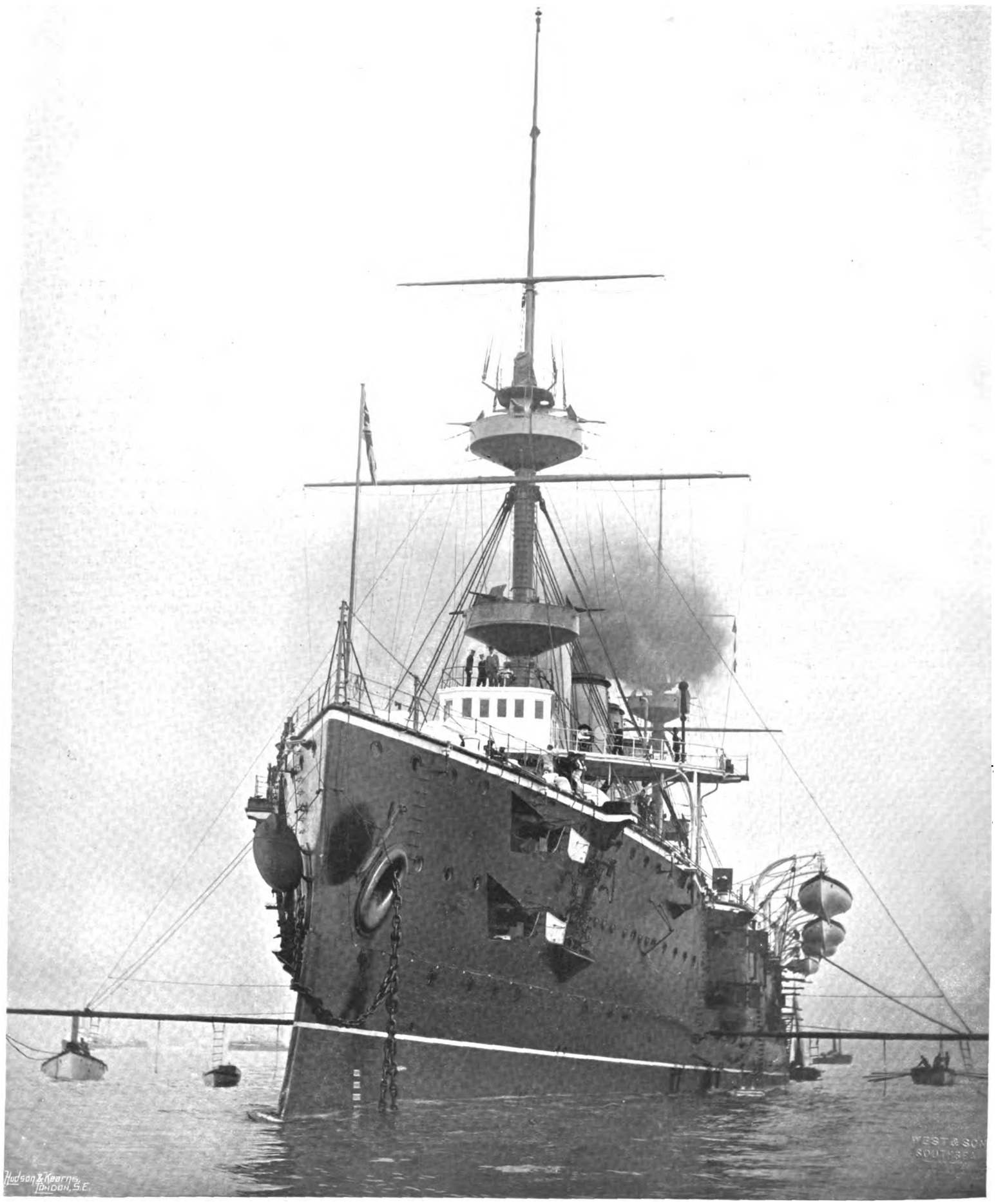

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THE "TERRIBLE"—BOWS ON.

(See Page 215.)

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *has now been registered by the Post Office authorities as a newspaper, and can therefore be sent through the post under the special conditions and with all the advantages which follow from such registration. It may be pointed out to subscribers that this will mean a considerable reduction in their subscription. The net result is that they will obtain the weekly paper at a cost which but slightly exceeds that which they were in the habit of incurring when they subscribed for the fortnightly issues with supplements. The registration of the paper will also confer a benefit on those who are desirous of sending the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *to their friends. In making this announcement, we desire also to direct the attention of advertisers and others to the alteration which has been made in the scope and purpose of the journal. In it are described and illustrated for the general public all current events and topics connected with the Naval and Military Services the wide world over.*

* * * *

THE WAR.—Our readers will also be interested to know that the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is fully represented by a corps of photographers at every likely scene of action, who will supply illustrations of all the important incidents which happen during hostilities. A special steamer has been chartered to accompany the blockading squadron off Cuba, and the representatives of the paper, men of great experience as artist photographers, will furnish scenes of life on board the vessels of the United States Squadron as well as on shore in the blockaded cities. The material thus supplied by our correspondents should form a unique pictorial history of the war.*

* * * *

FEW officers can boast of such an excellent record of service as Major-General Archibald Hunter, who lately distinguished himself at the battle of Atbara when commanding the Egyptian troops. He served in the Nile Expedition in 1884-85, was mentioned in despatches, and obtained his brevet-majority with the 4th Class Osmanieh and 3rd Class Medjidie. General Hunter accompanied the Frontier Field Force in 1885-86, and was severely wounded at Giniss, being mentioned in despatches. For his services he was created a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order. In the operations on the Soudan frontier in 1889 he commanded a brigade at Arguin and Toski. During the latter battle he was severely wounded. In the words of Major-General Grenfell, K.C.B., "he commanded his brigade in a cool and soldier-like manner, and remained on the field after having received a spear wound in the arm." For his gallantry he was made brevet-lieutenant-colonel. He was Governor of the Red Sea littoral from August, 1892, to July, 1894; Governor of the Frontier and Commandant Frontier Force from July, 1894, to November, 1896, and was appointed Governor of Dongola in December, 1896. He became brevet-colonel in January, 1894, but it was in the Dongola Expedition of 1896 that General Hunter proved himself an able leader. At Firket he rendered distinguished service, and in consequence became major-general November, 1896, at the early age of fifty. *(See illustration on front page.)*

* * * *

WHAT is the uniform of a Naval instructor? This question could have been answered a few years ago in one word, for until 1891 they had none. By the dress regulations issued in that year, however, a distinctive uniform was prescribed for these gentlemen, and it is similar to that worn by paymasters—that is, gold lace on the cuff, consisting of two half-inch stripes for a Naval instructor on first appointment, a quarter-inch stripe placed between these after eight years' service, carrying the same relative rank as staff surgeons, etc., and three stripes after fifteen years' service, carrying the relative rank of commander. The Naval instructor's branch is distinguished, however, by the addition of light blue cloth between the gold stripes, just as the medical and engineer branches have red and purple respectively. The badge on the cap, as with other officers of the civil branch, is all in gold, the military branch wearing a silver anchor, and gold and silver in the crown. By this means only can a boatswain or gunner be distinguished from a carpenter, the latter being of the civil branch; but after ten years' service a boatswain or gunner wears a quarter-inch gold stripe on the cuff, with a ring, which is another distinguishing mark of the military branch, the carpenter of similar standing wearing a straight stripe. A chief boatswain wears a half-inch stripe, with a ring, similar to a sub-lieutenant.

* * * *

THE "Crescent," recently visited by the Duke of York at Portsmouth, and on board of which vessel it is now quite certain that the Duke will hoist his pennant as captain on June 8th, is one of the finest of our cruisers. She was built some six years ago, and has served as flag-ship on the North American station, winning golden opinions from all the American Naval officers who saw her and all our own officers who served in her. The "Crescent" is one of the sisters of the "Royal Arthur," now flag-ship in Australia, and the gallant "St. George," late flag-ship at the Cape, whose officers and men were inspected by the Queen at Osborne a few weeks ago.

APROPOS of the comment raised by Lord Wolseley's statement that we have at the present moment, ready for war outside England, two British army corps, a note as to the composition and strength of an army corps in our Service will be of interest. The official organisation of a British army corps is as follows: Three infantry divisions; one divisional battalion, with two machine guns; one squadron of divisional cavalry; two field and three horse artillery batteries; five ammunition columns; one engineer company; one bridging troop; half a telegraph battalion; and one balloon section. Each of the infantry divisions comprises two infantry brigades (each of four battalions), with two machine guns, one squadron of cavalry, three field batteries, one ammunition column, and one engineer company. The army corps thus comprises twenty-five battalions, four squadrons, eighty-four guns, four engineer companies, and the bridging, telegraph, balloon, and ammunition details above noted. Its total strength is, in round numbers, 1,160 officers, 33,950 rank and file, and 10,160 horses. With each army corps there would be mobilised for war service a so-called Independent Cavalry Division, composed as follows:—Cavalry: Two brigades, each of three regiments, comprising twenty-four squadrons, and with four machine guns. Artillery: Two horse artillery batteries, comprising twelve guns. With these would go one ammunition column, one battalion of mounted infantry, with two machine guns, and one mounted engineer detachment. The strength of the division, in the officially estimated numbers, would be 327 officers, 6,378 of other ranks, and 6,664 horses.

* * * *

THERE is something childish in the perpetual whine, "Why is England disliked abroad?" that has been heard so frequently of late. The true reason is the same now as it was in the early part of the century, and was thus explained by a German officer of rank in the English Service. Writing to a friend in 1807, he says, "One of the main reasons for the prevalent ill-humour is the immense contrast between the unshaken firmness of England and the abjection of its contemporaries; it will be more slandered and hated the more energy and greatness it develops." The hyper-sensitiveness that some people display is mistaken by foreigners for a sign of approaching senility, and it ill becomes a nation which has fought its way to such a splendid position in the world, and still possesses the means of defending it. During the early stages of the Peninsular War, the Army leant on the Navy as on a crutch; in fact, without this support, the small force that was landed could hardly have hobbled along. That the Navy was a reed to be depended upon had been proven at Trafalgar, and while we had scarcely a foothold on the soil of Europe our Navy dominated the ocean, and was at hand for our Army to fall back upon in case of disaster. This indebtedness of the Army in the brief campaign that ended in the Convention of Cintra has scarcely received adequate recognition from historians of the war, who, moreover, have never alluded to the admirable spirit shown by the officers and men of the Fleet in seconding the efforts of the military chiefs when their assistance was invoked.

* * * *

A VERY noticeable departure in the training of infantry troops has been taken by that smart corps the 2nd Sussex, now in Tirah, which has put into training 100 men to act as scouts in mountain warfare. Hill climbing is part of the training of our mountain batteries, the men in which are all picked for their physical fitness, and those who show any signs of weakness in wind or limb at once are returned to garrison batteries. A considerable number of British battalions are always stationed in Himalayan cantonments and other hill stations, and there is no reason why the example set by the Sussex should not be widely followed. The value of men used to hill climbing was amply testified to in the late campaign by the success of the Ghoorka scouts. It is by picking men from each regiment and putting them through a course of training at Aldershot that we have in each regiment a certain proportion of trained mounted infantry, and there is no reason why a similar course should not be adopted by which we would have in each battalion a percentage specially trained for hill fighting.

* * * *

APROPOS of the above, it may be mentioned that at the athletic sports of the 5th Brigade at Lundi Kotal one of the events was a hill race open to all natives. Colonel Aslam Khan, one of the native political officers, had circulated the news very widely amongst the Afridi tribesmen, with the result that many of our late enemies contended with their former foes, but this time in friendly rivalry. The course was marked out up a hillside some little distance from camp, British officers being posted at various points to see that competitors took the full course and made no short cuts. In length it was a mile and a-quarter, competitors before turning for the descent having to mount to some 1,300-ft. above the starting-point. The prizes were the gift of the British officers of the Ghoorka scouts, and ninety odd competitors, of every race and tribe, entered. The result was a great victory for the scouts, for of the nineteen men first past the post eighteen were Ghoorkas.

* * * *

THE position of H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg is a peculiar one. He is retained on the list of Admirals of the Fleet by a special Order in Council, and is, at the same time, the Sovereign of a German State. A few weeks ago the Duke took a trip in the "Surprise" from Malta to Alexandria, and, going on board in his British uniform, hoisted his flag as Admiral of the Fleet. It is suggested that by this action the Duke of Saxe-Coburg assumed for a week the supreme command of our Mediterranean Squadron, and that the proceeding, unless sanctioned by the Admiralty, must have been highly irregular. It has not transpired whether the Duke flew the "Jack" with official sanction or not, but he is so well acquainted with the Naval regulations that it seems highly improbable he should have flown his flag without being authorised to do so. Technically speaking, the admiral in command of the Mediterranean Squadron ceased to command it whilst the Duke's flag was flying for a week in the "Surprise," but in reality no such change was effected. Then, again, the Duke is, presumably, entitled to draw the pay and allowances of an Admiral of the Fleet for the period of one week. Of course he will not claim his pay, but what would be the action of the Admiralty if he did? The truth is that the Duke only flew his flag as a compliment to the Navy, in which the best years of his life have been spent, and I should hope that the veriest Labour candidate would hesitate to quibble over such a case. The Duke has always been popular in the Royal Navy, and is justly regarded as a capable admiral.

THE EDITOR.

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The Deviators
by
W. J. Shannon
Author of "Bare Navy"
An Admiralty-Made Man &c &c
"Deviation - a voluntary departure from the usual course of the voyage; without any necessary or justifiable cause." —— Smyths Sailors word book.

"I have not in my lifetime known better men and possessed with gallanter minds than Your Majesty's people" [*i.e.*, seamen] "are for the most part."—Sir Francis Drake to Queen Elizabeth, April, 1588.

CHAPTER I.

The Pith Helmets.

"CARE for campaignin', Mal?" asked Jim Twelves of his friend Malachi Eaves.

"Campaignin'! I reckon this is primrosin'! Else why do we wear spades?" growled Eaves.

H.M.S. "Pimpernel" had landed fifty men to subdue a turbulent chief on behalf of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and now, after supper, the bluejackets were sitting round the camp-fires discussing the first day's march.

"Why do we wear spades?" repeated Twelves. "Because, chum, war is now conducted wid order and method, and that's why this Wallace spade is marked all over wid soundin's, so we shall know the right depth of trench to dig under all circumstances, day and night. And graves."

"We don't want to know," said Eaves.

"Admire it for itself then, Mal. Think of its manifold works. It cannot on'y dig. It can cut down trees. It can——"

"I don't believe it can be used for a corkscrew," interrupted Eaves.

"No. That's a distinct point agin it," said Twelves, slowly. "And yet a point wid no parts and no magnitude, for there isn't any halfway houses along the road."

"Is that why they calls it darkest Africa, Jim?" asked a man.

"That's it, chum. Because publics is a sign of churches, and churches is a sure sign of light, and lightness is a form of sin, and Miss Whatname says to drink is to sin, and therefore if you can't drink there's no light. Which is what you might call arguin' in circles."

"And what's the good of that?" said Eaves, frowning.

"Why, then you can draw your own conclusions," said Twelves. "And that's the real pleasure of it."

"I don't derive any pleasure from them sort of arguments," said Eaves.

"Mal, it's time you turned in. The Adm'alty wasn't to know how disgraceful that spade would behave to you in African woods, nor what a profane, awkward instrument it is to live wid."

"Then what's the Adm'alty for?"

"The Adm'alty," said Twelves, "is for to look after the lower deck as much as it can, because on that, wid the wardroom and the good Providence of God, the kingdom chiefly depends."

"Then the kingdom will be let in," said Eaves.

"The kingdom will not. The Adm'alty is up to all the latest quiffs, and is most thoughtful about it, and us. These pith helmets is a standin' proof."

"I reckon they bought 'em dirt cheap off the sojers," said Eaves. "Helmets for bluejackets! And spades!"

"No. This isn't any sudden move, Mal. This is all thought out. Because things don't come by chance in the Navy. Not even the tape on our white frocks."

"How did that come, Jim?" asked a young seaman sitting by.

"Them three rows of tape, my young friend, signifies the three great battles of the Navy."

"Which three?" asked the man.

"Which three?" said Twelves with scorn. "Which three?"

"Well, which?"

"Why, Nelson and the North and the glorious fust of June; and you look up the third standard hist'ry books for yourself in future, and don't come subbin' on them what takes the trouble to git superior knowledge, like me."

"But how about the battle of the Nile?"

"Well, what about it? There was no white frocks at that time. But we've gone quite fur enough wid this diversion. I was tellin' Malachi Eaves how the Adm'alty takes care of us. Why, the Intellectual Department is full of books and charts, and the very secretest and most knowin' officers studyin' them charts and books, and decidin' about cap-ribbons. Every hair of your head is numbered, widout you're bald. Now when these people is persuaded of the value of a thing they straight away takes notes on it, so's to be more sure."

"Have they got so fur as to take notes for to give us a meal in the evenin', Jim?" said another man.

"I think they must have, Bowser. Because they always eats themselves at that time. Oh, they always does things for us in time. Now there's these pith helmets, what you men don't admire to wear. If you imagine it's on'y officers and sojers what has brains to be protected, you're mistook. Us bluejackets has convolutions of grey cells inside our skulls, although you might not think it; and the Fleet surgeons says we requires pith helmets to keep them convolutions cool."

"Yes, and as an additional precaution, landin' parties is always to march in shady woods, like to-day, I s'pose," said Eaves.

"Whenever possible, o' course," said Twelves, calmly. "I've seen the order."

"Why have we on'y just got that helmet and them gay convolutions, Jim?" said another man.

"The convolutions is on'y just invented, Brown, but the pith helmet was discovered about—about—oh, a demoralisin' long time ago, when bulrushes was fust thought of, I think, which was in the days of Moses. So the Adm'alty makes a note of this, and enquires whether it's a real improvement over straw hats or white cap covers. As soon as they are convinced on that point, which was the other day, they orders in a stock immeejut and widout further delay, and says the poor matlow aint to be exposed to the direct rays of the sun no more."

"I'm sorry for that," said Eaves.

"Patience, Mal, patience. You are full of complaints and legitimate grievyances, I know, but they shall all be abated. You shall be took in the sun. And then you'll prefer shade."

"I don't believe the Adm'alty do care for us so much as you say," said Eaves.

"Well, I admit that this case of the helmets was hurried on not so much for us as for the sufferin' officers, because at court-martials the incapacitated officer always excuses hisself by remarkin' that he had sunstroke years ago and kep' brandy in his cabin ever since. The Adm'alty was gittin' tired of that. And that's why, when the cap'n served out these helmets to us he says, 'Now mind, if anyone gits sunstroked wid one of these patent gadgets on, I'll court-martial him at once, so as to save future trouble.'"

"I never heard him say that, Jim," said Bowser,

"No, blame it all. I have to do all the observin' and hearin' in this ship, all by myself. So long as you people git your grog reg'lar you don't care. If you don't think he said so, ast him."

"Goo on, Jim," chorused all the men round the fire.

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"Now the special use of helmets, you might surmise, is to keep the sun off, and to preserve the brain power. But that is on'y what the parzon would call a secondly use. Their primeval use is to be laid on. They will make the blessedest pillers on the earth beneath, or on ships. And I am what you might call authorative on pillers. I've experimented on all things, from a bo's'n's pipe to a sheet anchor, at all times of the day and night, and have bin uniformly successful, excip' wid the one thing——"

"The hookpot," said everyone with conviction.

"The same, brother sufferers. The hookpot is special Adm'alty made, and them corners in all directions was invented to keep bluejackets from gittin' their weary heads on it. But I'm afraid that if these remarks of mine comes to the ears of the Sea Lords, they'll be havin' a spike shoved in the top of the helmet, so as to irritate us when we retires to rest."

"Is that why sojers has a spike, Jim?" asked Brown.

"Precise. That gaudy little spike in the pongo's helmet is simply put in so's he shan't go layin' about on it, and spoilin' Gov'ment property."

"I understood it was to butt the enemy, Jim," said Malachi Eaves.

"That's bluff, Mal. No, the truth is as I say, though the commandin' officers don't admit it. They say it's to act as a lightnin' conductor."

"The blue marines has a knob atop o' theirs. Why's that, Jim?"

"Favouritism, chum, favouritism. Blue marines is always treated like that. Look at 'em on a landin' party, wid nice pipeclay belts and khaki uniform, happy, jist like officers, whilst us miserable bluejackets has to impress the natives in our oldest serge suits. But sojers is treated even better'n marines, because sojers is hard to git, and has to be treated tender when you've got 'em. They don't have to drag round a reg'lar pantechnican of luggage on a campaign, like us, else they'd faint away. No; they has commisserant waggons and proper pioneers, what really *loves* diggin' and Wallace spades, and all they've got to do is to follow a made road. And jam and ice cream goes wid the fightin' line. And Sir Garnet don't simply telegraph to the nearest officer when there's trouble, and tell him to quiet it, like the Adm'alty does. He sends a special general from London, what brings along his own staff of sweepers and engineers, so as to git bridges put up artistic, and to have dead corpses removed. But there goes 'last post,' and I'm goin' to turn in."

That night and every night the bluejackets lay upon their helmets, and held Jim Twelves to be as authoritative on pillows as he was on most things.

The reconciliation between the Sultan and his subject was not effected by the captain of the "Pimpernel," because the subject had taken to the woods with all his men by the time the Naval Brigade reached his village, which was after three days of hard work. So the village was burnt, and the force turned towards the sea again. On the third morning Jim and his friend Eaves fell out and retired to a quiet place to sleep, thinking they could easily overtake the column winding slowly through the bush. But they overslept, and the brigade reached the place of embarkation without them in the afternoon.

The beach was wide, and the men straggled carelessly from the bush over it towards the ship's boats, which lay awaiting them. The "Pimpernel" herself lay far out, as it was too shallow for her near the shore.

Just as the first of the expedition reached the boats a thousand rifles rang out from the bush. The captain of the "Pimpernel" and his men had given no thought to ambushes, having marched for nearly six days without opposition, and were taken utterly by surprise. Instinctively the officers held up their swords, and the men formed up into rallying squares and fired at the bushes. But it was of little use. The enemy remained hidden, and the seamen in the open were mown down rapidly.

At last a bluejacket whose ammunition was expended, and whose chum was shot down by his side, deliberately fixed his sword-bayonet and rushed at the nearest bush from which flashes came. In a twinkling his shipmates were following suit, and charging blindly at invisible foemen. But on a bluejacket's skirting a bush, the native behind it darted to another, and few bayonets got home.

The captain then ordered the "retire" to be sounded, much to his men's disgust. Each man stayed for one final satisfactory lunge, and more casualties occurred as the surviving officers followed them up and compelled them to desist. Every officer was wounded or killed by the time the force was embarked, and fully half the men, but no one was left behind, it was imagined. When the ship's company was mustered, however, one officer and three men were reported missing.

The first lieutenant, Mr. Cutwater, who had not been with the party, was eager to call for volunteers and land at once, but the wounded captain would not allow it, considering that it would only entail a further and useless loss of life. He believed a larger force to be necessary, and ordered the anchor to be weighed that they might run over to Zanzibar and obtain it.

CHAPTER II.

MAROONED.

UPON a rocky hill within three or four miles of the sea, Jim Twelves and Malachi Eaves stood panting and astonished, staring at their ship steaming away to sea. It took a minute or two for them to quite grasp the situation. Then they flung themselves down, threw off their accoutrements, and swore with deep feeling.

"Fine end to a campaign!" said Eaves.

"D——d thoughtlessness!" said Twelves. "They might 'a' mustered fust!"

"You'd 'a' thought they'd missed *us*, without musterin', Jim."

"I surmise they did, Mal. And they was so glad to get rid of a rough chara'ter like you that they sacrificed me."

"There was a adm'al shot for runnin' away, once, Jim, and his name was——"

"There'll be a cap'n shot over this turnout, Malachi, if J. Twelves gets home to write notes to the Adm'alty. Look at the bloomin' skunks steamin' away, as if all the niggers in East Africa was after 'em!"

"After we've made all these exertions to ketch up, too. We might as well 'a' finished our nap."

"Well, I shall speak to Eevan about it," said Twelves. "I know the Articles of War and what I'm entitled to. 'Every officer commandin', subjec' to this Act, shall suffer death if he don't use his exertions to bring his ship into action, or sich punishment as is hereinafter mentioned.' Very well, then. Did the cap'n use his utmost exertions? No. And on to that he adds scandalous and fraudulent conduct, unbecomin' the chara'ter of an officer, and runs away in deregation of the good manners of me and you."

"He does," said Eaves.

"Added to which he leaves us behind."

"I'll take me oath to that," said Eaves sadly.

"I don't mind bein' aggravated and experimented wid in reason," said Twelves, "but to be blightin' well marooned is soundin' it too deep."

"Anyone 'ud think we was pirates, Jim."

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"You look like a good and blood-thirsty substitute, Mal, at these presents," said Twelves, looking his friend up and down critically.

"That may be," said Eaves. "But I didn't ship as a pirate. And appearances is deceitful. You said so yourself the other day when the johndy run you in."

"So I did. Then you aint a pirate. More am I. Neither has we any aptitude for piratin'. So there was no call to maroon us."

"No. I joined the Navy so as to live and die a harmless, peaceful bluejacket, and to be treated civilised, but cert'n'y not to be marooned."

"And me. And this is the wust case I ever heard tell of, too. For all the buccaneers in books was marooned on islands of a suitable size, where they could easy find their way about, but here's me and you planted on a confounded continent, butty, and lost, fair lost. We must protest agin this at the earliest opportoonity, because, if we don't, unconsiderate cap'ns will always be doin' it to uncomplainin' bluejackets. This is what they calls a precedent."

"Oh, is it? Then I don't mind tellin' you that I don't care for presidents. Give me the Queen's Regulations as they are, and more pay, and I'll be satisfied."

"Got a bit o' pencil? We must draft a chit to the Commander-in-Chief while all the aggravation is worryin' us, explainin' the circumstances under which we was cast away, and demandin' a court-martial."

"Don't you think we might let that swing for a day or two, Jim, till we're quite sure we're still alive?"

"What is there to be afraid of?"

"Why, drown it all, these niggers! If they've beat off a whole ship's company, which it seems they have, for there they are on the beach celebratin' their victory, it's quite possible they'll be equal to tacklin' us two, aint it?"

"H'm, I s'pose so. But if they try to incommode and investigate us, Mal, we mustn't be took prisoners. I don't care about practisin' bein' a holy martyr."

"More do I. We'll keep a charge or two."

"Yes. Although I admires them Arab chiefs' way of doin' it, best."

"What way's that?"

"When they're cornered, or don't care to run, they take the sheepskin rug off their camel and lay it on the ground, like a jossmat. Signifyin' they refuse to move off till they're broke up."

"We aint got any camels, Jim," said Eaves despondingly.

"Malachi, Malachi, camels aint a necessary of the case. We'll spread out our blankets, and stand on them."

"The enemy may miss us altogether, Jim. Besides, we've got plenty of time to run, or to fortify ourselfs."

"Good on ye, Mal. You're gittin' quite cheerful. We can't run. Mombasa's too far. We best wait here a day or two. Mark out this fort."

"Are you a good hand with a shovel, Jim?"

"I am. Since my earliest ages I've ambitioned to be a shoveller, and especially since I've carried this Wallace turnout. You'll find me a don hand at makin' entrenchments or other peaceful buildin's. Come on." And Jim turned up a spadeful of earth.

"Hang on a bit, Jim. Let's trace out some sort of idea what we're goin' to do."

"I never was good at mental arithmetic, Mal. My name's not Piper. You do the tracin' all by yourself."

"Well, we might git that cliff agin our backs and chuck up some dirt round us in a half-hoop."

"Right you are, rags. Build a sort of escarpmental redoubt. A barbette. Oh, there's plenty of excitement in campaigns, conducted properly."

By nightfall a little semi-circle of earth was thrown up, and the bluejackets rested, watching the enemy's camp-fires twinkling away off by the beach. Their ship had disappeared, and they were cold and forlorn, and felt utterly forsaken. As they sat, they fell to speculating as to why really the "Pimpernel" had bolted. They finally came to the conclusion that war with Russia had been declared and a bluejacket more or less couldn't be waited for. Then, on Eaves agreeing to take the first watch, Twelves lay down. In a short time he sat up again.

"Malachi," said he, "I don't want to leave this lovely helmet, so soft as the arms of Morphia."

"Soft as *what?*" said Eaves.

"Don't be so scientific, Mal, always 'whating' and 'whying.' These little touches don't need to be understood. They are the ornaments, the antimacassars, so to speak, of polite conversation. Savvy?"

"I prefer conversation plain, Jim. Talk that I can grasp. Who the devil was this Morphia, and what's she got to do with two abandoned fools of bluejackets?"

"Morphia was a he, my friend. And he used to carry a harp and admire hisself all day in a pond, and was a proper tired member, always singin' hisself to sleep. But now to come to the point."

"Ah!" said Eaves, with relief.

"We aint provisioned for a siege. Neither have we watered ship."

"No. We aint victualled for more'n the time an emergency ration'll go," said Eaves, sorrowfully.

"You're right, Mal. Therefore common-sense says we must shift our camp to the water and go and confiscate a few things from the enemy's commisserant apartment."

"Common-sense says nothing of the sort, Jim. You lay down and go to sleep. I'll call you at eight bells. There's water tricklin' down the rock."

"Not enough for a good drink, chum. Besides, if you think I'm goin' to starve for thirty-six hours on an emergency ration, you're mistook. I'm goin' to reconnoitre that camp. Are you on?"

"No. By the Holy smoke, don't you fancy these niggers knows enough to post sentries?"

"Me dear Mal, the sentries may be posted, but no nigger sentry is yet made that could resist all this banyan round the camp-fires. Besides, I don't think they *will* be posted. The enemy, hang him, has run away to sea, and these chaps will argue, and argue right, that there's nothin' to be 'feared of."

"I know as well as you do that Swyhilis aint the most reliable sentries, Jim, but the risk is too great."

"There's no risk, Mal. Hark at 'em havin' a sing-song and passin' round the tambo. Observe the sound of devilry by night, and for further partic'lars read the books on the subjec'."

"Oh, shut up."

"Well, good-bye, chum."

"Hang on a bit, Jim. I may as well be shot at once with you as starve here all alone. So I'll come."

"Not wid that spirit," said Twelves. "You'd make a lovely kind of a scout, about as cheerful as an undertaker's mate. You stop here and hold the fort."

"Go ahead," said Eaves, taking a step forward.

"Don't come if you don't care to, Mal. Don't let me influence you agin your conscience. Remember that all great men acts to their own discretion in these matters and don't give a tupn'y damn for other people's. Therefore look to your own inside and see what it says."

"Too dark, Jim. But I know this is a wrong move."

"Have I ever led you off the narrow path, Mal—this commission?"

"No. Because there's no broad roads in Africa, and that's why. Besides, the commission's on'y jist started."

"Aint my instinks always sound?"

"They aint. Proceed with this skirmishin' though, and I'll go to look after you."

The two men toiled with difficulty down towards the Swahili camp, which had become quieter, and which they reached in about an hour and a-half, and crawled near the first fire. The natives were mostly asleep, and apparently no one was keeping watch. Standing beyond the fire, against a tree, was a marine, with all his accoutrements on and his rifle at the ready, dead. Presumably he had been placed there for amusement. The seamen drew back deeper into the woods.

"Think there's any pris'ners?" said Eaves.

"Don't seem like it," said Twelves, gloomily.

"I'm a bit shook up, Jim. We best retire on our camp. These chaps 'll be servin' us like that poor Joey, any minit."

"I'm not feelin' so good as I was, Mal. But we might 'a' reckoned that our people was badly defeated, by the ship steamin' away. Consequently we might also have reckoned on one or two bein' shot. Still, this makes ye realise it, properly."

"I said we oughtn't to 'a' left camp, Jim," said Eaves, petulantly; "let's git back to it and rest thankful."

"Seein' a dead shipmate didn't ought to make us forgit them stores we come for. I'm sober and thoughtful enough now, though, so you can trust me to do the job alone, whilst you follow your jumpin' judgment, which wanted excitement the other day."

"I take it back, Jim. Goo on."

They crept near another fire, and then another, but there were no outlying bales or boxes to be carried off. But going towards a fourth they stumbled on a couple of cases, and gradually worked them farther and farther from the camp, until they were able to lift them and carry them up with great labour to their own little shelter.

"There, that's safe," said Twelves, throwing his down. It fell with a hollow sound.

"An empty," said Eaves.

"Not it," answered Twelves. "Think I'm a nautomatic man, and don't know the difference between a box of corned beef and a case of wind? It's the ground. Throw yours down."

Eaves did so, and produced the same sound.

(To be continued.)

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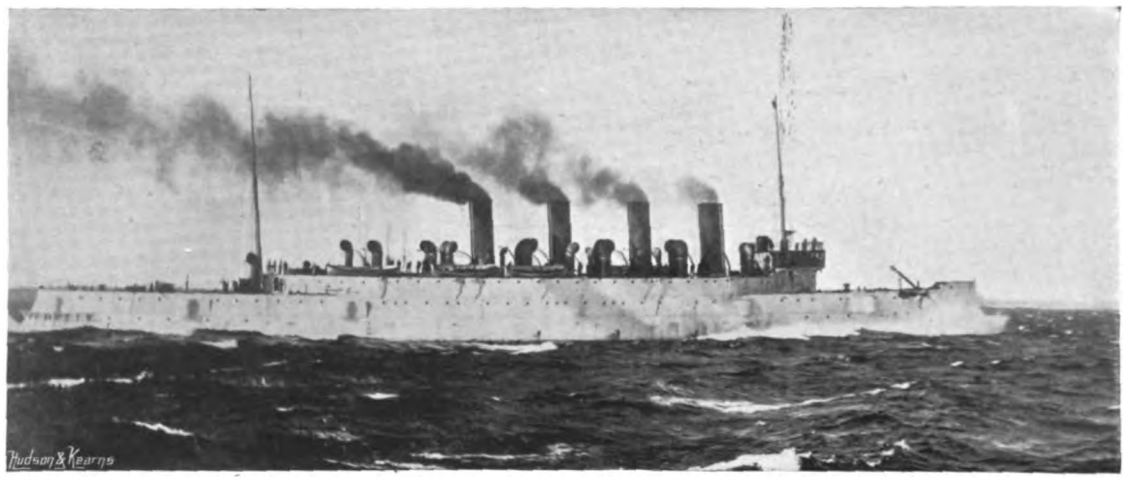
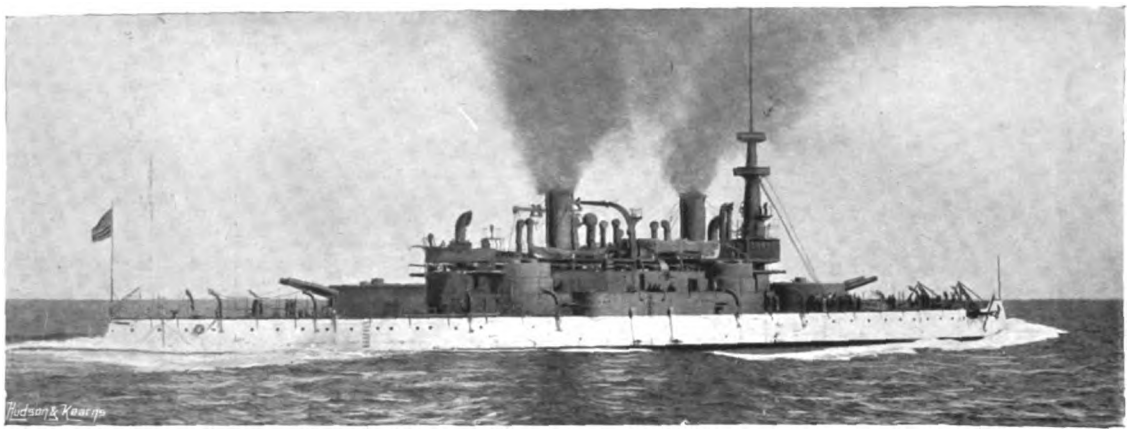
THE WAR: WITH THE AMERICAN FLEETS.



THE "COLUMBIA" OVERHAULING A PRIZE.

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON will go down to history as the first American officer who has held the chief command in the United States Navy against a great Power since the early fights with the French and ourselves. Commodore Dewey, who fought the furious battle of Manila, is his senior by three years in the Service, and Commodore Schley entered the Naval Academy just a year before him; but neither of these officers has come before the public so much, nor has occupied so prominent a position in the United States Navy, as "Captain" Sampson, the well-known ordnance expert, who at length, after thirty-five years, has found practical use for guns in serious warfare. He was a young lieutenant in the Civil War, in which he had thrilling experiences. Appointed to the Naval Academy from the State of New York in 1857, he received his commission in 1862, and was in the iron-clad "Patapasco" in the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron when she ran upon a torpedo in Charleston Harbour, in January, 1865. He has since served in Europe and Asia. Chiefly, however, he has devoted himself to the scientific side of the profession. He was at the Naval Observatory for three years, and on the International Prime Meridian and Time Conference, 1884. Then he was in charge of the torpedo stations, and a member of the Fortification Board, Superintendent of the Naval Academy, and delegate to the International Maritime Conference. During the last ten years he has devoted himself closely to all that concerns ordnance. As an all-round and practical seaman, the United States Navy has no better officer than William T. Sampson.

Some of our pictures well illustrate the work of his squadron. Cutlass drill is a routine exercise of the men,



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THE BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON" NEARING CUBA.

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UNITED STATES' "JACKIES" KEEPING THEIR HANDS IN.

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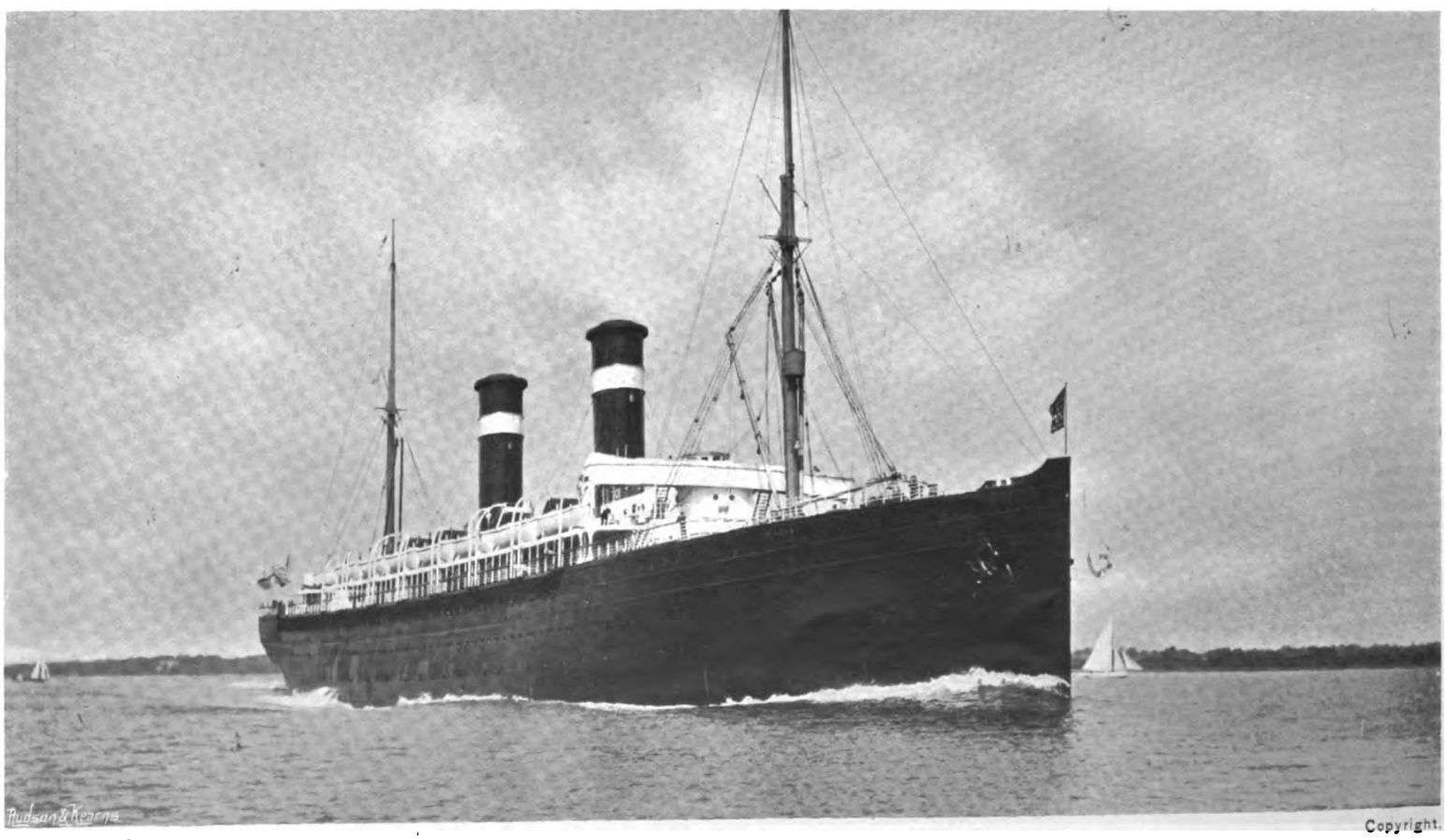
ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR PRIZES.

though it cannot be pretended that it is so valuable as in the days of the great boarding exploits. Yet, in times when sail-drill is vanishing, it is well to retain anything that can conduce to alertness of eye and hand; and who shall say that American seamen will not find use for the cutlass again? They were keenly alert certainly at the very opening of hostilities in quest of prizes, and the capture of the "Buena Ventura" whetted the appetite for what is a very satisfactory and often a very profitable feature of Naval war. In our old wars, when rich prizes were taken by the dozen, many a good haul was made, and the "Admiral's eighth" has placed many a family in affluence, though such men as Nelson and Collingwood gave very little thought to the profits of the war. Some other notable vessels of the fleet are illustrated also. There is the battle-ship "Oregon," which was in the Pacific when hostilities broke out, and came round to the Atlantic side through the Straits of Magellan. The utmost secrecy was maintained as to her movements, and the Spaniards were much on the alert to capture or destroy her. The ship is a sister of the "Indiana" and "Massachusetts"—which were assigned to the squadrons of Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley—a fine vessel of 10,231 tons, 348-ft. long, with 69-ft. 3-in. beam, and 24-ft. mean draught. For about three-fifths of her length she has Harvey steel side



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THE "ST. LOUIS," NOW SCOUTING IN THE ATLANTIC

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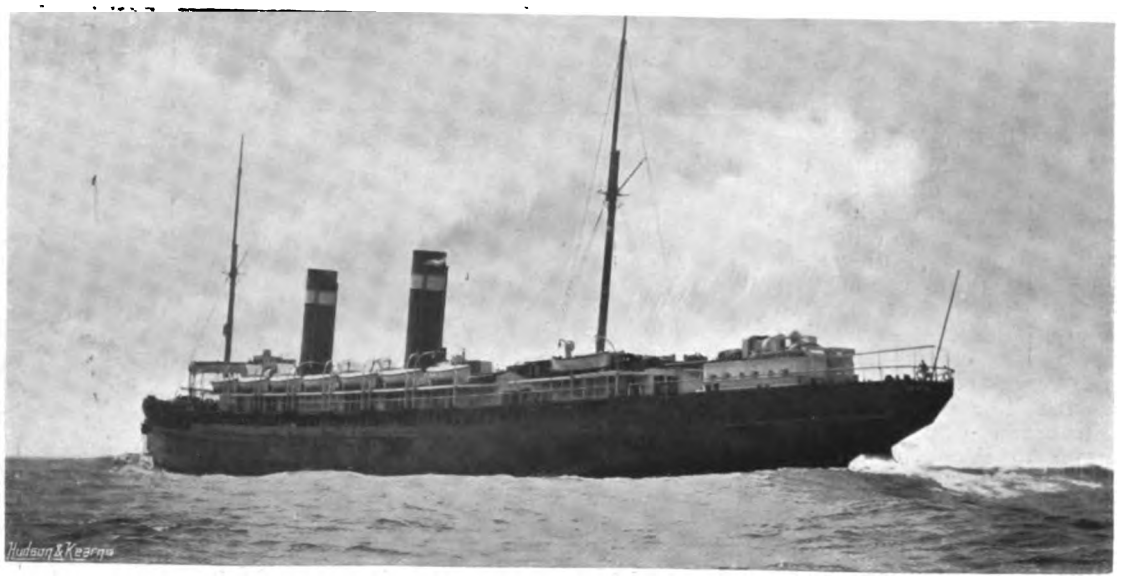
armour, with a maximum of 18-in. thickness, and 7-ft. 6-in. high, and at the ends of this protected space are transverse bulkheads, 17-in. thick, so that the vital parts of the ship are admirably defended. The armament comprises four 13-in. guns in the great turrets and eight of 8-in. calibre in four smaller turrets, two on each side, as well as about thirty quick-firers and seven torpedo-tubes. This remarkable vessel has steamed at 16·7 knots over a sixty-mile course.

We turn now to Commodore Schley's most notable vessels, the "Columbia" and "Minneapolis." The Commodore himself has had a war experience, and has seen a great deal in his sixty years of life. In the Civil War he was in the West Gulf Blockading Squadron, and in all the engagements which led up to the capture of Port Hudson, as well as in several cutting-out expeditions.

It was not until later that he received his commission as a lieutenant.

He has since had much practical and scientific experience, and was in charge of the Greely Expedition of 1884.

No vessel could be better fitted to form part of his Flying Squadron than the "Columbia" (7,475 tons), which we illustrate. She is, indeed, an ocean greyhound, which may be expected to steam at something approaching 23 knots, and to cover 13,000 miles at 10 knots, with her maximum coal capacity.



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THE "ST. PAUL," NOW EQUIPPED AS A CRUISER.

She has protection for her guns, which comprise one 8-in. breech-loader and two 6-in., eight 4-in., twelve 6-pounder and four 1-pounder quick-firers. The "Harvard" and "Yale," originally the "New York" and "Paris," of the American Line S.S. Company, have been acquired and fitted as cruisers. They were already, like the "St. Paul" and "St. Louis," which we illustrate, on the auxiliary list. These latter vessels are magnificent ocean liners, displacing 11,629 tons, 535-ft. long, and with engines of 18,000 horse-power, calculated for a speed of over 22 knots. The armament is one 8-in. B.-L., five 5-in. Q.-F., ten 9-in. smooth bore guns, and several 6-pounder and machine guns.

REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

COMMODORE SCHLEY.

Something About the "Terrible."

THE "Terrible," to begin with, is one of the biggest Naval and engineering experiments ever made. She is, in fact, our first large ship to be fitted with the water-tube boiler. For upwards of ten years, indeed, the water-tube boiler—which is the exact opposite of the ordinary locomotive tubular boiler, comprising as it does a nest of tubes holding the water to be raised into steam, through which the flames of the furnace pass, instead of as in the ordinary locomotive boiler the heat being carried in tubes through the water—had been known to engineers, but its Naval use had been mainly confined to gun-boats and the like. Its success in the "Terrible" and her sister ship the "Powerful" has proved it to be the marine boiler of the future.

The "Terrible" was laid down a few weeks before the "Powerful," and was delivered at Portsmouth Dockyard for her trials the first of the two, after being two years and four months in building. She is the longest war-ship in the world, being 500-ft. from stem to stern, and 71-ft. broad. The "Terrible" can carry enough coal to take her completely round the world at an ordinary cruising speed of 10 knots an hour, or she can go across the Atlantic at full speed, 22 knots. She displaces 14,200 tons.

The "Terrible" and her sister ship the "Powerful" come next in point of size among our war-ships after the first-class battle-ships of the "Majestic" type. The "Terrible" has cost over three-quarters of a million sterling, and she carries 850 people as crew. By way of contrast to the big cruiser (illustrated on page 208), we show here one of her little picket boats. The "Terrible," indeed, is so big that since she was first begun in February, 1894, we have had to specially enlarge and build docks to take her and the "Powerful" at Portsmouth. She is now running a series of special trials in the Channel.

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THE PICKET BOAT OF THE "TERRIBLE."

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Reinforcing the China Squadron.

THE "Hermione" is the latest addition to the strength of our fleet in the China Seas, which she is now on her way to reinforce. This, by the way, is the "Hermione's" third commission within little more than three years. Her first—excluding temporary commissions for the Naval manœuvres—was at the time of the German Emperor's celebrated telegram to President Kruger, when the "Hermione" hoisted the pennant at Devonport as one of the ships of Rear-Admiral Dale's Flying Squadron. When some eight months later the Flying Squadron was broken up, on the ships of the command being distributed among the permanent fleets in commission, the "Hermione" joined the Channel Squadron, with a new set of officers and men. From the Channel she passed for a few months to the "A" reserve at Devonport, her home port, whence the "Hermione" sailed a month ago for the Far East. She was commissioned at Devonport for her present service, in fact, on April 7th last, and sailed ten or twelve days later. Her captain, Captain George A. Callaghan, is shown in the centre of the group of officers, and is readily recognisable by the oak-leaf embroidery on the peak of his cap, and, of course, the four rings of distinction lace on his sleeve. He has had the curious fortune—it is a very unusual thing at the present day—to twice hoist his pennant in the same ship, on board this very "Hermione," which Captain Callaghan previously commanded when she was in the Channel Squadron. Our second photograph shows some fine samples of the sturdy sons of the West Country who now form the company of the "Hermione" and are on their way to Hong Kong in her. They number 318 in all, including all ranks and ratings. The present "Hermione," by the way, is only the third of her name that we have had in a hundred and thirty odd years. Our first was a Spanish frigate, which was captured, heavily laden with treasure, in the Pacific in the Seven Years' War. Our second "Hermione" was a frigate of the Nelson time, whose name just a hundred years ago rang through the world in connection with the terrible tragedy of the mutiny of the "Hermione." Our "Hermione" of to-day is a second-class cruiser of 4,360 tons, and one of the smartest and most successful vessels of her class—a 20-knot ship, and a first-rate sea boat.

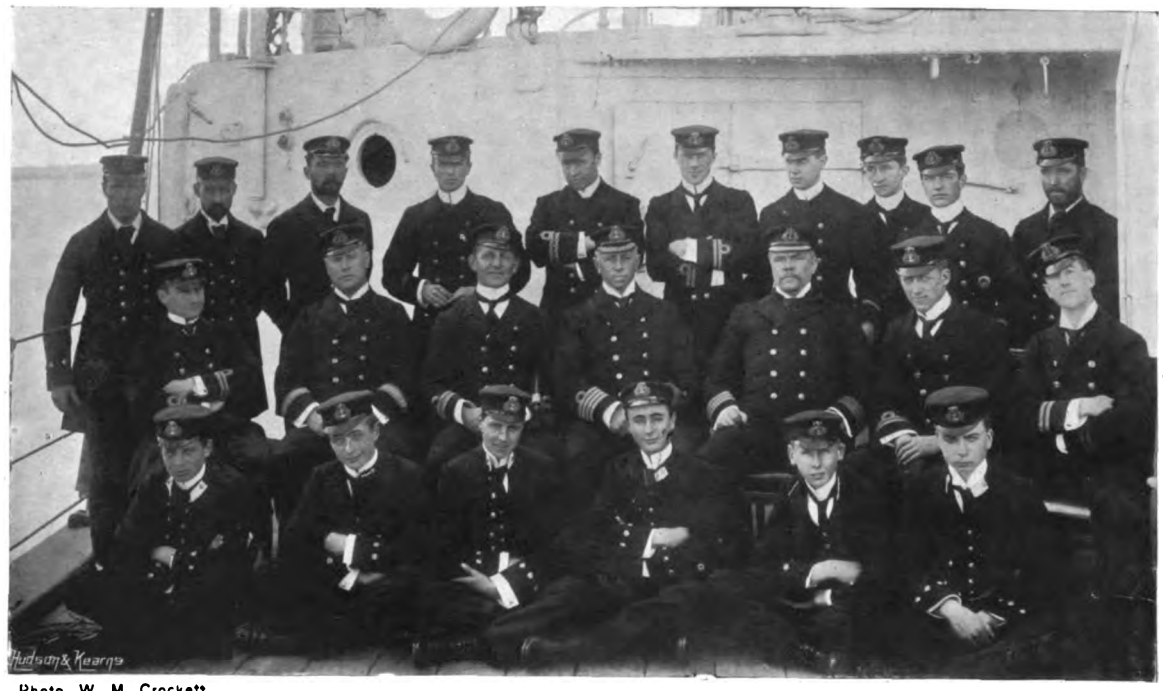

Photo. W. M. Crockett Copyright.—H. & K

CAPTAIN CALLAGHAN AND OFFICERS OF THE "HERMIONE."

Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.—H. & K.

THE COMPANY OF THE "HERMIONE."

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 69.] *SATURDAY, MAY 28th, 1898.*

REAR-ADMIRAL E. J. CHURCH.

(See Page 233.)

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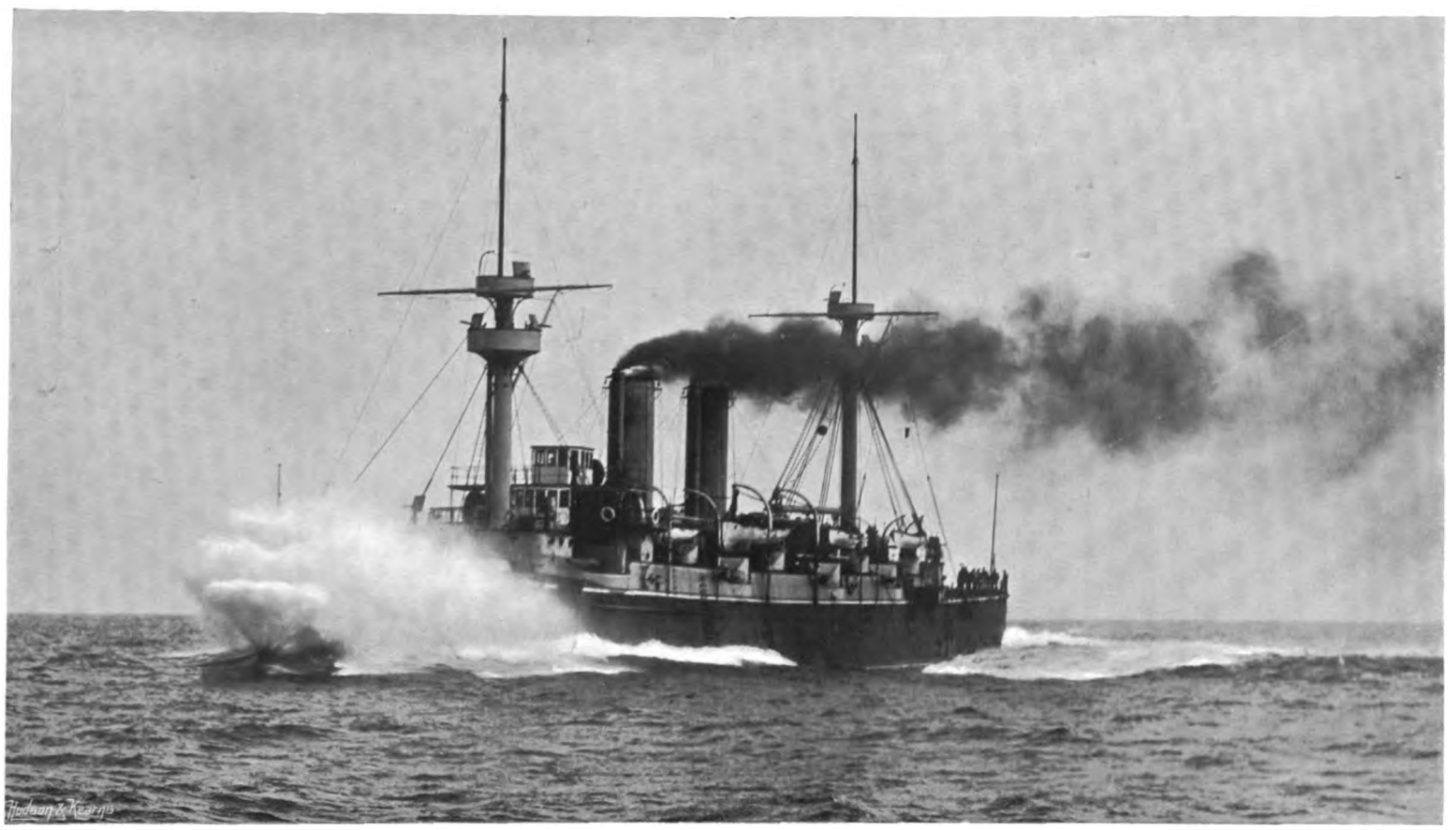
The Elswick Ship-building Yard.—V.



THE CHILIAN CRUISER "BLANCO ENCALADA," THREE-QUARTER SPEED.

COMMODORE DEWEY'S despatch describing the battle of Manila and other events of the war have illustrated once again the supreme importance of the possession of good guns and good gunners. The small Elswick cruisers which were lost in the bay were, of course, no match for the heavily-armed Americans, and the guns they carried were of the Hontoria, and not the Elswick, pattern. We have already described the steel works of the Armstrong Company and a good deal of the ship-building work carried on, and we now add other pictures of the fine cruisers "Nueve de Julio" and "Blanco Encalada," launched respectively in 1892 and 1893 for the Argentine and Chilian Governments, as well as a further illustration of ship-building construction at the yard.

But it is time to turn to the Elswick ordnance works, from which the powerful guns are turned out for the armament of the vessels illustrated. About forty years have elapsed

No. 11 *SHOP, SOUTH BAY—MAKING WIRE-WOUND GUNS.*

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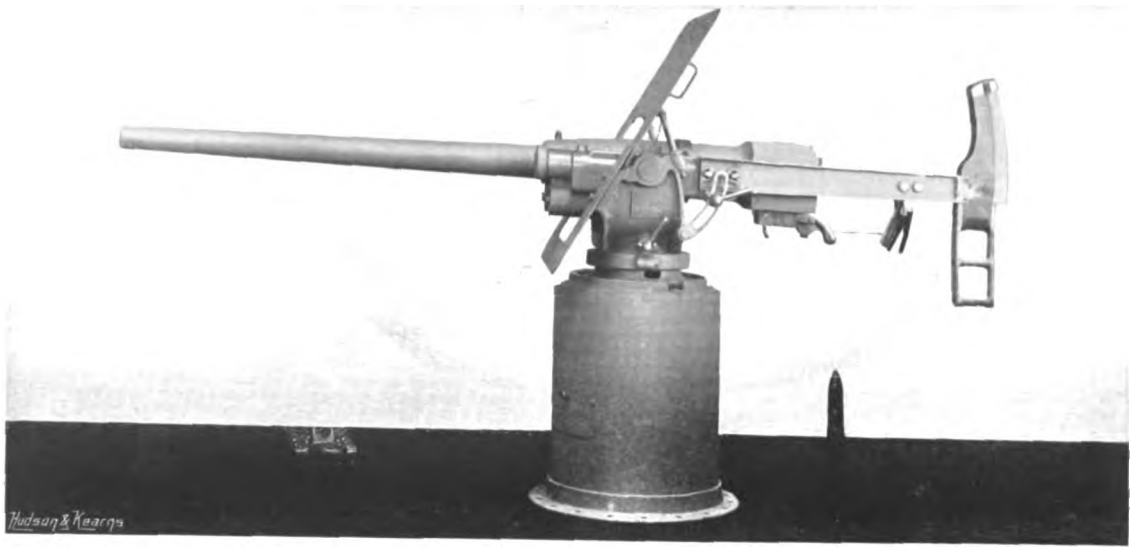
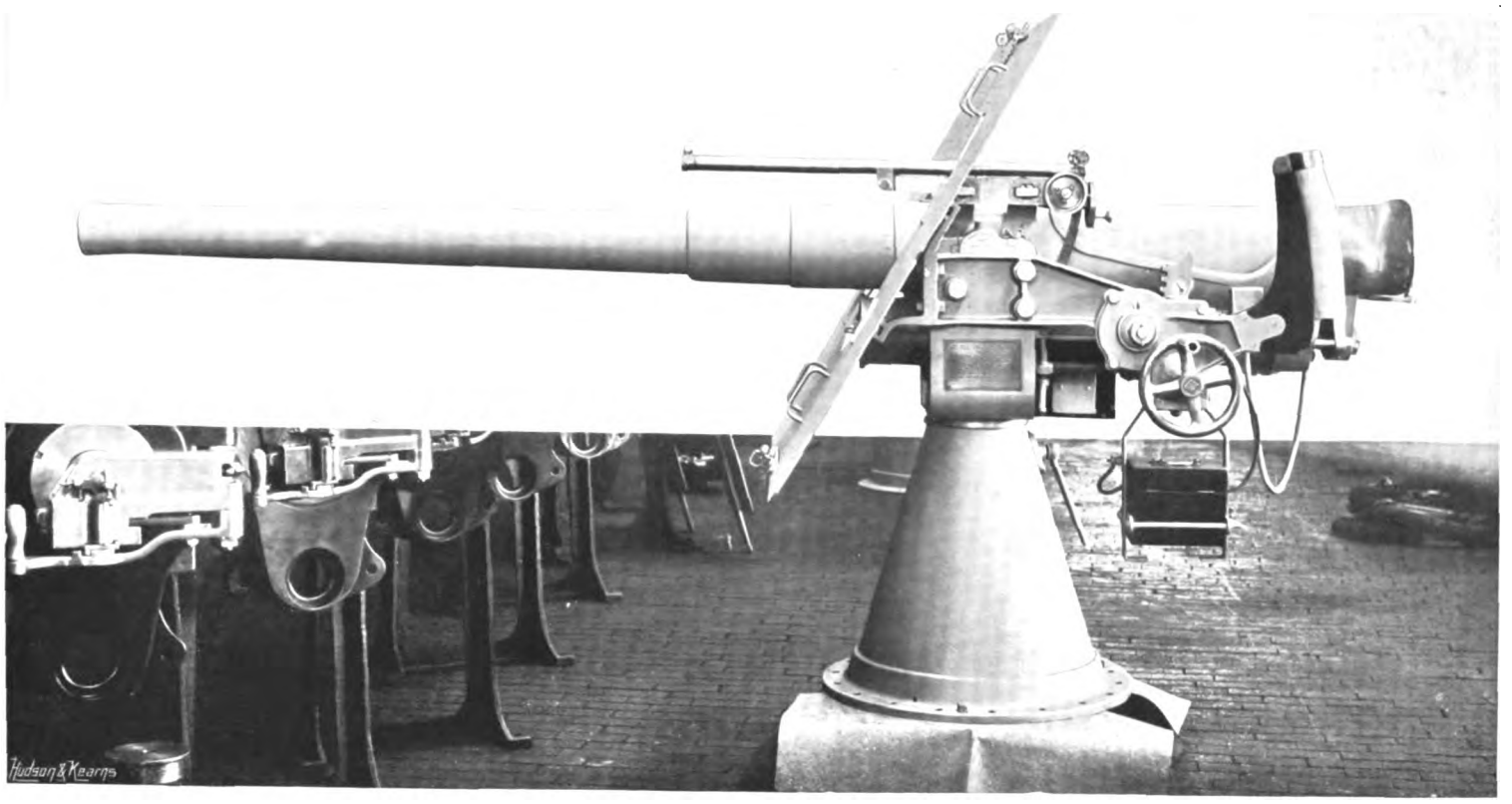
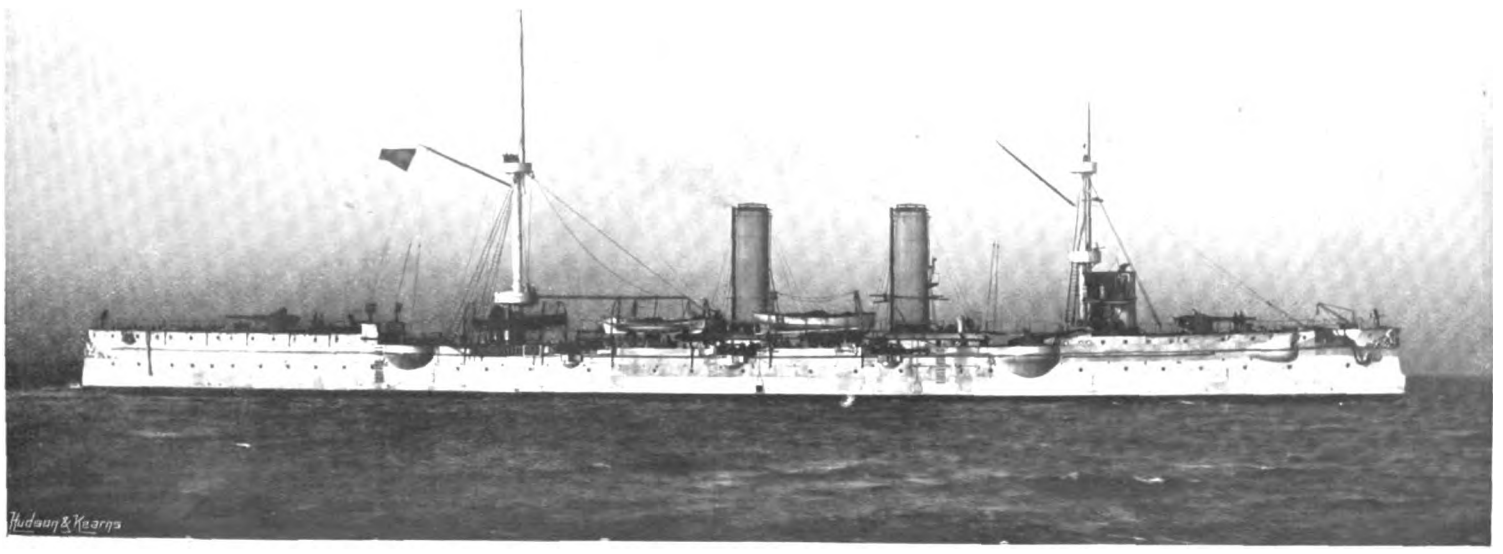
since these world-famed works were established, and, by the amalgamation with the Whitworth works at Manchester, the operations have now been greatly extended. Mr. William Armstrong, as the founder of Elswick then was, submitted his proposal for a rifled built-up gun to the Duke of Newcastle in 1854, and two years later six different calibres of the arm were adopted for the Service. The original Armstrong gun soon became obsolete, but it led to a revolution in gun construction; and Lord Armstrong has lived to see the triumph of the principles he advocated and a vast development of his works under his own supervision, and now for many years under the active care of Sir Andrew Noble, aided by Captain Lloyd and other ordnance experts. A description of the works is impossible here, and no description could give any adequate idea of the magnitude of the operations conducted in the casting, forging boring, rifling, wire-winding, chambering, and multitudinous



A 6-POUNDER QUICK-FIRER, ELSWICK PATTERN.



A 12-POUNDER QUICK-FIRER ON LIGHT MOUNTING.



THE CHILIAN CRUISER "NUEVE DE JULIO," BROADSIDE VIEW.

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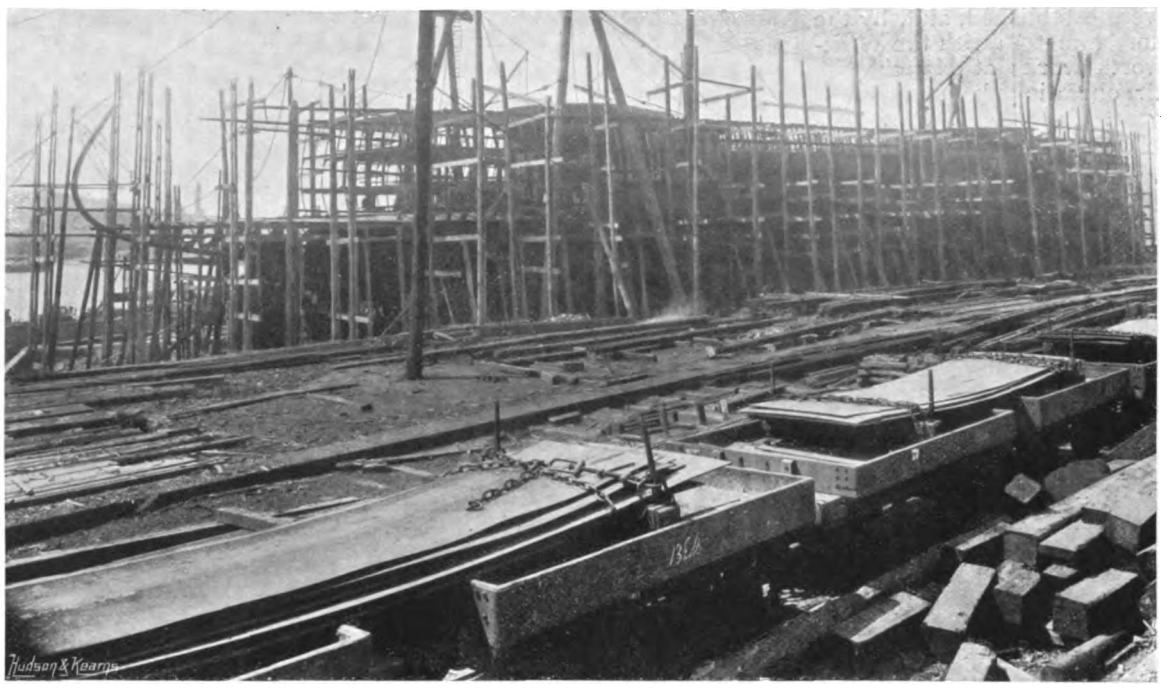
other processes of gun construction, or of the admirable systems of hydraulic mounting and ammunition supply.

Two of our illustrations show the middle and south bays of No. 11 shop. Both are devoted to the work of gun making and mounting. In the first may be seen, on the right, the large lathe employed for winding the wire or ribbon upon the guns. Nearly all British guns are now built on this principle. The advantage gained is greater resisting power in the guns, with shorter tubes and lighter weights.

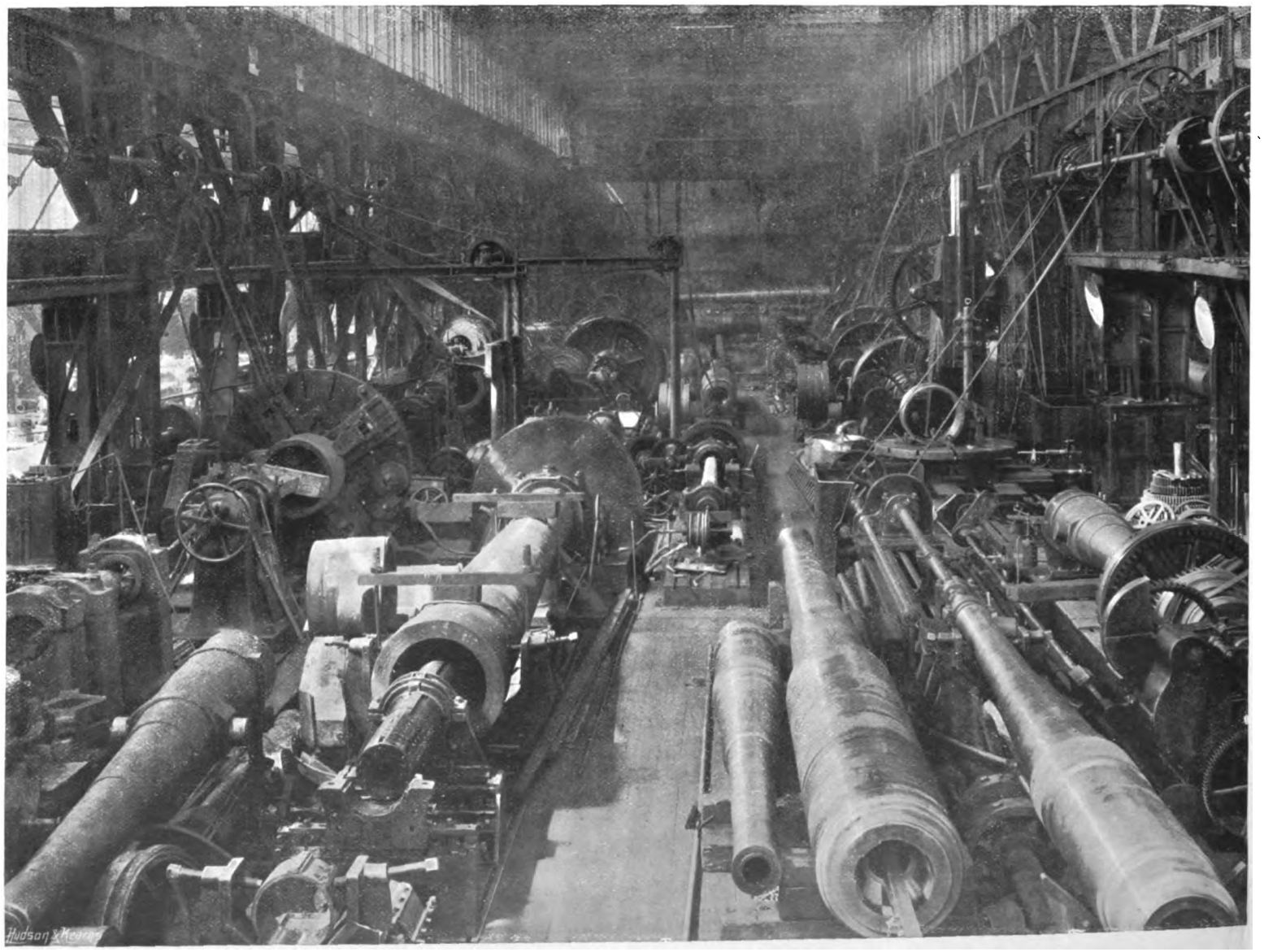
The picture of the south bay of the shop shows the material for 4·7-in. gun-cradles awaiting the machine operations. There also will be seen on the left a steel cradle for an 8-in. gun just placed in the machine where the trunnions are turned true. In the middle of the picture we see another cradle for a like gun ready to be machined. These forged steel cradles are shaped by a large hydraulic press. The very heavy material dealt with in this shop necessitates the use of extremely powerful cranes, and apparatus exists for the lifting of 100 tons.

We shall be able to illustrate many classes of Elswick guns, so that the character of them may be understood, although only a very technical description could explain their ballistic properties and powers; the same is true of a vast number of operations conducted at Elswick. The first gun depicted to-day is the 6-pounder, which has been in favour for the auxiliary armament of ships for many years



ON THE BUILDING SLIP—BRINGING UP ARMOUR PLATES.

It is now very largely superseded by the 12-pounder, the recent improvements in the design of torpedo-boats making them more than a match for the smaller piece, which was introduced mainly to meet their attack. Our other illustration is of the 12-pounder and its mounting. The armament of destroyers and torpedo gun-boats needs to be light, and yet powerful and strong. The combination we depict is specially designed for the purpose, every ounce of superfluous weight having been saved. The gun-shield is made to open, so that, should the vessel be steaming head to wind, each half can be turned fore and aft, so as to offer little resistance to the air.



No. 11 *SHOP, MIDDLE BAY—GUN MAKING AND MOUNTING.*

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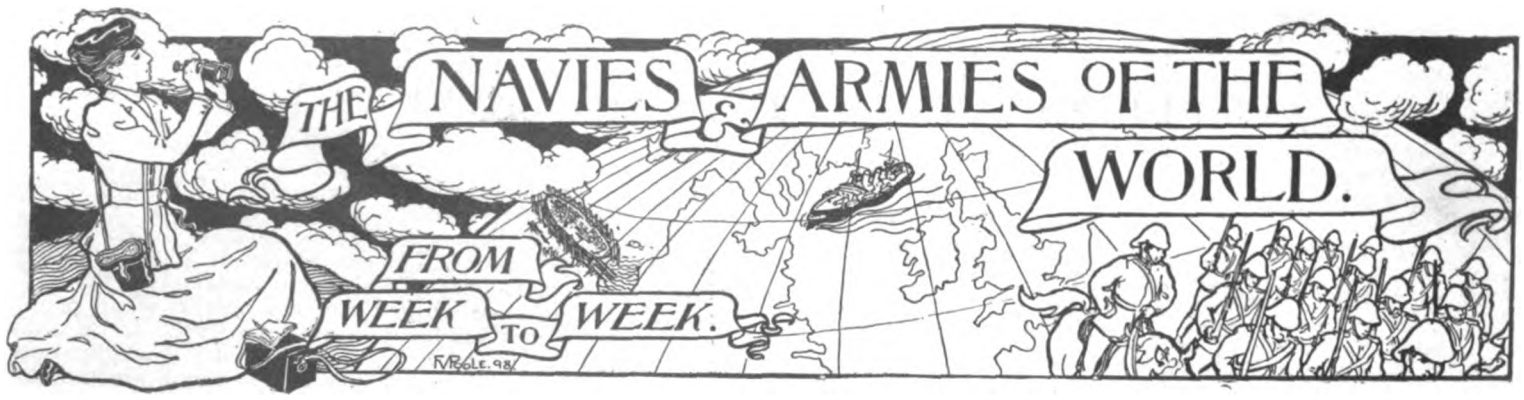

AS this war between Spain and the United States is still the most conspicuous transaction in the Naval and Military world, the reader may perhaps thank one for directing him to an excellent article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for May 15, on "Les Marines de l'Espagne et des Etats-Unis." It is signed by the three stars, which are the French equivalent for our "Anon," but is obviously the work of a very competent writer. The author is under the influence of certain sentiments which might easily affect his judgment. He has a marked sympathy for Spain, as indeed most Frenchmen have just now, and a visible dislike of America. This second sentiment leads him to do his best to show that the Navy of the United States is a "fine facade," with nothing behind it. Yet he is too clear-headed to be capable of deliberately shutting his eyes to plain facts. He allows for the immense superiority of the Americans in what he calls "puissance maritime latente," or, as we might say, reserved Naval power. At the same time he points out what is perfectly true—that the sloth (for it is nothing less) of the Spaniards has deprived them of the greatest advantage which a country with strong military institutions can have over another which, though much richer and more populous, is also less likely to be prepared for war, because it is more commercial. They might have been ready, and they were not. From the report of Mr. Long on the condition of the United States Navy at the beginning of Mr. McKinley's administration, it appears that there was but one squadron organised in the Atlantic, and no ammunition ready except what was actually in the magazines of the ships, so that they could not have made good the waste of a single action, even a successful one, while the means of repairing damage were very scanty. If Spain had been ready six months ago, she might well have swept the American coast, and even have seized Key West, ill fortified as it is. The French writer, in his desire to be kind to the Spaniards, goes so far as to say that their officers are equal to the American. That they are brave they showed at Manila, and Admiral Cervera's cruise may be held to prove that they are not wanting in enterprise and skill. Yet it is a fact that English ship-owners who have hitherto kept vessels under the Spanish flag in order to share in the coasting trade have decided to withdraw them since they have been compelled to employ native engineers. It is found that engines will not last in the hands of these men. This seems to point to a want of the faculty for dealing with machines, which will tell heavily in modern Naval war.

* * * *

PERHAPS the most disputable statement in the article is contained in the very first sentence. "It is," the writer says, "a curious feature of the war now beginning between Spain and the United States, that the maritime organisations of the two nations—organisations which were yet directly concerned in a conflict foreseen by all the world—should have allowed themselves to be surprised by a state of war in the midst of a laborious transformation." But surely that is precisely what is least "curious" in the whole story. It is just when you are unprepared that your enemy is tempted to attack you, and when you think him unready, then it seems safe to fall upon him. Never was Europe so little disposed to go to war as it is to-day, when every State knows that every other is armed to the teeth. If Spain had not thought that the American Navy was a facade with nothing behind it, she might have been ready in time. Then America would have been the less disposed to assail her—to say nothing of the fact that the same good sense which led her to prepare her fleet would have taught her to govern Cuba better. There is great force in the old saying which offends the Peace Society so profoundly, that if you want peace you must prepare for war.

* * * *

IT would be difficult to get a better example of the truth of this well-worn but still most useful maxim than could be fairly deduced from Admiral Dupont's letter in the *Gaulois*, on the state of the French Navy. There is a long summary in the *Times* of last Thursday. The accuracy of the admiral's figures is not the point. Many English experts could turn them round easily enough, and come to very different conclusions. We know, for instance, what critics would say to his contention that the twenty old battle-ships of our Navy would form a powerful reserve. So, too, it might well be denied that our facilities for mobilisation are greater than the French, and it would be interesting to know where the admiral found that the best elements of our maritime population are yearly trained in vessels stationed in commercial ports. The Naval Reserve is a reality, but this is a rose-coloured portrait. At the same time, Admiral Dupont's doubts as to what the Inscription Maritime can do for France are not without justification, as all know who are acquainted with the almost insuperable difficulty found in working it, both by the monarchy of the last century, and by Napoleon. Louis XIV. himself, who only consented to establish it with some reluctance, had to learn that it was too severe. In the third year of the war which began in 1689, he discovered that French seamen were running away in thousands, and he had great difficulty in manning his ships. The deserters swarmed in the merchant vessels of Sweden and the other Northern States where room was made for them by the fact that the native seamen were tempted by high wages into the Dutch trade, and even into our own. But that again is not the point. The most instructive sentence in Admiral Dupont's letter is that in which he says, "we shall patiently bide our time, and it will certainly come." He ought not to prophesy unless he knows, and, with all due respect, we advise him to remember that it will largely depend on us whether the time comes when France will be able to think it safe to fight. Yet we thank him for the candid confession that she keeps the peace now because she does not think it is safe. Preparation for war has secured a good chance of peace. Indeed, is it not the simple truth that Frenchmen would have been at our throats at any time since the expedition to Egypt, if they did not fear to be over-matched, and we would have fought them about something, if we did not remember that fighting France is always such a serious business that it is better to put up with a good deal than go to war?

* * * *

THE final sentences of the French admiral's letter contain some rather violent words about the "implacable system of privateering" which the seamen of his country are preparing against us, and the little attention they will pay to the Declaration of 1856. This is a rather idle piece of scolding. Good breeding must be much lost in France when even Naval officers of high standing "unpack their hearts with curses." But his words are worth noticing because they contain an illustration of a piece of confusion of mind which seems to be rather common. The Powers which joined in the Declaration of Paris did not undertake to renounce the right of capturing private property at sea. It was precisely because we would not surrender one of our most effectual means of putting pressure on an enemy that the United States declined to join. The fact is that, Declaration of Paris or no Declaration of Paris, privateering is as good as extinct, because the conditions which made it possible have ceased to exist. A privateer, or private man-of-war (the latter phrase was often used), was an armed vessel belonging to some adventurer who was authorised by letter of marque to capture an enemy's ships. At a time when the bulk of the trade of all nations was carried on in small squat sailing ships ranging from 120 to 300 tons, there was an opening for this kind of skimmer of the sea. Our trading craft of the last century were generally of about this size, and they thought they were doing very well if they sailed from four to five knots an hour. Michael Scott, the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," who was a West Indian merchant, and had been on voyages to the West Coast of Africa, and therefore knew what he was talking about, speaks of a vessel of 500 tons as "stately"—the adjective we might apply now to a Cunarder or P. and O. steamer. Against such vessels as these, any lugger, cutter, or schooner carrying a few long nines or twelve-pound carronades could act with effect. Even a *chasse-maree* with thirty or forty men packed into her, was a formidable enemy if she could slip alongside and board by night or in a fog. Such vessels were armed at small expense, and a couple of prizes "made their voyage." But these conditions are all changed. The great iron sailing clippers of to-day would show a clean pair of heels to the smartest privateer which ever sailed out of Liverpool, St. Malo, or the Chesapeake, at any rate in a good breeze. As for steamers, the meanest ocean tramp could laugh at any of them. The privateer of to-day would need to be a steamer, capable of going at a high rate of speed, and carrying a large quantity of coal. Vessels with these qualities are costly. Moreover they would have to be armed with guns both of higher price, and much more difficult to handle than the cheap and simple long sixes and nines, or the twelve-pound carronades of the old war time, and would require a skilled engine-room staff. The privateer of to-day would, in fact, cost thousands where his predecessors cost hundreds, and could not be armed except by great capitalists, who do not usually risk their money except on the fair prospect of a return.

* * * *

NOW privateering was rarely a paying business. It was a gambling venture in which the success of the few encouraged the many. They again went into it largely because war had suspended regular trade. We hear a great deal of the Elizabethan adventurers. The French speak much of the St. Malo corsairs of the William III. and Queen Anne wars. The Americans boast not a little of the privateers of the war of 1812. Yet Monson tells us that most of the private ventures of his time either perished miserably at sea or came back without even seeing a Spaniard. It is on record that when Elizabeth appealed to the coast towns before the coming of the Armada she was met everywhere by cries of poverty, and declarations that privateering did not compensate for the loss of trade by the war. The St. Malo corsairs had an exceptionally good opportunity, and they did make great hauls of booty at Cartagena and Rio Janeiro. Many of them were king's ships hired to private "armateurs" to relieve the distress of his treasury and manned by his officers and crews, "commerce destroyers," in fact, run on a joint account by the State and capitalists. Yet few of the "armateurs" gained in the long run. Most lost, and many were ruined. The American privateer owners of 1812 ended by finding that it did not pay, and by calling for Government subventions. The occasional haul, in fact, did not compensate for loss by capture, and the many cruises in which no prize was as much as sighted. Tourville's attack on Rooke's convoy in 1693, and the capture of the United East and West India convoys at the Isles by French and Spaniards in the war of 1779-83, did us more harm than years of privateering. The privateer is a figure of the past as much as his half-brothers, the slaver and the buccaneer—fine picturesque figures all three, and pleasant to meet in books. His work will be done now by the regular commissioned "commerce destroyers," swift, well-armed ships belonging to the State, and handled by its servants. Whether the trader will gain by the change is another story. But we are so far to the good that the commerce destroyer will not have the privateer's dreadful alacrity of sinking into a downright pirate.

DAVID HANNAY.

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MILITARY TOPOGRAPHY.

By An Ex-Professor.

At work on horseback

It is surprising in these days of advanced knowledge and rapid locomotion how few persons take the trouble to make any record of their journeys here and there. Many people do not know that whether travelling by rail, on foot, on horseback or bicycle, it is an easy thing to bring home an accurate plan or sketch of the route travelled. Not everyone is so gifted as to make a pretty landscape sketch; but no one is so deficient as to be unable to show his friends, on paper, where he has been, and where objects of interest which he has visited are situated.

In military work rapidity is the chief element, and no ordinary traveller will undertake to sketch his route if it involves slackening his speed in getting over the ground.

Anyone with an eye for country can sketch quicker and with sufficient accuracy without any instruments at all. One cannot purchase an "eye for country," but, on the other hand, it is easily acquired by practice. It needs only the habit of noticing and mentally recording one's surroundings, a habit which is most valuable to every man, and more especially to the soldier. But for beginners, who at first want to obtain accuracy rather than speed, there are instruments galore, and the use of them is not at all difficult to learn.

The first requirement for comfort and convenience is a steady table or board to draw on. There are many patterns of these, the most comfortable for foot work being a little table on a light tripod, called a "plane table." But even this is cumbersome to carry about, however light it may be. A much more useful thing is the small sketching-board lately brought out by Major Bosworth. This is of universal utility, and can be used on foot or on horseback, on a bicycle or in a railway train. Sketches showing the manner of using the board accompany this article. It possesses many advantages over anything which has been previously produced for this purpose. The simple and effective method of fastening the paper and the little detachable compass are distinct improvements. On foot or on horseback the compass is useful, but with a bicycle it cannot well be used, on account of the attraction of the needle to the metal of the machine. No one will sketch on horseback if he can avoid it, for a steady table is here impossible.

The use of Major Bosworth's board on a bicycle simplifies sketching very much. The board is attached by a simple clip to the handle-bar, and if the bicycle is provided with a locking arrangement the result is a perfectly rigid and steady table. A cyclometer is useful to check distances, but the habit of counting pedal revolutions is more important, for two reasons; first, because the cyclometer may get out of order, and secondly, because distances less than those marked on the cyclometer may be necessary for the record. The plan of a route is easily obtained with this board, and the relative elevations of points in the country may be judged or measured with a clinometer or aneroid. A small aneroid reading to 10-ft. or even 25-ft. attached to the handle-bar is very convenient, but by no means a necessary adjunct.

Before starting to sketch, the distance passed over in one pedal revolution must be determined. It is unwise to trust to any calculation based on the diameter of the wheel to which the machine is geared. One pedal should be placed at its lowest point, and a mark should then be made on the ground vertically below it. The bicycle is then run forward until the same pedal comes again to its lowest point; another mark is then made, and the distance between the two marks is accurately measured. This gives the bicycle "pace," which is of course constant as long as the tyres are hard. Many machines are geared so as to give a "pace" of exactly 5-yds., and this is very convenient. The cyclometer reading should also be noted and written down before starting.

The aneroid also requires adjustment for the day. If it be accurately adjusted to some known height, such as a beach-mark, the height of which can be found on the Ordnance map, the result will be that the heights of all points on the sketch are true heights above sea-level. In an ordinary sketch this is not at all necessary; it is enough to get relative heights, so that the sketch may be roughly contoured. Consequently it will usually be sufficient to adjust the aneroid to some height, say 300-ft.—such that no reading during the day is likely to go below zero.

Many persons do not possess an aneroid. It is not necessary to have one. Heights can be determined with accuracy by using a clinometer; but the Service "Watkin" clinometer is expensive, heavy to carry about, and troublesome to use. A much more useful thing can be made at home with the lid of a wooden box. To the centre of one of its long sides a piece of string is attached with a small weight tied to the other end. The other long side of the lid must be marked in gradients (not degrees) commencing at 1-100 and going on to 1-60, 1-40, 1-20, 1-15, 1-10, and so on. This is much more convenient than using degrees. Degrees involve the use of a formula if a height has to be calculated, whereas in working with gradients the distance divided by the denominator of the gradient gives the true difference of level at once. It is a mistake to suppose that this rough clinometer means rough and inaccurate work. As good results can be obtained with it as with the expensive Service instrument. It is also easier to use, cannot get out of order, and, if lost, another can be made in a few minutes. This simple kind of clinometer can be attached to the handle-bar of the machine, in which case the gradients of the road are automatically registered as the sketcher goes along.

The actual use of Major Bosworth's board is very simple. A child of ten could use it and get a good result. A mark is made on the paper to indicate the sketcher's starting-point. A line is then drawn in the direction along which the journey is to commence. The machine is then mounted, and the sketcher speeds away, counting his revolutions, until he comes to a bend in the road. Here he dismounts, plots the distance to scale, lays his ruler along the line drawn, and directs it towards the starting-point by turning the board round. Then he draws another line in the new direction, mounts, and is off, a fraction of a minute having sufficed for this operation, which is longer in the telling than in the execution. At every bend of the road this operation must be repeated; and after a little practice the sketcher learns to take long shots and not to trouble himself about the minor turns of the road. Four miles an hour, and a good record of the road and surrounding country, can be done with ease.

The mere fact that topography involves outdoor work should render it popular. It is the natural groundwork to the study of geography and geology. It involves the discipline of the hand and mind, and teaches the most valuable of all forms of observation—the close observation of Nature. It has failed in popularity up to the present chiefly on account of the complicated and expensive instruments which its professors have been delighted to use. When this prejudice is once overcome—when it is recognised that nothing is wanted except a pencil, a piece of paper, and a little board to draw upon—we may hope to find the topographical sketcher not an object of curiosity, but the common object of our country lanes.

The sketching board with bicycle

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"A MIDDY'S Recollections, 1853-1863." This is the title of a most delightful volume (Black, 6s.) which has just reached my hands. It is by Rear-Admiral the Hon. Victor Montagu, who saw a great deal of service in his youthful days, which he knows how to describe in a simple, natural, and easy style that makes his book a great pleasure to read. His father was the seventh Earl of Sandwich, and his mother a daughter of the famous Lord Anglesea, who lost his leg at Waterloo. "O the Devil! my leg is hit!" exclaimed the Marquis. "The deuce it is!" replied the Duke. But the boy came of a Naval family, and into the Navy he went. His education was at Eastman's Academy, Portsea, and, after having undergone a physical examination that astonished him, he joined the "Princess Royal," 91-gun line-of-battle ship, at Spithead. They were rough days in the Service, when the feeding was bad, the bullying of the harshest character, and the discipline draconian. But the boy's uncle, Lord Clarence Paget, was in command, and he fared a little better than would otherwise have been the case. This, however, did not prevent him from suffering a good deal at the hands of a certain Berkley, whom he delights to pillory in print.

It was the eve of the Russian War, and the "Princess Royal" went to the Baltic with Sir Charles Napier. In a very interesting passage Admiral Montagu describes the review of the fleet by the Queen in the "Fairy," and his own trepidation when he was summoned on board to be presented to Her Majesty. The events of the Baltic are lightly touched upon by the author, though he describes many interesting events. The two fleets fraternised constantly, each ship in our squadron having a particular chum in the French fleet. In this way the "Princess Royal" held a friendly relation with the two-decker "Austerlitz." As to the education of the boys, it was wholly neglected, though the amount of drill was immense, and boat work constant. The middy came home in the "St. George," but presently rejoined his uncle's ship again at Balaclava.

Incidentally, we get frequent glimpses of life on board, these being, indeed, the great charm of the book. The habits and customs of the gun-room are constantly before us. There was the dinner at noon, the tea at 5 p.m., and a supper at 7 p.m., with extras, over which was some gambling, followed by the "sticking a fork in the beam," an observance at that time retained only in name, as a signal to leave the gun-room, at 9 p.m. The punishments included mast-heading, "sticking you on the bitts" to be laughed at, and other like inflictions. "These punishments were very senseless, irritating to some natures, and disgusted many a boy with the Service."

Sir Harry Keppel took him out to China in the "Raleigh," and he had some lively experiences, for the ship struck on an unknown and submerged rock as she neared Hong Kong, and became a total wreck. He was in the thick of the Fatshan engagement in the gun-boat "Hong Kong," at close quarters with the junks. It was a hot business, and the men were fearfully done up, refreshing themselves with quinine and biscuits, when Keppel, on the paddle-box, suddenly exclaimed, "The beggars are making off! Man the boats!" and shaking his fist at the Chinamen, "You rascals! I'll make you pay for this!" The middy had a narrow chance of having his head unshipped by an 18-pound shot, which came right through the paddle-box. An account of pirate hunting follows, and then we have a narrative of the gallant author's service with the "Pearl's" Naval Brigade in the Indian Mutiny, which won him high credit and a lieutenant's commission. The volume concludes with some very wholesome words to youngsters entering the Service on the matter of discipline and example. Many delightful records of experience in the Naval Service have recently appeared, and for genuine interest and frank and easy style, I am disposed to reckon Admiral Montagu's volume among the best.

A great deal has been written about the events in Matabeleland in 1896, but there are so many circumstances connected with the other operations about which little is known, that Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Alderson has been well advised in writing a volume entitled "With the Mounted Infantry and the Mashonaland Field Force, 1896" (Methuen, 10s. 6d.). From such volumes as this we gain a new idea of the energy of Englishmen in the outlying parts of the Empire, and it is good to read of the heroic spirit, the readiness of resource, and the endurance under hardship which Colonel Alderson describes. His narrative may be commended, moreover, to all who would understand the development of South Africa. Most of all, perhaps, it is of value to military officers. The author does not pretend to literary skill. He writes in a simple, matter-of-fact style, with plenty of detail concerning the constitution, movements, and objects of the forces engaged.

Perhaps few suspect how full of teaching were the Mashonaland operations. They illustrate, in the first place, the transport of troops, the disembarkation of men, horses, guns, and stores in a neutral port, and the using of such a port as a base for the advance through the neutral state. Further they throw light on the safeguarding of a line of communications extending over 380 miles by river, rail, and road. Again, the operations were in a country imperfectly known, and of which there were no good maps. The movements were hampered by want of supplies and transport, and were hurried, as Colonel Alderson points out, by the necessity of concluding the operations by a particular season. A still more noteworthy matter was the fact that the enemy was distinctly mobile, with no capital and no main army, so that there was no definite objective. Finally, the force engaged was small in comparison with the vast area of country, and included regular and irregular troops of all arms. These are the points to which Colonel Alderson directs attention, and the enumeration of them, coupled with the knowledge that he writes well and competently, is enough to show that his book is one both of general interest and of very practical value.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

MEDALS.

By CHARLES S. JERRAM.

MEDALS! How did they originate? For what services are they given? Who are their recipients? These are some of the questions answered in "Medals and Decorations of the British Army and Navy,"* by the late Mr. Mayo of the India Office, a book dedicated by gracious permission, and with a delicately thoughtful dedication, to Her Majesty the Queen, who, in the course of her long and glorious reign, has conferred more medals than any previous British Sovereign. Mr. Mayo died in 1895, and left a pile of manuscript, many feet high, to be edited, with singular knowledge and discretion, by Mrs. Mayo, and by his cousin, Canon Mayo, of Long Burton, Dorset. It is much to be regretted that after many years of labour, and the obvious expenditure of large sums of money, the original collector of the vast mass of detail, laboriously accumulated in these volumes, did not live to see the success assured to a book which will long be a standard of reference in naval and military circles. For, indeed, it would be scarcely possible to imagine anything more perfect of its kind than this work, either in print, general accuracy, or in the singular beauty of the illustrations which adorn it, for the execution of which Messrs. Maclure, of Queen Victoria Street, are responsible. The ribbons attached to medals are coloured with such wonderful accuracy that you seem to see the actual ribbon sticking out from the page, and have half a mind to pick the whole thing off and run away with it.

In a work so crowded with detail some errors are sure to appear. At page 53 of his excellent introduction, the author warns against the roguery of cunning people who, by adding to the medals clasps (taken from other medals) which did not originally belong to them, have given them a fictitious value. It is possible that several of the medals illustrated may have been faked in this or other ways, but after spending much time in examination, only one probable instance appears. The chief fault in the book is an indefiniteness of arrangement, in consequence of which it is not always certain what we are reading about, or who wrote a particular passage.

If anyone wishes to compare the copies of medals in this book with actual medals, he has only to step into the Royal United Service Institution and see the splendid collection now on view there. The vital question of the Naval Reserve, and the exploits of our English and Indian armies on the frontier, together with the probable increase in our military forces, have attracted the attention of the public to all that concerns the sailors and soldiers of the British Empire, and this monumental work, and the collection of medals referred to, come at the right time to still further remind us of the deeds of heroism on which our existence as a nation depends.

The history of decorations and medals is interesting to all who take an interest in the great events of their country's life. Medals when first issued in England were not intended as personal decorations, but rather resembled the medals still granted by our Universities. Personal decorations were, however, of very early date; for instance, the collars of SS. and the collars of suns and roses granted by the Yorkists to their followers; though it is not at all likely, as Mr. Mayo seems to think it to be, that Shakespeare's famous lines:

> "Now is the winter of our discontent
> Made glorious summer by this sun of York"

refer to this collar, but rather to York himself; that is, to King Edward IV.

The first decorative medal of which we have any certain account is, appropriately enough, that conferred for the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Then first our sea-girt island began to feel her strength, and that all her future depended on sea power. Fortunately, England had at the time statesmen, and above all a queen, worthy of her, and few medals are finer than those which present to us the pronounced but handsome features of the "great Eliza."

Naval and military medals were not at first given both to officers and men, but only to officers. Nor were they given as a matter of course or for every action. Charles I. gave medals to those who led the "Forlorn," as it is so often called in the delightful Verney memoirs. This word applied to the troops selected to be first in the attack, especially of fortresses,

* Constable, Westminster; two vols., 63s. nett.

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not necessarily to the troops who were to go in and win or perish, like the Highlanders at Dargai, when others required support. Another service for which some of the earliest medals were given was the command of fire-ships, for which also gold chains were often granted. This service of fire-ships corresponds a good deal in its aims and extraordinary risks to the modern use of torpedo-boats, and, indeed, was scarcely more risky; but there is not at the present time any special decoration for the whole number of men engaged in any particularly desperate enterprise.

In this respect, indeed, we seem to have fallen away from the original intention of medals and decorations, by granting them indiscriminately to all officers and men engaged in any campaign; for though it is true that the Victoria Cross affords a means of rewarding specially brave individuals, yet we have no means of rewarding specially brave bodies of men. On the other hand, we have recognised in the reign of Queen Victoria that courage is not the only warlike quality which should be rewarded with a medal. The difficulty of course is, that when once you step across certain well-defined limits, you must give your medals to all in any way concerned in a campaign; and so we find some officers with their breasts distinguished by such and such medals, whilst others who are equally entitled to these medals do not wear them, because they feel that their title is only legal: they weren't in fact near the spot where any of the actions took place, and were only in the remotest degree concerned in the campaigns—perhaps were miles out at sea all the time.

Whatever we may think of the modern indiscriminate conferring of medals upon every soldier and sailor concerned in a war, we have at least gone back to one excellent principle which Cromwell, "our chief of men," was the first to introduce, but which, with occasional relapses to a better state of things, was soon forsaken. This excellent principle is the grant of medals to officers and men alike, and it was first brought into practice by the great Puritan General.

After the battle of Dunbar:

> "While Darwen stream, with blood of Scotts imbued,
> And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,"

as Milton sings in his splendid sonnet, it was ordered by the House "that it be referred to the committee of the Army, to consider what medals may be prepared both for officers and soldiers that were in the service in Scotland." Cromwell was keen on his own *effigies* being excluded from the medal; he would have preferred to have had "on the one side a Parliament, on the other side an army, with this inscription over the head of it, 'The Lord of Hosts,' which was our word that day." The House consented as to the Parliament, but insisted on having also the face of the great cavalry leader, who appears by no means as a Roundhead, but, as he was in truth, a man with long curling locks.

Some of the most interesting medals are those conferred by the East India Company. So far as land battles were concerned, medals were for a long while granted only to native troops, for apparently, it was not considered that British troops required any incentive to valour, the *reward* of valour being forgotten. In the case of sea fights, distinctions of various kinds were granted, accompanied often by pecuniary rewards. In the days of the East Indiamen, many were the gallant actions fought by dashing merchant skippers against enemies' privateers, and even against enemies' cruisers and men-of-war. The most famous of these actions is that in which Commodore Dance and fifteen other captains of Indiamen, together with Lieutenant Fowler, R.N., engaged a French squadron in the China Seas on February 15th, 1804. For their services on this occasion, the commodore received a sword of honour of the value of £100, each of the others a sword of the value of £50. This is the action which is described in Marryat's "Newton Foster."

The gallant author tells us that, at the instigation of Captain Timmins, "an officer for courage and conduct not surpassed by any in our naval service," the merchantmen actually had the cheek "to tack in succession, bear down in a line ahead, and engage the enemy." And thus was "the best-equipped and highest disciplined squadron that ever sailed from France" encountered, beaten, and chased over the seas by the Indiamen, and a property valued at £8,000,000 preserved. Well may the famous story-teller exclaim: "I do not know on record any greater instance of heroism on the part of British seamen." "Damn my old buttons! what will *our* jolly fellows do next?" cried the Naval pensioners at Greenwich, after spelling out the account by the aid of an excellent pair of spectacles, fabricated by Mr. Foster *père*. And the gallantry of all ranks in the action was rewarded by pecuniary grants amounting to £50,000.

Clasps are a comparatively modern adjunct to medals, having been first granted in connection with the military gold medal and cross during the Peninsular War. Up to that time the name of the service for which the medal was given had been inscribed upon the medal itself.

The Duke of Wellington was of opinion that medals should only be granted for important actions, and for important services in those actions, but that they should be issued to all ranks in the service. Napoleon thought highly of medals as an incentive to valour. Nelson, after the battle of Copenhagen, in letter after letter, urged upon the Government and the Naval authorities that the Naval gold medal should be granted to the officers who served under him.

A Royal Presentation

We must not omit all reference to the more famous of those badges of distinction conferred not only upon soldiers and sailors, but also upon civilians. Of these the most famous are the Royal Red Cross, the Albert medals, and the Royal Humane Society's medals. The Order of the Red Cross was founded in 1883, and is a badge of distinction for women, granted for devoted service in naval or military hospitals, either in time of war or of peace. It is well that this recognition of woman's patient endurance and gallantry should come in the reign of the best, and one of the greatest, of England's women.

The Albert medal has undergone various modifications since it was founded in 1866 for gallantry in saving life at sea. It can now be granted also for gallantry in saving life on land, and can be won by private citizens as well as sailors and soldiers, very appropriately, considering that it takes its title from one of the noblest and most far-sighted of Britain's citizens.

The Royal Humane Society's medals, it is true, are granted by a society, not by the State, yet are they highly coveted. An officer who had just gained one of these medals was heard to exclaim not long ago, "Now, all I want is the V.C."

In early days badges and medals were attached to the person by chains, a survival of which custom is still to be seen in the chains and badges worn by mayors. Since the year 1794 ribbons have been substituted for chains so far as medals are concerned, and instead of hanging the medals round the neck, or sticking them in the hat, they have been pinned upon the arm or chest in an order which has varied with the times.

Space fails to say more upon the many details of this widely attractive subject. One medal, the most envied of all, bears the name of England's present Queen—I refer, of course, to the Victoria Cross—the thought of which has been to numberless men in both Services the sustaining hope in those actions of splendid and often patient courage with which it is so closely associated.

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A MAGNIFICENT SQUADRON.

THE photograph shown here is of the Channel Squadron in Rosas Bay, consisting of eight first-class battle-ships and two first-class cruisers. It is the most powerful and homogeneous fleet in the world, and also the most modern. The anchorage of Rosas Bay is interesting as the scene of much hard fighting and many brilliant exploits in the wars of the early part of this century.

The inspection of the Marine detachment in heavy marching order is an interesting detail of life at sea.

This takes place once a quarter, and the day before is given up entirely to preparing the kit, polishing and furbishing, and getting it as spotlessly clean and bright as pipe-clay, metal polish, and elbow grease, *ad lib.*, can make it.

There is no finer body of troops in the world than a Marine detachment afloat—fine, tall, broad-shouldered, upstanding men, averaging 5-ft. 10-in., or even more, in height, in the pink of condition and as hard as nails. Moreover, they really are men and not boys, as so many of our troops seem to be nowadays.

One illustration shows a portion of the Blue Marines detachment of the "Jupiter." "Blue" Marines are the Royal Marine Artillery, so called in contra-distinction to the Royal Marine Light Infantry, or "Red" Marines.

On the deck in front of them is to be seen spread out the contents of the haversack which is taken away on active service. It contains a small tin canteen, spare shirt, socks and boots, knife and fork, etc., and, of course, the inevitable pipe-clay.

THE CHANNEL FLEET AT ANCHOR IN ROSAS BAY.

Another illustration shows Captain Gaitskill, R.M.A., and his two subalterns. The photograph was taken just after morning prayers, a ceremony which takes place every morning after divisions throughout the Service. In small ships which carry no chaplain the captain reads them in his stead.

Here are also shown two very favourite drills with Vice-

From Photos. By a Naval Officer

THE MARINE OFFICERS OF THE "JUPITER."

PREPARING FOR INSPECTION.

Admiral Stephenson. "Taking in tow" is the first. The odd (or even) numbered ships in the squadron are supposed to be broken down, and the even (or odd) ships are ordered to take them in tow. The whole evolution, from the time the signal is made till the squadron is steaming away under the altered conditions, takes less than half-an-hour—smart work, especially when one considers the size of the ships and the

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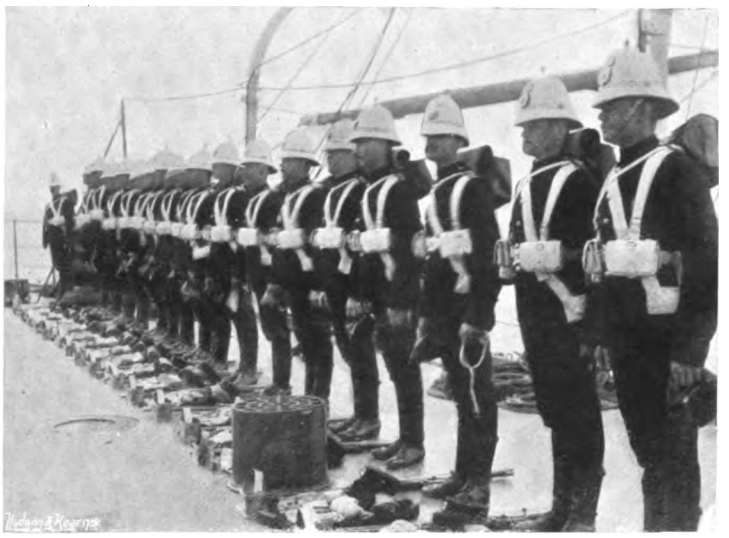
weight of the steel cables and hawsers that have to be used. The other evolution is: "Away all boats' crews; pull round the fleet." This is a source of unfailing excitement and competition in the squadron, even though it is done as often as twice a week. It is simply a gigantic race; every boat has practically the same distance to pull; and for this



READY FOR INSPECTION.

(as for every other drill too) each ship has a special flag to hoist when her boats are all back again and the evolution is finished. The signalmen take the times, and a record of them is kept and put up on the notice-board on the lower deck. This pulling round the fleet is really a very fine sight, to which the

From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

TAKING A CONSORT IN TOW.

PULLING ROUND THE FLEET—"HERE THEY COME."

From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

"THERE THEY GO"

photographs do but scant justice. Every ship has eight or ten boats, and as there are eight battle-ships and five or six cruisers, the number of boats away is not far short of 140 or 150, all pulling their level best to get round and make theirs the "first ship," or at least not the last.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

THE picture shown here is a striking contrast between the war-ships of yesterday and to-day. It represents Nelson's old flag-ship, the "Victory," and the monster cruiser "Terrible," almost side by side, in Portsmouth Harbour. The "Terrible" is a type of the latest and most improved class of cruiser which Sir William White, the present Director of Naval Construction, is responsible for, and the "Victory," as everyone knows, is the ship in which Nelson met his death at the famous battle of Trafalgar, and to which thousands of visitors go yearly to see the cockpit in which the Hero breathed his last. One is a machine of war, the other a ship of war. It is calculated that one of the "Terrible's" guns could do as much execution in a fleet of wooden war vessels as could the whole of the guns of the "Victory."

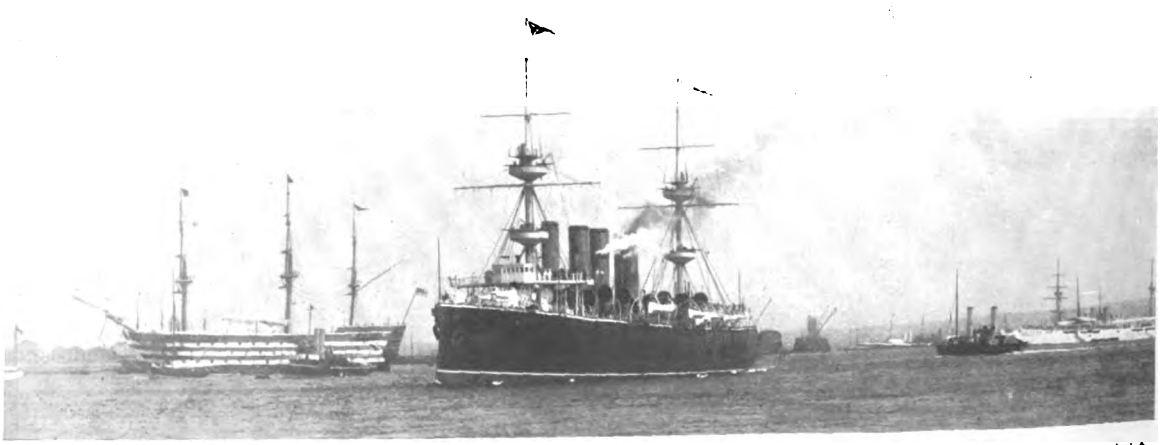


Photo. Cribb. Copyright.

A CONTRAST—THE "VICTORY" AND "TERRIBLE" IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

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SPAIN'S NAVAL COMMANDERS.

EVEN in defeat and disaster it is impossible not to admire the bravery and heroism of the Spanish Navy. Spain has often failed to produce wise administrators and capable leaders of men, but rarely have her seamen exhibited anything but the finest personal qualities before the foe. They have been ill-trained sometimes, often hurried into action in ships that were no match for the enemy, and not seldom placed where their finest efforts could be of no avail. Spanish statesmen never seem to have possessed in any conspicuous degree the valuable talent of discerning merit and selecting just the right men for the work that was to be done.

Philip II., for example, selected that honest gentleman, Medina Sidonia, to command the Invincible Armada which he sent against England in 1588. Sidonia, with delightful frankness, hinted at what the consequences might be. We should desire to speak very kindly of Admiral Montojo y Trillo in the bitterness of his defeat. Later on, perhaps, he will be able to explain the reasons for the course he took. At present they are inscrutable. His squadron was weak indeed, but it was not contemptible. The strangest thing of all was, that it was taken by surprise and scarcely able to move while battered by the long-range American guns. No search-light and no patrol had given warning of Admiral Dewey's approach, and the Spanish admiral—whose portrait we give—had the unique experience of suffering disastrous loss in ships and men while inflicting only nominal injury upon his foe. Yet Spain may glory in the heroism of the men in the "Antonio de Ulloa," who went down with colours flying and guns firing as they sank.

The portrait is given here of the gentleman whom Spaniards may seek to "hang" for this disaster—Admiral Bermejo y Merelo, the ex-Minister of Marine, who has now been relieved of his important duties. But the admiral is an officer of experience and repute, scientific and enthusiastic in his profession, who has commanded the confidence of his colleagues, and it does not seem that he can be really responsible. The Naval Ministers in Spain have been changed almost as rapidly as in France. If we go back to 1893 we find Admiral Cervera—the commander of that wonderful Flying Squadron from Cape Verde—holding the portfolio. In the next year Admiral Pasquin was in his place, and, when Señor Canovas del Castillo was Premier, Admiral Beranger became Minister. Admiral Bermejo came in only with the new Ministry of Señor Sagasta.

CARTAGENA DOCKYARD—THE SALUTING BATTERY.

EX-SPANISH MINISTER OF MARINE.

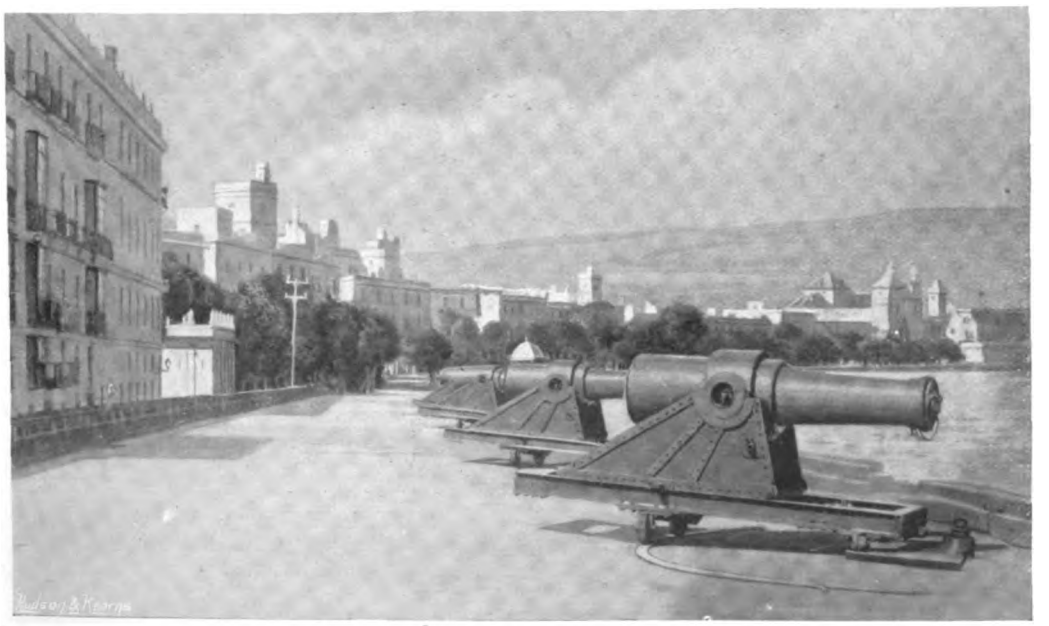
It was within the power of Rear-Admiral Pascual Cervera y Topete, the late Minister of Marine, whose very English-looking portrait we give, with very remarkable success, to baffle his adversary with the squadron of armoured cruisers that disappeared from Cape Verde into space. As the Governor of Tilbury Fort says to his distraught daughter in Sheridan's "Critic":—

> "The Spanish Fleet thou canst not see, because---
> It is not yet in sight,"

so must the captains of Admiral Sampson's look-out ships have said to themselves when they scoured the Atlantic in vain. Admiral Cervera's westward passage took the Americans quite by surprise. He has fought in the African and Cuban operations and the Carlist War, for which he has the medals, and has also been decorated with the cross of Naval and Military Merit, and with the order of Isabel the Catholic and Saint Hermengild, besides being a Commander of the Legion of Honour. Much, therefore, was naturally expected of Admiral Cervera, with his squadron of five armoured cruisers, and Commodore Villamil's torpedo flotilla.

In addition to these pictures of Spanish officers we illustrate scenes at the arsenals of Cadiz and Cartagena. Cadiz stands well in our history. There it was, in 1587, that Drake "singed the King of Spain's beard," when he burnt 10,000 tons of shipping, afterwards capturing the treasure-ship from the Azores. The place suffered again during the expedition of Essex and Howard in 1596, and it has been attacked and defended several times since. It was bombarded by Nelson in 1800, and blockaded by Collingwood in 1808.

The situation of Cadiz is very singular, for the city is upon the end



CADIZ, THE PORTSMOUTH OF SPAIN.

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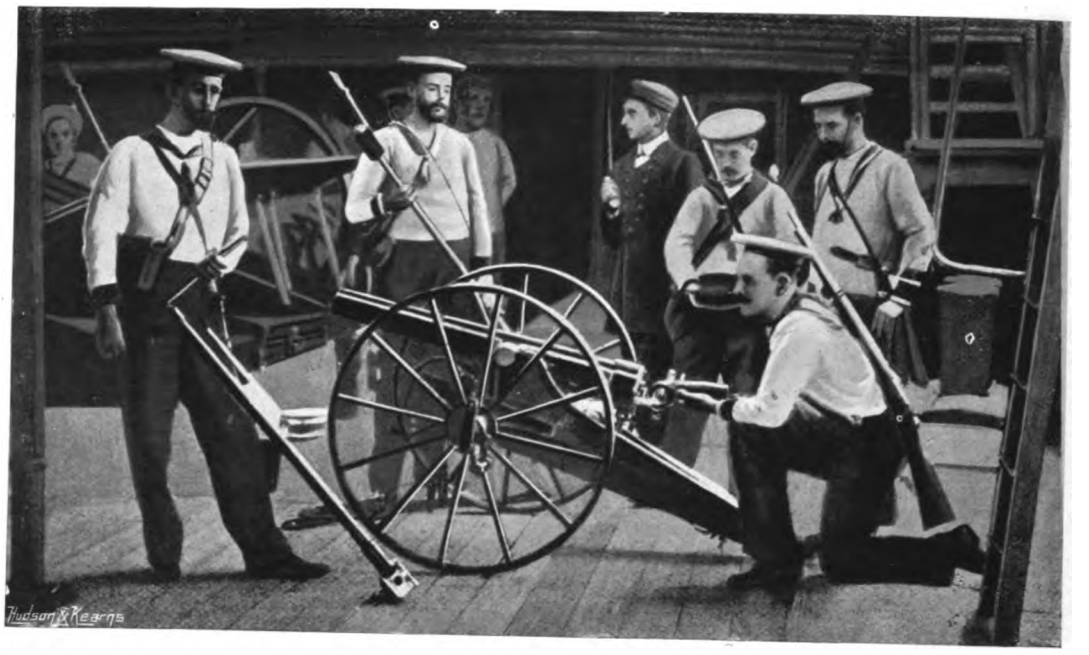
of a long peninsula connected with the Isla de Leon by a narrow neck upon which the railway from Seville runs. The white houses and many towers of the city are romantically beautiful when seen rising, as it were, from the waves, and it is delightful to wander along the Alameda and other marine promenades between the ancient walls and the sea. On the eastern side of the peninsula is the double bay, nipped in the middle, like an hour-glass, between the forts of Puntales and Matagorda. At the landward end of the inner bay the Rio Santi Petri discharges its waters through a series of shifting banks, and has San Carlos —of which we illustrate the battery— on its left side, and Carraca, where the arsenal is, on the other.

Carraca is a thriving place with about 6,000 inhabitants. The building and repairing basins and docks of the arsenal open upon the Rio Santi Petri, and the whole place, during the preparations for hostilities, has resounded with the noise of hammers and the rattle of machinery. The armoured cruiser "Princesa de Asturias" was built here with many other ships, including the "Don Antonio de Ulloa," which fought so heroically at Manila, and the "Castilla" and "Elcano," which were also lost on that disastrous 1st of May. There is at Cadiz, too, the Vea Murguia private yard, in which the great armoured cruiser "Emperador Carlos V." has been recently completed. This is a vessel belonging to that class of cruisers which rank well with some battleships, or at least that are reckoned fit to take their place in the line. It becomes every year more difficult to draw a rigid distinction between battle-ships and cruisers, and almost every great Power in Europe is now building vessels analogous to the "Carlos V."



SOME OF THE CREW OF THE "ALFONSO XII."

ADMIRAL MONTOJO Y TRILLO.

We illustrate also the saluting battery at Cartagena, where the Spaniards have another dockyard, in which the armoured cruiser "Cataluña," a sister of the "Maria Teresa," has long been in hand. The dockyard is of recent formation, having been completed in 1866, through the energy of Naval Engineer Tallarie, but there is reason to think it has fallen into some decay.

REAR-ADMIRAL PASCUAL CERVERA Y TOPETE

OFFICERS OF THE CRUISER "ALFONSO XII."

The other pictures are of the officers and men of the second-class steel cruiser "Alfonso XII.," launched at Ferrol in 1887. She displaces 3,090 tons, is credited with a speed of 17·5 knots, and has six 6·2-in. and two 2·7-in. guns for her principal armament. This vessel was recently in Havana Harbour.

The incidents of the blockade are full of interest. History repeats itself. There have been the captures, disputes as to rights of neutrals, varying fortunes, attempts to run the blockade, and to make diversions which were the features of Naval war in the old days of our "wooden walls."

When the hostilities began, eager journalists on both sides of the Atlantic looked for immediate episodes of stirring warfare. But, as a matter of fact, it is the nature of Naval hostilities to develop slowly, and the changes in Naval architecture and the introduction of powerful arms will not change their character. We are looking on, without doubt, at one of the most instructive dramas of the last half-century.

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With the Spanish Troops in Cuba.

IN these pictures, from an American contemporary, we have samples, so to speak, of the Spanish troops, who comprise Marshal Blanco's command for the war in Cuba. The soldiers who are shown, as may be seen from their uniforms, belong to two different sets of forces. Some belong to the regular Spanish Cuban Army, which is a separate force in itself, and as distinct from the Spanish Home Army as our own Indian Army is from the British Army in England. The military forces of Spain, in fact, are permanently divided into two armies, called repectively the Peninsular Army and the Colonial Army. This last, the Colonial Army, is furthermore a triple force, being subdivided into the Army of Cuba, the Army of Porto Rico, and the Army of the Philippines. The troops of the Colonial Army can always be told by their uniform, which consists of a straw hat (except in the Philippines, where white helmets are worn), with brown cotton drill clothing.

ENGINEERS LAYING A LIGHT RAILWAY AND FIELD TELEGRAPH.

SPANISH LINESMEN ON PARADE.

Some of these Cuban regular soldiers are shown in one of our pictures, where a mounted detachment of Cuban chasseurs are seen dashing to the front in action, covered by infantry skirmishers, during a reconnaissance in force.

The troops shown in our other photographs are engineers, linesmen, and mounted artillery, of the Spanish Home or Peninsular Army. They are some of the 20,000 odd troops which, during the past three years, have been drafted out from Spain to reinforce the small colonial Cuban regular Army. Their identity with these can be seen from the uniform they are wearing, which is the ordinary garb of the Spanish Home Army. The Spanish Engineers, a detachment of whom are shown laying down a light field railway and running a telegraph line along it, comprise six regiments in all, one of which is permanently stationed in Cuba in ordinary times. The men we see at work belong to the second battalion of the 2nd Regiment, which was sent out to Cuba two years ago, and is the special railway and telegraph regiment of the Service. It comprises two railway companies and two telegraph companies.

CUBAN MOUNTED CHASSEURS IN ACTION.

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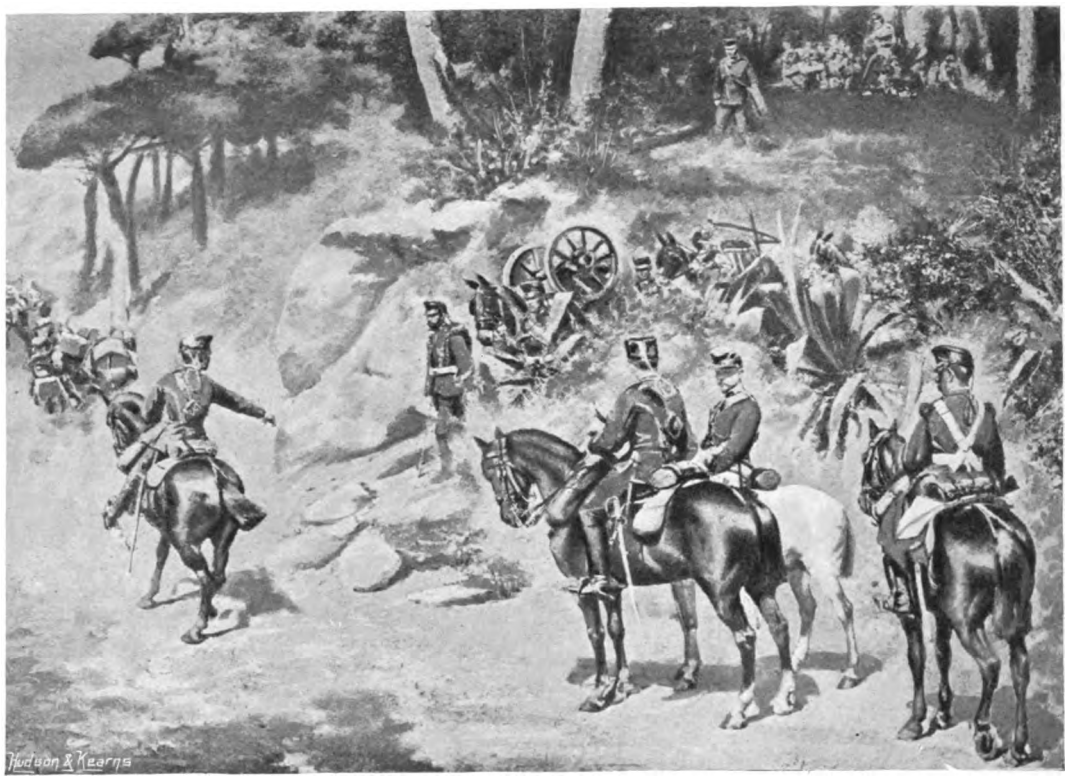
Next we have line soldiers on parade preparing to leave camp for some special service. They are dressed in a coat of blue cloth with red collar piping and wings. The trousers are red, and are worn with gaiters of black cloth. The head-dress is of the type common to the whole Spanish Army, a sort of combination of the Glengarry and the French kepi, with a sloped peak. It is known as the "Ros," after the name of its inventor, General Ros de Olano. In the infantry the Ros is of grey felt, as distinguished from the artillery and engineers, in which branches the Ros is white.

The uniform of the men of the artillery and engineers is dark blue with red facings.

The mountain battery shown in our picture threading its way through a bit of difficult tropical country belongs to, perhaps, the smartest arm of the whole Spanish Service. Only the tallest men are taken for the mountain artillery branch, the minimum height being 5-ft. 8-in. A Spanish mountain battery comprises 179 of all ranks, the men being armed with carbines and "machetes." Each battery consists of six short 8-cm. breech-loader Plasencia steel guns.



A MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY BATTERY ON THE MARCH.

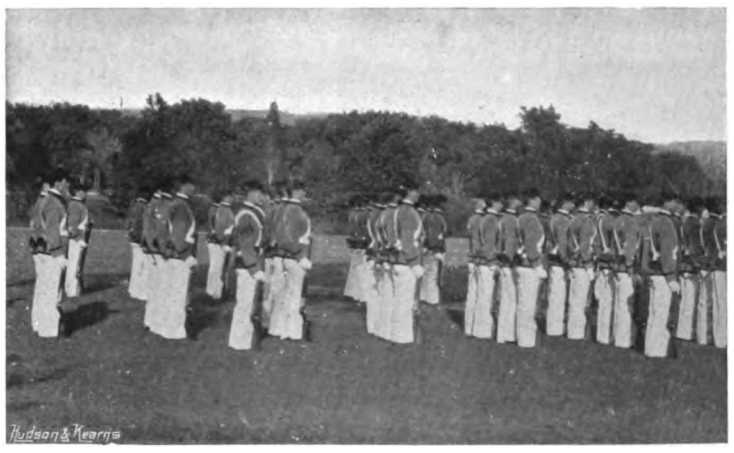
Future Generals of the United States.

THE United States Military Academy, situated at West Point, in the State of New York, is one of the finest military educational establishments owned by any Power. The large majority of the leaders in the Civil War, both on the Northern and Southern sides, were graduates of West Point Every Congressional district and territory in the Republic is entitled to nominate a cadet—through its representative—to the academy, and the President has the special appointment to ten vacancies. In all, therefore, there is a strength of 371 students, and since the foundation of the academy in 1802 it has passed some 4,000 officers into the regular Army of the United States.

The age of entry is between seventeen and twenty one, and the candidate has to pass a strict medical examination, as well as to qualify in a literary test of a fairly severe description. Hard work also comes afterwards, for the graduate course is a distinctly stiff one. That this is so is evidenced by the fact that of those nominated something like one-fourth

CADETS AT CAVALRY DRILL.

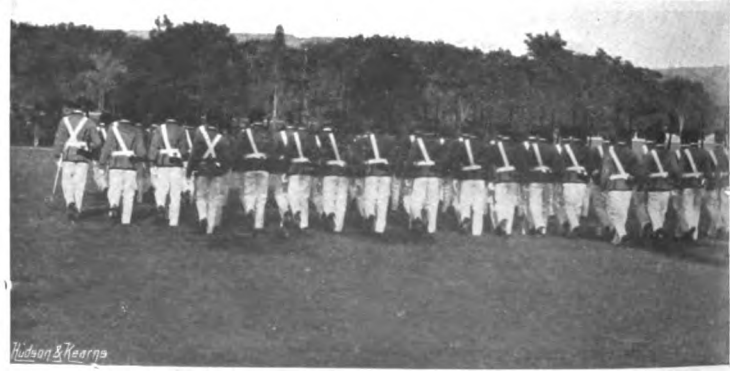
fail to pass the qualifying test, while of those who enter the academy but little more than one-half succeed in finally graduating and obtaining their commission. The academic course lasts from September 1st to June 1st, that is, nine months, and the cadets have periodical examinations in January and June, when those not up to standard are discharged Nor does this mean the end of the cadets' work, for from the middle of June till the end of August the cadets live in camp, engaged in the exercise of practical military duties and receiving practical military instruction. In short, the United States military cadet is kept well up to the collar during the whole of his course, and his periods of leave of



CADETS AT INFANTRY DRILL.

absence are of the briefest, for he is only allowed one furlough during his four years' course.

The cadet, however, receives pay at the rate of 540 dollars a year—not a very large sum, but one that with strict economy he can get along on. The discipline at West Point is strict, and, as will be seen by our illustrations, drill and military exercises are not neglected; and though the literary and scientific studies of the cadets are of a very high character, the cadet is turned out a practical as well as a theoretical soldier. The photographs we reproduce show the cadets both at cavalry and infantry drill.



"RIGHT ABOUT TURN, MARCH!"

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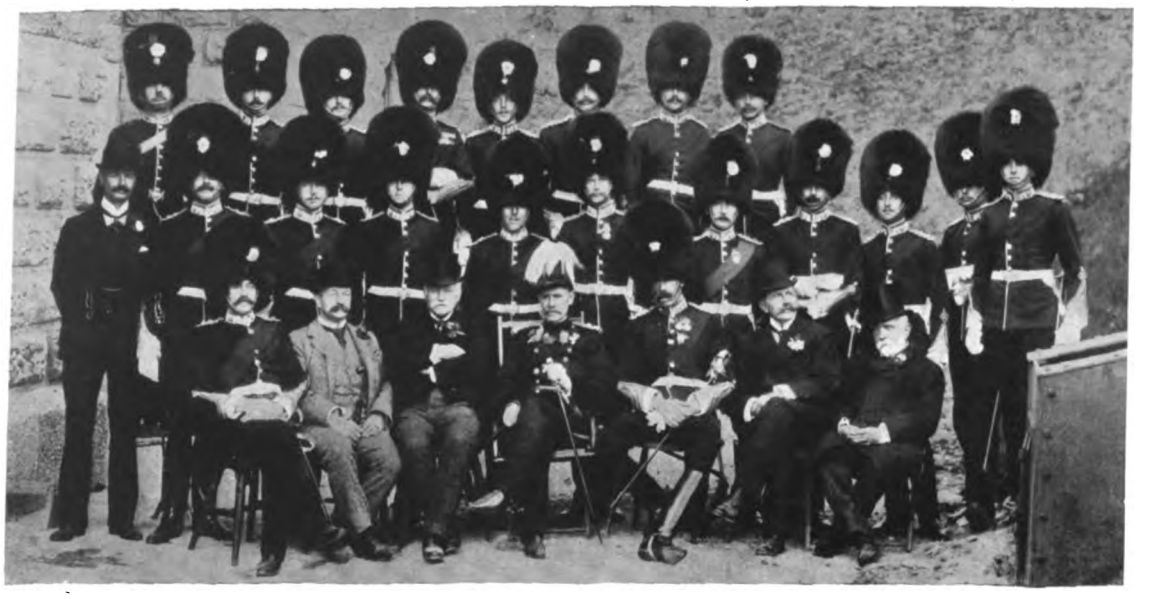
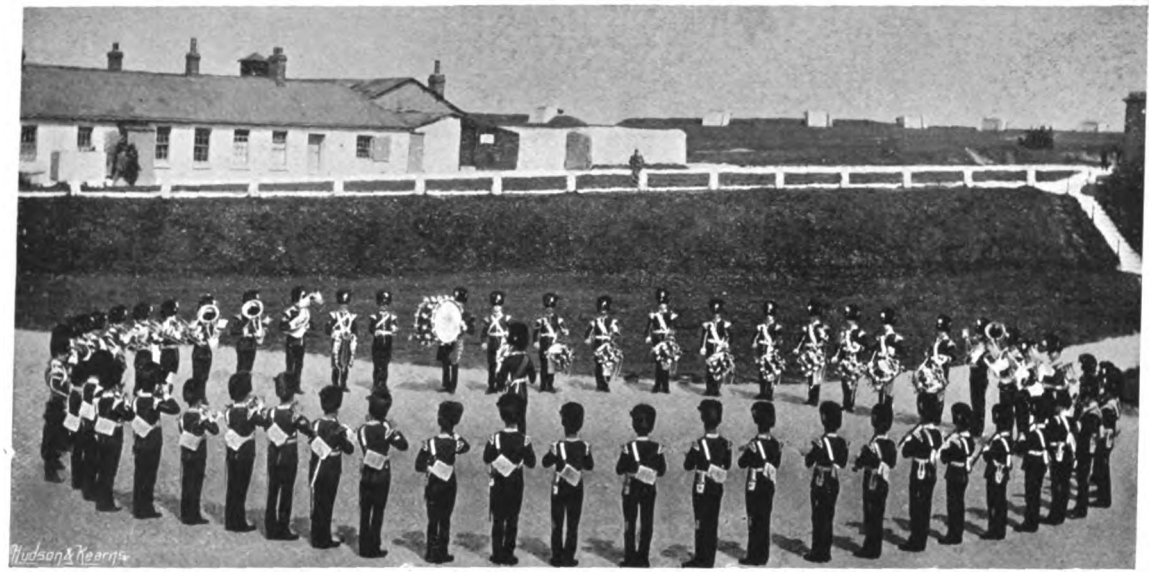
THE HONOUR OF ST. GEORGE.

IF the national observance of St. George's Day, April 23rd, is, as a popular institution among Englishmen, more or less of a new idea, and one hardly yet taken up by most of us in more than a half-hearted way, it is otherwise in the Army. There, in a large and yearly increasing number of regiments, measures are taken in one form or another to celebrate the importance of the day. Especially is this the case in British garrisons abroad, where the anniversary day of the patron saint of England, "Our ancient word of courage fair St. George," is always honoured by ceremonial displays and festivities, as circumstances may permit.



GEN. WILLIS AND OFFICERS, 2nd NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS—ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

Both at home and abroad the lead in the observance of St. George's Day is taken, as it has ever been taken, by *one* particular regiment. This is the famous old "Fighting 5th,"—so renowned under Wellington as one of the corps of Picton's Division in the Peninsular War—the Northumberland Fusiliers. With them it is a tradition, in fact, of immemorial antiquity, to so commemorate April 23rd every year as a festal day, and one to be observed with honour in the highest degree. Both the regular battalions of the regiment are at one in observing St. George's Day with every honour wherever each may be quartered. On the day of our national saint, the colours and the drums, the busbies of all ranks, the field officers' chargers, are all decorated with red and white roses, while a full dress parade for trooping the colours is specially held in honour of the day, which, furthermore, is always, in the case of the battalion for the time being serving at home, attended by a large gathering of friends and past officers of the regiment. To add to the festal character of the occasion, a special dinner is given to the men of the regiment, and as many non-commissioned officers as can be got together for the day are feasted in the sergeants' mess, while extra allowances, gratuities, and indulgences are dispensed throughout the battalion, so that the day may be kept by all as one of high holiday. The officers, for their part, entertain a large gathering of friends at luncheon, and the proceedings usually terminate with a ball given by the warrant officers and sergeants. During the day innumerable telegrams of greeting are received by the regiment from past and present members, often sent from all parts of the globe, which serve to testify in a striking way to the re-



BAND, 2nd NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS—ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

Photos. Cummings. Copyright.

2nd NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS—TROOPING THE COLOURS.

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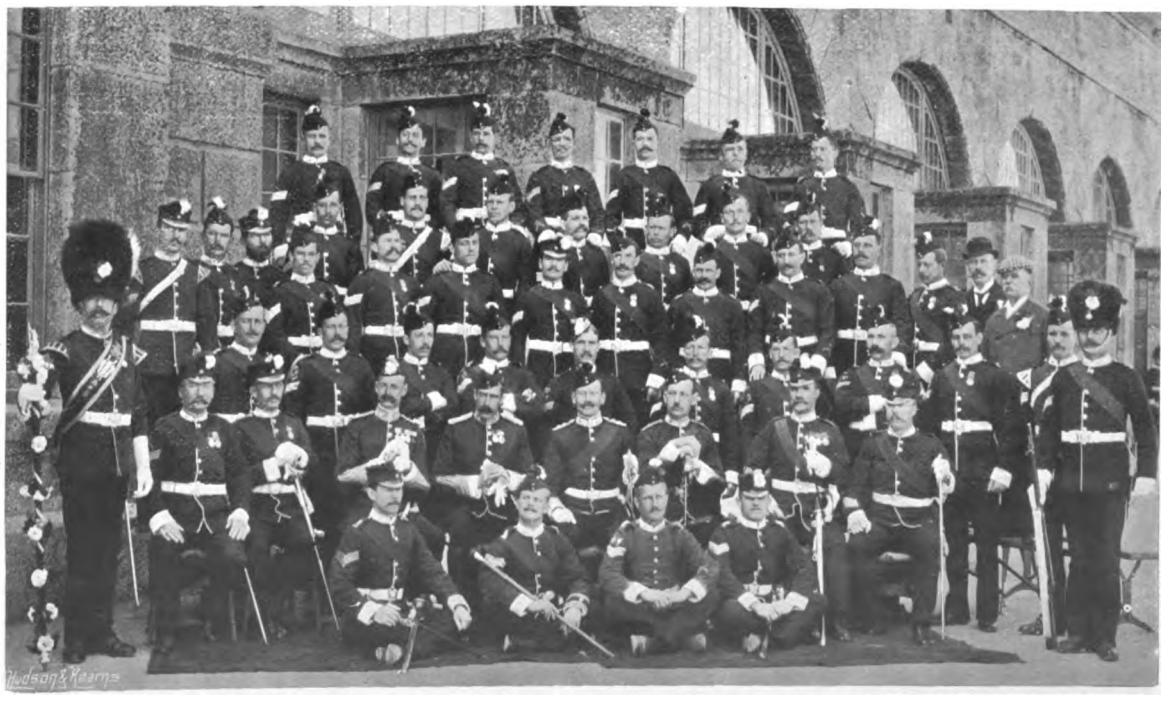
markably strong feeling of *esprit de corps* which has at all times characterised the old "Fighting 5th."

Every officer and man in the regiment, whether belonging to the category of past or present, makes a point, according to the old custom on St. George's Day, of decorating himself with a red and white rose, which is worn by all ranks on parade, as well as by the friends and past officers of the regiment who are attending the parade in mufti. The custom is said, indeed, to date from Charles II.'s time, in or about the year 1675, when the regiment was constituted in the British Line and granted its special badges of St. George and the Dragon, and the Rose of England, a red and white rose surmounted by a crown.

The photographs that we publish were taken on St. George's Day this year at Portland, where the 2nd Battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers is now in garrison. The colonel of the regiment, General Willis, C.B.—who is shown in the centre of our photograph of the officers of the regiment, and will be readily recognised by his distinctive general's uniform—was present, and, in honour of the occasion, specially presented the officers' mess with a massive antique vase, surmounted on the cover by a rose, emblematic of the regimental badge. This being the second year of the Northumberland Fusiliers' stay at Portland, their special observance of St. George's Day by a trooping of the colours parade was widely known throughout Dorsetshire, with the result that on April 23rd this year crowds of people flocked to witness the ceremonial, many of them coming not only from Weymouth and Dorchester, but from more distant parts of the county. Our photographs also show

2nd NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS MARCHING OUT—ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

2nd NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS RETURNING FROM PARADE—ST. GEORGE'S DAY.



Photos. Cummings

2nd NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS—THE N.C.O.'s.

Copyright.

the battalion marching to the parade ground and from it, two views taken on the parade ground, one of the band forming a grand circle, the other of the colours of the regiment being borne on to the ground. Two other illustrations give us groups of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the "Fighting 5th," past and present.

Portland, where the 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers have their quarters, is in the Southern District command of the Army, of which the headquarters are at Portsmouth.

The station is for Army purposes coupled with Weymouth as a place of arms, the military garrison being charged with the occupation and the safe keeping of the land fortifications, erected to guard on the land side the anchorage of Portland Roads, which is the headquarters station in home waters of the Channel Fleet.

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *has now been registered by the Post Office authorities as a newspaper, and can therefore be sent through the post under the special conditions and with all the advantages which follow from such registration. It may be pointed out to subscribers that this will mean a considerable reduction in their subscription. The net result is that they will obtain the weekly paper at a cost which but slightly exceeds that which they were in the habit of incurring when they subscribed for the fortnightly issues with supplements. The registration of the paper will also confer a benefit on those who are desirous of sending the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *to their friends. In making this announcement, we desire also to direct the attention of advertisers and others to the alteration which has been made in the scope and purpose of the journal. In it are described and illustrated for the general public all current events and topics connected with the Naval and Military Services the wide world over.*

* * * *

THE WAR.—Our readers will also be interested to know that the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is fully represented by a corps of photographers at every likely scene of action, who will supply illustrations of all the important incidents which happen during hostilities. A special steamer has been chartered to accompany the blockading squadron off Cuba, and the representatives of the paper, men of great experience as artist photographers, will furnish scenes of life on board the vessels of the United States Squadron as well as on shore in the blockaded cities. The material thus supplied by our correspondents should form a unique pictorial history of the war.*

* * * *

REAR-ADMIRAL EDMUND JOHN CHURCH was born in 1842, and began his service in the Navy in the old "Algiers," 91, in the Black Sea fleet during the Russian War. As a midshipman he was one of the dashing little band, the "'Shannon's' Naval Brigade," who, under the heroic Sir William Peel, did such magnificent service in India during the Mutiny, notably at the siege and relief of Lucknow. As a captain, Admiral Church served as flag-captain to Sir Nowell Salmon in the "Boadicea" when Sir Nowell was Commander-in-Chief at the Cape. After that he commanded the old "Monarch" ironclad in the Channel Squadron. From 1888 to 1891 Admiral Church was in charge of Hong Kong Dockyard as commodore. He was from 1894 to 1896, after his promotion to flag rank, in charge of Devonport Dockyard, which important command, however, the gallant admiral, on account of ill-health, was obliged to resign, to the expressed regret of all at the great West Country arsenal. Admiral Church had the good fortune as a midshipman to be mentioned in despatches for his services in the Indian Mutiny, and when a commander he was three times commended by the Lords of the Admiralty for carrying out special services entrusted to him. *(See illustration on front page.)*

* * * *

THE illustration on page 237 is a striking group, and well shows us that the skilled artisan can be found when wanted in Her Majesty's Army. In fact, every regiment of infantry has in its pioneers a small body of regimental artificers perfectly competent to perform most jobs and repairs in barracks either at home or abroad; and a glance at the specimens of work shown in the illustration is proof conclusive that the pioneers of the King's Own need not fear comparison with any other body of pioneers in the Service. The establishment allowed to each regiment is one pioneer-sergeant and ten pioneers, and, as a rule, the following distribution of trades is adopted:—Four carpenters, two bricklayers (the one able to plaster, the other to slate), one smith (who should be also a shoeing smith), a stonemason, a painter and glazier, and two plumbers and gasfitters. The pioneer is a very old institution in the Service, though in the old times they were not taken from the ranks, but were labourers pressed into and equipped for the Service. Let us hope that the shield in the centre of the photograph, on which the battle honours of the regiment are enrolled, is intended as an ornament for the regimental orderly-room or quarter-guard, where its presence will remind young soldiers of the glory of the corps to which they have the honour to belong. That this is its destination is more than probable, for no regiment in the Service has more *esprit de corps* than the "old Fourth."

* * * *

"LONACORNING" (Frostburg, U.S.A.).—The old 32nd Foot, now the 1st Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, has a glorious record of service. It is the third of the three surviving regiments of Queen Anne's Marines, and dates from 1702. That year the regiment served in the Cadiz Expedition, and two years later it took part in the capture and subsequent defence of Gibraltar. As Borr's Marines the regiment made the campaigns in Spain under Peterborough and Galway. After the Peace of Utrecht it was placed on the Irish Establishment, and was present at Dettingen and Fontenoy, Vimiera, Corunna, and Salamanca. At Waterloo the 32nd suffered heavily, and lost 530 officers and men out of 630. Mooltan, Goojerat, and Lucknow are among the honours of the 1st Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

HERE is what one may call a sale catalogue of the vessels building and repairing in Europe for minor Navies, for all of which ships Spain and America have been in treaty, though not successfully in all cases. It is an interesting matter to ourselves, for the buying up of such a fleet by any of our own immediate rivals in an emergency—which is always possible—would be a serious matter in view of our present narrow margin of numerical superiority. Ironclads: "24 de Mayo" (the old "Aquidaban" of the Brazilian Civil War), of 5,000 tons, repairing for Brazil at Stettin; "Riachuelo," of 5,800 tons, repairing also for Brazil in France; "Almirante Brown," of 4,200 tons, repairing for the Argentine Republic in France. Armoured cruisers: "San Martino," of 7,000 tons, building in Italy for the Argentine Republic; "Asama" and "Tokiva," of 9,750 tons, building at Elswick for Japan; "Garibaldi," of 6,840 tons, building in Italy for the Italian Government; "Holland" and "Zealand," of 3,900 tons each, building at Elswick for the Dutch Government. Protected cruisers: "Esmeralda" and "O'Higgins," building at Elswick for Chili, of 7,500 tons and 8,500 tons respectively; "Takasago," of 4,150 tons, building for Japan at Elswick; "Kasagi" and "Chitose," of 4,760 tons each, building in America for Japan; "Hai Tien" and "Hai Chi," of 4,300 tons, building at Elswick for China; two torpedo-cruisers, "Timbira" and "Tupij," of 1,030 tons each, building for Japan; and twenty destroyers at various places building for Chili, Japan, and China. America has already purchased and taken over the "Amazonas" (now "New Orleans") and "Almirante Abrea" from Brazil, the "Diogenes," protected transport, from the Thames Iron Works; and Spain the "Varese," of 6,840 tons, originally laid down for the Italian Government. These are about the ordinary numbers of vessels at all times building or repairing in Europe for the Navies of minor States, and the ever possible acquisition of a small fleet such as this by a Naval Power hostile to Great Britain on the eve of hostilities is a permanent danger to us.

* * * *

IN reply to "Trumpeter," it would be impossible, without seeing the photograph, to pronounce definitely; but I should be inclined to think that the photograph in question represents a havildar, or colour-sergeant, of the old Bengal Infantry, in the Company's time. In walking-out dress, in stable-jackets, the only distinction between a man of the King's Dragoon Guards and of the 4th Dragoon Guards would be in the buttons, as both have blue velvet facings. In tunics the designation on the shoulder-straps would distinguish. As regards Hussars, the same applies, though the 3rd and 13th can be always told by their collars, scarlet and buff respectively, the 11th by their crimson overalls and forage caps, and the 15th by their scarlet forage caps.

* * * *

CYCLING both as a pastime and as a sport grows in favour every day amongst the officers and men in the Navy, and it is not improbable that the time will come when every man-of-war will have a cycling club of its own. Recently the men of the "Vulcan," of the Mediterranean Squadron, started a cycle club, the first of its kind in the locality, and I now learn that they have also constructed a cycle track at Platea. They built it that they might enjoy cycling without having to ride several miles to get it, for there is not a road worthy the name within many miles of that place. The track is a cinder one, and the cinders with which it was built were obtained from the different vessels calling at Platea from time to time. It measures about three and a-quarter laps to the mile, with unbanked corners, and the making of it was no light task, as the ground was very rough and covered with great rocks and bushes, which had, of course, to be moved to make a perfectly level surface.

* * * *

AT the present moment, when little else but war is talked of, it is interesting to note what the world's largest wars are computed to have cost, both in money and in life. Eight of the biggest wars in which England has taken part within the last three centuries have cost her £2,000,000,000; while Russia, in seventy years, has spent £67,000,000, and lost nearly three-quarters of a million men. The two Napoleons cost France in war nearly £700,000,000, and in the wars over 5,000,000 men were killed. The battles of the first Napoleon widowed over 1,000,000 Frenchwomen and made 3,000,000 orphans in France alone. The six campaigns of the Peninsula cost 600,000 Frenchmen their lives; and the losses of the Spanish and Allies were about the same. It has cost America to obtain the position she holds amongst nations to-day £2,000,000,000 and 680,000 men. The Civil War accounted for over four-fifths of this sum, and 600,000 lives. America fought from 1776 over forty wars against the Indians, spending £20,000,000. In these battles 19,000 whites and 30,000 Indians were killed. Returning to Europe, the total cost of the Russian War is put at £400,000,000, to which England contributed £70,000,000; and, in all, three-quarters of a million soldiers perished.

* * * *

IN reply to "France," the "Bouvet," the biggest and most powerful battle-ship that the French Navy has as yet seen, will join the French Toulon fleet, thus adding in a very important degree to the strength of France in the Mediterranean. So far as the earlier trials of the "Bouvet" (carried on on the way round from Rochefort to Toulon) have gone, the ship has given satisfaction, we are told. The "Bouvet" is of nearly the same tonnage and size as our own "Renown," 12,205 tons to the "Renown's" 12,350 tons. She is thus a good deal smaller than our "crack" first-class battle-ships of the "Majestic" and "Royal Sovereign" classes; but the "Bouvet's" armament is as heavy as that of these ships, and she is heavily armoured at the water-line with nearly 16-in. of steel armour, as against the 9-in. Harveyed steel armour on the sides of our "Majestics." When she commissions, the "Bouvet" will undoubtedly be the most formidable fighting craft that France has ever sent to sea.

* * * *

"'LA Première Carabinière d'Angleterre'—Who was the lady?" So a correspondent asks me. The lady in question is Her Majesty the Queen, and the designation was applied to her by the captain of the body of Swiss marksmen who attended our first Wimbledon meeting in 1860, at which Her Majesty fired the first shot. The Queen, with the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and a brilliant suite, opened the first Wimbledon meeting by firing a rifle laid on a target at 400-yds. Attached to the trigger of the rifle was a silken lanyard, and this Her Majesty pulled. The shot struck the centre of the bull's-eye, whereupon the Swiss captain acclaimed Her Majesty in the terms of my correspondent's query.

THE EDITOR.

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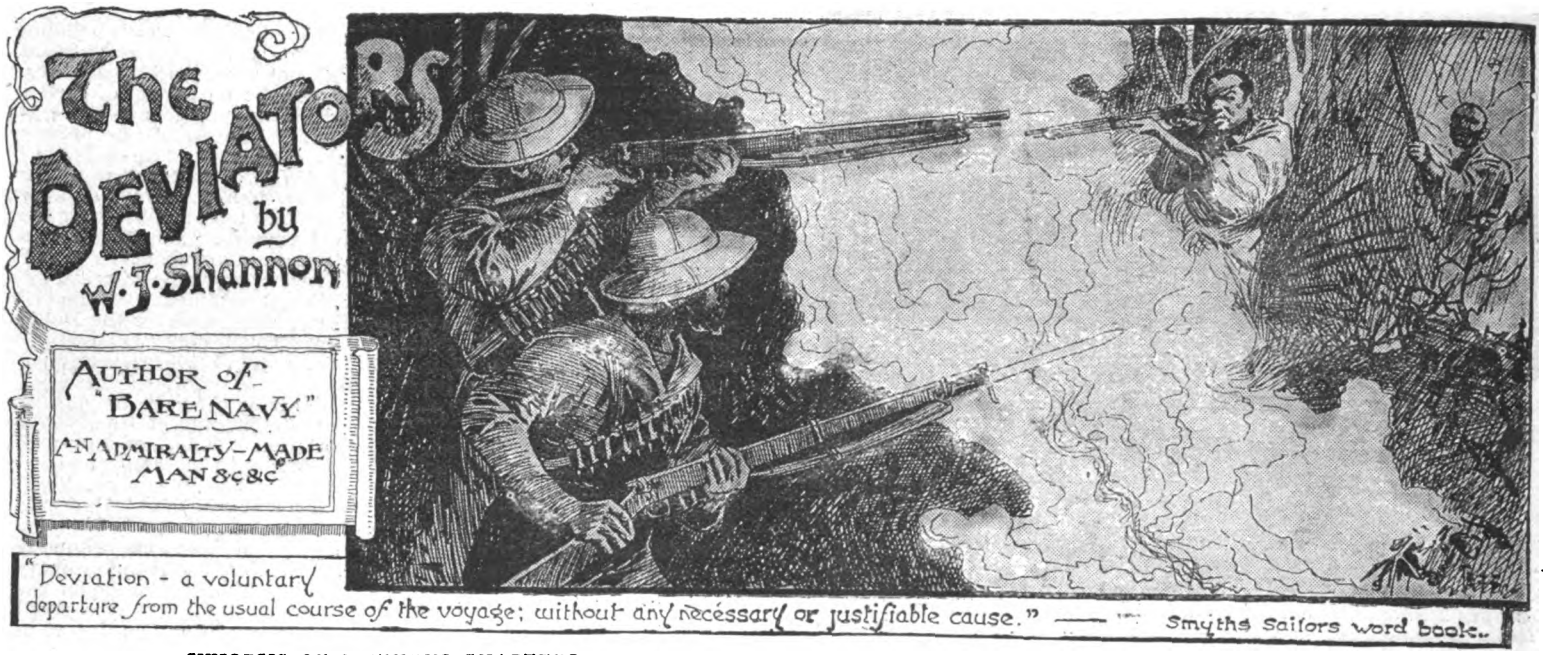
The Deviators
by W. J. Shannon
Author of "Bare Navy"
An Admiralty-Made Man &c &c
"Deviation - a voluntary departure from the usual course of the voyage; without any necessary or justifiable cause." — Smyths Sailors word book.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

A party from H.M.S. "Pimpernel" lands to punish a rebellious village, on behalf of the Sultan of Zanzibar, in East Africa. The seamen are in heavy marching order, and are wearing pith helmets for the first time. The march, along winding paths amid dense bush, is hard and monotonous, and at supper the bluejackets criticise and grumble, and especially can see no object in superseding white straw hats by helmets. Jim Twelves, the ship's comedian, argues that whatever they may be like as hats, they will make the "blessedest pillers on the earth beneath, or on ships," and he is "authorative on pillers." The bluejackets experiment and agree. After six days ashore, during which the village is burnt but no native is seen, the landing party approaches the shore to re-embark and is ambushed. All the officers are killed or wounded, and many of the men, and the party has to retire to the boats. One officer and three men, including Twelves and his chum, Malachi Eaves, are missing. The ship steams away for Zanzibar for assistance. Twelves and Eaves are not in the fight. They have fallen out in the forenoon to sleep upon those helmets, intending to overtake the column later. They oversleep, and come upon a hill near the sea just in time to see their ship steaming away. They give way to righteous anger, Eaves especially regretting they had hurried and had not finished their nap. Twelves swears he will have a court-martial, and points out that to be marooned on a continent instead of on an island of "a suitable size" establishes a precedent if allowed to pass unchallenged. He desires a pencil to note things down at once. Eaves calls attention to their perilous position. They decide to entrench themselves, and after dark agree to reconnoitre the enemy's camp, where great rejoicings are going on, for supplies. They each get a case, which with great labour they convey to their own camp. The boxes cause a hollow sound as they are thrown on the ground.

CHAPTER II. *(continued.)*

"WE must investigate," said Twelves. "I preshume we've took rooms over an earthquake. This hill's empty like a eggshell."

"Best leave it for daylight, Jim," said Eaves, sleepily. "It's my watch below, and I'm tired."

"Turn in, then. But I'm all on for this. Daylight's no good for fairy tales. This'll be all solid ground then."

"And a good job, too," said Eaves, sulkily. "There's no doubt it's simply a delusion of the hearin' due to the night air. If you're so bloomin' wideawake and active, you may as well do something useful, and go and see what else you can borrow from the enemy." And Malachi laid his head upon his helmet and slept.

His friend dug. In a few inches he struck on small tree-trunks laid across and upholding the earth on which they had made their camp. He woke Eaves, and they removed some of the trunks, and by the aid of a wax vesta peered below into a cavernous passage.

"What think o' that?" said Twelves, with pride. "And although as camp-majors we ought to be superseded, we'll forgive ourselfs for bein' the means of diskiverin' this lovely cave."

"I can't see any advantage in it," said Eaves.

"Ah, you'd live on top of a piecrust widout experimentin' on the pie. It's Providence, Malachi, that's done it."

"What?" asked Eaves stolidly.

"Pointed out this cave. I can see it all, as they say in the tracks. All them things what seemed to point nowhere was really directin' us here."

"Anyone 'ud think this was Klondyke, to hear you talk, Jim Twelves."

"So it will be. The pith helmets, the breakin' from the party, the maroonin', the Wallace spades, all made this possible. These trunks signify man's labour, Malachi."

"Well?"

"The question is, why did they do it? Who done it? I answer, 'This is the private entrance to a devil cave, and there's another entrance out, somewhere, and if the devil is still worshipped there's food laid there for him. And food for him is food for us.'"

"I reckon we best go down and do some more foragin' at the camp, Jim. Your imagination is too great."

"Yes, but it's a glorious vision, aint it? Fresh scran put there every day, and all we got to do is to be devils and eat it."

"I can act the devil all right when I care to," said Eaves, "but jist now I don't. I wish you wasn't so changeable, Jim. It was you wanted to lay up a store of provisions an hour ago, and now you're all on for caves."

"Food ready spread out for us, Mal. This is a tirin' job, walkin' up and down hill."

"You're a tired blighter altogether. Leave the cave till mornin'."

"Daylight will destroy all my fine ideas about it, Mal. It will be quite ord'n'y then."

"So it is now. I shall go down by myself."

Jim turned reluctantly from his cave, and observing that "this world was a considerable gloomy place, where no man could do as he wished unless he was an admiral," followed his friend.

The Swahili camp was quiet, except for the snores of the sleepers, and they had no difficulty in again skirmishing on its outskirts. It extended over a large area, and the great mass of booty was in the centre, where the Arab headman lay. The two seamen crawled towards this spot and waited a moment or two outside the light of the fire. No one stirred, and they were about to start again across a lighted space to get into the shadow of the pile of cases, when Twelves touched Eaves warningly and whispered, "See that?"

Eaves looked again into the circle of firelight and saw near the sleepers a man clothed in a Naval officer's uniform, lying bound, with a bloody handkerchief about his brows.

"Charlie Chater!" whispered Eaves.

"That's the boy," said Twelves. "We're ambulance party this time, Mal."

"We must do it smart, Jim. These chaps may rouse at any minit."

"Move wid me, chum. No. Stay where you are, and cover my retreat. I reckon I can lift a sub-lootenant all on my own."

"Very good, Jim."

Twelves, bending low, rapidly passed from the darkness into the firelight and approached the sub-lieutenant. Picking him up as if he were a child, and whispering, "Keep quiet, sir," he bore him back by Eaves, who rose and followed. After a time Twelves formed the rear-guard and Eaves carried the officer, who remained unconscious. They reached their camp safely, laid their burden gently down and cut his lashings, wrapped their blankets round him, and concluded that they ought to see if anyone else was to be rescued.

As they again neared the beach they fancied they heard the plash of oars, and stayed listening intently. The enemy's camp lay between them and the sea, and as they heard no more they concluded they had been mistaken, and were moving again when there was a crunching of feet on shingle, a rush, a roar, a volley, and then battle and confusion.

Eaves rose to his feet as soon as he grasped the situation, overjoyed. "It's them, Jim! It's them! I thought they wouldn't leave us."

Twelves pulled him to his knees. "Lay down, Mal; I don't care for you to be shot, not even wid a Service rifle and

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by your own messmates. Have we escaped the perils of maroonin' to be shot by our friends? Let the gale blow over. Besides, I'm thinkin'."

"I aint," said Eaves, sinking down. "I'm too glad to think."

"This is what my thoughtfulness says, Mal," shouted Twelves amid the noise of firing and shrieking. "We are deserters. Liable to be shot widin five minits by degree of drum-head court-martial. Therefore we've got to work up a good and all-pervadin' excuse."

"Well? Can't we say we was sunstroked?"

"I shouldn't care to, after the Adm'alty so kindly provided them helmets. That would be base ingratitood, and, besides, the cap'n 'ud be annoyed. Also I want a day or two's further leaf."

"Jim, you always talks in them 'Arabian Nights' tone of voice when you ought to be talkin' sense. Let's join up with them. They're through the camp now, and there's no fear of us bein' shot in error. There goes the bugle for 'cease firin'' and 'retire'! Come on."

"They're not goin' aboard agin, Mal. It's on'y because it's too dark and dangerous to go on. They'll continue in the daylight. Meantime, me and you can go and fetch Charlie."

"No fear. We bin up and down that benighted hill enough times. We'll fall in with the rest, and let a fatigue party go."

"I'm surprised at you, Mal, not to have more human milk of kindness. We must bring him back ourselfs, of course. And what more excuse do we want? He thanks us, and the cap'n thanks us, and everyone says we done wise and well. Also there's that cave."

"Cuss the cave. I'm tired and hungry and want to git back aboard. Caves has no enticements for me."

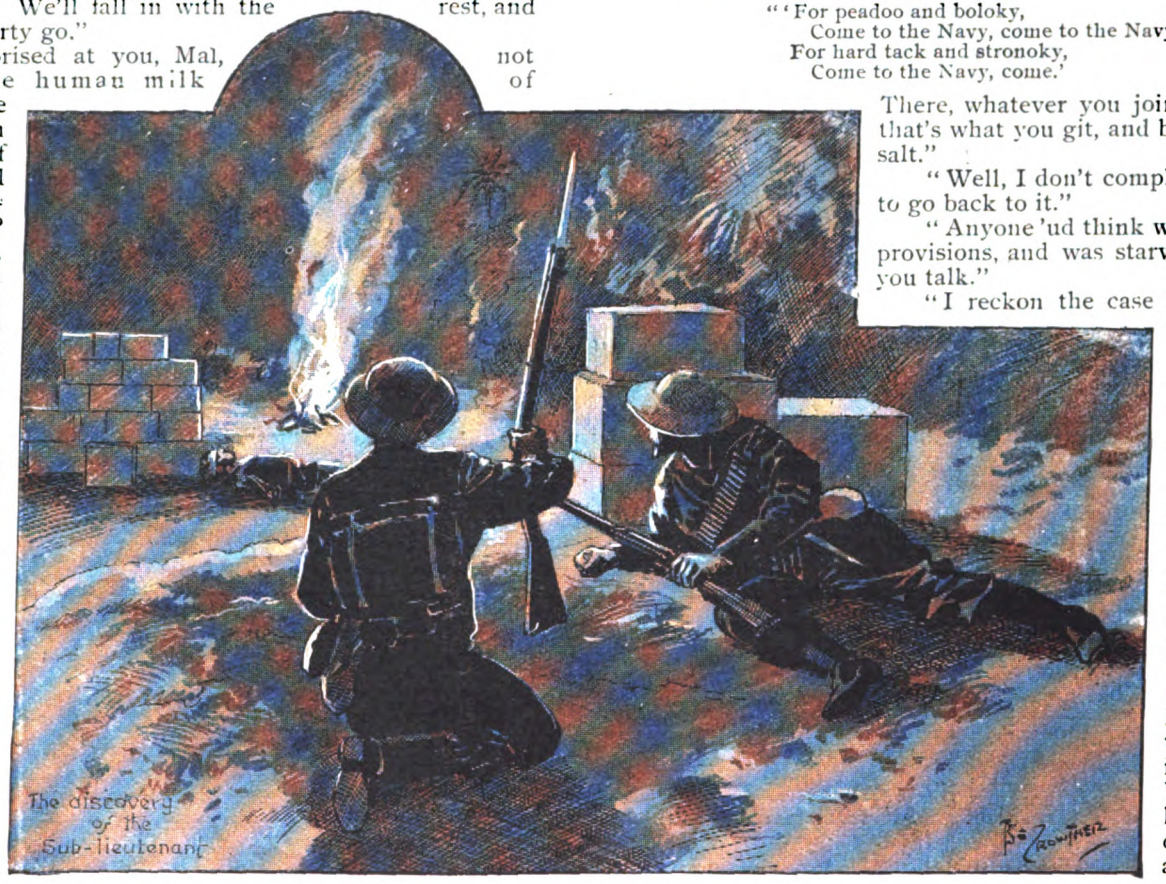
"Did you look into that cave carefully?"

"Yes, I did. And I don't want to agin."

"Did you see nothin'?"

"Not excep' blackness."

"Well, I observed a thing on the floor like a bit of armour."



Eaves was not impressed. He said he had seen plenty of armour at the Tower of London.

"I shall chuck you up some day, Malachi," said Twelves. "You know very well that you've no imagination, and yet you won't trust mine."

"What the blazes has imagination to do with a bit of armour?"

"We are now in the country, Mal, where the Portagee navigators used to come and settle, and where the Arabs come along after and drove 'em out. I've read all about it, and I've read that there used to be di'monds in them days, and gold, and other luxuries like them, and that the Portaguese hid lots of them things when they was sent nekkid and empty away."

"Oh, you're always at fairy tales."

"This is hist'ry. Solid fact. Because you mustn't think men what write hist'ry is like ord'n'y men and don't know truth from lies. They do. All hist'ry books is true."

"I don't care a little bit, not if joggraphy books is true too. I'm goin' to join up with the rest of the party."

"Well, you and I'll fall out, that's all. I'm determined to explore that cave before I report myself, so I tell ye! The ship's sure to stop here some time, for Number One's ashore. I heard him, and he won't leave the enemy till he's run him into the middle of Africa."

"Now don't be obstinate, Jim."

"I aint. *You* are."

"It's common-sense what I want to do, Jimmie. Your plan will drift us further to looard. We're in want of a good excuse now for bein' where we are, and how the devil we shall have any excuse whatever if we do this, I don't know."

"Do you doubt my thoughtfulness, Mal? Or my care for you?"

"Yes, I do, serious. I've no doubt you yourself could beat to wind'ard even of a fust lootenant in any circumstances, but you can't always teach me to."

"Your faith is weak, Mal, because you're hungry. I will invent a most excellent tale, wid thrillin' details, and learn it to you, if this cave takes long to explore."

"It seems to me this is a yard-arm job, for us to break away twice."

"Not it. Yard-arm, pooh! This will turn out to be a check-number of the best kind, or else all my readin' is lost time. I know the signs of riches in caves. How much should you think a pot full of di'monds was worth?"

"I shouldn't think. I should prefer a pot full of beer."

"No, sober. A gallipot full?" And Twelves took Eaves' arm and drew him towards the hill, Eaves saying uncomplimentary things about gallipots and diamonds as he allowed himself to be taken along, and winding up by observing that, as he said before, he joined the Navy for peace and quietness and a home billet.

Twelves led on, singing softly:

"'For peadoo and boloky,
Come to the Navy, come to the Navy.
For hard tack and stronoky,
Come to the Navy, come.'

There, whatever you joined for, Mal, that's what you git, and buy your own salt."

"Well, I don't complain. I want to go back to it."

"Anyone 'ud think we hadn't any provisions, and was starvin', the way you talk."

"I reckon the case I lugged up was ammunition," said Eaves moodily.

"Don't be downhearted, Mal. I wonder if Charlie has recovered his conscience, though. P'r'aps he'll want to know what the firin' is about. We'll tell him we bin down to see, and it's natives."

"On you go. I'll tell any lies and vary 'em every time."

They stepped out as well as the darkness would allow, and at last reached their encampment. "Charlie's still unconscious," said Twelves.

"No, I'm not," said the sub-lieutenant, feebly. "Where am I?"

"Home, sir," said Twelves.

"Where the dickens is that? Whose home? Is that you, Twelves?"

"That's me, sir. But you mustn't talk too much yet. Rest and quiet, sir, rest and quiet and careful nussin' is what you requires."

"Where's the rest of the party?"

"All aboard, sir, except some. You was took prisoner after you got that sanikatowzer of a smack on the head, and we found ye. Consequently I surmise we're among the missia'."

The sub-lieutenant lost consciousness again while Jim was speaking, and morning broke while the two seamen were endeavouring to restore him by bathing his bruised head.

"We best hurry up over this cave job, Jim," said Eaves, "so's to git him to the doctor."

"Doctors is no good, Mal."

"They knows a severe sight more'n me or you."

"Do they? So fur as I have observed, and you will admit that I'm always observin', they places all their faith on black draught, and what good would that be to Charlie wid a smashed head?"

"Let's lay Charlie down, explore this cave of yours, and return aboard," said Eaves with resignation.

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The passage into which the seamen dropped ran back directly under the cliff by which they had encamped. With the aid of burning pieces of wood they explored far enough under the cliff to find that the passage entered a roomy cavern. They traversed the whole of this, and found no outlet at the further end and nothing betraying the presence of man beyond the piece of armour originally seen.

"Well, where's your thrillin' details?" said Eaves, wearily yet triumphantly.

"I won't deceive you, Mal, when I say I can't see 'em."

"Let's shift, then, quick."

Twelves gave no answer, but held his torch high up, and scanned the roof and sides of the cave. In one place the side was broken, and might easily be clambered up. He went towards it, while Eaves exclaimed impatiently on the folly of it all.

"Thrillin' details aint on the surface," said Twelves, calmly. "And what then? Are we to shove off? Devil a bit! Persevere and do the right, like we used to say at the Band of Hope. Look some more. If I was hidin' di'monds I shouldn't lay 'em out so's the fust caller could see 'em."

"No, you'd leave a chart drawed with your own blood, with bony arrers pointin' out where the treasure was, and explainin' how that you had to take so many paces to the rare from the blasted oak, and then think of what you fust thought of, and dig. Oh, I know these penny bloods. I read 'em the same as you did, Jim Twelves."

"All right, don't sing about it. Who's looking for treasure? I'm only encouragin' you by talkin about it. I'm searchin' for knowledge, and that's the truth. I'm studyin' rock formation, and I want to see some of the higher branches up here." And Twelves commenced to climb the broken portion, while Eaves observed that the only stones bluejackets were called upon to know anything about were holy-stones.

"Ah," said Twelves, looking down.

> "'Before the dawn of day is broke,
> Up jumps this unoffensive bloke.
> Around the capstan musters he;
> He fists a stone——'

Do you mean to say that handling a stone at that early hour don't lead you on to think of rocks in general?"

"No, it don't."

"Not when it goes on: 'He fists a stone and bends the knee——'"

"Not even then," said Eaves, emphatically:

> "'He bends the knee, but not in prayer,
> But only because the bo'sun's there.'"

"Splendid, Malachi. And you talk of rushin' back to that sort of life when there's caves to be explored. Come alonga me, and when I'm king I'll make you my leadin' hand of poets."

"Don't forgit that cask of beer what they gits then."

"Wine, Mal—a butt of wine."

"I'll commute it for beer, Jim," said Eaves, getting cheerful again.

"So you shall, chum. Give us your hand, and I'll help you up. We can go on wid this interesting conversation and the search at the same time."

"Oh, blow the search," said Eaves, who had made up his mind a minute or two before to give it up.

"Looking for things is the root of all knowledge, Mal."

"I don't care."

"Well, come and help me then, because I do."

"I'll go a..d see how Charlie's gittin' on."

"Come wid me for five minits more, Mal. Jist a little five minits."

"Fatheaded foolishness!" said Eaves, unwillingly climbing up beside Twelves. "I reckon this lot means about ninety days' chokey for us. We shall find treasure jist as likely as a secret door, where you press the button, and the forty thieves is inside and do the rest."

"Begad," said Twelves, when they had stumbled onwards and upwards for a little while through a rough passage. "Here is that door."

"No," said Eaves.

"Yes."

The passage turned upwards like a chimney, and a wet, wooden door was inserted in its side. They stood a moment regarding it.

"I am not aware of doors in devil caves," whispered Twelves.

"It looks human," said Eaves.

"And old—centuries old."

"See if it'll open, Jim."

There was no latch or staple, their side, but a slight application of Twelves' shoulder made the whole door give way, and a cloud of steam passed through the opening and enveloped him and Eaves, who both rapidly retreated down the passage. The steam was not scalding, however, and as it did not follow them, but passed up the chimney, they again approached the doorway.

"Sort of a wash-house, this, Mal. We've come in at the tradesmen's entrance, I reckon."

"Public baths, I should think," said Eaves, judicially.

"Hot springs," said Twelves, advancing with his torch, and seeing the water glistening just inside the threshold.

"Thought they was only in Iceland and cold countries for compensation," said Eaves.

"You can't expect Providence always to be careful," said Twelves. "But who put that door there, and why?"

"It looks as if it were stuck up to shut off the steam from this passage."

That was sufficiently obvious, and Twelves went on wondering. Then he dipped his finger in the water, and found it to be of a pleasant temperature. There were no means of getting beyond their present position except by climbing the chimney up which the steam was going or crossing the hot spring.

"Hold this torch, Mal," and Twelves rapidly undressed.

"I say, the five minutes is about up," said Eaves, deprecatingly. "No one's piped hands to bathe."

"It aint for my own pleasure I do this, Mal. I'm actin' explorer now. Hand us that light. This warm water's lovely. Can't touch the bottom, though. Be back in a few minits." And Twelves disappeared in the warm fog.

"Look here, Jim Twelves," shouted Eaves, "I'm off back."

"All right, chum," came from across the water. "Leave my togs. I've landed safe, and I can see daylight. I reckon this is a short cut out."

Eaves paused indecisively, and then said he would come too. Twelves swam back and carried his clothes and weapons across, Eaves following. They dressed, and went downwards along a wide gallery, at the end of which diffused daylight appeared.

"This is interestin'," grumbled Eaves, as he barked his shin on a boulder, "but it aint treasure."

"What a merchant you are," retorted Twelves. "Aint the pleasure of the excitement enough for you?"

"No."

Jim was afraid they were coming to the open air, as the light strengthened, and said, "Personally, I shouldn't mind if we found nothink at all, if we on'y knew what that door was for. Hillo, Je-osh-u-a, here is somethink!"

The gallery widened into a very large dry cavern, in the midst of which a man in armour sat at a rough-hewn table, his head upon his hands. A shaft of light fell upon him from an opening looking out towards the sea, which was some three or four miles away. If he had looked up he would have seen H.M.S. "Pimpernel."

"Beg pardon, sir," said Twelves, advancing, "but—— My God, it's a skeleton!"

"This must be one of the Portaguese, Jim."

"Yes, poor chap. Fancy watchin' and watchin' like he seems to 'a' done, and starvin'."

"There's a pistol on the deck, Jim."

"Oh, yes, so there is. And more skeletons about, and bits of armour. But he's the only one full dressed. He looks as if he was jist ready to start off at a signal. And the signal never come, so he died. Here's a dark stain on the table. Yes, it must 'a' bin the pistol."

"Jim, there's the ship," said Eaves, suddenly glancing through the opening in the cavern. "I don't want to end off like this Portagee knight. So come along, di'monds or no di'monds. I've had enough adventures."

"There's no need to hurry, Mal. Our party's still ashore. And I—— Look here, under his face. This is the box wid our fortune in."

CHAPTER III.

ANGEL RAPHAEL.

"POOH!" said Eaves, with anxious indifference, eyeing the flat tin case in Twelves' hands. "Pooh! a despatch-box."

"There's no doubt!" said Twelves, ironically. "Let's git in the open and see after Charlie. There's no hurry about openin' a despatch-box, o' course." And he put the box carelessly under his arm, Eaves watching as anxiously as might be, and walked to the cave's mouth. This was found to be in the face of the cliff and at least a hundred feet above the ground. The seamen had passed through the rock to the opposite side from their camp. They retraced their steps, and emerged at last into the sunlight at their old encampment.

"Where's Charlie?" cried Twelves, looking at the blankets in which they had left him and really forgetting his treasure.

"Gone for a stroll, I reckon, Jim. I shouldn't think this sun was good for headaches, though."

(To be continued.)

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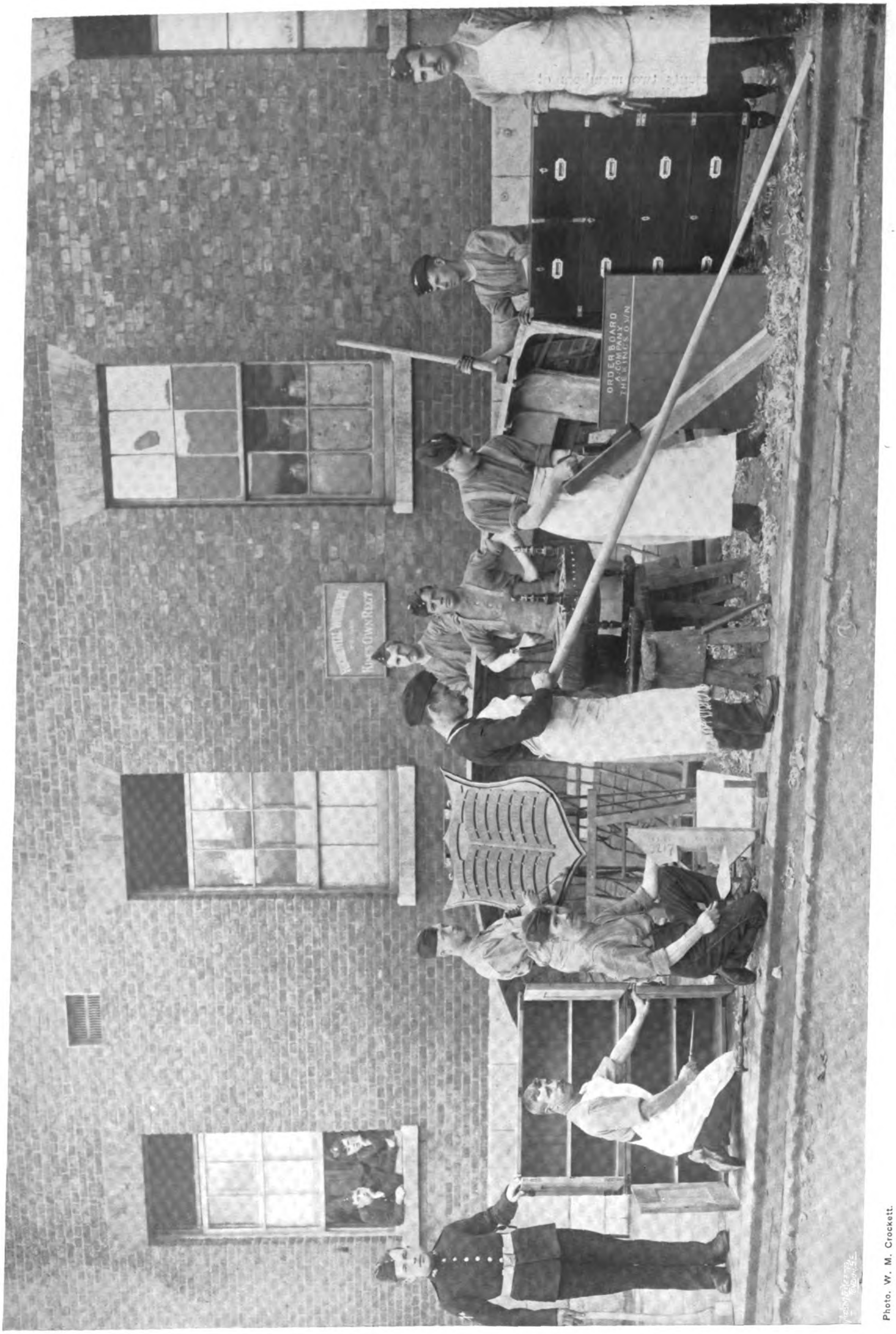

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PIONEERS OF THE KING'S OWN (ROYAL LANCASTER).
(See Page 233.)

Photo. W. M. Crockett.

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The next picture shows two non-commissioned officers and a private of the 10th, the only Grenadier battalion. This regiment was raised as far back as 1862. It took part in the 1885 rebellion campaign, and the officers and men were warmly commended by the general for their conduct. The present commanding officer is Lieutenant-Colonel James Mason, who was with his regiment in the rank of captain in 1885, and was severely wounded; he was in England last year with the Jubilee contingent.

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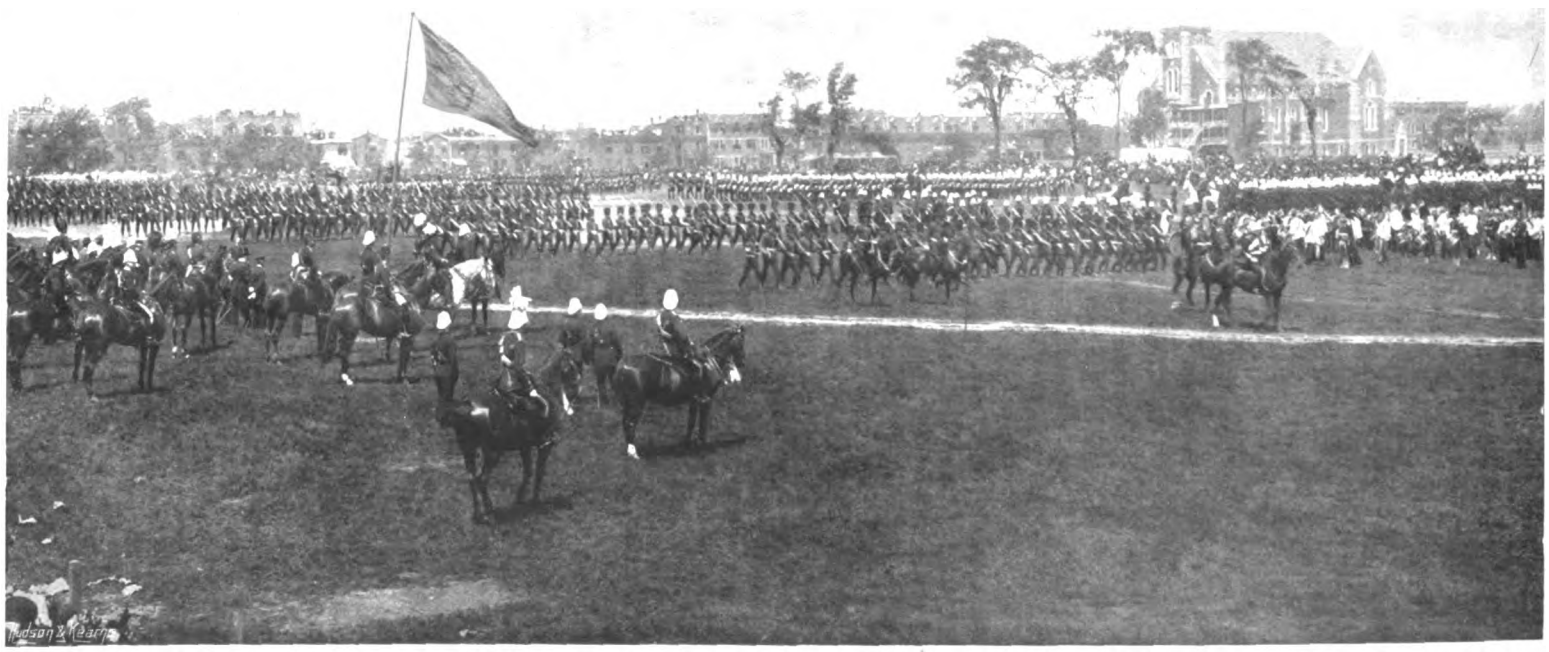
TYPES OF THE 10th GRENADIERS.

This second rebellion in the North-West, to which frequent reference has been made, was a much more serious affair than that which called forth the Red River Expedition. It was started by the same man, however, Louis Riel, the half-breed, who, having been let off when he richly deserved hanging, subsequently returned from Montana, U.S., on purpose to head this second rising, ostensibly for the alleged rights of the settlers; but it was soon apparent that his own glorification and aggrandisement were the true motives.

It would be out of place here to go into the details of the causes which brought about this rebellion, and which had to do chiefly with alleged inequalities of treatment in dealing with grants of land. The Canadian Government found themselves face to face with a grave emergency, and they at once rose to the occasion.

The Militia having by this time been organised on an extensive scale, a number of regiments were called out for service, and responded with great readiness and smartness. Among these were the Royal Canadian Artillery, the Winnipeg Field Battery, the 10th Grenadiers, 90th Rifles, 2nd Rifles, Governor-General's Foot Guards, 65th Rifles, 92nd Infantry, Governor-General's Body Guard, 7th Fusiliers, Winnipeg Cavalry, Montreal Garrison Artillery, 9th Rifles; and a large number of men were specially equipped for the occasion, Major Boulton, formerly of the 100th (Canadian) Regiment, raising in a few days a small body of mounted infantry, styled "Boulton's Scouts," who rendered excellent service. The distance to be traversed was far greater than in the former expedition, but transport by railway was possible for nearly the whole of it. But though General Middleton and his men had no rapids to traverse, they had some fighting when they arrived at their destination, for Riel was strongly posted at Batoche, on the River Saskatchewan; he and his lieutenants showed some skill in strategy, and proved that they had not a few first-rate shots among their men. Major Boulton, before referred to, has written a very interesting detailed account of the expedition, and there is no doubt that Canadians have good cause to be proud of the way in which their men conducted themselves on the occasion, with the final result of the ample vindication of authority, and—at last!—the hanging of Louis Riel.



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A REVIEW OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S FOOT GUARDS.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—NO. 70.] SATURDAY, JUNE 4th, 1898.

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CAPT. H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK, R.N. *CAPT. THE HON. S. COLVILLE, R.N.*

COMMANDER H. H. CAMPBELL, R.N.

(See Next Page.)

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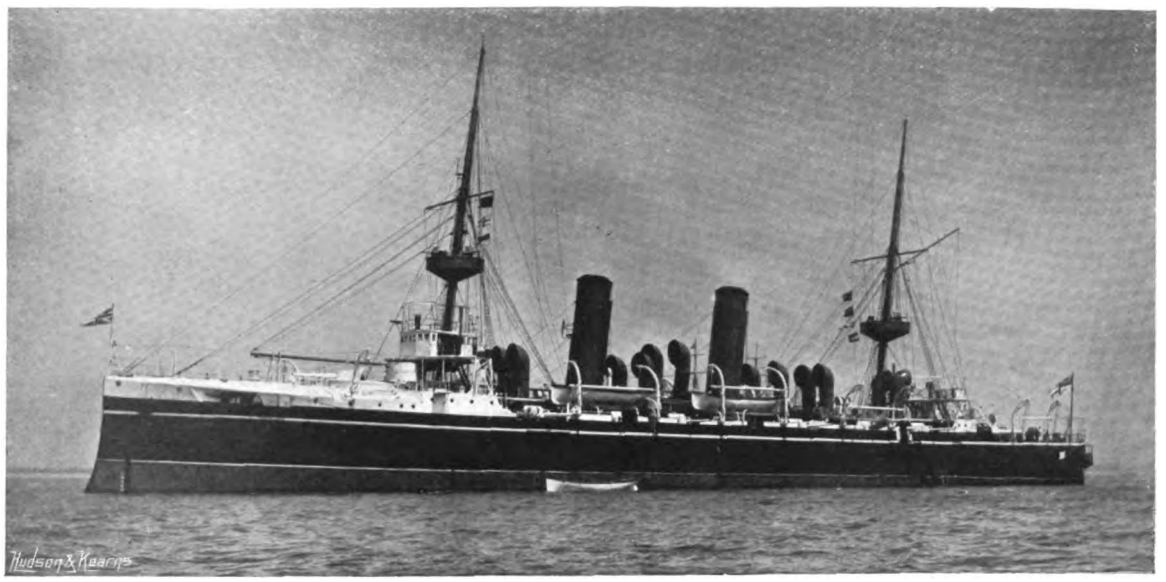
Officers and Ships of the Hour.

IT is some time since there will have been so many interesting Naval appointments, or so many important ships commissioned, as those gazetted during the four weeks ending on the 8th of June in this year. On May 10 the pennants were hoisted with the usual ceremony in four ships, the two new battle-ships "Hannibal" and "Illustrious," and the two new cruisers "Dido" and "Isis," these latter being commissioned at a week's notice for what is called "Particular Service." Then, at the same time that the announcement of the intended commissioning of the "Dido" and "Isis" was first made, came an official intimation which has interested in a special degree the whole Empire. It was that the Duke of York would, on Wednesday, June 8, hoist his pennant on board the first-class cruiser "Crescent." This last notification was, of course, not exactly unexpected. We ourselves, indeed, foreshadowed the Duke's return to active service as a Naval officer a month beforehand; and we pointed out at the same time that it was on the cards that his ship would be the "Crescent." This was when it was first given out, early in April, that the Duke of York was about to pay a special visit to Portsmouth Dockyard. When the visit came off, the particular attention that the Duke paid to the "Crescent," at that time refitting in the dockyard, indicated that the forecast was a trustworthy one.

And, taken all in all, a better choice could hardly be made among the ships of the Royal Navy at home and available than that of the "Crescent." She is one of our finest and best cruisers, one of the most successful specimens of a successful type.



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THE NEW SECOND-CLASS CRUISER "DIDO."

CAPT. G. NEVILLE, H.M.S. "DIDO."

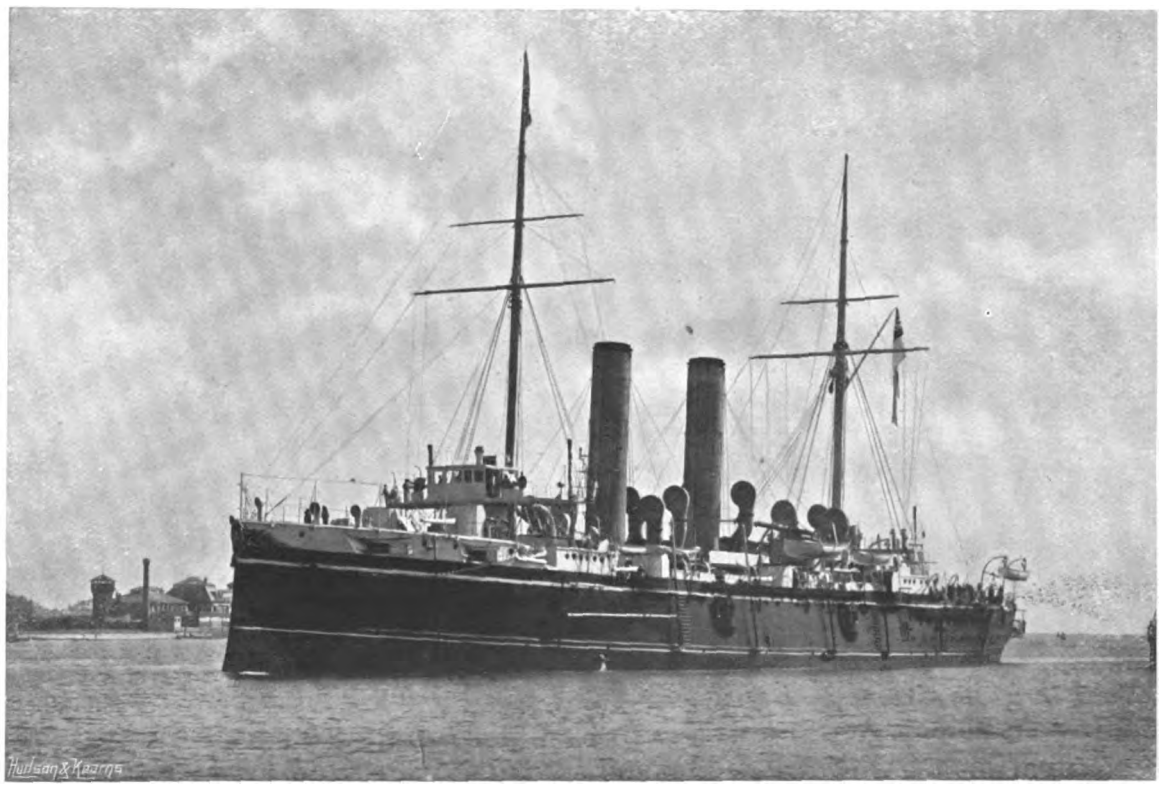
Moreover, it may truly be said of the "Crescent" that she has proved her quality on service in the six years since she was first launched. She not long since came home from the North America station, where she flew the Admiral's flag, and won golden opinions from all who served in her

In addition, before she went to North America the "Crescent" had steamed over 100,000 miles on relief and special service duties, and never once was sick or sorry. In these circumstances, then, the Duke of York is to be congratulated on the past performances of his new ship.

One of our illustrations shows the Duke, with Captain the Hon. Stanley Colville, R.N., and the officer who will be His Royal Highness's right-hand man in the "Crescent," Commander Henry H. Campbell, the commander-designate of the ship. Commander Campbell, who, as a midshipman in the "Inconstant," saw war service in the Egyptian War of 1882, served with the Duke ten years ago, both being lieutenants in the "Alexandra," flag-ship to the Duke of Edinburgh in the Mediterranean.

The same may be said of Captain Stanley Colville and of the future first lieutenant of the "Crescent," Sir C. L. Cust, Bart., for they were also messmates of the Duke's in the "Alexandra." Others of the officers who are to serve in the "Crescent" have also served with the Duke of York before. One, Lieutenant Lionel F. W. Sanders, was a sub-lieutenant in the "Thrush" throughout the whole commission during which the Duke of York commanded that little ship.

We also give illustrations of the "Dido" and "Isis." They are second-class cruisers, and considerably smaller than the "Crescent." Both were built on the Clyde, under Lord Spencer's 1895 programme, and only left their builders' hands a few months ago. The "Dido's" captain is Captain "Joe" Neville, as he is popularly known in the Navy,



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THE "CRESCENT," IN WHICH THE DUKE OF YORK HOISTS HIS PENNANT.

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although his name is actually "George," a widely popular and a very able officer. As a proof of his ability, the fact that he was first lieutenant to the Duke of Edinburgh in the old "Minotaur" in the Channel Squadron will suffice.

His ability as a seaman is also, it is said, well matched by his ability as an amateur violinist. Captain Neville has only recently returned from Australia, where for three years he had been in command of the Naval Forces of the Colony of Victoria.

The captain of the "Isis" is Captain Henry Hart Dyke, who recently paid off the cruiser "Comus." He also has a very high reputation as a smart and able officer, and in general popularity he and his brother captain of the "Dido" run one another hard.

Surveying is Captain Hart Dyke's *forte*, and as a young officer he did very good work under the present Hydrographer of the Navy in far distant seas.

Photo. Cribb. Copyright

THE NEW SECOND-CLASS CRUISER "ISIS."

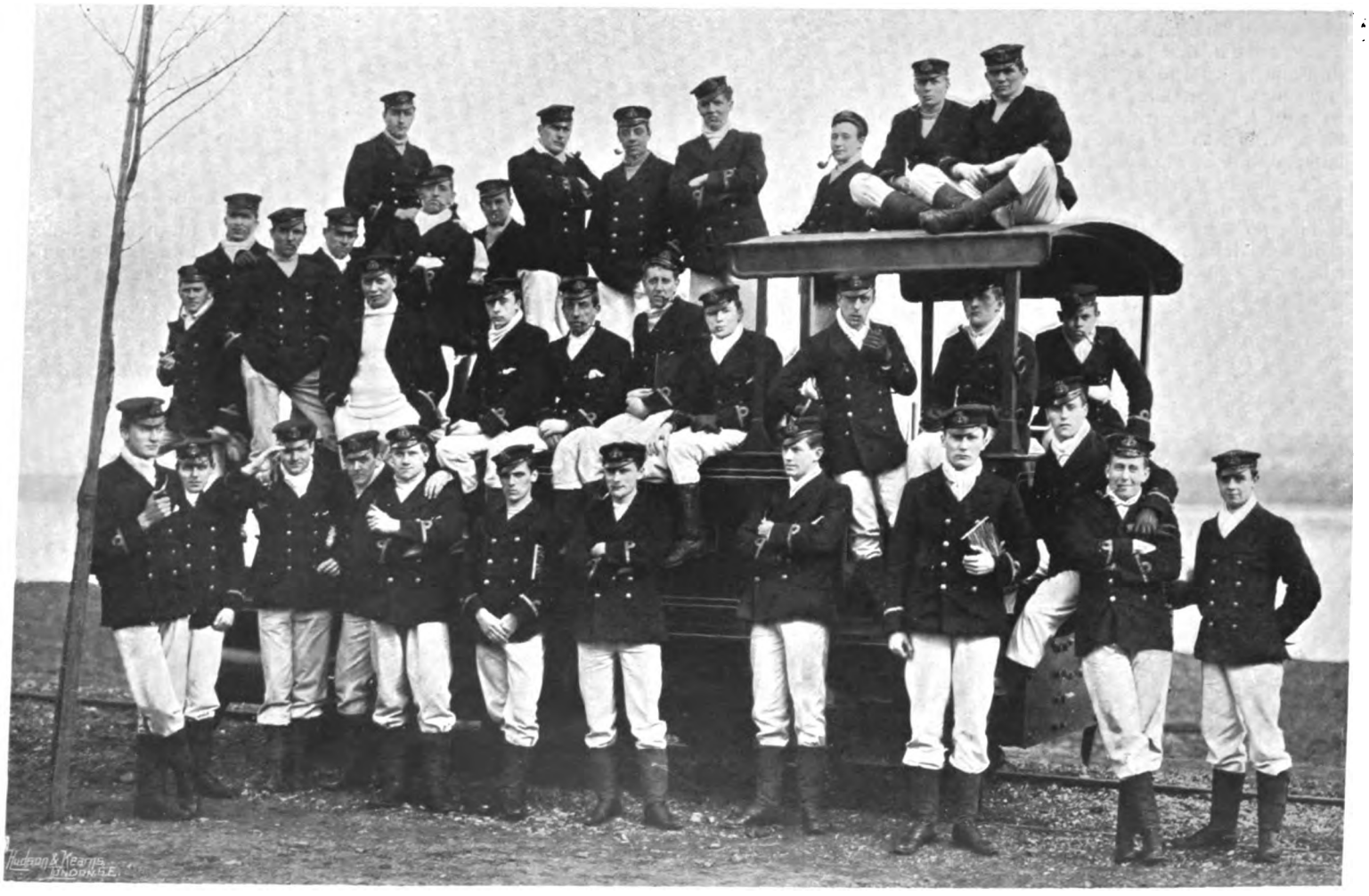
Sub-Lieutenants as Artillerists.

THE Gunnery School at Portsmouth has been fully described before in these pages; here we have some scenes incidental to the sub-lieutenants' course of instruction, in which, of course, they have to perform practically and efficiently every duty required of the seamen whom they have subsequently to command.

The first picture represents the heavy gun classes, though they are certainly not engaged at the moment in gun drill; the free display of pipes and cigarettes indicates that it is the dinner hour, and the sub-lieutenants are enjoying their smoke in comfort while posing for the photographer; some have taken their stand on the main portion of the engine, which certainly affords great facilities for grouping, though the combination of heavy gun classes with a locomotive may strike one as somewhat incongruous.

Field gun drill is an exercise in which bluejackets usually excel, and which affords opportunities for displaying their smartness in what may be considered as somewhat outside their ordinary duties; and sometimes a very efficient gun's crew is formed by the young officers going through this instruction. "Shift the right gun wheel" is an evolution well known, but requiring great precision for its performance to the satisfaction of the exacting instructor, and involving the risk, if negligently executed, of dropping a heavy wheel or gun and carriage on somebody's toe.

The next picture shows the method of proceeding when the gun-carriage is disabled. The gun can no longer be used, but it is not to be left as a prize for the enemy; so the component parts are stacked on the ammunition-boxes, the gun itself is slung underneath, and the crew man the drag-ropes



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AN AFTER-DINNER SMOKE.

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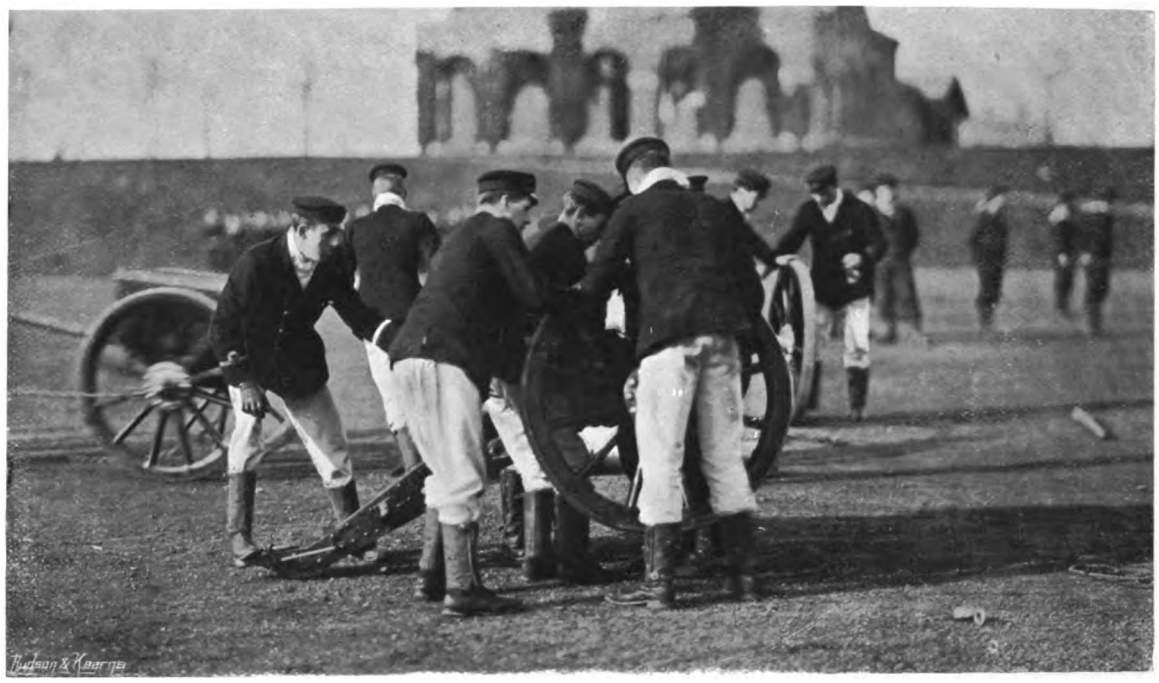
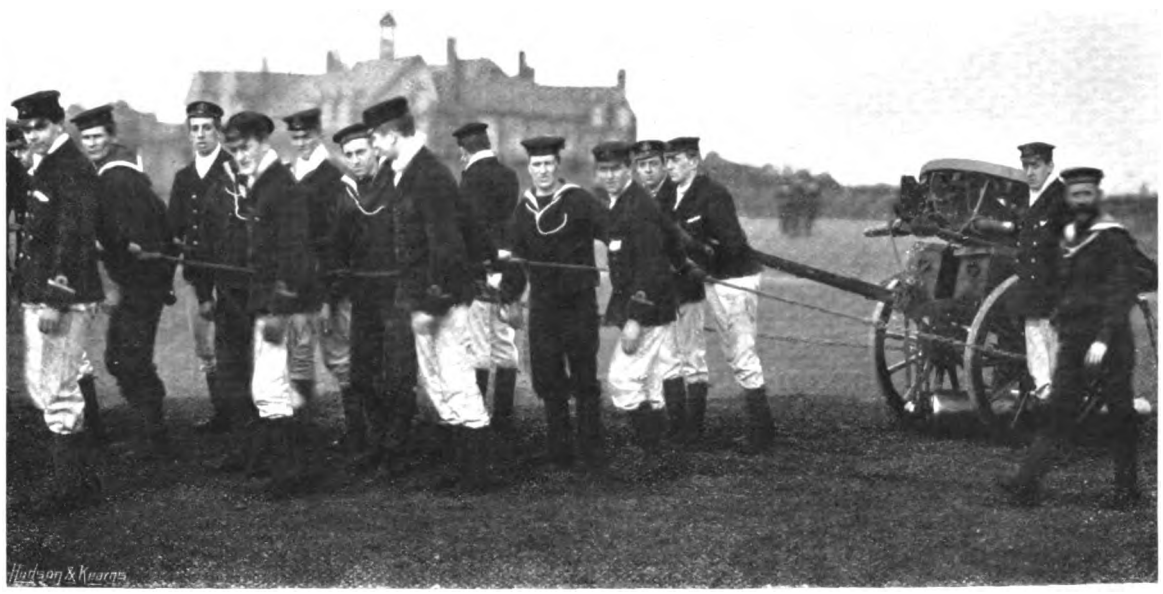
and take it out of action. Everyone has his allotted duty, and at the word of command the evolution is completed in a surprisingly short space of time. Indeed, the fashion in which a Naval field gun's crew throw the gun and carriage about always affords unfailing delight to the spectators on any public occasion.

In the next picture the gun is at the "ready"; it has been loaded, the sight adjusted, and a careful aim taken by No. 1, who then steps aside, and awaits the order to commence firing. He does not, however, fire the gun himself, as on board ship, for, there being no motion on *terra firma*, the gun, once laid, can be fired at any moment afterwards. The duty of actually pulling the lanyard is deputed to No. 2, who may be seen in the illustration awaiting the word "Fire" from No. 1. The limber, with the ammunition-boxes, stands a little in rear, and those who are not required for loading and firing have their appointed duties in passing along the shell and cartridges, preparing the fuses, etc. Nos. 3 and 4, who have the task of loading the gun represented, stand on either side a little back from the muzzle. No. 3 in the picture is, however, standing rather far forward, and would get his right ear dinned when the gun goes off but that the firing is only make-believe, a little explosion from a detonating tube being all that ensues from pulling the lanyard; if he stood once in that position with a charge in the gun, he would stand further back next round. The gun runs back a little with the force of discharge, but is at once run up to its former position before re-loading.

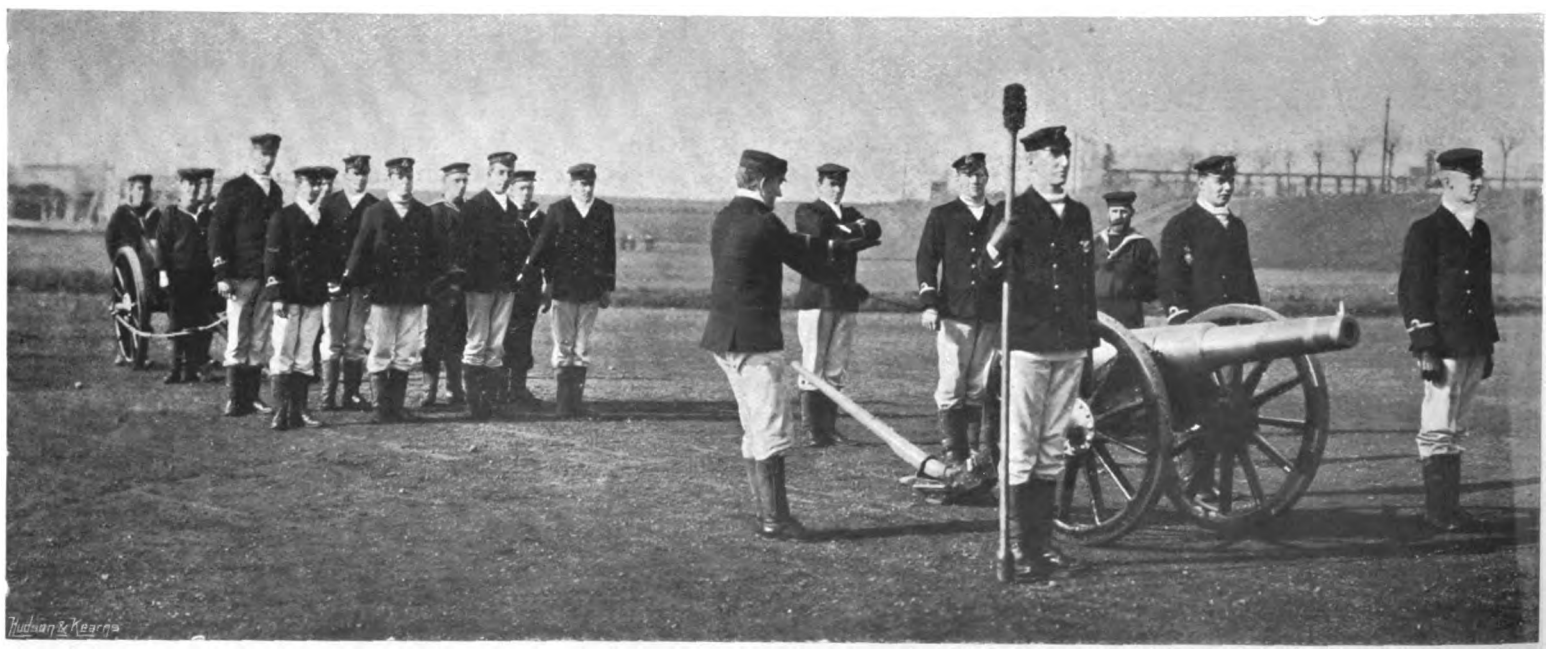


DISMANTLING A DAMAGED GUN CARRIAGE.



DRAGGING A GUN OUT OF ACTION.

The position of these loading numbers draws attention to the fact that the gun in use is by no means up to date; for if it were not a muzzle-loader they would not be required near the muzzle. It is, in fact, the now obsolete 9-pounder field gun, of which none have been made for a long time. That there are modern field guns on Whale Island is beyond question, and in some future illustrations we shall show them in use.



Photos. Gregory. *WAITING THE ORDER TO FIRE.* Copyright.

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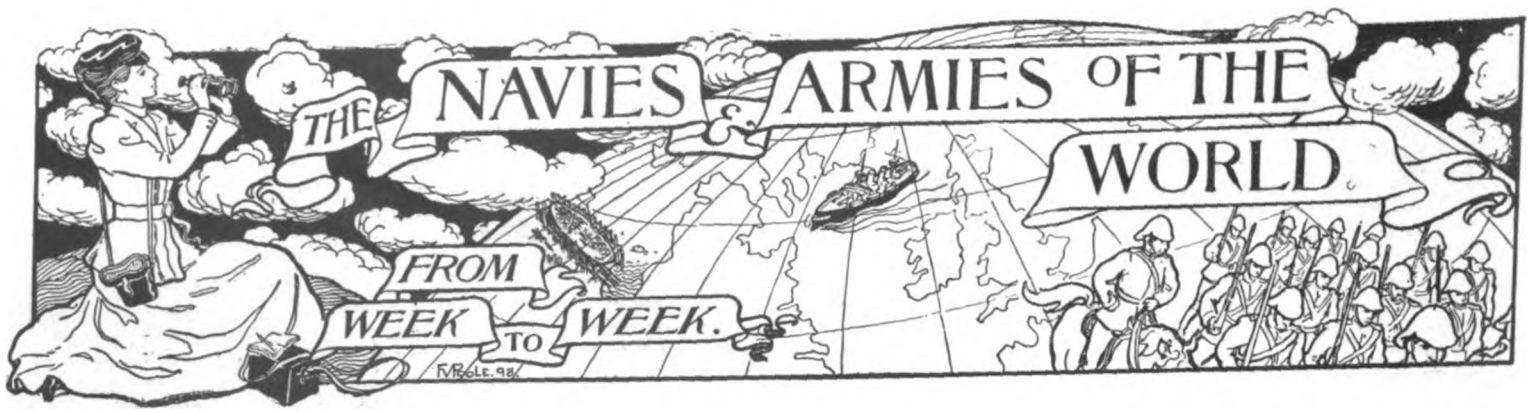

SIR F. LEOPOLD McCLINTOCK sent a letter to the *Times* a few days ago which ought to obtain a hearty response. It was an appeal on behalf of the Royal Alfred Aged Merchant Seamens' Institution. The trustees of the late Mr. Alfred Marriott's estate have given £2,000 to the charity. Thanks to this timely aid the committee was able to elect thirty candidates instead of twenty-five. So far, then, Mr. Marriott's charitable intentions have borne instant effect. But, as Sir F. Leopold McClintock goes on to show, this 2,000 falls far short of what is needed to enable the committee to overtake the work it would wish to be able to perform. "Two hundred approved aged applicants"—that is to say, men whose cases have been examined and who have been found to be deserving—are still left unprovided for. This is not as it should be. The Admiral says, very justly, that no body of men more deserve help by a maritime nation than aged seamen. He might add, with perfect truth, that none is much less able to provide for itself. There was a time when there were chances of doing trade on his own account for a shrewd man in a merchant ship. In these days little such luck comes in his way. Competition is severe. Submarine cables enable the merchant to direct all his own transactions, and he has agents everywhere. The line between the skipper and the trader is drawn far more sharply than it was. Thus even mates and skippers are often unable—though they are more thrifty than the sailor too commonly is—to make a provision for old age. Yet the sailor who escapes the dangers of the sea commonly lives long. The life in itself is healthy—or, as the insurance companies say, "good." But he has no refuge to look to except The Royal Alfred Institution—which is not creditable to this country.

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THE sad fact is, that it has been peculiarly the lot of the sailor to be praised and neglected. Even in the 16th, 17th, and early 18th centuries, when people were almost lavish in founding almshouses, very little was done for the seamen, though the founders were often merchants who had benefited by their work. The money left to redeem captives from the Barbary pirates was nearly all they profited by, and that they lost when the Mediterranean was brought to order. But apart from all other reasons for treating him with generosity, the country owes the merchant seaman a debt for all the money it has taken from him without giving him anything in return. From the reign of William III. downwards a shilling a month was levied on his wages for the use of Greenwich Hospital. It was the theory that all sailors were to share in the hospital. As a matter of fact, only the men injured in the Navy got any share, and even they were much defrauded in the heyday of jobbery in the last century. The deduction was paid by the employer, so that the men did not feel themselves out of pocket. In the generations from 1740, or thereabouts, to 1815, when war was the rule and peace the exception, and the Press in full swing, many merchants did, no doubt, reach the hospital by way of the Navy. Yet the tax must have tended to keep wages down, and it is tolerably certain that the merchant sailors, as a class, never received an equivalent for what they had given. Admiral McClintock's figures show that a sum of £80,000 would provide for the two disappointed candidates. Surely it would be a graceful act on the part of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and not an unpopular one, to assign £100,000 out of his next surplus for the benefit of the Royal Alfred Institution in a lump sum. He might be very sure that the money would not be wasted. There were, unless my memory is much at fault, some cases of malversation of money at Belvedere in the early days of the institution, but they have been amended, and there are few charities to which money can be given with greater certainty that it will be well employed.

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THE *Revue du Cercle Militaire* for May 14 records the approaching final disappearance of the French Sepoy. On June 1 the one company which, as the *Revue* puts it with a certain poetic license, survived to represent "the old soldiers of Dupleix, Bussy, Kerjean, Paradis, and Beylie" will cease to be. As a matter of unimaginative fact, this one company can hardly be said to represent the French Sepoys we fought in the last century. They were dissolved when we took Pondicherry at the beginning of the revolution war. A small force was raised by Napoleon during the peace of Amiens, but that also vanished when we reoccupied the forlorn remnant of the French possessions in India. The corps now about to disappear only dates from the restoration of Pondicherry to the French in 1814. It consisted originally of four companies, which were reduced to two in 1867. Even these two gave offence to the English, if the *Revue* is correctly informed, and they were reduced to one in 1889. We hear with some surprise, first that the Government of India was so nervous as to fear two companies of French Sepoys, and then that our neighbours showed so much unwonted deference to our wishes. It is not usual with them to be so meek. In 1891 the "last vestige of our (the French) ancient power in India" would have been suppressed but for the patriotic intervention of the Senate. To-day budgetary considerations have overpowered patriotism. French colonies do not, one imagines, pay so well that they can afford to keep up unnecessary soldiers. The European officers return to the Infanterie de la Marine. The Sepoys who wish to go on serving may be transferred to the "Tirailleurs 'Annamites," pensioned, or taken into civil employment unless they perfer to go home. So there, as the Scotch member said at the union, "is the end of an old song." We, for our part, are sorry to hear of the disappearance of any corps with a history, even a broken one. The "cipatris or cipanges de l'Inde" did not "portaient ombrageux" to the most "ombrage" of Englishmen. They were a pleasant survival, like Pondicherry itself—a brisk, clean place to which the Anglo-Indian goes for a change.

* * * *

ARE not the people who are shocked by the appearance of Piper Findlater at a music-hall a trifle too exacting? His action is no novelty to begin with. After the Russiaan War a number of soldiers were allowed to take part in a performance called "The Storming of the Redan," or some such name, at Cremorne, and some of them were hurt, if not killed, in an accident there. But even if what he is doing were an absolute novelty where would be the harm? Nowadays, when actors are knighted and titled persons are on the stage—even the music-hall stage—we cannot say that this kind of work is in itself discreditable. But so long as the work a man does is lawful he has a good claim to take full advantage of any honour he has won while serving his country. A little while ago a rather absurd fuss was made because a man who had received the V.C. proposed to put the letters after his name over the door of a public-house he had taken. And, again, why not? A publican follows a lawful and useful trade with a special license. If he has gained a decoration which is meant to be an honour to him, and a guarantee that he did his work as sailor or soldier especially well, he has every right to obtain all the advantage it can give, even if that takes the form of bringing custom to his public-house, or securing him employment in a music-hall. On the theory that you are not to take advantage of honours gained in the Queen's Service to push your fortunes, then the officer who relies on either to help him to a place in Parliament. There is a great excuse for the simple soldier—or sailor either—who goes so far as to make a show of himself. He has, perhaps, been so severely wounded that he will suffer for the rest of his life. The prospect before him is that his country will give him a pension, which it will take care not to make lavish. Old age and poverty are at the end of the road. In a few years, perhaps months, his feat will be forgotten, and he will only be one more wounded soldier. A sensible man has a good excuse for making hay while the sun shines. As for the discredit of making a show of yourself, and advertising, if the world sets about weeding out everybody who does that it will soon find its hands full.

* * * *

ONE finds it not easy to realise that there is in Europe an Army in which an officer does long years of foreign service, and that without ever going out of what is in theory his own country. This, however, is the position of the Austrian. The Austrian Empire—even putting Hungary aside—is made up of quite a number of different nationalities. Political considerations make it impossible to localise the Army. So it follows that an officer may be stationed for years together among people who do not speak his own language, or even belong to the same religion. German-speaking officers, for instance, may have to spend long years in Galicia—that is, Austrian Poland—where a large force has always to be maintained to keep a watch on Russia. A long article in the *Vienna Militar Zeitung* of the 21st May is devoted to exposing a grievance from which they suffer. It is one which English officers are well able to appreciate. They find an almost insuperable difficulty in getting education for their children. An Austrian officer stationed in one of the outlying garrisons of that poor and thinly inhabited country is even worse off in a way than Englishmen serving in India or Burmah. He is very badly paid, and is rarely a man of means. So he cannot send his children home to be educated. Yet he is generally unable to find a school on the spot where his children can be taught in German, which is indispensable. It is the official language of the Army. An officer's son cannot get into the great military schools, or his daughters into the two institutions of Hernals and Oedenburg, unless they have received a German primary education. Besides the vacancies in these establishments are limited, and a preference is very properly given to the sons and daughters of officers killed or disabled by wounds, or to orphans. Thus the question of education for their children is becoming a burning one. An Austrian officer may endure his own bad luck in having to vegetate for half a lifetime in the frontier garrisons of Galicia, but he not unnaturally thinks it a cruel aggravation that he should have to see his boys denied the schooling in German, without which they cannot possibly hope to make a career. Hence has come an appeal to the State which is probably a sensible addition to its many other worries. The article in the *Militar Zeitung*, besides showing what a complicated unnatural affair the Austrian Empire is, goes to explain why service in the Army, except in select regiments which do not go into outlying regions, is said to be unpopular with the upper classes and that people of means who wish to serve the State at all prefer diplomacy and other civil work.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF TOMMY ATKINS.

By G. H. RAYNER.

IT is rather the "single men in barricks" than their brethren on the "married strength" into whose private life we propose to venture. There are two men in whose hands lies the principal administrative control of Atkins "at home"; one is the quartermaster, the other the corporal in charge of Tommy's room. Of course there are intermediate ranks and other parties concerned in looking after the soldier's welfare, but on the quartermaster and corporal the comfort, or otherwise, of the private is chiefly dependent. You will conceive the responsibility on the quartermaster's shoulders when you reflect that he has the housing, provisioning, and clothing of from 600 to 900 men in an infantry regiment, and from 400 to 800 men in a cavalry corps; and, in the latter instance, there are also some 300 to 700 horses whose stabling and forage he is responsible for. It is but bare fact to state that this officer requires intelligence, tact, capacity for work, management, and detail that in civil life would fit him for a high administrative post, and bring him a salary far more adequate than does his military pay. The quartermaster is chosen from the ranks, and his commission is looked upon by the senior non-commissioned officers as a prize always within their reach. The quartermaster arranges the whole of the contracts for provisioning the regiment, and in every possible instance such are placed with local firms. He attends the stores every morning to superintend the weighing of the rations of meat and bread which constitute Government's contribution towards the support of the private soldier. He is responsible for the good quality of these provisions, and the correct allowance for each troop or company. Vegetables, groceries, and the like—which the soldier himself pays for—are all bought from the regimental canteen through the Troop Mess Fund. This fund is managed by the corporals of the troop or company, and every man is put under a certain small weekly stoppage, which goes to the fund. Out of it, potatoes, groceries, beer—on special occasions—and, during winter, extra coal, are bought, and divided in proportion amongst the men. The canteen is managed by a committee of officers, and under the charge of a sergeant, who receives a commission on profits. It is worked on co-operative principles, the profit being annually divided among the troops or companies of the regiment, the divisible amounts being placed to the credit of the different messes.

On joining the headquarters or depôt of his regiment, the soldier is served with a complete outfit. Of this the principal articles are renewed at certain periods, and, with management, they may last the regulation time. But boots, for instance, are apt to wear out sooner than the authorities have calculated, and then Tommy has to provide himself with new ones at his own cost. If any article of his kit be lost, stolen, or strayed, he is also obliged to replace it, and in the case of "small kit"—under-clothing, brushes, etc.—it can be safely reckoned that some at least of these articles will have to be replaced annually. To make sure a full outfit is always in the possession of each man, ready for active service if necessary, kit inspections are held, on an average, once a month.

Each troop has its regular cook—a man struck off all duty except night guards—and two or more troops occupy one cook-house, under the superintendence of a sergeant-cook.

Every room, which serves the dual purpose of reception and bed room, is under the charge of a corporal, or, occasionally, in the case of a small room, the senior soldier. He is responsible for the cleanliness, order, and discipline of the inmates, and is supposed to see that the men in his charge are duly supplied with their rations, etc. The full strength of the room lend a hand in cleaning it down every morning. Once or twice a week the floor is thoroughly scrubbed down, and on Sunday white-washing and black-leading are rampant; but these duties are the special province of the orderly man. He draws the room's daily rations, and brings up the tea from the cook-house. Breakfast over, he washes up, and then assists in the general clean up of the room. He brings up dinner and tea, and after each meal is responsible for the washing of the crockery and tables. After tea he cleans his mess-tins, and the same having been inspected by the non-commissioned officer in charge of the troop, his duties practically are finished. Once a month, at least, the chief comes round the rooms at dinner-time on a Sunday, and other weeks the troop officers take a tour of inspection; and consequently the room has to be in spick and span order. The floor, forms, and tables are scrubbed to the last scruple of cleanliness; grates and coal-box are black-leaded; walls are white-washed; and every bed and every kit are arranged according to regulation, and in the neatest possible order.

"VANISH TABLE-CLOTH AND OTHER VESTIGES OF RESPECTABILITY."

Beer and duff—everyone knows what duff is—are the customary Sunday luxuries, and ultra-refinement, a table-cloth is forthcoming! A knock on the door and a shout of "shun." Enter chief, adjutant, quartermaster, and troop officers. The men remain seated, the corporal in charge rising in his place at the head of the table. "All correct?" asks the colonel. "All correct, sir," replies the corporal, and exeunt staff, and vanish table-cloth and other vestiges of respectability.

On Sunday afternoon every man not on duty or pleasure bent makes down his bed and goes to sleep. Loud talking or horse-play are dangerous things to attempt in troop-rooms after two p.m. on Sunday. Evenings are devoted to preparation for to-morrow or the canteen, and at 10.15 the fire is made up for the night, and at the sound of the melancholy wailing "G" that signifies "lights out," out goes the glim.

If the soldier is unwell, he reports himself "going sick" first thing after réveille to the orderly sergeant. He is bound to attend early stables or parade; after that he is off duty, until the medical officer has seen him, at any rate. About nine the "sick call" sounds, and all men for hospital fall in at the guard-room. The sergeant of the guard marches them, along with any prisoners there may be—these latter under escort—to the hospital. There one by one they are examined by the doctor, admitted, put on light duty—out-patients, as it were—or sent back to duty, as the case may be. Any man reporting himself sick without a cause is liable, on detection, to be reported at orderly-room, and his shamming, as a rule, is prescribed for with a stiff dose of drill.

We have now briefly followed the life of Tommy *chez lui*. We might treat of him in hospital, at play, or keeping Christmas; but these phases of his inner life must be kept for another or other articles.

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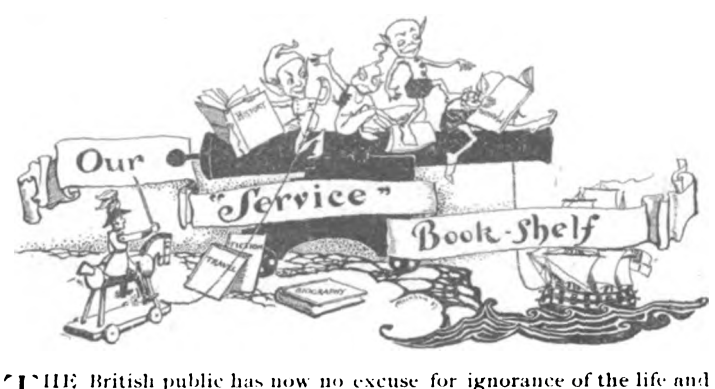

THE British public has now no excuse for ignorance of the life and achievements of Nelson. Southey's is still, and must remain, the classic biography, but a host of other writers and critics have investigated what seems practically an inexhaustible field, and contributed a vast deal to our knowledge. To all students Captain Mahan's two volumes have the first claim, but they are inaccessible to the public at large, and they lack the illustration which is so potent an aid to historical exposition. When the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED published last year its special Nelson number, it was at once revealed how supreme is the interest of Englishmen not only in Nelson as the seaman, but in all his associates, and in the surroundings amid which he lived. Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. H. W. Wilson have hit the same right idea in their "Nelson and his Times," which has been printed in wholly satisfactory style by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, and published by Messrs. Harmsworth Brothers.

This book is avowedly intended for the masses—though it must be said that no library should be without it—for the democracy who, as the authors say, have benefited so largely by Nelson's triumphs. The qualities that commend it to the people at large are its moderate price, the beauty of its external form, the richness of its illustrations, and the picturesqueness of the style in which it is written. It is a book that may be turned over with constant pleasure, for at every page there is something to please or interest; some portrait of Nelson or of his famous companions; some picture of scenes he was familiar with; some fac-simile of his handwriting; some representation of his personal possessions; or some other illustration of places, people, or things that had some relation to the great national hero.

I am very glad to discover in these pages that the authors, in giving Nelson his due meed of praise, do not forget that his brilliant achievements must not blind us to present dangers. His incomparable skill won battles against odds seemingly overwhelming, but nothing in his life would justify us in presuming upon the inferiority of our rivals, and to do so would be criminally foolish. We rather discover that his unerring judgment on many occasions alone protected us from disaster. It was his to recognise in an instant the direct aim of an operation, and to possess the strength that enabled him to accept the responsibility of going directly for it irrespective of orders which stood in the way. It would have been a perilous strength in the hands of a weaker man. But Nelson carried everything through by the supremacy of his genius, and the downright character of his actions. As these authors say, he had the ability to plan, the boldness to execute, and the fearless audacity of youth, combined with that enthusiasm which is so essential in a great commander. The work of Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. Wilson is at once well-balanced, accurate, and forceful, and, as I have said, has the advantage of being clothed in very beautiful form.

While I am speaking of Nelson, let me not omit to mention another volume which is not without a melancholy interest. It is the classic Southey, with delightful illustrations by the late Mr. W. H. Overend, published by Messrs. Routledge. Mr. Overend's death was a loss to art and the Navy. He was a master of figure-drawing, and his knowledge of Naval uniform, and of everything that concerned the Navy, was so accurate that he rarely made a mistake. Many, therefore, will like to have their Southey with his illustrations. They appeared originally, I think, in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, accompanying Mr. Clark Russell's "Pictures from the Life of Nelson."

Mr. C. Raymond Beazley, of Merton College, is a writer who may be trusted to deal dispassionately with historical materials, and he deals with a controverted subject in his "John and Sebastian Cabot; the Discovery of North America" (Fisher Unwin, 5s.). The heroes of the Old World have suffered grievously from the laborious examination of their achievements by critical writers in these days, and among them Sebastian Cabot, who, if we may believe M. Harrisse, ranks high among the treacherous intriguers and self-advertising nonentities of the old time. The assertion is that the famous Sebastian had not merely his share of human weakness, but that he actually manufactured a reputation by attributing to himself the achievements of his father, John. It is quite certain that whatever the son has lost the father has gained by the labours of recent writers. Mr. Beazley does not go quite so far as M. Harrisse. He thinks much "Sebastianised" history may be due to the errors of early annalists, but it is at least certain that Sebastian Cabot was not unwilling to parade in his father's creditable trappings, and took no steps, either with filial piety or common justice, to give honour to whom honour was due. It was certainly a miserable spirit, and, though we would not belittle Sebastian's true achievements, he is now for ever an outcast from the company of honourable men. The book is the latest addition to the series of "Builders of Greater Britain," and one of the most interesting volumes yet included in the set.

These various series of volumes which enterprising publishers are offering to the public, are the great feature of the publishing trade. There is certainly something very pleasing in the ranging upon one's shelves of literary master-pieces, critical expositions of historical periods, scientific treatises or biographics, in uniform shape, and in such volumes as can be held easily in the hand. The day of huge tomes has at length passed away, and even the three volume novel has been relegated to the top shelves of old libraries. The firm of George Newnes, Ltd., entered some time ago upon the work of placing famous works in the hands of the public at reasonable price and yet in pleasing form, and I would draw attention to "Jane Eyre," "Midshipman Easy," "John Halifax, Gentleman" (1s. 6d. each), and that old favourite "Evelina," by Frances Burney, all lately issued from that press.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

MUSIC IN THE NAVY.

By JOHN STOCKHOLM.

IN the matter of music, it must be sorrowfully admitted, the British Navy is not so pre-eminent as in other matters. Vocal harmony is almost unknown on board our ships, even simple part singing, such as might be expected to develop during commissions of three or four years, being extremely rare. The sailors of other nations, however, seem capable of better things. The writer has met, in foreign ports, men from Italian, German, and—which rather surprised him—Russian ships who were able to sing together in parts; and it was common to find among them men who could sing many of the airs from the principal operas. He was once passing a Russian ironclad when the crew were at evening service, and the extreme correctness in time and pitch with which the prayers were being recited in a low monotone was very striking. This result could only have been attained by frequent practice on the part of the whole crew—a thing not, perhaps, to be expected in our Service. On another occasion, at Vladivostock, in a café he heard a group of Russian soldiers singing part songs, some of them containing difficult passages in the minor key, with splendid precision and spirit. German sailors do the same thing.

Our men, when they get together, invariably sing also; but their songs are of the music-hall order, with no attempt at harmony. Entertainments, too, on board ship are run much on music-hall lines, songs (comic and sentimental), recitations, step-dances, boxing, and other variety items being generally followed by a short farce or nigger minstrel performance. The choruses in the latter form the chief effort in the way of harmony; though, as often as not, they are taken in unison. The writer is aware that, in special ships, better things have been attempted—Sullivan's and other comic operas, for instance—but these are the rare exceptions.

The entertainments, however, are good of their kind, and shore-going folk who have an opportunity of witnessing them are generally loud in their praises. The comic element is always keenly enjoyed, and some of our native talent in this department would not disgrace any stage. But songs of the ultra-pathetic order are also strangely popular.

> "Then go and leave me if you wish it;
> Never let me cross your mind,"

is a type of this class of song. In a ship in which the writer served, one of the most popular songs—sung by a young Scotch Marine with a nice baritone voice—was:

> "I canna mind my wheel, mither,
> I canna mind my wheel;
> You know not what my heart doth know,
> You feel not what I feel."

It was always called for at the extempore "sing-songs." "Come on, Jock," was the cry, "let's have 'I can't take my turn at the wheel.'" The humour of the chorus constitutes the chief charm of these meetings. To hear, for instance, eight hundred or a thousand men joining lustily in a whistling chorus compels attention. And their promptness in picking up the cues is remarkable. They wait, almost breathlessly, till the moment arrives for them to join in, and then down they come on their note like a pile-driver. Their attack, as musicians call it, is overwhelming. One song in particular the writer remembers in which a unique effect was produced. Mrs. Riley, the heroine of the ballad, was exhorting a neighbour to cheer up—that by-and-by her ould man would be out of prison and earning money again. In order to emphasise the splendour of the times that would follow, Mrs. Riley smacked her lips and *sniffed*. When this sniff was repeated in the chorus by a thousand noses, each sniffing for its life—well, ships of course are built to stand shocks of this sort, but it would have shaken down the walls of Jericho.

So much for the humours of the chorus; but there is beauty also in the splendid volume of tone produced by such numbers. The choruses of such songs as "The Miner's Dream," "Soon we'll be in London Town," "Good-bye, sweetheart," "Stormy weather, windy weather, when the wind blows we'll all pull together," which the omniscient Kipling has recently introduced into one of his tales; and last, but not least, "Rolling Home Across the Sea," would delight any musician. This last is, perhaps, the most general favourite of all Naval songs; and as it has probably been sung in more corners of the world than any other song that was ever written, except, perhaps, "God save the Queen,"

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and as it is a good song to boot, it is given here. The first verse is apparently a native product, and has probably been grafted on to the original by some lower-deck laureate:

1. "Pipe all hands to man the capstan,
See your cable is all clear,
When our good ship's weighed her anchor
For old England we will steer.
If you heave it with a will, boys,
Soon our anchor we will trip,
And across the briny ocean
We will steer our gallant ship.
CHORUS.—Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home, dear land, to thee,
Rolling home to dear old England,
Rolling home across the sea.

2. Up aloft amidst the rigging
Sings the fresh exulting gale,
Sweet as spring time in the blossom,
Filling out each flowing sail.
And the wild waves cleft behind us
Seem to murmur as they flow,
'There are loving hearts awaiting
In the land to which ye go.'
CHORUS.—Rolling home, etc.

3. Twice a thousand miles behind us,
And a thousand miles before,
Ancient ocean heaves to bear us
To that well-remembered shore,
To the glow of happy firesides,
To the light of sunny skies,
To the glow of friendly faces,
And the light of loving eyes.
CHORUS.—Rolling home, etc."

Paid off. Homeward Bound.

The accompaniment, in the larger ships, is generally provided by portions of the band, and sometimes by a piano bought or hired by the officers. The small ships have to fall back upon the fiddler, with, perhaps, a banjo or two, or the church harmonium. This brings us to the part played by the authorities in providing music afloat. First and foremost comes the band, which is allowed to all the larger ships; that is to say, the bandsmen are allowed, to the number of seventeen for flag-ships, down to nine for some of the cruisers. If more are required, the officers engage and pay them themselves. The instruments also and music are found by the officers; but towards this expense the Admiralty make a small grant to band committees. A curious example of official methods in this connection is the fact that bands are not provided at the home depôts, where the men number, perhaps, 4,000 or 5,000, though they are allowed to second-class cruisers with complements of not more than 400 or 500. The reason is characteristic. Of the 5,000 men in a depôt not more than 200, perhaps, are "part complement," *i.e.*, borne for service there for a period of three years. The remainder are "supernumeraries," or men merely waiting to commission ships. As the size of a band is calculated according to a ship's "complement," the depôts, of course, are not entitled to any at all. Some ships raise also a fife and drum band. These are useful for marching purposes, etc., but it is rather extravagant, perhaps, to refer to them under the heading of music.

The smaller ships are not allowed a band, but are provided with a "musician" instead. It seems unkind of the Admiralty to draw this distinction between "bandsmen" and "musicians." It reminds one of Yum Yum's remark in "The Mikado," that she knew the Prince was no musician the first time she heard him play in the band. There is no justification, however, in this case for such a distinction, as the "musician" is generally drawn from the ranks of the bandsmen. He is the descendant of the old-time "ship's fiddler," and "must be able to play the violin, fife, or other suitable instrument"; suitable, that is, to amuse the men with in the evenings, and to play lively tunes on while they heave round the capstan or hoist the boats.

A bandsman must be over eighteen years of age, and be able to produce "a good tone on a principal instrument, to play a solo of moderate difficulty, and to read music well enough to take part in a band." For this he is paid 1s. 7d. a day, with 2d. per day extra if he performs the duties of barber or tailor. He may, however, rise to the rank of chief bandmaster, whose Service pay is generally augmented by subscriptions from the officers; and he enjoys the distinction, if it be any comfort to him, of belonging to the only rank in the Service, with the exception of officers' servants, in which foreigners are permitted to join Her Majesty's Navy.

Divine service is performed on board ship, weather and other circumstances permitting, twice every Sunday throughout the year; and the sum of 2s. weekly is allowed to "any properly-qualified person who plays the harmonium or other suitable instrument, and conducts the choir." The harmonium itself, however, is not provided, and is another of the little items generally bought by subscription among the officers. In some of the very small ships, shift is sometimes made with a violin, flute, or even a mouth organ (shade of Handel) to lead the singing. The writer would like, while on this subject, to recommend to Naval purchasers a small folding organ which he once saw used. It can be folded easily into its small box for portage; it is light, cheap (about £7, I think), and of good tone and power. The service is held on the upper deck under the awning, if fine; and seats are arranged by means of mess stools laid along on buckets and tubs. Hymn and prayer books are supplied for general use, and a small number of books with tunes; but there are no treble voices, and harmony is seldom attempted. The choir is usually made up of the ship's boys and one or two musical enthusiasts among the men. These "boys," however, are between 16 and 18 years of age, with voices long since "broken," many of them beyond repair.

The great feature in this, as in all ship singing, is the splendid volume of sound produced by the large number of men's voices. If this can be led, and the pitch kept up by means of a cornet or violin, or a few imported trebles, the effect, slurring apart, is very often grand.

If some of the whispering congregations on shore could hear a thousand bluejackets sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," it would probably rouse them a bit. Other "hymns that would help" are, "A few more years shall roll," "Crown Him Lord of All," "Stand up for Jesus," "Eternal Father," "O God, our help in ages past," "The Church's one Foundation," "A day's march nearer home," and "Fierce raged the tempest."

A high church dignitary and musical authority once told the writer, after hearing the last-named hymn sung on board one of Her Majesty's ships, that he had never felt the full effect of it before.

It is the old hymns that are best liked. The newer tunes, that depend more on the intricacy of their harmony than on the clearness of their melody, are not in all cases relished.

The Sunday service in many of our men-of-war begins with Cecil's setting of "I will arise," and concludes with our glorious National Anthem.

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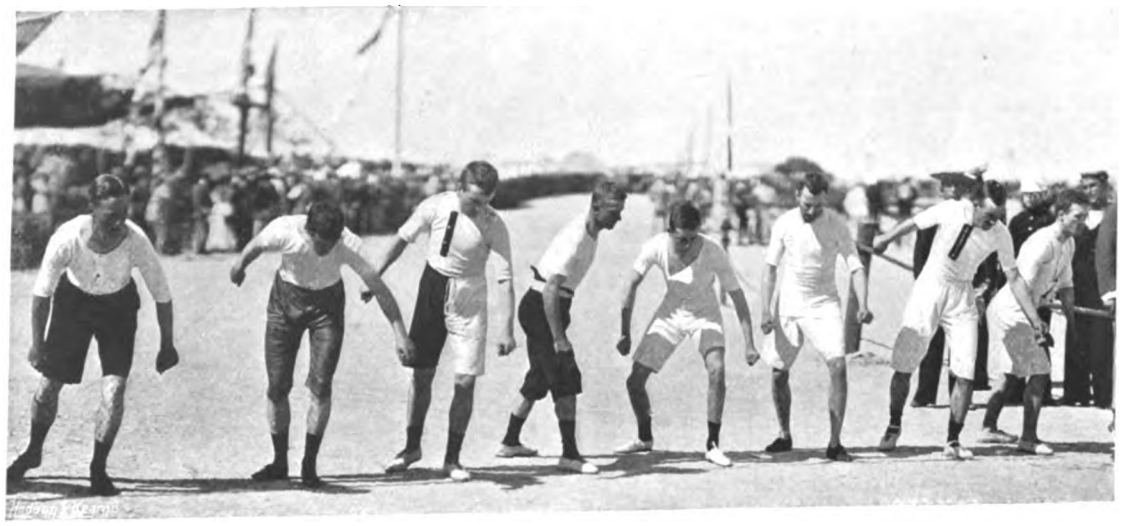
Annual Sports of the Mediterranean Fleet.

THE annual athletic meeting of the Mediterranean Fleet took place this year at Malta on May 3. It was held in the Corradine, and was a great success, all the events on the programme being keenly contested. Great enthusiasm was shown by the spectators, the winner in each event coming in for hearty cheering from his shipmates.

Our illustrations show the midshipmen and other subordinate officers starting for the 220-yds. race, which was won by a young officer of the "Royal Sovereign," and various incidents of the obstacle races, of which there were four in the day's programme. These latter were among the most popular, and the most provocative of laughter, of all the events of the day—including even the four-legged race and the sack race.

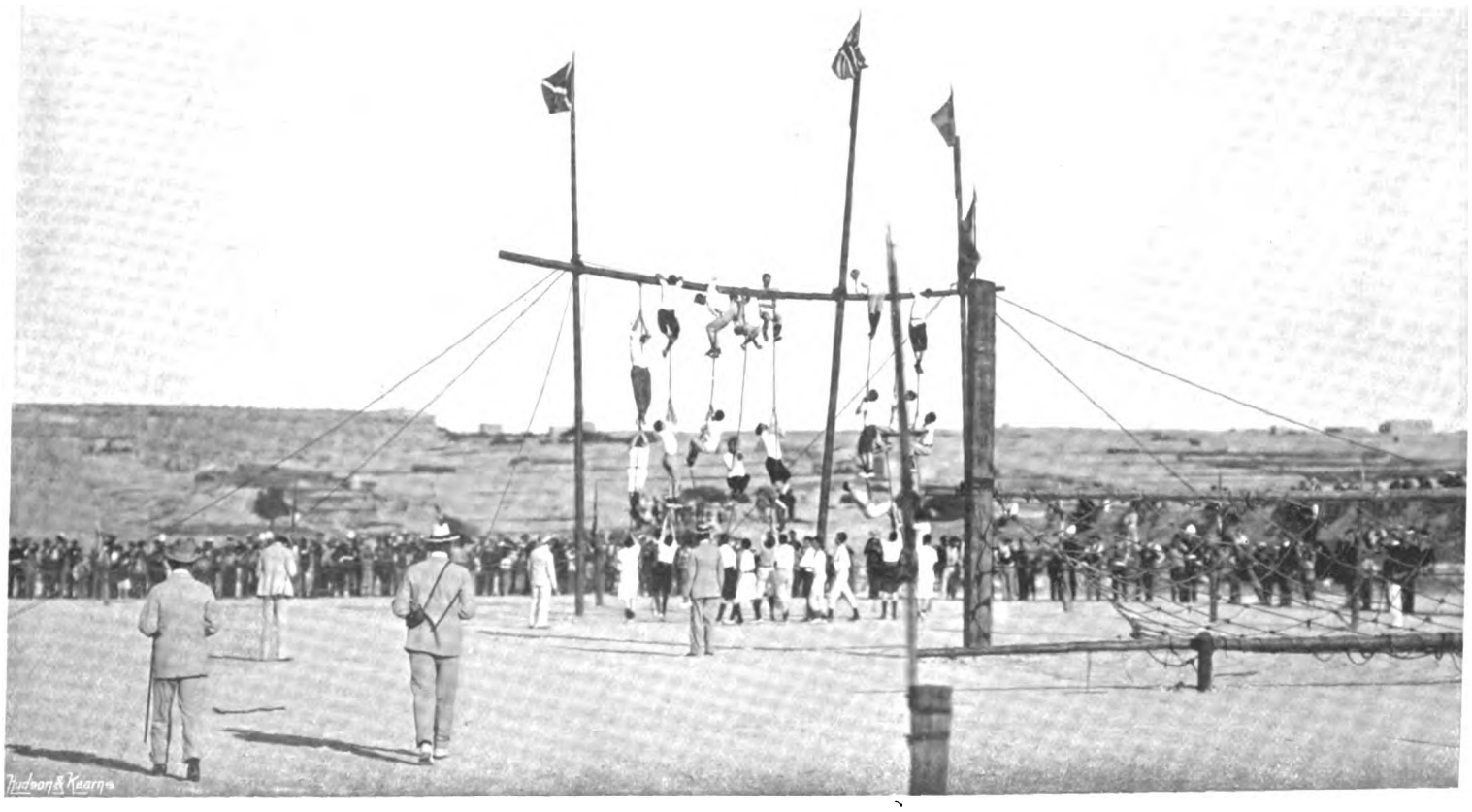
Our illustrations of the competitors squeezing through barrels and tackling the rope and crossbar obstacle will let our readers know the reason why.

For the more serious minded, no doubt the 220-yds. veteran handicaps were equally interesting, one in which fifteen years' service was scratch, with 2-yds. start for every year over fifteen; another for commissioned officers over thirty-five years of age, with 2-yds. start for each year over thirty-five; and a third for warrant officers on similar lines. Final results of prizes won on the whole day's card were:—"Hawke," twelve; "Vulcan" and "Ramillies," ten; "Royal Sovereign," eight; "Empress of India," seven; "Hibernia," six; "Hood" and "Anson," three; "Revenge," "Hornet," "Forte," "Cruiser," and "Bruizer," one each.



THE "SUBORDINATE OFFICERS'" START.

OBSTACLE RACE—NEGOTIATING THE BARRELS.



Photos. R. Ellis. Copyright.—H. & K

OBSTACLE RACE—UP AND OVER.

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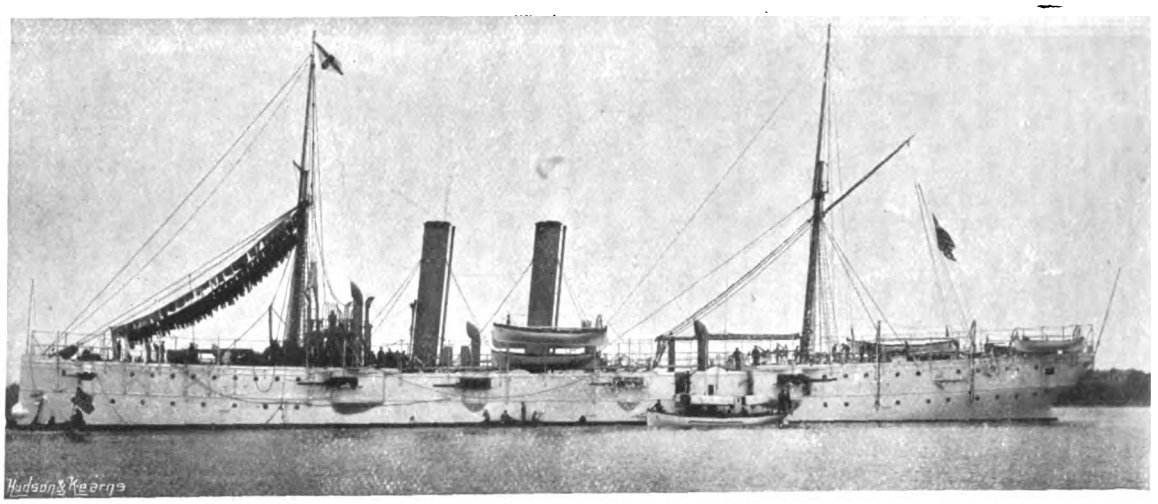
American Ships of the Hour.

THE Spaniards seemed alert at the outbreak of the war, and the Americans somewhat fearful, when it was known the "Oregon" was coming round from the Pacific, with the gun-boat "Marietta," by way of the Straits of Magellan. That bold and wary seaman, Admiral Cervera, might have meditated a purpose against her, and was not the "Temerario" lying in wait? But the captain of the "Oregon" was alert also, and stood safely out of the beaten track.

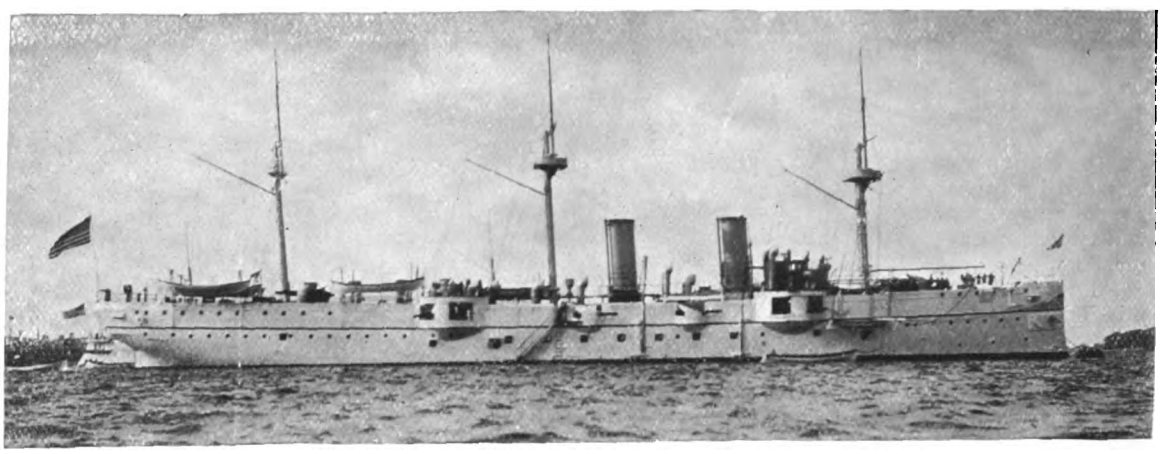
The "Oregon" is a powerful battle-ship of 10,288 tons, and a sister of the "Indiana," which left Key West for the blockade, and the "Massachusetts," which was assigned to Commodore Schley. The deck view of the ship shows her character very well. The armament is powerful, and the disposition not quite like anything we have. Four 13-in. guns are coupled in the turrets, and eight 8-in. guns are in pairs in turrets at a higher level, with a couple of 6-in. guns on each beam, this arrangement permitting a powerful fire all round the ship.

We illustrate also the "New Orleans," bought at Elswick from Brazil, and originally named "Amazonas." With her sister the "Albany" she should do much for the American fleet, for our picture shows her steaming at more than 21 knots, which is her forced-draught speed. With her displacement of 3,500 tons, she has large coal capacity, and a great cruising range. Of such vessels, for scouting as well as for attack, all fleets have need.

The "New Orleans" carries a very powerful quick-firing armament.



THE "MARBLEHEAD," ONE OF THE CRUISERS THAT ATTACKED CIENFUEGOS.



Photos. Symonds & Co. Copyright.

THE "SAN FRANCISCO," LATELY ADDED TO COMMODORE SCHLEY'S SQUADRON.

The "San Francisco," 4,098 tons, an excellent modern protected cruiser, capable of steaming at 19½ knots, was not ready for sea when the war began, but she has since joined Commodore Schley. The "Marblehead," which displaces little more than 2,000 tons, has played a large part in the blockade, and was one of the ships engaged in the cable-cutting expedition to Cienfuegos.

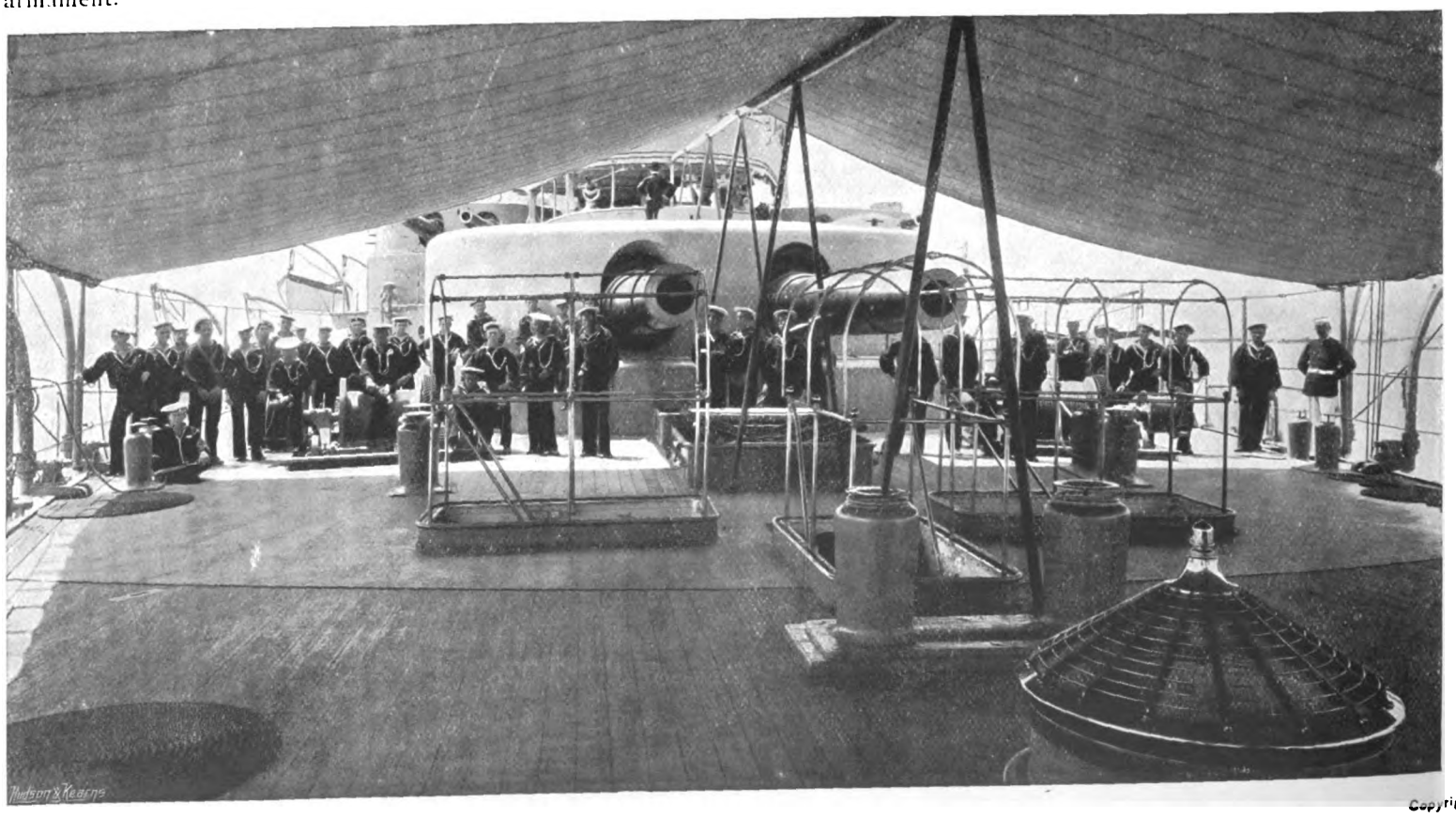


Photo. A. Connor. Copyright.

DECK OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON," NOW SAFE FROM THE PACIFIC.

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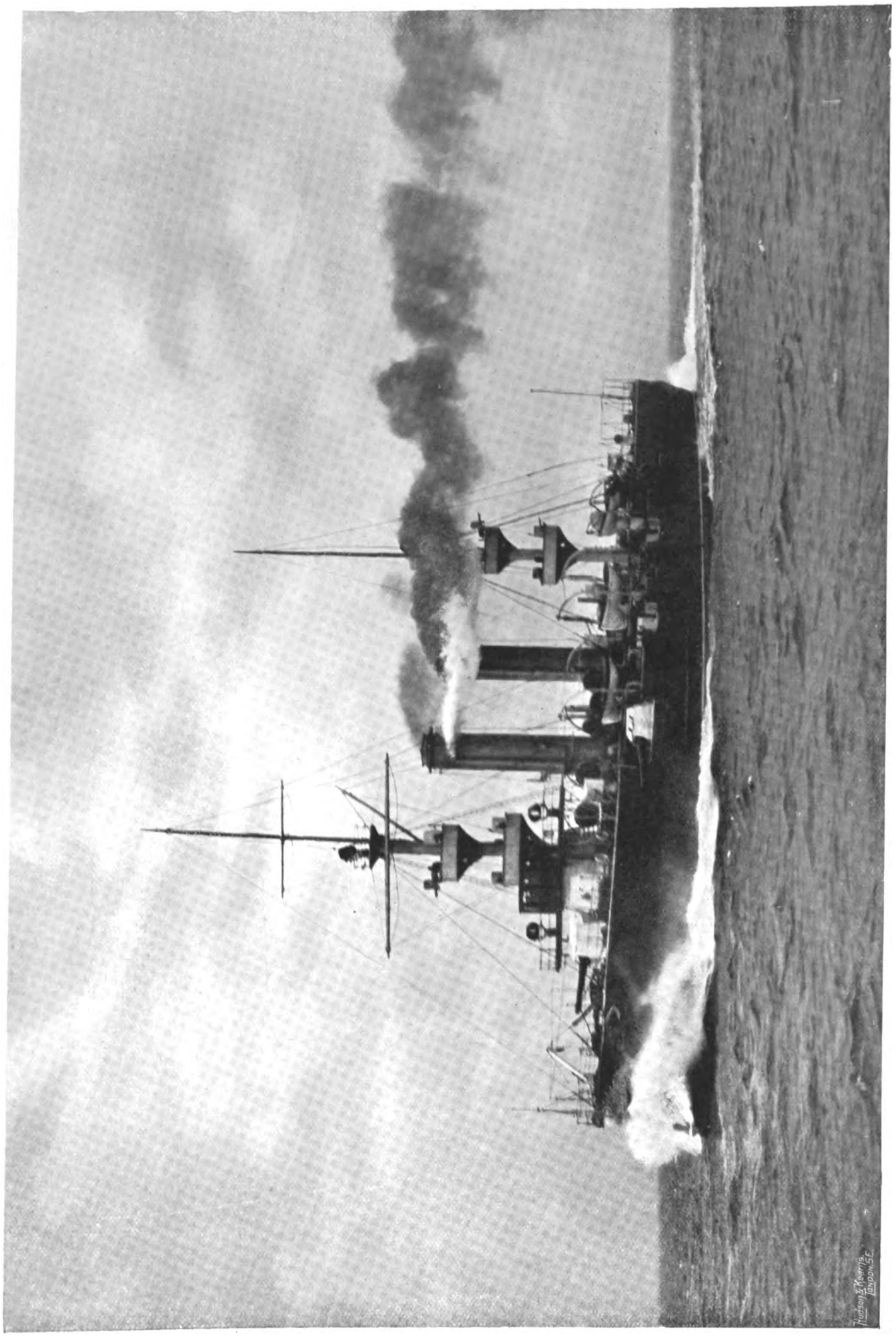

THE LATEST ADDITION TO "UNCLE SAM'S" NAVY—THE CRUISER "NEW ORLEANS."

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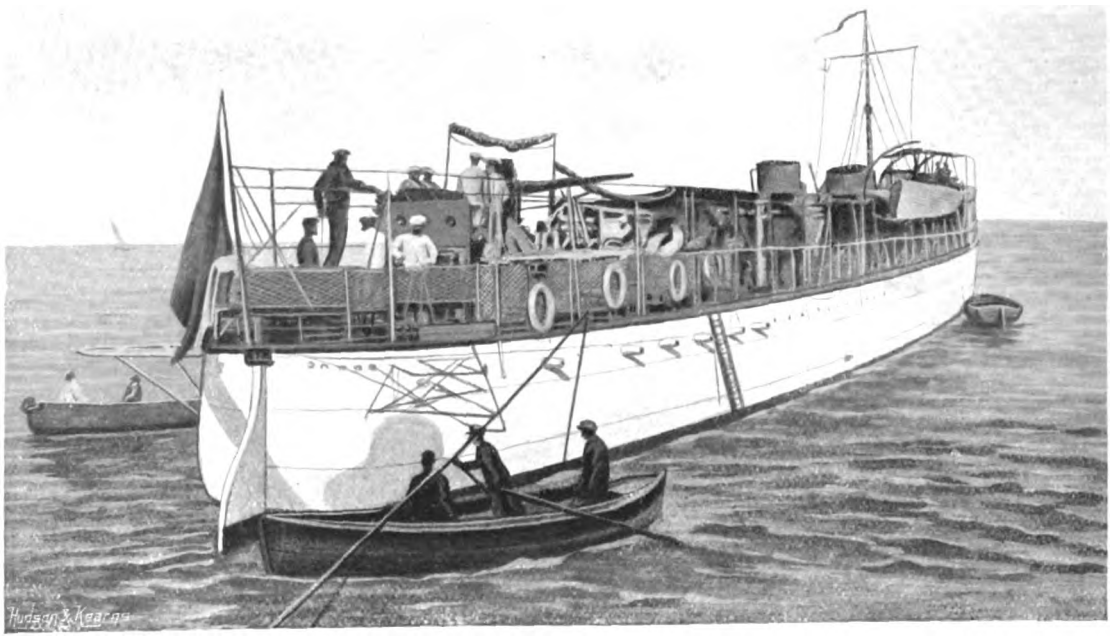
The Spanish Torpedo Flotilla.

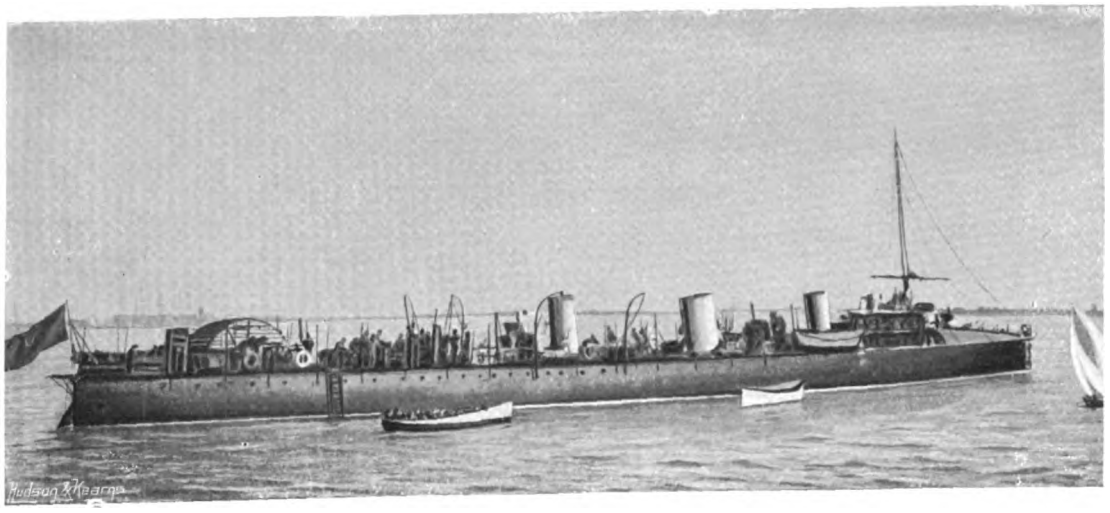
THE flotilla which so suddenly appeared with Admiral Cervera at Martinique will have played its notable part in the war if it never strike a blow. The very intelligence of its departure from the arsenal of Carraca spread alarm in the United States, where the "moral" power of the torpedo conjured up visions of sinking ships and raided harbours. There were those who thought the approach of the flotilla a sufficient *casus belli*. Others were disposed to underrate the torpedo-boats, and were sure, if they ever arrived on the scene of action, something would be wanting to mar their efficiency.

Yet the Spanish Navy has shown a good deal of perspicacity in the manner in which it has taken up the subject of torpedo warfare, and it is fair to assume that the officers in command of the boats are the very men who have brought about the creation of the flotilla.



THE 28-KNOT TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "FUROR."

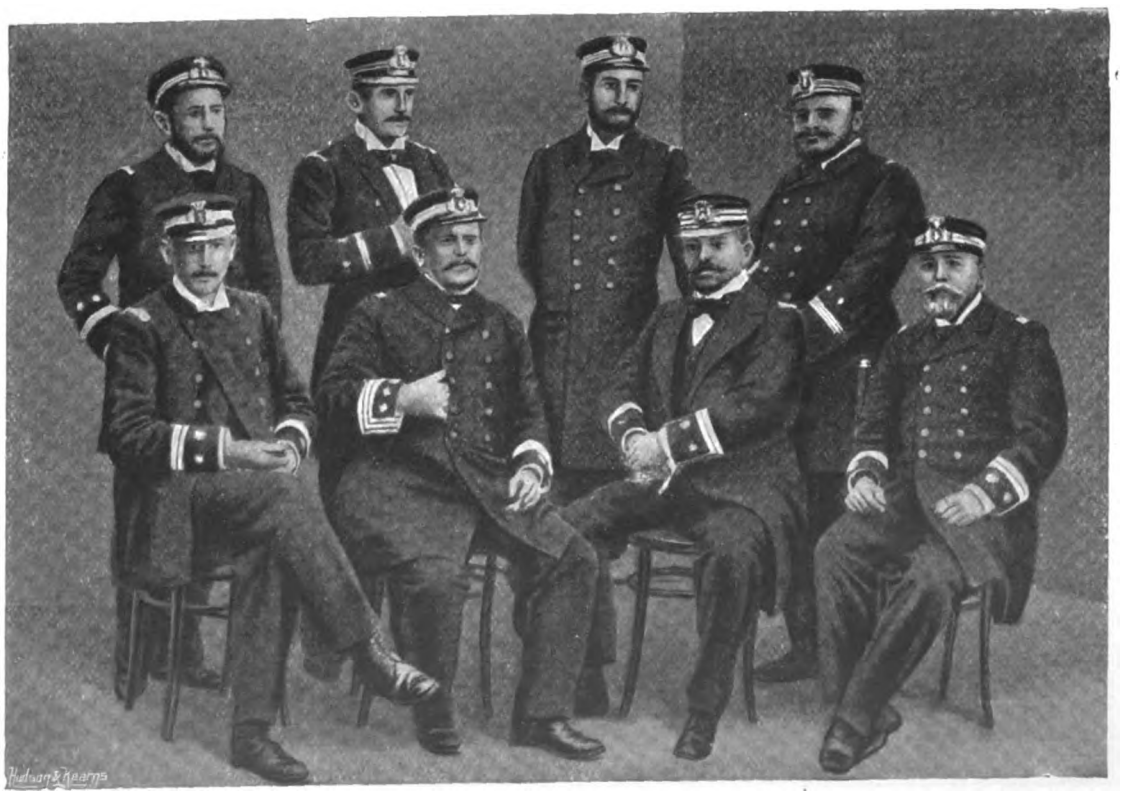
It is known that Captain Villamil, the commodore of the first division, who hoisted his flag in the "Ciudad de Cádiz," which is the "mother ship" of the boats, and carries coal for their consumption, is an enthusiast in torpedo warfare, and has spared nothing to secure efficiency. His officers, of whom we give portraits in a group taken at Cadiz, are First Lieutenants Diego Carlier, in the "Furor," Francisca Rocha, in the "Terror," and Pedro Vázquez, in the "Plutón"; while the officers in the sea-going torpedo-boats, "Azor," "Rayo," and "Ariete," are Lieutenants Alvargonzález, Rizo, and Somoza.



THE 30-KNOT TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "PLUTON."

All the Spanish destroyers have been built by Messrs. Thomson at Clydebank, those alike of the first division in the West Indies, and the "Audaz," "Osado," and "Proserpina," which were attached to the Reserve Squadron at Cadiz.

We now illustrate the "Plutón" and the "Furor," as they were fitted for their Atlantic passage, and the "Terror" was illustrated last week. They are not precisely alike, the "Plutón" belonging to a later type launched in 1897, while the "Furor" and "Terror" took the water in the previous year. The earlier type boat displaces 300 tons, and is 220-ft. long, as compared with 400 tons and 225-ft. in the "Plutón." The speed of the later class is 30 knots, with 7,500 horse-power; that of the earlier 28 knots, with 6,000 horse-power; and the increased displacement enables a slightly superior armament to be carried.



CAPTAIN VILLAMIL AND THE OFFICERS OF THE FLOTILLA.

Each boat has two torpedo-tubes, and the armament comprises two 12-pounders (14-pounders in the "Plutón"), two 6-pounders, and two 1-pounders. The earlier boat carries 67 officers and men, and 100 tons of coal, while the other has a complement of 70, but carries only 90 tons of coal.

These destroyers are quite equal to our later boats, and superior to anything the Americans possess.

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The United States' Expeditionary Forces.

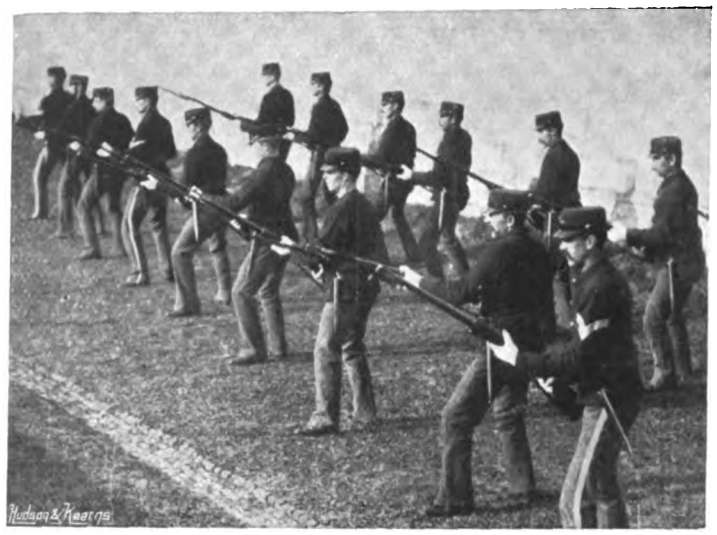
THE invasion of the Philippines by American troops promises to be an exceedingly interesting event, because never before has the United States' Army appeared in hostile manner in the Old World The descent of Uncle Sam's "Tommy Atkins" upon the historic possession of the Dons will, indeed, be a significant circumstance, but the operation of invasion will probably not be easy, for the Spaniards up to the present seem full of fight, and they are in considerable force.

MAJOR-GEN. WESLEY MERRITT.

A very experienced officer has been chosen to gather the fruits of Admiral Dewey's victory, in the person of Major-General Wesley Merritt, who has wisely insisted that the force must include a large proportion of trained men. The idea of the authorities was to send about 15,000 men, of whom not more than 1,000 would have belonged to this category; but this purpose has been reconsidered, and it is probable that 4,000 or 5,000 regulars may be mustered for the purpose. The volunteers will be drawn mostly from the Western States, and are already gathering at San Francisco. General Otis, whose portrait we give, will at once precede the new military Governor of the Philippines with a body of picked troops, forming a brigade.

PRIVATES, NATIONAL GUARD, BOSTON.

A FULL DRESS PARADE.



TROOPS AT BAYONET EXERCISE.

General Merritt was born in New York in 1836, and is therefore in his sixty-second year. He went to the Military Academy, and was appointed to a regiment of dragoons. As a young captain he took part in General Stoneham's famous raid towards Richmond, Virginia, in 1863, and was in command of the reserve cavalry in the Pennsylvania campaign. He gained high praise for his splendid bearing at Gettysburg, and the excellent qualities he displayed in Central Virginia in 1863-64.

OFFICERS, NATIONAL GUARD, BOSTON.

At Yellow Tavern and other engagements he gained nev distinction, and was awarded step after step of brevet rank, and became a major-general of volunteers. He fought again at Five Forks, and in the final scenes of the war. He was afterwards on the frontier, and has been in charge of the West Point Academy. Governor's Island in New York Harbour is a great military centre, and there the Military Service Institution,

MAJOR-GENERAL OTIS.

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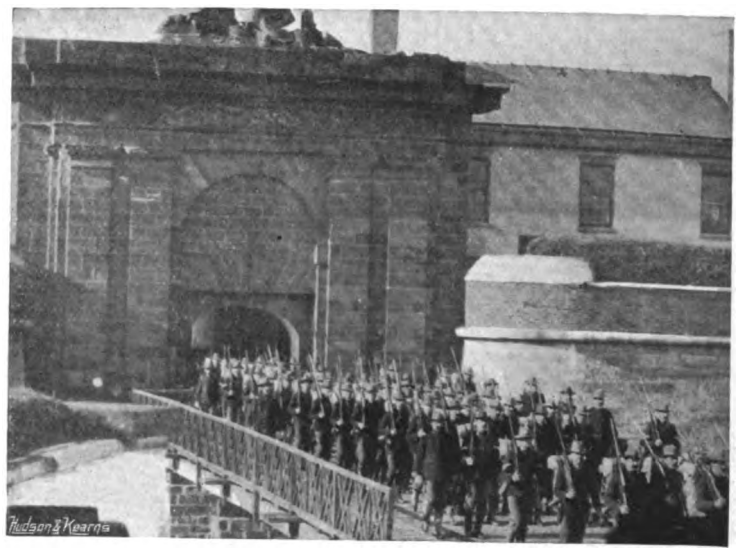
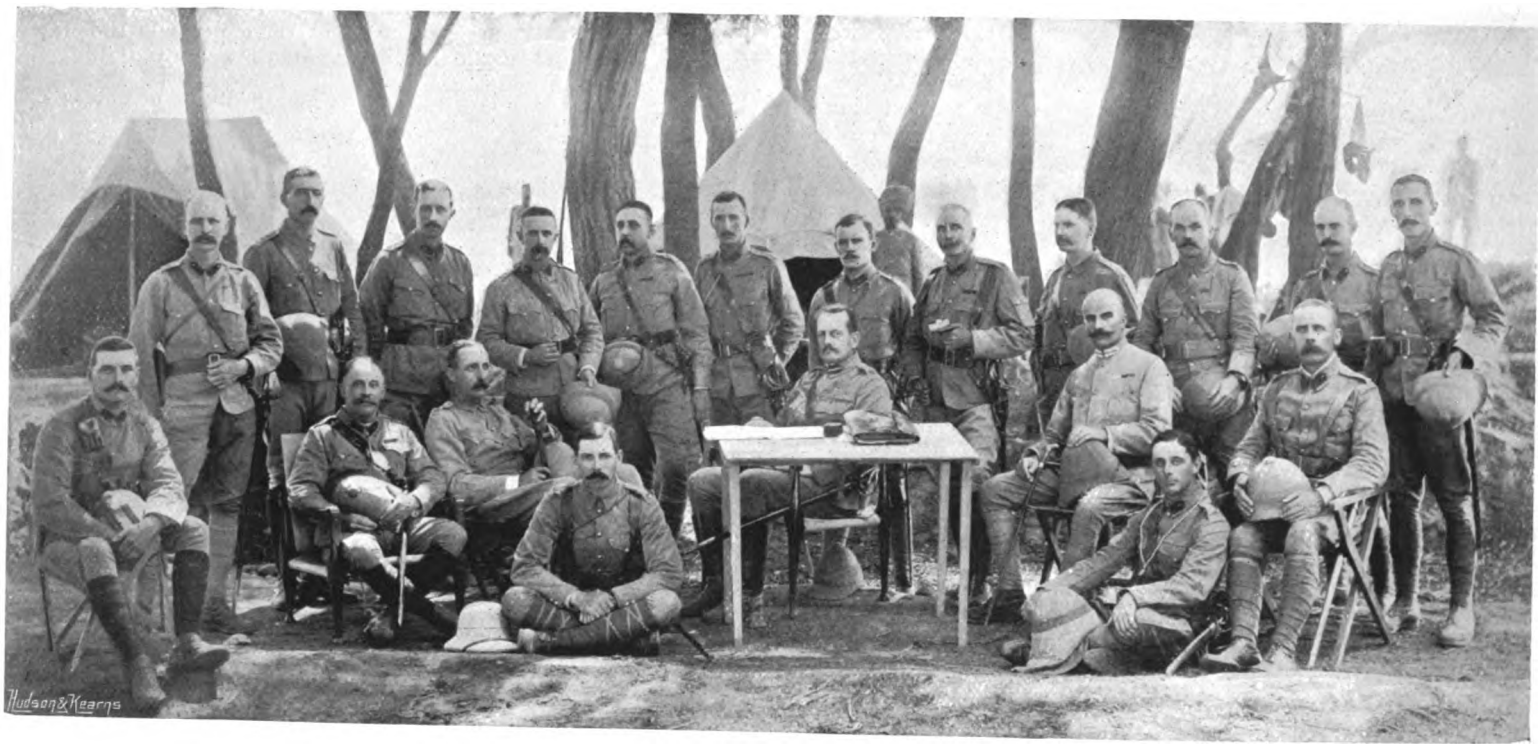
of which General Merritt has been a vice-president, is located. Many of the smartest soldiers of the United States' Army are therefore in constant touch with the intended Governor of the Philippines, and, though his troops will be drawn from the West, it is certain he will select many members of his staff from the frequenters of Governor's Island.

One of our pictures illustrates a full dress parade of the troops garrisoned there; another depicts the practical work of training going on, with the bayonet exercise; and a third shows the troops in heavy marching order passing through the sally-port. These were the preliminary operations of the war in preparation for the despatch of the forces to the points of concentration, and the pictures show Uncle Sam's best men, filled with military enthusiasm. These are the backbone of the Army, trained under General Merritt's eye, and it is easy to understand his demand for a strong body of such soldiers to stiffen his expeditionary corps of 15,000, composed mostly of volunteers, and intended for the Philippines. Such scenes as we illustrate have been frequent in all the military centres of the States, and many a hearty "God speed!" has accompanied the men on their way to the coast of Florida. Our other illustrations are of the officers and men of the National Guard at Boston, that famed "hub of the universe," where American "culchah" has its home.



TROOPS LEAVING GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N.Y.

Notes from the Indian Frontier.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ELLES AND STAFF.

THERE are few of us indeed who have not either relations or friends serving in India. For that reason news of the troops employed on the North-West Frontier is always interesting to the majority of readers at home

From Photos by a Military Officer. Copyright.

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART IN CAMP.

Our garrisons in Northern India are practically always in a state of active service, and especially within the last year the number of expeditions in which the troops have been engaged have been very numerous. Of the bravery of the wild tribes they are sent against, there is no question whatever, as the following incident proves:—Early one morning a party of Afridis attempted to "rush" a camp between Jamrud and Peshawar, attacking a picket of the 8th Bengal Infantry. The sentry on duty had previously challenged them, but was immediately shot. The picket turned out promptly, and the tribesmen fired a volley at them, killing and wounding several. The tribesmen then rushed clean through the picket and seized a number of rifles and some ammunition. The picket was at once reinforced, and, under the gallant leadership of Jemadar Ram Sari Khan, drove off the assailants, who were fighting hand to hand with the Bengal men.

The first illustration on this page represents Brigadier-

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General Elles, commanding the Mohmand Field Force, surrounded by his staff. All are equipped for field service, and wear the regulation khaki clothing. Though less showy, this dress has the advantage of being lighter and more serviceable than that worn by soldiers and officers in the British Isles.

When fighting against uncivilised troops in a mountainous region, a point which must always exercise the mind of the general officer commanding is the disposition of his artillery.

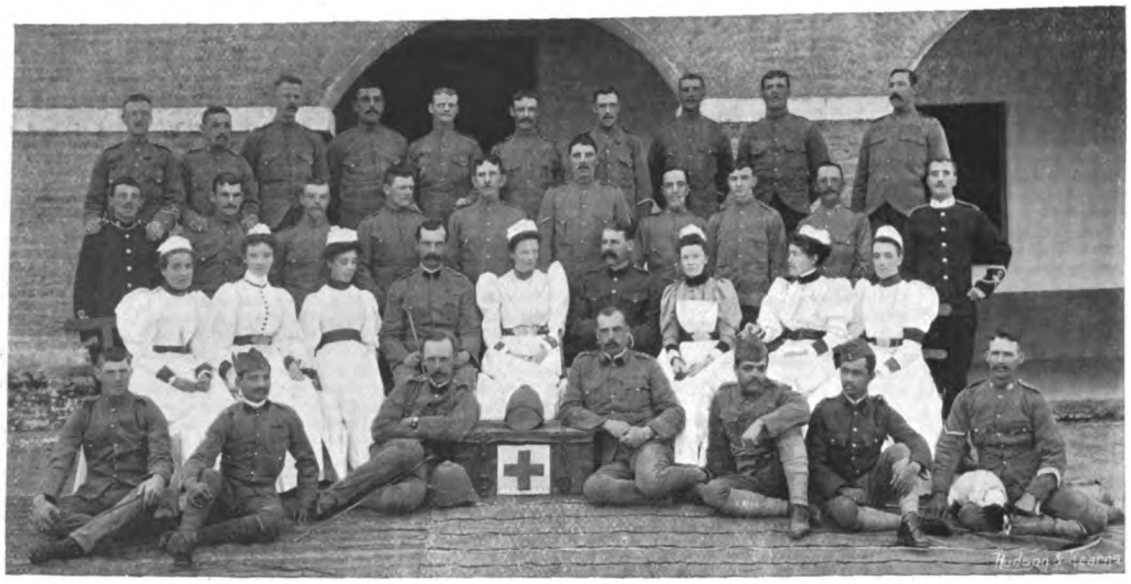
This valuable arm of the Service is almost invariably called into action before the infantry advances to attack a position. In a hilly country, however, it is well-nigh impossible to bring the ordinary pattern of field guns, drawn by horses, into action, but our mountain batteries take their place. Nor have they failed to prove themselves of sterling worth whenever called upon to take the field. Two photographs of the 3rd Mountain Battery Royal Artillery attached to the Tirah Field Force are here reproduced.

The first shows the guns limbered up ready to move off. The pieces themselves, as well as the ammunition, are carried packed on the back of mules. Each mule carries without distress a weight of 400-lb. When the battery is ordered into action the guns are promptly fitted together, and run up in line as shown in the following picture. The men in rear are kneeling in order to present less of a target for the enemy's fire. The ammunition not actually required for the moment is kept on the mules some distance in rear. When the fire has proved effective the guns are again taken to pieces, and in a few minutes the battery is ready to proceed on its march. The advantage which mountain batteries have over others is, therefore, apparent. The towers in rear of the battery were strongholds of the Afridis.

However fortunate a force may be, however effective its fire, the victors must always suffer considerable loss in sick and wounded. For their accommodation there are established in all expeditions field and base hospitals.

One of the illustrations represents the medical officers, nursing sisters, and hospital orderlies employed in the base hospital of the Tirah Expedition and Frontier Force at Nowshera. Several thousand sick soldiers have been sent to this hospital from Bara, Jamrud, Ali Musjid, and the Malakand.

In another illustration are shown General Sir William Lockhart and his staff in camp at Mamam, Bara Valley. The officers are in the act of receiving orders from their chief.



MEDICAL OFFICERS, NURSES, AND ORDERLIES, NOWSHERA.

A MOUNTAIN BATTERY ON THE MARCH.

From Photos. by a Military Officer.

MOUNTAIN GUNS IN ACTION.

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The Royal Military College Sports.

OUR illustrations show various incidents at the recent annual athletic meeting of the Gentlemen Cadets at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. The R.M.C. Athletic Sports this year took place on May 12 and 13, in the beautiful College Recreation Ground, near the cricket pitch in front of the Gymnasium, and proved a very successful affair on both days. They turned out indeed to be better attended by visitors and general spectators than could have been expected, considering the counter attractions at Aldershot, a few miles off, of the Royal Engineers' "Week" and other May gaieties. And this year there was, furthermore, missing from the card of events the notable item of the Woolwich *v.* Sandhurst encounter, which has hitherto been a very attractive feature of the Sandhurst sports programme.

The first day's events this year were to a large extent preliminary heats, of which the final stages were run and competed for on the second day, but all the same two good performances were brought off on the first day.

They were, to particularise, first the neat and remarkable performance of the Hon. E. Craven, who won the high jump at 5 ft. 6-in., and secondly the half-mile race, won capitally in 2-min. 2 3-5-sec. by A. G. Ritchie, an old Pauline, who at St. Paul's School last year won the London Athletic Club's Quarter-Mile Challenge Cup Race for public school boys.

The Sandhurst obstacle race, points in which we specially illustrate here, was about 600-yds. from start to finish, and was won in 5-min. 16 1-5sec. by W. F. B. Edwards, who led in by 30-yds. The second and third men in the obstacle race were A. H. Cuthell and E. F. Wakefield, who came in in the order named, with about 2-yds. between them.

OBSTACLE RACE—THROUGH THE LADDER.

A SERIOUS OBSTACLE.

The two stiffest and most trying features in the obstacle race to get past—through and over—were the difficult ladder feat, of which we give an illustration, and which needed a good deal of gymnastic agility and the packing of broad shoulders into small compass, and the hand over hand clambering obstacle—up the rope, over the crossbar at the top, and down to the ground as well as might be on the other side. The medal for the best score of points for the whole programme in the two days went to A. G. Ritchie, the cadet who won the half-mile on the first day, as already referred to, and the quarter-mile scratch race of the second day's card by a good 10-yds.

The Athletic Winning Shield, annually held by the cadet company whose representatives at the sports do best in points, was won this year by "E" Company by 76 points. "F" Company came in second with 60 points, although neither of these were in the final in the tug-of-war, which event was won by "B" Company.

It may be of interest to note in passing that the costume of striped jackets and small round striped caps worn in Guardsman fashion by some of the cadets who are shown in our pictures is the ordinary Sandhurst turn-out worn for cricket, tennis, and other sports, or in the gymnasium.

The colours are scarlet and white, both for "blazer" and cap, and the combination looks very pleasing and effective.

The cadets going through the Sandhurst course at the present time are, as the public have learnt, both from the Commander-in-Chief Lord Wolseley's encomium on their physical appearance at his latest visit to the Royal Military College, and from the statement of the Board of visiting general officers, a remarkably fine set, and above the ordinary stature for their age, something like 5-ft. 9-in. being the average height.

START FOR THE HALF-MILE—A FEW ATTITUDES.

Photos. Shaw. *THE FINISH OF THE MILE.* Copyright.

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—*The* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *has now been registered by the Post Office authorities as a newspaper, and can therefore be sent through the post under the special conditions and with all the advantages which follow from such registration. It may be pointed out to subscribers that this will mean a considerable reduction in their subscription. The net result is that they will obtain the weekly paper at a cost which but slightly exceeds that which they were in the habit of incurring when they subscribed for the fortnightly issues with supplements. The registration of the paper will also confer a benefit on those who are desirous of sending the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *to their friends. In making this announcement, we desire also to direct the attention of advertisers and others to the alteration which has been made in the scope and purpose of the journal. In it are described and illustrated for the general public all current events and topics connected with the Naval and Military Services the wide world over.*

* * * *

THE WAR.—*Our readers will also be interested to know that the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is fully represented by a corps of photographers at every likely scene of action, who will supply illustrations of all the important incidents which happen during hostilities. A special steamer has been chartered to accompany the blockading squadron off Cuba, and the representatives of the paper, men of great experience as artist photographers, will furnish scenes of life on board the vessels of the United States Squadron as well as on shore in the blockaded cities. The material thus supplied by our correspondents should form a unique pictorial history of the war.*

* * * *

I HAVE been asked if any of the nations with which we were in old times at war commemorate their battles with us in the names of the ships of their Navies, as we do with our "Trafalgar," "Nile," "Camperdown," "Barfleur," "Blenheim," "Belleisle," and so forth. Both France and Spain do, as a fact, but only in the case of one battle, as far, at any rate, as Naval warfare is concerned. In both the French and the Spanish Navies of to-day there is an "Algesiras," named in each case to commemorate the battle of July, 1801, when Sir James Saumarez attacked Linois's squadron under the batteries of Algesiras. The British squadron, as we know, was very roughly handled in its attack, and had to withdraw to Gibraltar, leaving one of our ships, the "Hannibal" (74), which had got aground in a bad position, a prize in the hands of the enemy. For this, of course, the failure of the wind at the critical moment, and the way in which the enemy moored their ships almost on shore under the batteries, were mainly responsible, but both France and Spain proclaimed it a brilliant victory of theirs, and have ever since had a ship of the name of "Algesiras" on their Navy Lists. The present French "Algesiras" is a wooden 90-gun ship, launched in 1855, and now doing duty as torpedo school-ship at Toulon. The present Spanish "Algesiras" is a harbour-service hulk lying at Cadiz.

* * * *

THE recent publication of a work dealing with the now extinct order of sergeants-at-law has suggested a query as to how barristers and soldiers come to have a common title. The answer is that the word "sergeant" is in both cases derived from the Latin word *serviens, i.e.*, serving. The sergeants-at-law were the lineal successors of the *fratres servientes*, or servant-brothers, of the ancient Order of Knights Templars, to whose London property the lawyers succeeded, and the connection is further exemplified by the coif, which, like the hoods worn by 'Varsity graduates, comes to us from the mediæval monks, and was worn by the legal sergeants, and by the judges, who were formerly all members of the order. The military sergeant was a much humbler individual, the servant of the captain, and his title—borrowed like others from the French—is the modern Gallican equivalent of the Latin word.

* * * *

HERE is the list of the English regiments that fought at the battle of Culloden, which I have been asked for, giving the present number of the corps, with its designation then, which in most cases was its colonel's name:—1st, Royals; 3rd, Howard's; 4th, Barrell's; 8th, Wolfe's; 13th, Pulteney's; 14th, Cholmondeley's; 20th, Bligh's; 21st, Scots Fusiliers; 25th, Sempell's; 27th, Blackney's; 34th, Price's; 35th, Fleming's; 37th, Munro's; 48th, Legonier's; Battereu's (disbanded in 1749); Argyle Highlanders. Cavalry: 10th Dragoons, Cobham's; 11th Dragoons, Kerr's.

* * * *

WHETHER the introduction of smokeless powder will prove the unmixed blessing that was anticipated is a little uncertain. There is no doubt that the dense clouds of smoke that arose from a heavy and protracted artillery fire served a useful purpose, at times, as a screen for the movement of troops. Ingenious people have even sought for substitutes, and the experiments carried out with smoke-balls by the inventor, Colonel Crease, R.M.A., at Eastney, some few years ago, in the presence of the German Emperor, may be within the recollection of our readers. It is probable, however, that the use of smokeless powder will have an even more important bearing on warfare afloat; and it is a matter for surprise that the probable effects of the invention on Naval tactics have not received more attention from experts.

A CORRESPONDENT, having read the article which appeared recently on "Volunteer Cycling," writes: "Military cyclists were first used in England in 1883, by the 1st Sussex Rifles (now known as the 1st Volunteer Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment). The men all rode high (ordinary) bicycles, and were armed with revolvers (see London papers of that date). The idea originated with our adjutant, Major Bloomfield, and he obtained permission of Colonel Tamplin to use them, as we had no cavalry."

* * * *

IN these days, when we hear so much of the expenses incurred, and more or less cheerfully borne, by Volunteer officers, I wonder what will be thought of the following particulars of a dinner which was given by Lord Romney to the Kentish volunteers on August 1, 1799, after they had been reviewed by George III. There were seven and a-half miles of tables, the boards for which alone cost £1,500, at which 6,500 people sat down. The food and drink provided consisted of 60 lambs, 200 dishes of roast beef, 700 fowls, 220 meat pies, 300 hares, 300 tongues, 220 fruit pies, 220 dishes of boiled beef, and 220 of roast veal. There were 7 pipes (805 gallons) of port wine, 16 butts (1,728 gallons) of ale, and the same quantity of "small" beer. A truly Gargantuan feast.

* * * *

A VALUED correspondent sends me the following description of the landing of Garibaldi at Marsala, of which historic incident he was an eye-witness: "On the evening of the 10th of May, 1860, Her Majesty's ships 'Intrepid' and 'Argus' set sail from Palermo for Marsala. Nothing was generally known of what was going to happen, but the country was violently disturbed, and only on the 14th of the previous month fifteen so-called political prisoners had been set up against a wall and shot, almost within sight of the 'Argus' at Palermo. The 'Intrepid' was, for those days, a new and swift despatch vessel; the 'Argus' was about the last paddle-wheel fighting vessel ever built. They were commanded by Commanders Marryat, a descendant of the great novelist, and Winnington Ingram, who have both, alas, long since gone over to the majority. We arrived at about 10.30 in the forenoon, under a blazing sun on a violet sea. Very soon the smoke of two steamers approaching in a northerly direction was reported, and as they came into view they could be made out to be full of men, all clad in red shirts and wearing various head-dresses. They turned out afterwards to be, when we came to know them better, of as various nationalities. The two steamers were without delay run ashore, for the Bay of Marsala is very shallow at the best of times. Then began the landing of the celebrated thousand of Marsala, who swarmed from the ships like bees out of a hive. They naturally used their own boats as far as they would go, and were aided by many boats belonging to native fishermen, who welcomed them assiduously. In less time almost than it takes to tell it the two steamers were abandoned, their red shirts on shore, and marching to the eastward under the command of Garibaldi.

* * * *

"HARDLY were they out of sight than a Neapolitan sailing-frigate, the 'Parthenope,' and a paddler arrived on the scene. They at once began to bombard the town, but whether it was owing to the shallowness of water which made their range what in those days would be considered a long one, or whether it was due to the inferiority of their powder, I cannot say; but the fact remains that very little damage was done to the town, and nobody was killed. An unlucky dog who was crossing the square ran into an almost spent round shot, and his death afforded the Marsalese for long afterwards an opportunity for a cheap joke on the subject of the Neapolitans being fratricides. That evening the 'Intrepid' left for Malta with the news for the Naval headquarters. The next day the Neapolitan captain came on board the 'Argus' to announce that he was going to fire upon the two stranded Sardinian steamers. As they were deserted he was, of course, told that he could do as he pleased. After a few shots his crew plundered the steamers, and then left. This was Garibaldi's famous landing. On the 1st of the next month I called on him at Palermo, and found a most simple, kind, and hospitable officer. He was clothed in the red shirt which he had adopted for himself and his soldiers. He was very polite, and talked almost exclusively to me, probably because I knew some Italian. I recollect he gave me a cigar, but whether good or bad at this distance of time I do not remember—most likely the latter."

* * * *

PUNISHMENTS in the Royal Navy are for the most part summary, and inflicted by the captain of each ship from a legal table of punishments supplied by the Admiralty, a small jurisdiction being allowed to the commanding officer under him. Summary punishments are principally fines, stoppage of leave and grog, certain restrictions regarding meals and meal hours, confinement in cells or gaol on shore; the limit of the captain's power is ninety days' gaol with hard labour. If he considers this insufficient punishment for the gravity of the offence he applies to the Commander-in-Chief for a court-martial to try the case, the power of sentence if found guilty in that case being much greater. The sentence of a court-martial and all the minutes have to be sent to the Admiralty, where they are thoroughly investigated and the legality and justice tested; cases sometimes, though not often, occur where the decision of the Court is reversed or altered. A return of the summary punishments inflicted is sent to the Admiralty every quarter, and for each of the severe punishments administered by the captain a warrant has to be made out and signed by the senior officer present; it is then read to the men in the presence of the ship's company.

* * * *

EVERYONE knows, of course, that a large percentage of the names of our battle-ships and cruisers have been placed on the Navy List to commemorate ships captured from our enemies in old wars. Our Scottish readers may be interested to know that Scotland has added her share. The third oldest existing man-of-war name on the Navy List to-day, is of Scottish origin—the name "Lion," now borne by the well-known boys' training-ship at Devonport. Our first "Lion" was taken in Henry VIII.'s time, as was also the first "Salamander"—named after the family supporters of Francis I. of France, who gave the ship to Scotland—the name of a torpedo gun-boat of the present day. Similarly with the "Unicorn," first captured in 1545, whose present-day representative is the Royal Naval Reserve drill-ship at Dundee. Yet more curious is the origin of the name "Edinburgh" on the Navy List, now borne by one of our modern battle-ships. At the time of the Union, in the year 1707, the Navy of Scotland had a fleet of its own of two ships, one called the "Edinburgh" and the other the "Glasgow." On the Act of Union coming into force, the two ships were taken over into the British Navy under their own names. The name "Glasgow" temporarily disappeared from the Navy List only a few years ago, after the Navy had had some half-dozen ships of the name. THE EDITOR.

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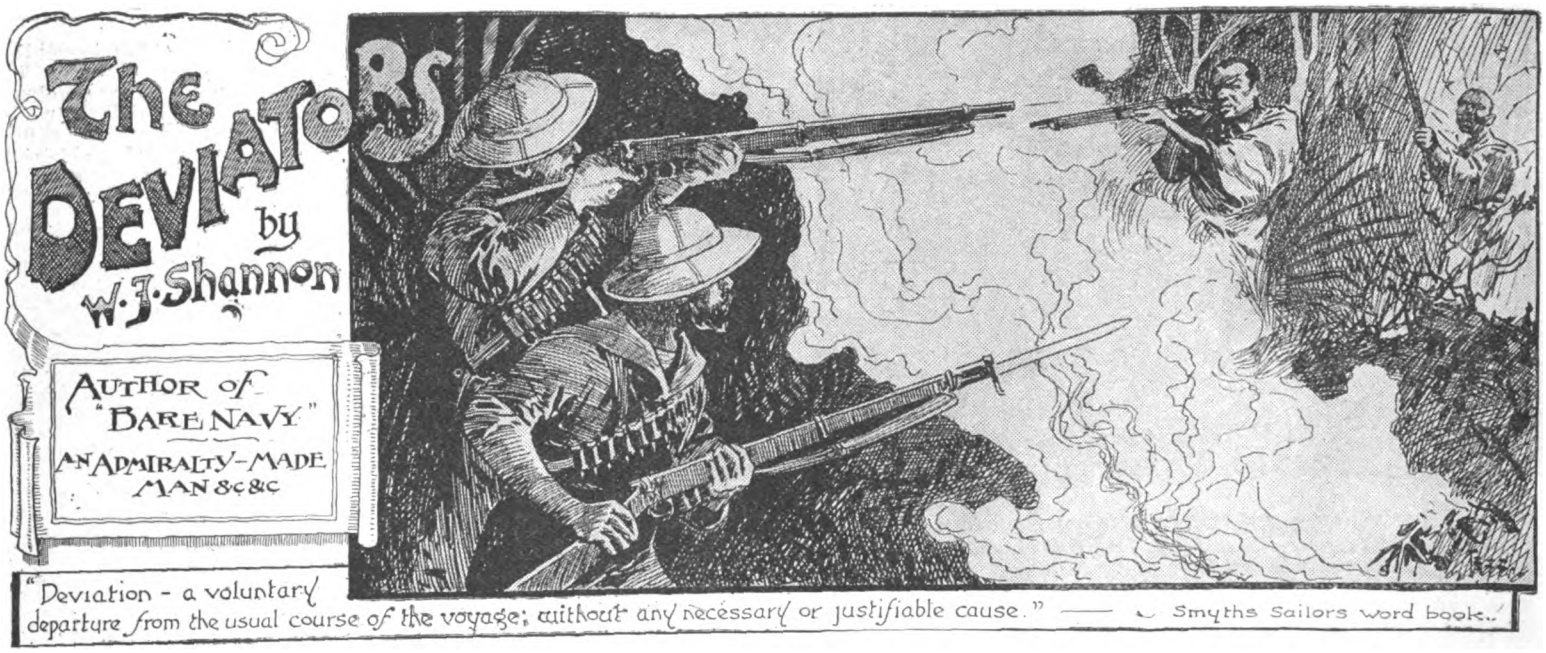
The Deviators
by
W. J. Shannon
Author of "Bare Navy"
An Admiralty-Made Man &c &c
"Deviation - a voluntary departure from the usual course of the voyage; without any necessary or justifiable cause." — Smyths Sailors word book.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

A landing party of H.M.S. "Pimpernel," in East Africa, meets with a reverse, and re-embarks, leaving a sub-lieutenant in the hands of the natives. Two bluejackets, Twelves and Eaves, who have been left behind through their own fault, rescue him, but while they are examining a cave, in which they find a certain tin box, he disappears. They determine to rescue him again.

CHAPTER III. *(continued.)*

"HE'S took my helmet," said Twelves. "He don't care if *I* git sunstroked and aint able to sleep till he comes back. Kindly go and inform him of how he's incommodin' me, Mal, and bring him back."

Eaves put on his helmet and looked at the box, then stepped out of the shadow of the rock, turned, and looked at it again.

"On'y a despatch-box, Mal," said Twelves.

"Still, we may as well look in, Jim."

"After you've fetched Charlie back, chum."

"You won't open it while I'm gone, Jim?" queried Eaves, anxiously.

"Oh, I don't know. It can't matter a cuss. What do you care about despatches, or hist'ry, or rock formation?"

"But—but—it may turn out to be treasure, Jim, and——"

"Well, what then?"

"On'y I—you——"

"Malachi Eaves, you miserable ship's corp'ral, you think I want to purloin some di'monds I do believe. Take the box!" And Twelves in a passion threw the box at his friend's head. Eaves dodged, and as he did so a shot sang past him and flattened itself against the cliff. He rushed back into shadow. Twelves darted out and recovered the box amid a whole volley, and then dropped after Eaves into the cave. He peered up in a moment, and more shots were fired. The two therefore made their way to the knight's room once more.

"Well," said Twelves, "to go to all this trouble to recapture Charlie and then for him to be took agin is misfortunate, and highly damnable, and general hell. And now I'm not on'y marooned, but widout proper clothin'."

"Marooned!" said Eaves, who was irritated and ashamed of himself. "I should 'a' bin joined up if it hadn't bin for you."

"Mal, I wanted to go back all covered up wid glory and leadin' Charlie by the hand. I wished for to deliver him over to the cap'n, sayin' modest, 'Seen him layin' about in the enemy's camp, sir, so picked him up. And I hope you don't mind, as the cook said to the lower deck when he boiled the tea after the peasoup widout scrubbin' out the coppers, sir.'"

"You're always thinkin' about glory, laud, and honour, Jim Twelves, and if——"

"Is tea boiled like that honourable or glorious or lawful?"

"I'm not talkin' about tea."

"And yet it's a subjec' what should be talked about," said Twelves, meditatively.

"Not now!" said Eaves, decisively.

"Choose your own subjec' then, Mal."

"Observe that knight, Jim Twelves."

"I will. I do."

"Very well. I've got enough imagination to fancy myself in his place. Blockaded; starved; dead."

"I haven't. Our party will clear these natives all out. That was on'y a retreatin' remnant what fired at us."

"Was it. I'm keeping me eye on that passage all the same, for fear they retreat in here."

"Niggers don't dare to come in devil caves."

"How do you know this is a devil cave?"

"I'll show you the public offerin's when I find the entrance out. Don't contemplate the knight, Mal; observe this box what you allowed me to recover from the enemy."

"I do, blast it."

"Me and you are rich."

"You and me are hungry, and the box is yours and all that therein is, as the Queen's regulations or the Church Service says."

"Don't you be melancholy, Mal. I've bin full of thoughts up to now, but I really think wid you that we best look for food after openin' this."

"Before," said Eaves, turning his eyes away from it.

"Come on then," said Twelves, taking up the box. "We'll explore round that steam chamber. I shall buy a little public down Portsea, Mal, wid my share of this," tapping the box, "and ast the cap'n to the openin' ceremony, and——"

"Oh, shut your gash, Jim. How can we git back to old Pompey when we're circumscribed by Swyhilis and starved to death? And I don't care what there is in the box; I don't want it and I won't have it."

"What! You'll defy me, Malachi Eaves! Aint I senior officer on this expedition, and aint I able to enforce lawful commands? Agree to go shares wid me, and give over this mutinous bad temper immeejutly, else I'll make ye."

The words were threatening, but the tone was not, and Eaves requested his friend to kick him and forgive him, and lead on, which he did to the hot spring. The steam now went up its natural chimney, which the door had prevented it from doing before, and the shaft up which it had been forced was almost clear, and in Twelves' opinion might quite well be climbed. The spring had to be again swum across; and putting on their trousers and flannels, and carrying their arms, a torch, and the box, the two men climbed some hundred feet and saw a star of daylight far above. But in a few more feet a side fissure led away horizontally, and Twelves determined to try that first. It wound about and up and down, and was intensely dark, till at last it emerged on a well-lit dry chamber. They put out the torch and looked round.

"Furnished apartments," said Twelves. "This is where the old knight yewsta live when he wanted comfort, I reckon."

"Why, that sofa looks as if it was sat on jist now," said Eaves, awestruck.

"A diwan, Mal, a diwan, that's what a sofa is, in these latitoods. But there's no call to be uneasy. There's no one to disturb anything here, y'know. This is the same sorta climate what preserves mummies, let alone impressions on diwans."

"O' course. It'll be jist the same in a thousand years," said Eaves.

"Not it," answered his friend, sitting on the divan. "Sit down, Mal, and make yourself at home. Who tells 'em now, eh?"

"Jim, I'd never 'a' believed about this cave, without I'd bin here."

"No. And yet I couldn't never have invented sich a cuff as this, could I?"

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"Well, I dunno, Jim; I can give you credit for as good as this, pritty near. But allow me to remark that we started out for food."

"Mal, I can be as hungry as anyone if I give me mind to it, and I can persist in it on occasions, but never when I've got luxury like this to sit down on. Take things easy, man, and remember this is the drawlin'-room, and the galley can't be far off. I observe certain cases in the far corner. Now if I was hungry I'd investigate."

Eaves was up like a shot. "Wine, Jim!" he shouted in a moment or two.

"Oh, there's no doubt he was a gentleman," said Twelves. "But you mean there *was* wine, once."

"No fear. Ketch this 'un. Full, aint it?"

"Well, I'm kerfoozled," said Twelves, knocking the neck off a champagne bottle. "Whilst the old gentleman had all this felicity left, why did he go for to cast off his moral code? I thought he was a officer and a brave man, but now I surmise he was mad."

"Yes," said Eaves, "he was, for here's biscuits, too, and cigars."

Twelves was roused. He got up from his seat and helped Eaves to open a few more cases containing beers, wines, and spirits, or biscuits of various sorts.

"There you are, Mal," said Twelves, complacently. "You observe what I interdooce you to. Solid happiness. Aint you fair ashamed not to put your trust and confidence in me all the time? You think I'm leadin' you astray, when I'm leadin' you straight on the grog-tub. You imagine the heavens is fallin' if you're shot at, and you are always on the ragged edge for fear of future trouble, and behold we've gone up to heaven on an empty stomach."

"Anyone 'ud think you made this bread and wine yourself, to hear you gas, Jim."

"In the art of war, Mal, it says that forces not available aint forces at all. This bread and wine wasn't available, therefore it didn't exist. I made it available, therefore I invented it, which is as much as to say I made it."

"I think two bottles is enough for you, Jim, jist now. I made it jist as much as you did."

"Not so. You would be at this moment on the ship cleanin' bright work if you'd had your way, and not eatin' soft-tack and drinkin' bubbly-water. But don't eat too fast, my sonner, else you'll choke. Allow me to pat you on the back. That's right."

"A crumb the wrong way, Jim, that's all, thanks," gasped Eaves.

"We mustn't git out of form, Mal, because there's Charlie to find yet."

"Ah! Now I'm better. Give your orders, Brigadier."

"My fust order is that you trust me for the future. The luck of the British Army aint anything to the luck of me. But I always observe in you, butty, the idea that any little bit of bad luck we meet will pay out like a maintop bowlin', and last for always, pritty near. You must try to git over that."

"Let's sit down, Jimmy, and argue this out over some beer."

"Yes, I on'y want a few more bottles and I shall want to rescue Charlie myself. We best stop. Now what we want to do is, in the fust place——"

"Now for the great leadin' principles of strategy," interrupted Eaves, sprawling luxuriously.

"In the fust place," continued Twelves, severely, "what we want to do is to know *what* to do. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly," said Eaves.

"In all times of difficulty and doubt the cap'n is to consult his own convenience, and ignore the lower deck, aint he?"

"That's the way it pans out," said Eaves, with conviction.

"It's perfectly reasonable too," said Twelves; "because the lower deck hasn't got no conveniences whatever, so he can't consult *them*."

"True again," said Eaves.

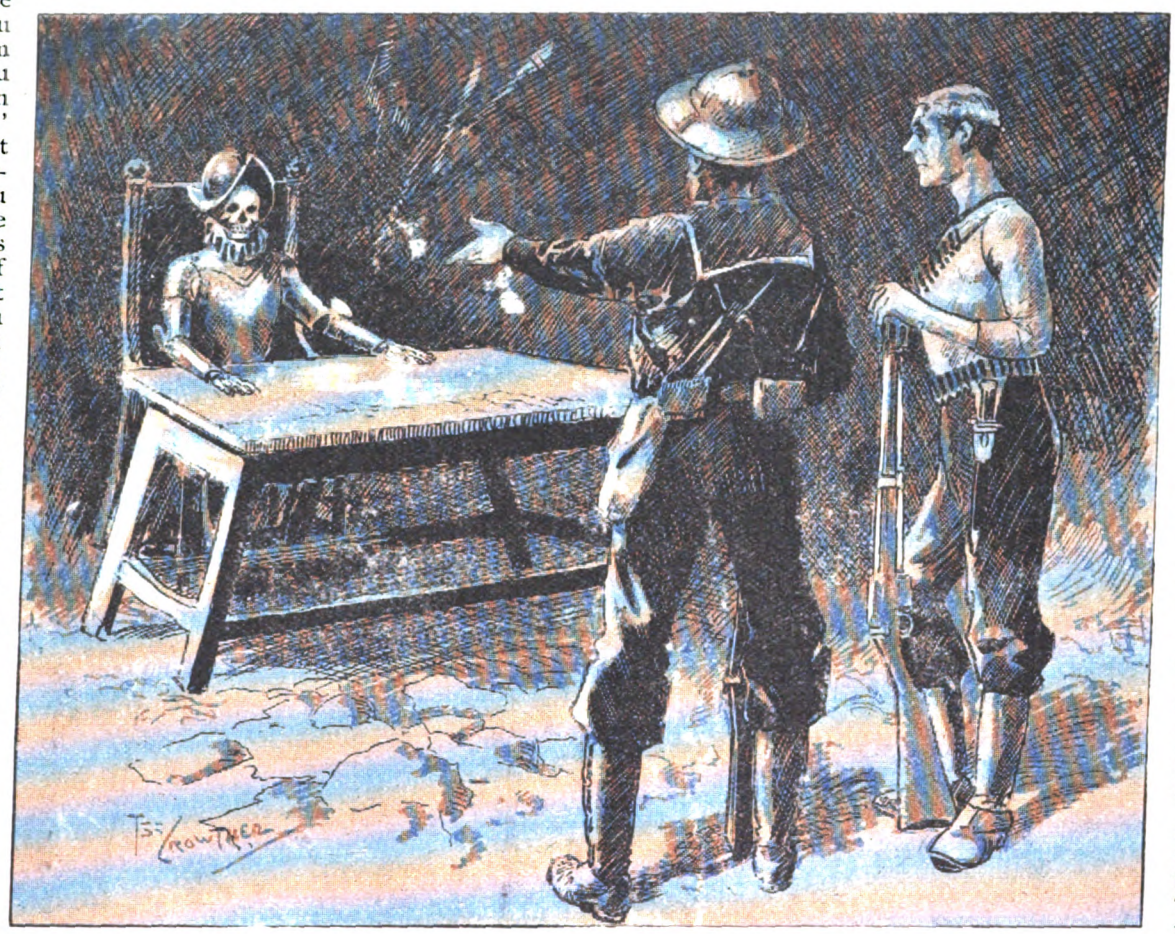
"Very good, then. Now I'm the cap'n and you're the lower deck."

"That be damned," said Eaves.

"You have certain rights, you know," said Twelves, soothingly. "But in a military service, sich as this we are at present on, there must be them to obey and them to command, and it's quite clear that I am the last o' them, and you are the fust."

"It aint," said Eaves.

"Divided commands always fails, Mal. But I have no objection to callin' a council of war, provided always I can have my own way in the end. Have you any remarks to make on the present junction of affairs, lootenant?"



"OBSERVE THAT KNIGHT, JIM TWELVES."

"None whatever," said Eaves happily, replacing his bottle on the floor. "Excep' that I can't understand why a Portagee knight, dead for two hundred years, should have champagne bottled a year or two ago and beer fresh drawn from the wood in this present year."

"That's a point for consideration," said Twelves. "I wish I had a pencil."

"And I didn't think Huntley and Peek's biscuits was used in the Spanish Armada."

"Nor me. Besides, what do skeletons in armour want wid luxury anyway?"

"Do you offer a prize for the solution, cap'n?"

"No. I think we'll omit side issues like these, and take it for granted, fust, that food and drink is here, second, that we don't know how it got here, and third, that we don't care. And havin' cleared for action, so to speak, we can approach the main argument, how to——"

"You are perhaps unaware that you are trespassing," said a gentle voice from the far side of the cavern.

The bluejackets instinctively grasped their rifles and looked towards a man dressed and armed like an Arab, who stood eyeing them.

"We was not aware of that," said Twelves.

"Well, you are. I'll trouble you to leave."

The seamen did not stir, but remained staring. The stranger did not move either. In a minute he went on, "To get; to vamoose; to push off; to skedaddle. Savvy?"

"One word, me lord," said Twelves. "Air you for or agin us?"

"I'm utterly indifferent about you," said the stranger.

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"Not us personally, I don't mean. Air you a rebel?"

"Kindly leave this apartment."

"This apartment's under martial law all the time you talk like that," said Twelves. "We have a mission to accomplish, me and my ship's company, that's this chap, and——"

"So I should suppose," said the stranger, looking round at the empty bottles.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid about them," said Twelves, following his eyes. "And we've had a rub at the biscuits too. We're shipwrecked mariners, we are, but we'll pay for all we've had. How much?"

"You are welcome to everything but this cave."

"And we don't want anythink *but* this cave," said Eaves solemnly.

"Besides, where are we to go?" said Twelves.

"I neither know nor care. To hell, if you like."

"They'll say we're trespassin' there, I reckon. Because they'll reckonise we're shipwrecked mariners wid good discharges, whose proper place is heaven, even in our flannel shirts."

"I've no wish to argue with you."

"Nor me wid you. Have you any documents to prove that this cave is yours? Show us your bills of ladin'."

"I'm here by squatter's rights, if no other; so clear out."

"We belong to the footpaths society, me and Jim Twelves," said Eaves, "and there's a right of way across this cave, and we're exactly on that right of way, restin'."

"Yes. I can swear to that," said Twelves.

The stranger, tall and clean-shaven, advanced towards the seamen. "There was only one man in the Navy with more cheek than you, Jim Twelves, and that was——"

"Angel Raphael!" exclaimed Twelves, leaping up and shaking hands.

"The same," said the stranger.

"Allow me to interdooce my friend Mr. Malachi Eaves, Esquire, A.B., trained man, to your notice. He has rendered me most sufficient service in diskiverin' this apartment. Mal, my friend Mr. Raphael Angel, non-continuous bandsman, and missionary."

CHAPTER IV.

Glimpses of the Angel.

"Missionary?" said Mr. Angel.

"Yea, missionary," said Twelves. "You converted our Number One, Lootenant Cutwater."

"No!"

"But yes. He's teetotal, and bushbabtist now. Never swears nor uses profane oaths—not thoughtfully, I mean."

"Become peaceful, too?"

"Oh, no. He fights jist as earnest as ever. Weeps sometimes to find hisself swearin' blind when he's excited, and prays on the field of battle."

"But never till it's all over," said Eaves.

"Cert'n'y not. It's dish up the enemy fust and be sorry for him afterwards."

"Yes, he's the chap to hang on to if you want to git corpsed, or earn the Victoria Cross," said Eaves.

"He is that," agreed Twelves. "The Consul suggested once that officers should unhook their epaulettes in action and put 'em in their pockets, so's not to be so conspicuous. Blamed if Number One didn't hook on an extra pair on to his chest, so's the enemy shouldn't be under no delusions, nor have any excuse whatever for surmisin' he was on'y a private of marines."

"But converted," said Angel. "How should I convert him?"

"I don't prezacly know how, but there's no doubt you done it. Like to see him agin to make sure? He's ashore now, chasin' around after these revoltin' niggers. When we've rescued Charlie Chater I'll re-interdooce ye and you can see for yourself."

"Thanks. Who's Charlie Chater?"

"One of the boys of England. A sub-lootenant. Jist captured, outside this cave."

"Why, I've this moment come in. There was no one about."

"You come in another way. There's no end to the remarkabilities of this cave. It's a devil cave, aint it?"

"So you've said a good many times," interrupted Eaves; "but where's the devils?"

"It's their watch below in the daytime," said Jim. "I reckon we are what they call local tennets, aint we, Angel?"

"You and I certainly are, Jim. I don't know your friend sufficiently well to include him. But what's this about the sub-lieutenant?"

"Let's sit down," said Twelves; "and allow me to spin you a most surprisin' cuff."

"'M," said Angel, at the end. "He's well away from here by now."

"Yes. I think we must be startin'," said Twelves.

"What, just as you are, in that flannel, and with no helmet?"

"Jist as I am, widout one idea, like the hymn says," said Twelves.

"Don't let's have any misunderstandin's on that point, Jim," said Eaves. "I'm all on for a plan, before I move."

"The plan is, to rescue Charlie."

"How?"

"You might as well ast why? We leave this cave at the earliest possible moment and follow up the trail."

"How about if there aint no trail?" said Eaves.

"I imagine that these people you are after are the Wa-poka, and if so, they have gone home by water," said Angel.

"All the better," said Twelves. "My native element that is. You can't do wrong if you show me the enemy's ship, and lay me alongside of her, Nelson says."

"But how about that trail?" said Eaves.

"Oh, that's all right. Don't you fear about that, Mal. A trail is that which is left behind, which is as much as to say it's a spoor. But you follow up a spoor in the same entrancin' way the Red Injun hangs on to a trail."

"Well, what about that? You don't seem to have grasped the fact that these kidnappin' War-pokers goes by water."

"Don't Red Injuns have canoes and go by water? Don't they follow the scent everywhere?"

"In books. We aint in books though."

"Do you doubt that there is Injuns in the world?"

"I doubt whether there's trails in water."

"As long as they pitch overboard somethink what floats, there's the spoor," said Twelves. "You would follow up a trooper if you was a cruiser by the stable sweepin's and straw, and we'll catch these canoes by feathers or general wiff-waff. Besides, I reckon it's the river they've gone up, aint it, Angel?" he continued, turning abruptly.

"Yes, the Luala."

"But boats can't git up, so they told us," said Eaves, "because of the falls and shallows."

"Canoes can, though, startin' above the falls," said Twelves, "and I guess they're what Charlie's in. All we got to do is to wade up that river and we shall come to him."

"Yes, I should think that's as sure as heaven," said Eaves. "But we aint on our pension yet. And for dabblin' about like that we want time, Jim Twelves; and nothink less than a century, guaranteed, will make me start."

"Yes, there seems objections on the time limit," said Twelves. "'Course, I'm not personally in a hurry, but if you'd prefer to hurry on in a canoe, I'll give in on the wadin'. I s'pose we could usufruct a canoe, for a day or two, Angel? The owner won't mind when he gits it back. Sich a wave of thankfulness will go over him, in fact, that he'll be quite glad it was stole."

"I've got a sailing canoe myself," said Angel. "We'll go up in that."

"What! You're not goin' to disturb *your*self, Angel, are ye? Not wid all these comforts round about."

"Yes, I'll come."

"I don't see the object," said Eaves.

"Bit of a change," said Angel.

"Things pritty dull all by yourself?" asked Twelves.

"I'm married."

"Where's she, then, Angel? In the cave too?"

"Oh, no. A mile or two away, across the river. This is my private study and store-room. And until you came I thought it was the safest hold in Africa. No native ventures in."

"What made you, fust?"

"Well, I married a Wahabi widow—you know that sect?"

"Not me, chum," said Jim quickly and decisively. "I don't know that sect at all. I'm ignorant of women."

"I thought you knew all things, Jim."

"All excep' the opposite sect. But what's she bin doin' to ye?"

"Nothing. But the Wahabis disagree with smoking. Consequently I discovered this place, so that I may enjoy myself undisturbed. Outside I'm a strict Mohammedan of the Wahabi sect."

"You looks like it, in them Arabian togs," said Twelves. "And is all this bubbly-water for your own private study, too?"

"Not all. But you needn't criticise my clothes. You'll have to wear the same kind, because I'm not going into the enemy's country with you in a Service flannel, and no caty."

"Have you got another kit like that, then?"

"One or two."

"At any rate, I'd best borrow a turban, because I mustn't return aboard sunstroked. They don't allow it in the Navy now. Observe Malachi's pith helmet?"

"I'd been admiring that. I thought he'd picked up an officer's."

(To be continued.)

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THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

THE regiment was formed in 1650, under General George Monck, by drafts from the Cromwellian regiments of Sir Arthur Haselrigg and Colonel George Fenwick. As Monck's regiment it fought at Dunbar, at the siege of Stirling, and Dundee. When returning from Scotland, on the march to the South, Monck's regiment received a name, which it now bears, from the town of Coldstream. "This town," says the chronicler of the day, "hath given a title to a small company of men, whom God ma le the instrument of great things, by the no dishonourable title of Coldstreamers." This name, given in 1660, has not been changed up to the present day; although, at the beginning of this century, the regiment was sometimes called 2nd Foot Guards, this appellation never received official sanction, and soon dropped into disuse.

At the Restoration the regiment was mustered into the King's service, its colonel, George Monck, becoming Duke of Albemarle.

Its earliest battles under the Royal colours were fought at sea, portions of the regiment being present at the sea battles off Harwich, Dunkirk, and the North Foreland in 1665 and 1666. On land, it fought at Sedgemoor against the Duke of Monmouth, at the siege of Namur, at the battles of Malplaquet and Fontenoy. At the latter battle the 1st Battalion lost heavily both in officers and men. In Egypt and in the Peninsula the Coldstream took part in all the principal battles. At Waterloo the 2nd Battalion was present, and occupied Hougomont. The Duke of Wellington's despatch referring to the defence of that farm states: "I occupied Hougomont with a detachment of Major-General Byng's brigade of Guards. I am happy to say that it was maintained throughout with the utmost gallantry by these brave troops."

Later on, in the Crimea, the 1st Battalion upheld the traditions of the regiment. "The conduct of the Coldstream Guards at Inkerman," says the *Times* of November, 1854, "should immortalise their name. The battalion went into action with 17 officers and 400 men; of that number 8 officers were killed, 5 wounded, and upwards of 200 rank and file were killed and wounded." A memorial to those who fell at Inkerman may be seen on the south side of the main entrance of St. Paul's Cathedral—a testimony to one of the hardest battles of modern times.

Not only at Inkerman, but during the whole of the Crimea, the regiment suffered from battle and disease, the loss amounting to some 700 officers and men, out of a total of a little over 2,000 who took part in the campaign.

The last time that a battalion was on active service was in 1885, at Suakin; since then, however, a small detachment took part in the Ashanti Expedition of 1895. At the present

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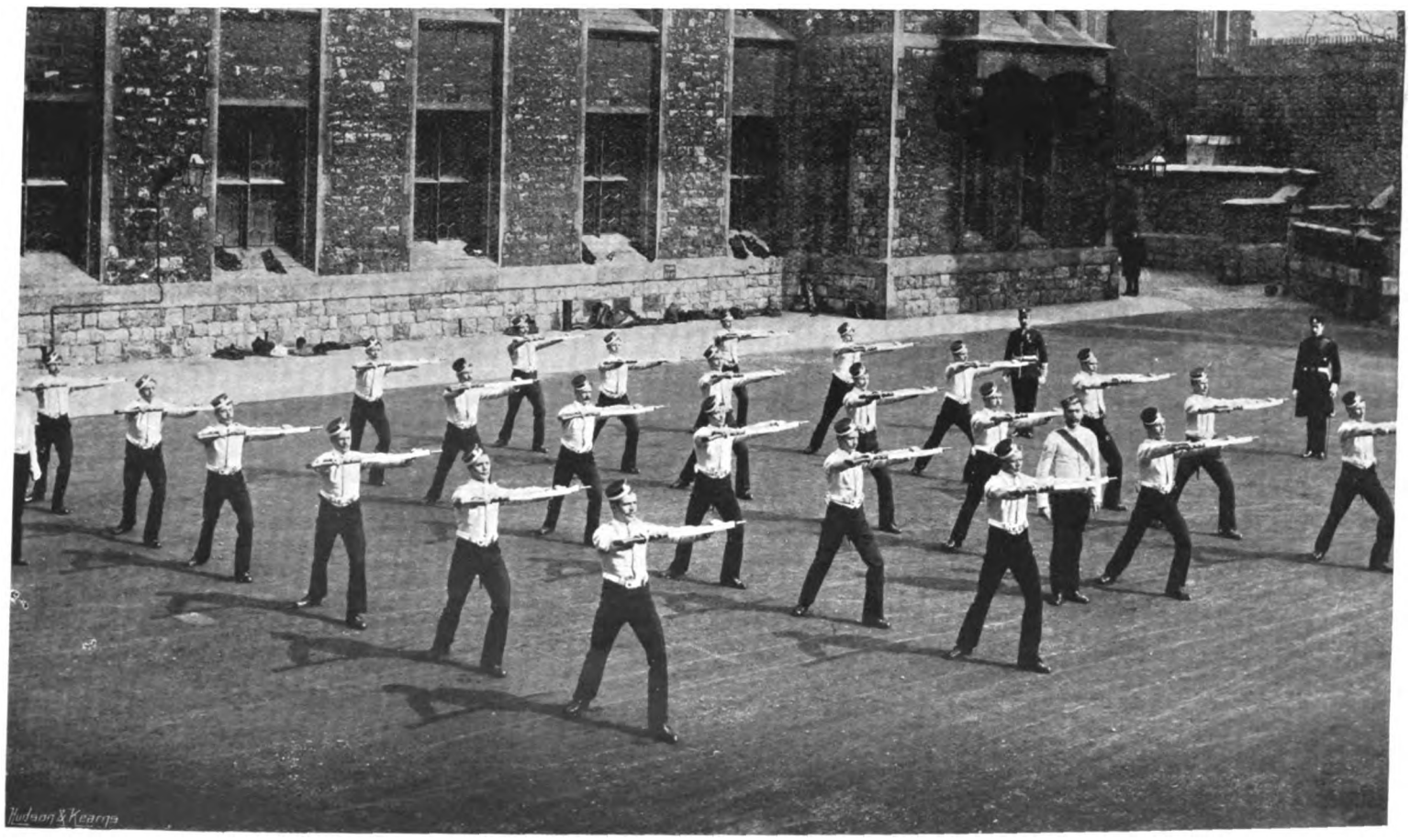
THE COLONEL AND ADJUTANT IN CAMP IN WET WEATHER.



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THE COLDSTREAMERS AT PHYSICAL DRILL.

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Photo. Green. THE COLOURS AND DRUMS OF THE COLDSTREAMERS. Copyright.

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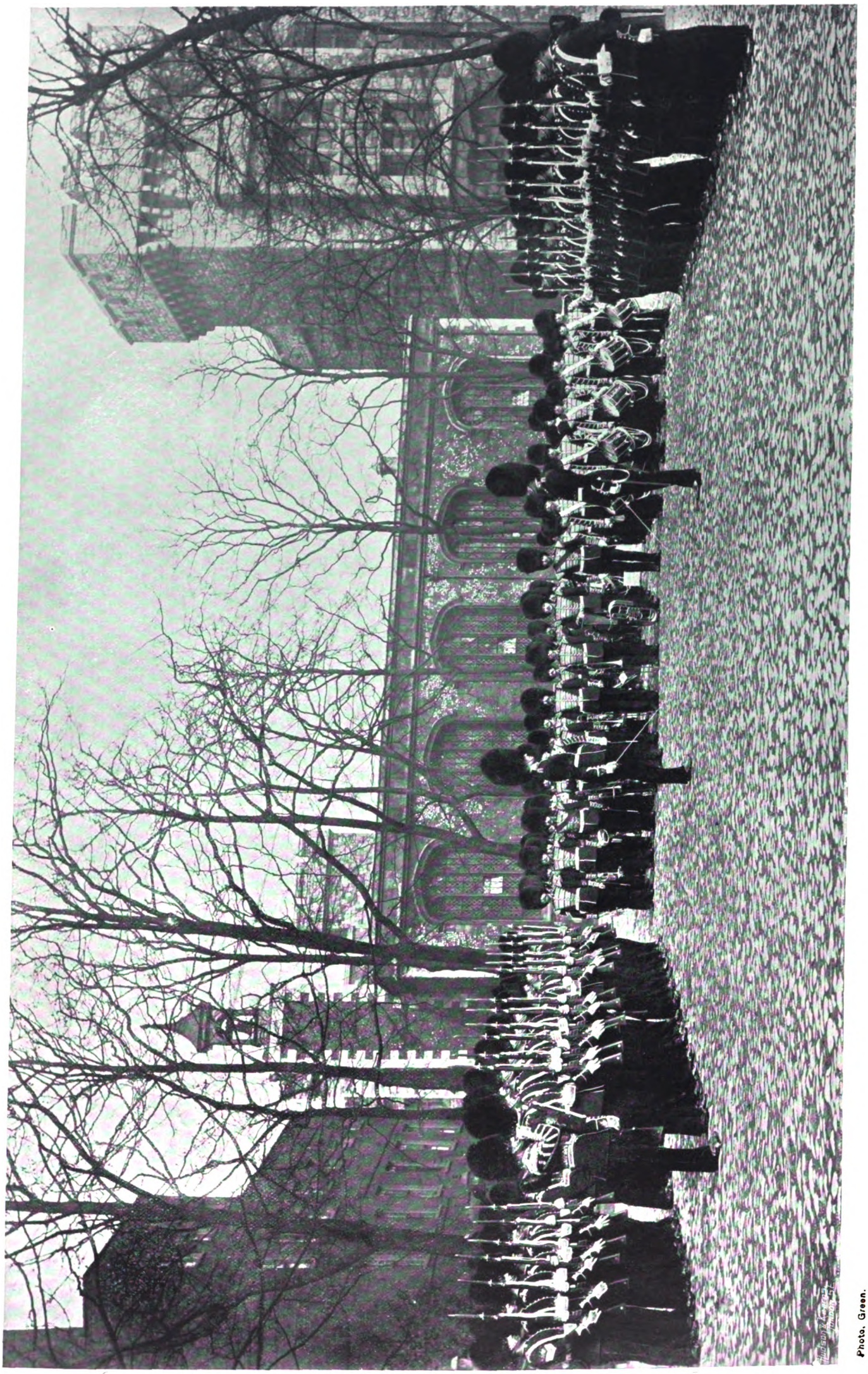

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CHANGING GUARD AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Photo. Green.

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time six officers and four non-commissioned officers are upholding the honour of the regiment in Egypt, Uganda, and the West Coast of Africa.

After being in existence for over 200 years, a material change has been made in the composition of the regiment, a third battalion being added to the existing two in December of last year. This new departure makes it necessary that a large supply of recruits should be forthcoming. It would seem that the chance of quick promotion in so distinguished a regiment ought to offer attractions to young men wishing to enlist, such as are not likely to occur again. Both a long era of magnificent traditions to look back upon, and the chance of emulating the deeds of glory of Hougomont and Inkerman, should make the new 3rd Battalion a child of strong growth, which will some day add to the glory of a regiment already so distinguished.

Those who saw the regiment at the Jubilee of 1897 may have noticed the State colours, borne only on very special occasions. The colours were given to the regiment by King William IV. as a special mark of Royal appreciation of the services rendered by the regiment.

THE COLDSTREAMERS' FOOTBALL TEAM.

Photos. Green. Copyright.

A GROUP OF STAFF-SERGEANTS.

It is only necessary to add that our illustrations are of a battalion of the regiment quartered at the Tower of London, a quarter which has been particularly associated with the brigade of Guards—a bond which has latterly been drawn closer by the appointment of the colonel of the Coldstream Guards, General Sir Frederick Stephenson, G.C.B., to be Governor of that fortress.

The first picture depicts Viscount E. E. T. Falmouth, C.B., the officer commanding the regiment, and the regimental adjutant, Captain H. C. Sutton. The next shows us the Coldstream Guards at the Tower undergoing physical drill. One full-page illustration shows the Coldstreamers changing guard, a ceremony which takes place at the Tower of London every morning. The other shows us the drums and colours of the Coldstreamers. The last two pictures are those of the staff-sergeants and the football team of the regiment respectively.

Recruiting for the new battalion of the Coldstreamers is being carried on briskly. Athletics of every description are encouraged in the regiment, and there should be no lack of men to swell its ranks.

A Daily Scene in Military Life.

OF late years great efforts have been made by the military authorities to introduce some system in regimental canteens and coffee shops whereby the passing of cash between the customer and the server might be prevented. With this object the "locked till system" has been introduced into the Army, and is in vogue everywhere at Aldershot.

Soldiers when buying groceries, etc., pass their money through a slot into a glass chamber; the server, after seeing that the right amount has been inserted, tilts an inner platform and the money falls into a locked box below.

The servers are not allowed to handle any money, and in order to provide sufficient small change, one non-commissioned officer is always on duty for this purpose.

It is the duty of the canteen committee each morning to unlock the tills and count the coppers, usually amounting to about £15.

The illustration, which is from a photograph taken by Captain Montagu, represents the canteen committee of the 1st Battalion Suffolk Regiment, Major Scudamore and Captain Fryer, counting out the previous day's takings.

THE REGIMENTAL CANTEEN COMMITTEE AT WORK.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 71] *SATURDAY, JUNE 11th, 1898.*

Photo Byrne Copyright.

SIR WILLIAM HENRY WHITE, K.C.B., LL.D., F.R.S.

(See Page 281.)

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The Elswick Ship-building Yard.—VI.

A CONSIDERABLE, though by no means exhaustive, survey has been made in these articles of the ship-building work carried on at Elswick and Low Walker on the Tyne. To-day, with another picture of the "Almirante O'Higgins," we give a portrait of Mr. Philip Watts, whose name is known all over the world as the designer of the swift and powerful cruisers which the Elswick firm has added to many foreign Navies during recent years. When Sir William White left Elswick to assume his functions at the Admiralty, his mantle descended upon Mr. Watts, and the cruisers designed by that gentleman are famous for possessing very high speed, combined with efficient protection and most powerful armament. Mr. Watts is not hampered by Admiralty restrictions, and his vessels have given rise to much criticism of our own second-class cruisers. "How is it that the Elswick ships have much greater speed—and carry such a powerful armament in a small displacement—than our cruisers?" asks Mr. Brassey in the new "Naval Annual." The answer may be that our cruisers are built for duties not identical, but we may be quite sure the example of Elswick will not be without influence upon future construction under the Admiralty.

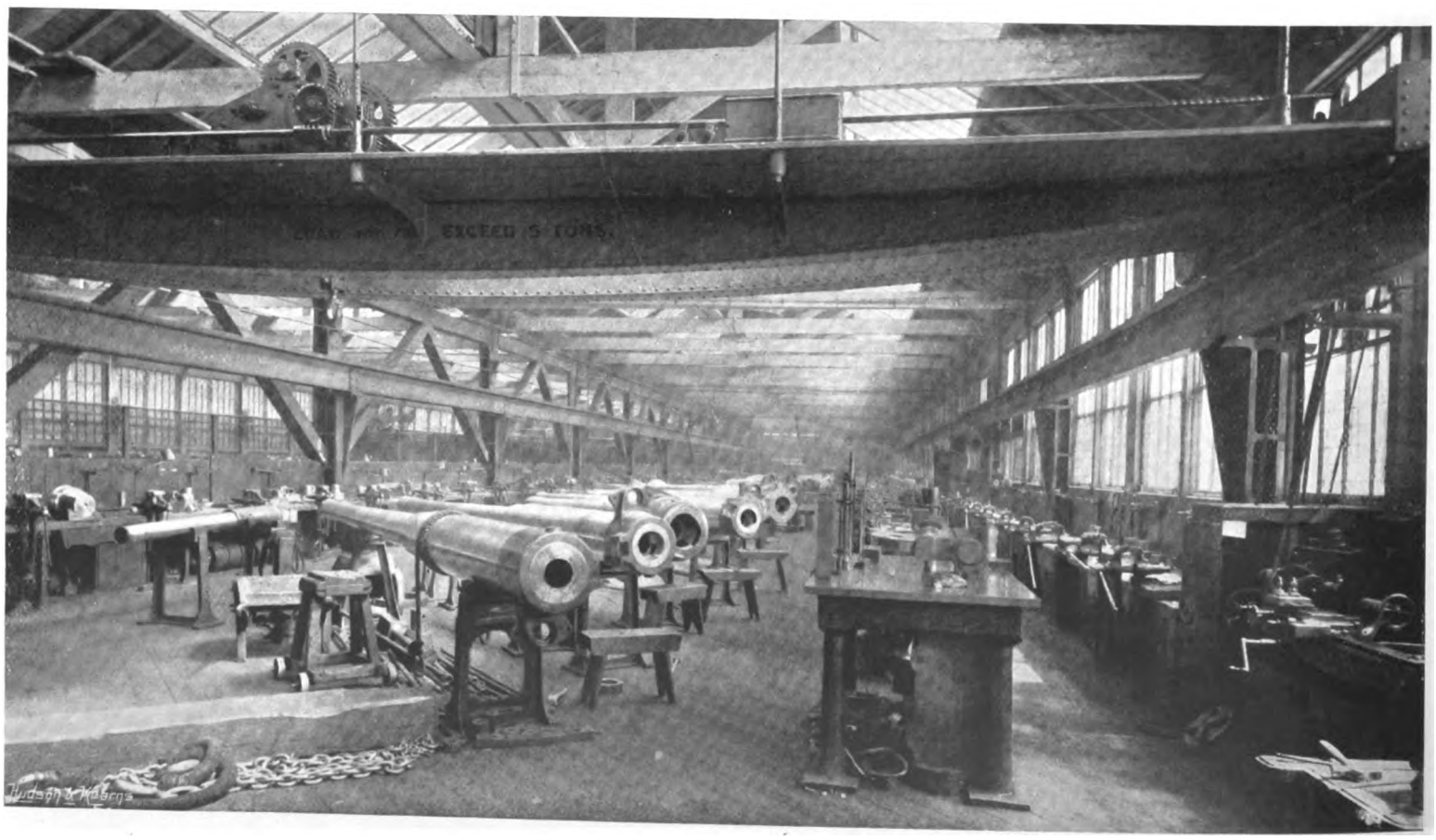
Armament has been shown during the course of the present war, as reason would tell us it must, to be a matter of exceeding importance, and to the subject of Elswick ordnance we now return. One picture illustrates the artistic completion of guns by the process of "browning." No. 6 shop is devoted to manufacture, and is fitted with the most improved descriptions of turning lathes and other machines for gun construction, while the "browning" and the fitting of breech mechanisms is conducted in shop No. 6A, on the floor above, which is the subject of the illustration. To give some idea of the care devoted to the beautifying of guns, it may be mentioned that the "browning" of the tubes takes in all nine days to complete. On the first three days the surface is prepared for coating, five men being employed, and three other men then proceed with the staining and polishing processes. The breech mechanisms which are to be fitted will be observed in various stages of manufacture on the benches on the right of the picture.

In the last article the 6-pounder and 12-pounder quick-firing guns were illustrated, and we now give pictures of the 4·7-in., the 8-in., and the 12-in. The first of these is admirably adapted for cruisers, and there are probably more guns of the calibre afloat than of any other above the 6-pounder. The 4·7-in. quick-firer is specially suited also for the armament of merchant vessels employed as auxiliary cruisers, and is employed for the protection of mine fields. The muzzle velocity of its 45-lb. projectile is 2,630 foot-seconds, and the

Photo. L. Sawyer. Copyright.

THE NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR AT ELSWICK.

energy at 2,500-yds. 763 foot-tons. The rounds fired per second are usually ten, but recently, during the gunnery trials of a Brazilian cruiser, the number was completed in 54-sec., notwithstanding that one of the gunners misplaced a shell. The 6-in. quick-firer, the next calibre larger, will be illustrated with the concluding article. The 8-in. gun is the



6A *SHOP-GUNS GOING THROUGH THE "BROWNING" PROCESS.*

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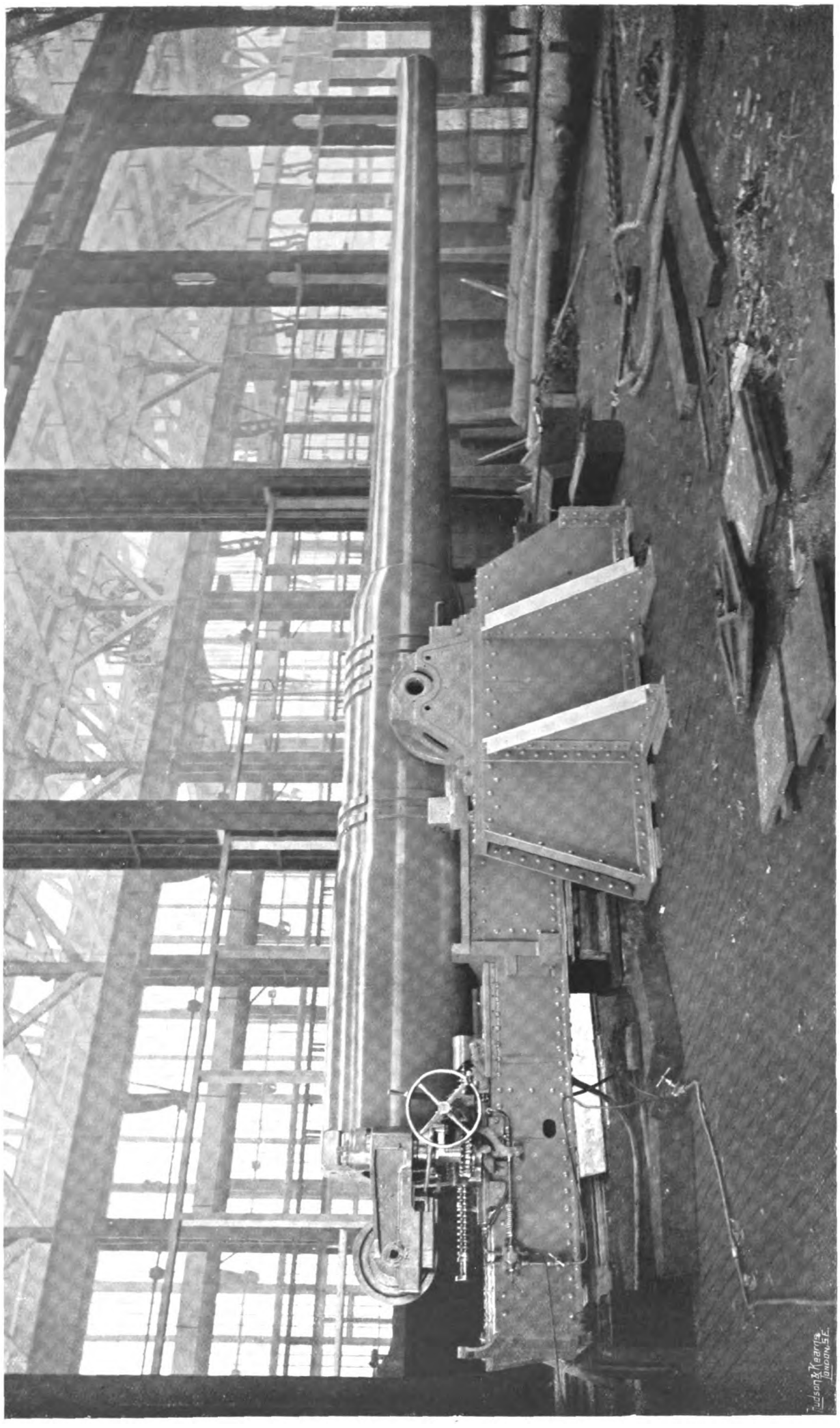

THE 12-in. WIRE-WOUND GUN—THE LATEST ADOPTED BY THE BRITISH NAVY.

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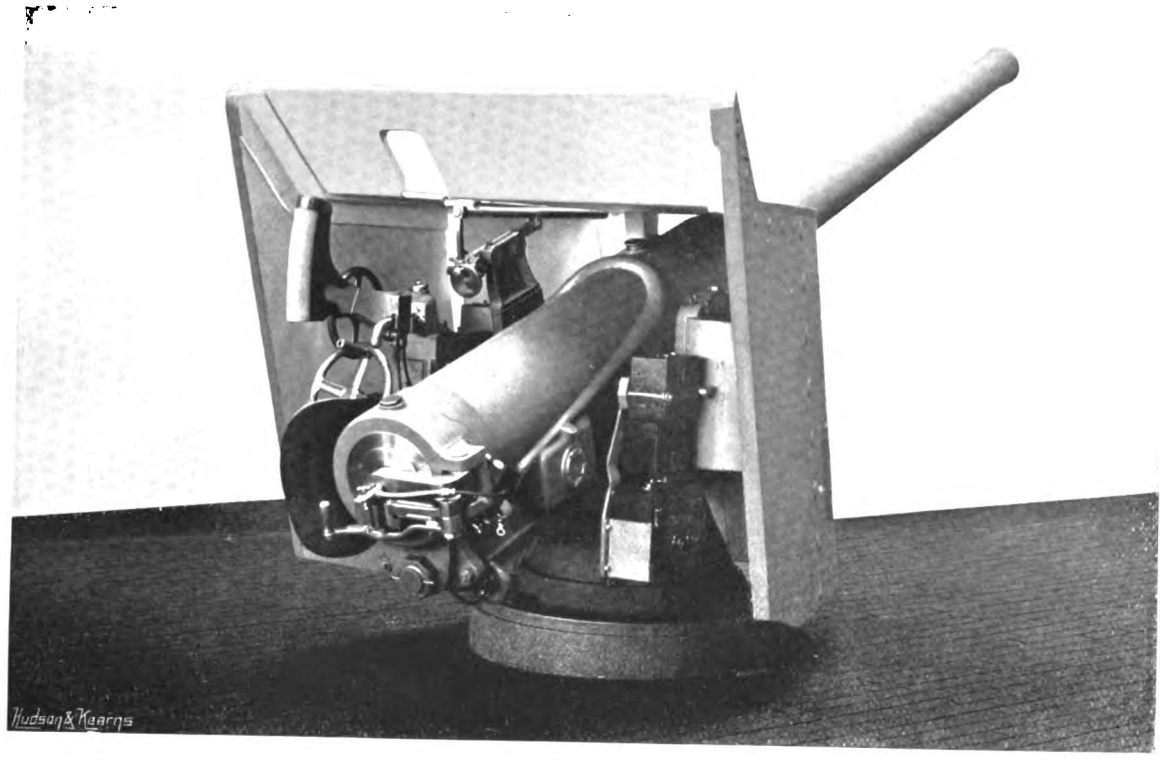
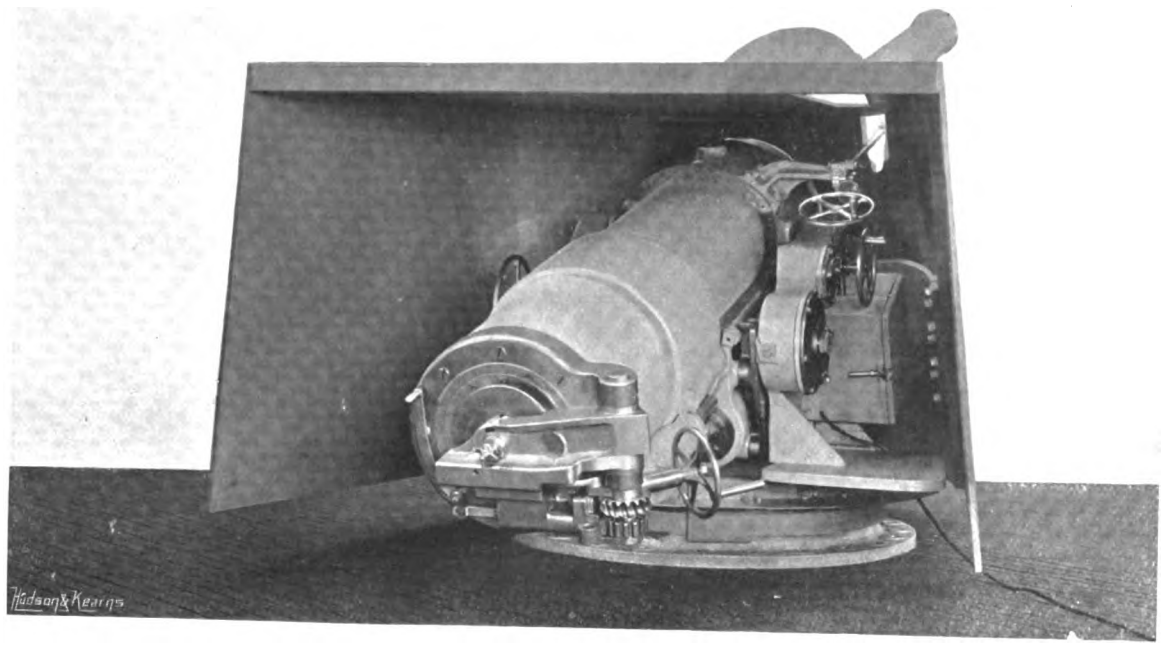


A 4·7-in. QUICK-FIRER.



AN 8-in. QUICK-FIRER

largest quick-firer yet in service, though the Germans are introducing a still larger calibre in their new ships.

It is doubtful whether the term can be applied with propriety even to the 8-in. piece. It properly indicates the guns using cartridges, and the 8-in. gun has no such accessory, the charge being made up in a silk-cloth bag. The reason of this is that an 8-in. cartridge-case would be both expensive and heavy. The weight of the projectile used with this gun for quick firing is 230-lb., but for special purposes a 250-lb. projectile is provided. With the lighter shell four rounds have been fired in 65-sec., and further improvements have since been made to accelerate the speed.

With a maximum charge the muzzle velocity is 2,650-ft. per second, but in practice it is not wise ordinarily to use such enormous pressures, owing to the rapid erosion of the guns which results. The 8-in. quick-firer is loaded entirely by hand, but, to render training more easy, the hand-gear is usually assisted by electric power. Probably owing to the fact that the 9·2-in. gun has been adopted in the British Service, the 8-in. gun has found no place, though it is easier to handle, and can be fired much more rapidly. Abroad it has been introduced for the bow and stern chasers of cruisers, and in small ironclads is found mounted either singly or coupled in turrets or barbettes. This calibre of gun has been chiefly employed in the Cuban bombardments, and has been highly praised by Commodore Schley for its effective qualities.

The 12-in. wire-wound gun, which we also illustrate, has been adopted as the principal weapon of our latest battle-ships.

THE CHILIAN CRUISER "ALMIRANTE O'HIGGINS" READY FOR COMMISSION.

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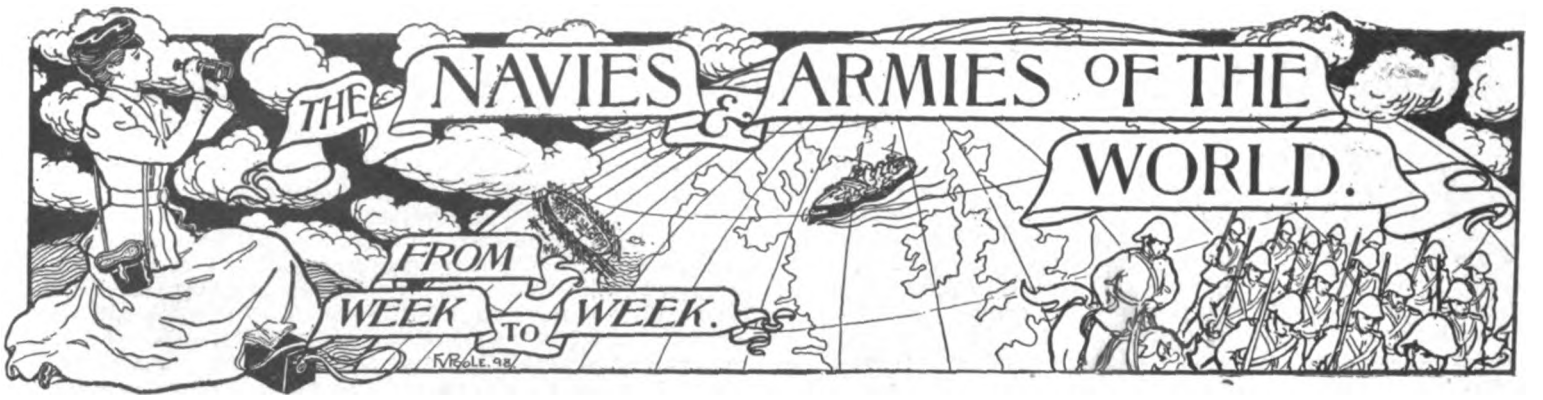

THE Cadiz squadron having sailed for an unknown destination (and very silly the Spaniards would have been to tell all the world where they meant to send it), we may possibly have another scene of hurry, scurry, and uncertainty. It is probable also that a good deal of blame may be thrown on Admiral Sampson for not so using his scouts as to discover the whereabouts of his enemy at once. Now this is really of some practical interest to us. It is all very well to criticise an American admiral for not scouring the Atlantic as if it were the Serpentine, but it will not be for our good to get into the way of thinking that this is an easy feat to achieve. If we do we shall be throwing ourselves into fevers of excitement over the inevitable incidents of Naval warfare whenever next we are engaged in fighting a serious enemy on blue water. At the risk of some repetition it is worth while to point out that what the success of Admiral Cervera in reaching Santiago does prove, and what the Cadiz ships may prove, is that when a squadron is once at sea it is very largely a matter of luck whether the enemy finds out where it means to make a landfall. Of course, that ought to be no surprise to anybody who knows Naval history. But the fact is that Naval history for most of us seems to mean the name of Nelson; I say his name because the facts of his life—apart from the love affairs which are universally intelligible—do not appear to be very thoroughly understood. Admiral Sampson would probably not have been so severely criticised as he has been in some quarters if the critics had remembered that the Toulon fleet escaped twice from Nelson's watch. On the first occasion it sent him off on a useless cruise to Alexandria; on the second it headed him in the Atlantic by weeks. Yet he was far better placed to watch Villeneuve from Maddalena than Admiral Sampson could be to keep Spanish squadrons at the Cape de Verd Islands and at Cadiz under observation, if he had four times as many scouts as he has. When the weapons, steam and the rest of it, are equal and the sea remains the same, the proportion of forces and the nature of things do not alter. Now, as formerly, there is but one security that a hostile squadron will not cross the ocean in spite of superior forces opposed to it, and this is that it cannot start. Lord St. Vincent's blockade is the only effectual protection. You must be outside the port where your enemy lies, so close that he cannot escape being seen, and in such strength that he cannot fight, which strength, again, may be either moral or physical, either based on previous victories and proved superiority, or on an advantage in numbers which would make battle for the weaker side insane.

* * * *

THE truth is that these escapes of French or Spanish squadrons from port, and their subsequent safe arrival at the place they meant to reach, were far from uncommon in the old wars. At the close of the Seven Years' War, when our superiority was as great as ever it had been before, or has been since, M. de Blenac headed Pocock in the West Indies, and reached Cape Francois, now Cape Haytien, in safety, in spite of Rodney's force at Martinique. In the American War Solano carried a Spanish squadron into the West Indies, eluding Rodney, who had even been warned of his approach, by the simple device of taking an unusual passage. The reinforcements were carried to the Comte de Grasse before the campaign of the battle of Dominica—April 12, 1782—in the same way. In the Revolution War the same thing occurred again and again. In 1799 Bruix got away from Brest while Lord Bridport was standing off to sea. The English admiral, partly misled by false intelligence deliberately put in his way, partly going on reasonable calculation, concluded that the French had sailed for Ireland, and went there himself. But Bruix was heading for the Mediterranean, which he entered while the English Naval forces were divided between the blockade of Cadiz and the operations round Malta and on the coast of Naples. It is a very much controverted passage in the lives of St. Vincent, Nelson, and Keith, but the end of it was that Bruix, after going as far up as the Gulf of Lyons, escaped from the Mediterranean, and reached Brest unpunished. In 1801 Ganteaume escaped from Brest with an expedition for the relief of the French troops in Egypt. He did not get so far, but he did reach Toulon, and captured an English frigate on his way. In December of 1805 eleven French liners slipped out of Brest, and then divided into two squadrons under Læisseques and Willaumez. The second of these went to the Cape, then worked round to the West Indies, and might have reached France in safety if it had not been scattered and dismasted in a hurricane. It is true that the success of Willaumez was accounted for by the over caution of Sir John Borlase Warren, who sighted him and might have forced an action, but failed to do so. But Warren's ships were scattered in the pursuit, and he thought it rash to give the enemy a chance of crushing him in detail. And who will say that he was wholly wrong? Now what inequality of sailing power did inequality of steaming power will do, and the same sort of thing will occur again. The sane course is to remember that fighting a European enemy who has the same sort of brain, and uses the same weapons as yourself, is not like fighting Matabele, or even Afridis. Also it is well to remember that these successful evasions did the French no good in the long run. Nothing does any good in war in the long run except the power to meet the enemy in battle, and beat him. You may wear the enemy down by a succession of small actions in certain circumstances, but never by running away ever so dexterously.

* * * *

THE Spanish-American war has suggested some reflections to a writer in *Le Yacht*, who signs with the letters "V. G." After observing that it is premature to draw conclusions from it as yet, he proceeds to draw one of the largest which could well be based on the best established premises. It is nothing less than this, that the relative power of a fleet, its power as against the land, is not what it was. His evidence for this sufficiently sweeping proposition is that Admiral Dewey has not been able to occupy Manila, and Admiral Sampson has not taken any town in Cuba or Puerto Rico. But when could purely Naval forces occupy fortified towns and conquer countries? They never could nor did. When Drake went to the West Indies in 1585, he took a considerable body of soldiers. They, and not the sailors, occupied San Domingo and Carthagena. And this has always been true. "V. G." makes a great deal of the size of modern armies as compared with the crews of modern fleets. This he holds will make raids impossible. But when were they possible without soldiers and when did they do anything to the purpose? If "V. G." will look at the history of the Seven Years' War, he will see that our raids on the coast of his country were all accompanied by soldiers, and were commonly futile. Lord George Sackville was not a wise man, but he talked sense when he said he was tired of such buccaneering. In the war with Napoleon, when our Naval superiority was unquestionable, he gave up making attacks of that kind, simply because he knew they would infallibly end in failure. "V. G." says some true things about the limit which the need for renewing their coal supply will put on the movements of modern fleets; but the moral of that is, that the fleet which has the most opportunities of refilling its bunkers will have a relatively greater superiority than it had. Like all Frenchmen of our time, he insists on the damage which can be done to commerce, forgetting somewhat that the commerce destroyer will be greatly dependent on coal, and makes the remark that "on peutetre sur que c'est le pays dont la marine marchande sera la plus nombreuse qui aura le plus à souffrir." Is he so sure? Voltaire, with his wonderful power of insinuating arguments in an epigram, says somewhere that in a certain year of war "the Dutch and English lost many more merchant ships than we (the French); but then," he adds, "they had many more to lose." In a Naval war the commerce of the victorious party suffers, but the commerce of the beaten side disappears—and a diminished loaf is better than no bread. Of course, a nation which is not very dependent on over-sea commerce can hold out for a long time against a purely Naval attack, but when was it otherwise? "V. G." will do well to find better arguments before deciding that "Si puissantes aux soient les forces Navales de l'Angleterre, elles ne hesiteront plus en cas de guerre comme elles l'ont fait au commencement du siècle." If they do not, it will be because our enemies are more efficient at sea than they were; which, for the rest, every sensible Englishman who knows what their condition at the beginning of the century was, will allow is likely to be the case.

* * * *

THE threatened combination of the railways against the Volunteers, for really that is what it amounted to, has been, when properly considered, a pretty short lesson to the nation. True, several of the most important lines refused to have anything to do with it, and since the withdrawal of the London and South Western it is like to come to nothing. But that it could ever have been proposed is, to use a useful phrase, "for thoughts." Here is a force which Ministers call a part of the national defences, and for which the nation pays certain sums of money. Yet a number of men of business give it to be understood that they intend to treat it as a nuisance. It interferes with their trade during the holiday months, and so they will decline to recognise its existence. This is what the action of the companies amounts to, and it is a sudden revelation of the fact that a very considerable body of Englishmen, who are certainly not less intelligent than others, consider the Volunteers as a kind of overgrown athletic club which masquerades as a part of the armed forces of the nation. If they did not so think they would never have ventured to act in such a fashion; and they cannot be forced by law to provide trains for the Volunteers unless they choose. The moral of it all is, that we have never put this part of the Reserve on a serious footing. Yet we have the example of the United States to show what is the value of a force which is treated in peace in this casual fashion. And the States are fighting a weak enemy who cannot reach them at home, even by raids. Would that be our position in a great war with a near neighbour? The dilemma for the nation is purely obvious. If there is no fear of foreign invasion, even by mere raid, the Volunteers may be left in the position of a mere private athletic club, and money spent on them by the Treasury is wasted. If they are a necessary part of the national defences they ought not to be left at the mercy of private trading concerns.

DAVID HANNAY.

* * * *

APROPOS of the recent launch of the first-class cruiser "Argonaut," a curious picture is in existence in connection with the original "Argonaut," from which our new cruiser takes her name. Isaac Cruikshank, the father of Robert Isaac and George Cruikshank, drew it as one of a series of humorous illustrations published under the title of "Lawrie and Whittle's Drolls." "The Honest Tars and Marines of the 'Argonaut' contributing nobly against the Enemies of Old England," is the title of the picture, which is intended to represent an actual occurrence, as is shown by the letterpress underneath—a quotation, described as "The original Letter addressed to their Commander, Lieutenant P. Hue." It runs thus:—

"SIR,—We, the Seamen and Marines of His Majesty's Ship 'Argonaut,' under your command, desire to give 10s. each man, out of our wages, to drive before us into the sea all French Scoundrels and other blackguards that would take their part.

"We are, your faithful servants,

"'Argonaut,' Jan. 31st, 1798."

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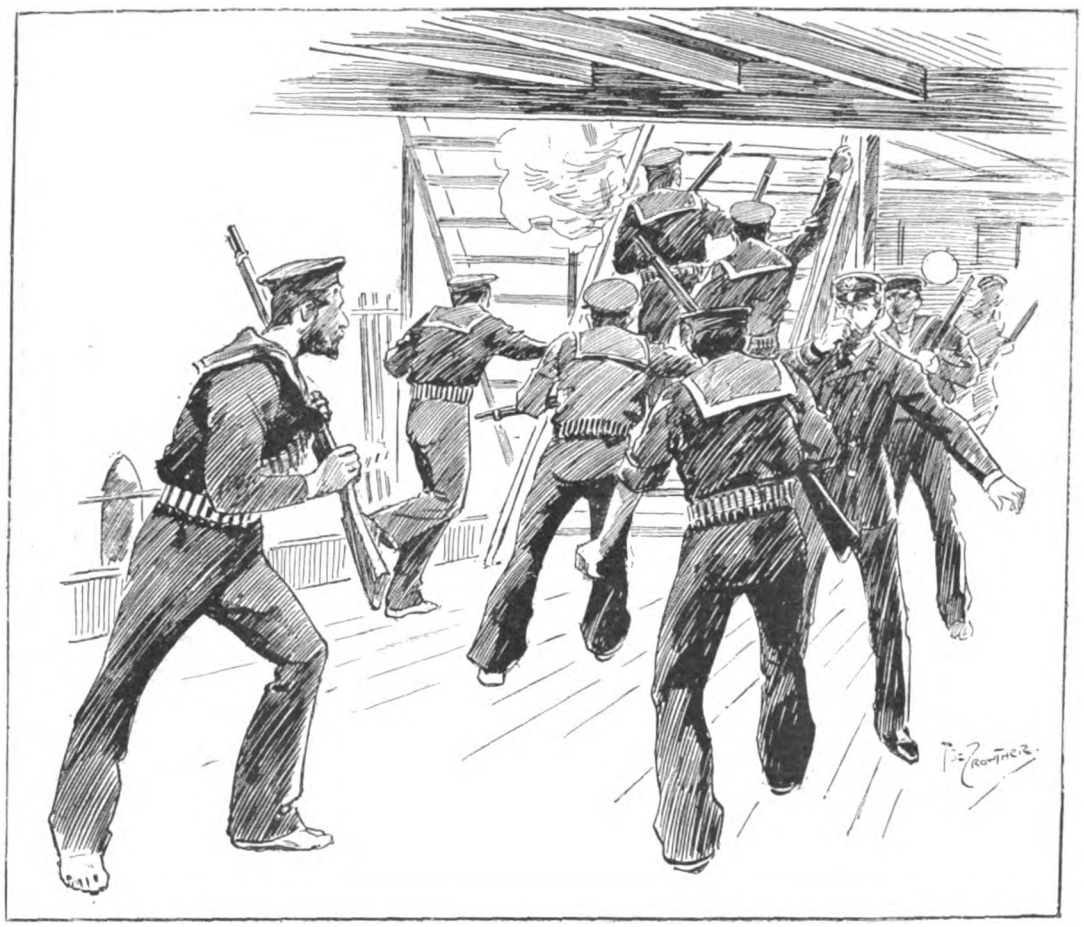
PREPARING FOR ACTION IN A BATTLE-SHIP.

By COMMANDER E. P. STATHAM, R.N.

"QUARTERS for action!" cries the commanding officer; and the sound of the familiar bugle-call is instantly succeeded by what would appear to the uninitiated a scene of wild confusion. Indeed, any such individual who might happen to be present would do well to get safely behind a big ventilator or some other substantial object for a few minutes, and so avoid the risk of being bowled over by the rush of stalwart marines and bluejackets who are repairing to their allotted stations, at which it is a point of honour to arrive in as few seconds as possible.

There is a vast amount of method, however, in this seeming chaos, for every man and boy in the ship knows exactly where to go and what to do, thanks to the constant exercises and painstaking organisation which have long been the incessant care of the captain and his subordinates. From the first hour of her commission, the officers and crew of each vessel are berthed and stationed with this one object in view. Once a week, or at shorter intervals if considered necessary, there is a regular field-day, when a mimic battle is fought with an imaginary foe, who is represented as attacking in every conceivable manner with guns and torpedoes, to say nothing of the ram; all imaginable disasters are supposed to occur, and are met with the orthodox counter-stroke or antidote. The care and forethought bestowed upon these exercises depend in some measure upon the officer in command; but the regulations prescribe essentials, and periodical reports are required by the authorities.

Realism, however, can only be attained in a limited degree on such occasions, as compared with the actual preparation for action in time of war; just as an encounter with foils or single-sticks differs very essentially from a duel with real weapons; and in order to arrive at some comprehension of the matter, let us imagine ourselves on board one of our latest battleships, in sight of the enemy. The bugle has sounded, the short period of apparent confusion is over, and every man stands silent at his station, awaiting the next order.



"QUARTERS FOR ACTION!"

In the event of actual hostilities, there are certain preliminary preparations which would be made, if possible, before leaving the dockyard. Everything of a purely ornamental character, in the officers' quarters and elsewhere, would be got rid of. Light structures which would partially mask the fire of some of the guns would be removed. Utility of the grimmest description is, in fact, the order of the day.

Now we can go round and "inspect the quarters," as the phrase runs, and see what sort of welcome we have prepared for the enemy. Commencing on deck—or aloft—there are, on each of the two big steel masts, two "tops" or platforms, armed with small guns, the men being partially protected by a steel mantlet. Good shots and cool hands are selected for these posts, and the deadly Maxims and quick-firing guns should play great havoc with any approaching torpedo-boat, or exposed men on the enemy's deck. Then there are the four big guns which form the main armament, each pair in its barbette, protected by 14-in. armour of the latest description. The loading and working of these guns is performed entirely by hydraulic machinery, for the shell and cartridges are too heavy to carry about; but the mechanism has been brought to a great state of perfection, and the guns can be loaded and fired twice within the minute.

Just behind and above the foremost barbette is the conning-tower, the captain's post in action. This is a heavily-armoured little house, containing steam steering wheel, and means of communication with the engine-room and the barbettes, the lower gun battery and the torpedo-tubes, as well as the "directors," by means of which the guns can be fired, or the torpedo despatched on its deadly errand.

Round the upper works are numerous quick-firing and machine guns, arranged so as to fire in every possible direction; a good many of them are manned by marines, who are often very good shots.

Going below, we find ourselves in the battery of 6-in. quick-firing guns, six on each side; very formidable weapons these, though they look like mere pigmies in comparison with their big brothers in the barbettes. They can each fire, if smartly handled, from twelve to fifteen or more rounds a minute, each shell weighing 100-lb., and being capable of piercing a very considerable thickness of armour. Every man, after seeing his gun loaded, or other preliminary duty accomplished, provides his proper arms, whether rifle or cutlass and pistol, and places them in an appointed place where he can get them in a moment if necessary; for the possibility of a boarding match and personal encounter is not forgotten in the exercises.

The ammunition supply is maintained by a special party, under efficient superintendence; for this is, of course, a most important matter. The guns must never be kept waiting for shell; and yet there should not be an undue amount of explosives about the deck. Tubs of water and sand are freely disposed about the decks, the former for drinking, the latter to give a good foothold in case of slipperiness from any cause—and we know that in any sharp action there is likely to be a ghastly enough occasion for its use—and fire hoses are screwed on everywhere.

Let us not forget the chief engineer and his staff. Forget them! Where should we be without them? Great are their responsibilities in action; already the boilers are under "forced draught," to give an additional knot or two of speed—not for running away, though; the special men are at their various posts; the water-tight doors—over 200 in number—are closed, the engines are running smoothly and swiftly.

Each of the submerged torpedo-tubes has its long, wicked-looking steel "fish" ready in position, a small knot of skilled men standing by to train the carriage at the required angle.

In as secure a position as possible the surgeons are assembled round the grim-looking table, with the non-combatant officers standing by to assist them.

We are rapidly approaching the enemy; all preparatory signals have been made; and now another flutter of bunting goes up on board the flag-ship. What is it?—engage the enemy? Not yet; but the word is soon passed along, amid loud cheering, that the admiral has signalled "Remember Trafalgar!" And this is a good final preparation for action.

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MR. CHARLES OMAN is a very bold and enterprising writer, who has undertaken a quite stupendous task. He has entered upon a treatise on "The Art of War," of which the first volume (Methuen, 21s.) has just been published. I say the first volume because it has been published first, though it is really the second. There are to be four in all. First we shall have classical antiquity, a subject, it may be remarked, of vast interest and complexity. The second volume covers a great and varied field, and includes matters so diverse as the fall of the Roman legion, the decay of infantry, and the rise of cavalry in the days of the imbecile Honorius and Hunnish invasions at one end and Poitiers and Navarette at the other. Mr. Oman forestalls criticism when he admits that his volume should have included two more books, one dealing with the military history of central and eastern Europe in the fourteenth century, and the other with the invention of gunpowder and firearms. These might have rounded the volume better. It has been all a matter of space, and, as it is, in the 650 pages of this volume facts are packed like pemmican. The same will doubtless be the case with the two succeeding volumes, which will bring down the story to Waterloo.

Many writers have dealt with periods and sections of Mr. Oman's theme, and a vast literature upon the subject exists with which he seems to be familiar. It is a fact that books upon subjects that are concrete are more satisfactory than those which deal with abstract themes. In a certain sense the art of war is scholastic as we find it in books, and Mr. Oman has wisely devoted considerable space to descriptions of armament, which are quite germane to his subject. He describes many battles famous in history, and some of which little is known, and he does so with competent pen, though in treating such a vast subject some margin of error must be allowed. I shall not attempt to follow him through the centuries he has chosen for his theme. To do so would far outrun my limits. Having dealt with the military conditions that marked the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, he devotes a couple of chapters to the Visigoths, Lombards, Franks, and Anglo-Saxons, in which he seems to be describing weakness rather than strength. He dwells too much on the indecisive wars of the English in those times, for it would not be difficult to record an abundance of decisive engagements, and the conquest of England itself was one of the most complete things in history. At the same time it is true that strategic objects were unknown to our early ancestors.

Mr. Oman is, perhaps, at his best when he deals with the great period from the time of Charles the Great to the Battle of Hastings, ending with the triumph of the archer and the horseman. He then interpolates a whole book on the Byzantines, showing the defensive character of their operations, and proceeds to deal with the Crusades. The wonder certainly is, not that the Crusaders did so little, but that they did so much, considering the unwieldy and undisciplined character of their hosts, which were often enthusiastic mobs rather than armies. Upon this point Mr. Oman rightly touches. His concluding chapters are the most interesting, because in these he deals with the rise, development, and triumph of the true English weapon—the longbow. It was not a new weapon, but was adopted for tactical reasons, and really brought to an end the war waged by mailed horsemen with infantry as auxiliaries. The bow probably came originally from Wales, though Giraldus Cambrensis is not a very trustworthy authority. He it is who asserts that one Welsh arrow passed through four inches of solid oak, and another through two coats of mail, a man's thigh, and a wooden saddle, to penetrate far into a horse's flank. Let readers turn to Mr. Oman's book who seek light on such questions. He has brought within reach a great body of information difficult to procure, and has arranged his subject, considering the difficulty, with very considerable skill.

There is evidently a purpose of associating a series of useful annuals with the familiar name of "Whittaker." The first offspring of the almanack was, I think, the "Titled Persons," and the "Naval and Military Directory, 1898" (Whittaker, 3s. 6d.), has now been published. The book will certainly not supersede the "Navy and Army Lists," either monthly or quarterly, nor do we think that much success will attend it. The bulk of the volume is devoted to an alphabetical list of officers on the active list. They are officers of the Navy, the Army, the Royal Marines, etc., all together, and some retired officers are included, though upon what system I have not discovered. Station or address, seniority, age, and war services are given, though these last with extreme brevity. Mr. Laird Clowes supplies an historical introduction on the Navy, which is good, and against which nothing can be urged, except that it is polemical in parts, whereas I should have supposed this was not to be looked for in a record. The gentleman who has written about the Army has not gone in for criticism, though the War Office might have offered a tempting theme. His work is meagre and dry, though useful. There are also Navy and Army lists, and an Indian section.

In conclusion, let me refer to some magazines. There is a beautiful number of the *Century*, with an admirably illustrated article on the Armada, to which Captain Mahan contributes a brief introduction. The same number contains a very interesting article on the "Confederate Torpedo Service," and a narrative of "Ten Months with Cuban Insurgents," by a late Cuban officer. *Macmillan* has an article on "Discipline in the Old Navy," by Mr. H. W. Wilson, and another on "A Gentleman of Spain," a character sketch by Mr. Hannay. And, if you want an art magazine, what can be more delightful than the *Artist*; a pleasant companion, what more satisfactory than *Chambers'*; a serial for the home, what better than *Cassell's Magazine*?

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

The War Wheels of America.

By JAMES WILSON.

IT is generally admitted by military men throughout the world that the cyclist is an extremely useful adjunct to a modern army, and this is clearly demonstrated by the favour it has found in the eyes of the military leaders of the great powers of the world. The Chinese—always the Chinese, for no other reason, I suppose, than that they are not likely to read and contradict the assertion—are said to have invented the bicycle 2,300 B.C., and to have employed their invention for various purposes, so that considering the use that the Japanese made of cycles in the recent war with China, I should surmise that the inhabitants of the Flowery Land regretted inventing it. Civilized countries have employed cycles in military operations for some dozen years, but the United States did not make use of the cycle for war purposes until 1892, although they are now the most enthusiastic upholders of it as a factor wherewith to help win battles.

General Nelson A. Miles, was, I believe, the first officer in the United States Army who made use of the services of military cyclists. He sent a detachment of men eighteen miles, over roads partially submerged by rain, and although each man carried 37-lbs. of extra weight, they accomplished the journey in a little less than one and a half hours. So pleased was General Miles with the result of his experiment, that he has been an enthusiastic advocate of the use of the machine for military purposes ever since. "It would have taken at least five hours for a body of soldiers to have travelled the same distance," said the general. He was no doubt correct, for it has been proved over and over again that the bicycle, as a medium for conveying messages, is far superior to a horse. As an instance, take the great military horseback race on the Continent, from Florisdorf to Berlin. The winner of this, Count Wartemburg, did the journey of 370 miles in seventy-one and a half hours, his horse dying at the end of the ride. Compare this time to that of a cyclist, Joseph Fischer of Munich, who rode over the same course in a little less than thirty-one hours, and his iron steed as sound as ever at the finish.

In recent years many long journeys have been carried out by American soldier cyclists, chief among which is that of Lieutenant Moss and a picked body of men, who travelled 1,400 miles over desert and mountain, for the purpose of discovering the real value of the cyclist for military purposes in a mountainous country. Eight men took part in this ride, under the command of Lieutenant J. A. Moss. One man was a musician, while another was chosen because he was an excellent cyclist mechanic, and proved to be of great service to the riders on many occasions. Prior to starting, the men practiced jumping fences, fording streams, etc., and in a little while became quite expert in this direction.

In a report of the ride Lieutenant Moss says that sometimes fences 9-ft. high had to be negotiated. To do this the men placed their bicycles against the fence, then, standing on the machines, several of them hoisted themselves on to the top, all the bicycles were handed up to them and deposited on the other side Those on the fence then leant down and helped their comrades over and all formed up again. Streams were got across by the men either carrying or rolling their machines across. Knapsacks, blankets, tents, and tent-poles were carried. Four of the men carried rifles and three of them revolvers, and thirty rounds of ammunition. Cooking utensils were also carried in a large tin case which was strapped to the handle bars. The object of carrying everything on the bicycle itself, and not allowing the rider to have it strapped to his back or elsewhere, was that the weight would cause more physical exertion than was necessary, and in case of a fall the rider would suffer less if unhampered. The men carried their own provisions and cooking apparatus, and, as a matter of fact, the lightest machine, packed, weighed 68-lb., and the heaviest 83-lb., nearly two-thirds heavier than it should be. The ability to get over the ground as quickly as possible is the essential point with a bicycle scout or messenger, and how he could be expected to do so encumbered with nearly 40-lb. of luggage, it is difficult to imagine. The whole party seems to have been much better fitted for an extended holiday trip than anything else.

However, some hardships had, without doubt, to be encountered, and the men must have had more than one

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uncomfortable half hour. Soon after the start two of the men fell into a stream while attempting to get across, but, fortunately, it was only 9-in. deep, and the greater part of the journey was through forest and up and down steep mountain paths. The grade to the top of one of the highest mountains to be climbed was so much that it took the men thirty-five minutes to travel a distance of two miles; but from the summit to the foot, a distance of one and three-quarters miles, it took five minutes. The party apparently lived well, and Lieutenant Moss himself says, "We lived much better than soldiers do on ordinary practice marches." Very much better, for we are told that supper consisted of biscuits, bacon, corn, coffee, condensed milk, trout, and prunes, a truly remarkable conglomeration. The total distance covered was 126 miles on this trip, and it took twenty-four hours to do it in. Another trip the adventurous lieutenant undertook was from Fort Missouli to the famous Yellowstone Park, and he certainly did not go unprovided. Here is a list of some of the rations, cooking utensils, etc., he and his men carried:—

RATIONS.—5-lb. prunes, 25-lb. flour, 14-lb. sugar, 4-lb. ground coffee, 16-lb. bacon, one and a-half cans syrup (weight 18-lb.), four cans baking powder, one box pepper, three cans milk, 5-lb. rice, two cans jelly, three cans deviled ham, 10-lb. bologna sausage, one jar extract of beef, two cakes of chocolate, four cans corn, six cans beans, 5-lb. salt.

TENTS, BLANKETS, UNDERWEAR, ETC.—Twelve shelter tent halves with poles, five rubber blankets, candles, matches, tobacco, dish rags, soap, wiping cloths, thirteen blankets. Every soldier was supplied with the following articles:—Two pair summer socks, one pair winter socks, one pair summer drawers, one pair winter drawers, one tooth-brush and powder, two handkerchiefs, one cake soap, one towel, one meat can, one knife, one fork, one spoon, one tin cap, one knapsack, one haversack. Every other soldier carried one comb and brush.

COOKING UTENSILS.—Three dripping pans with covers, one patented baker, one large coffee pot, one large tin boiler.

PERSONAL EFFECTS.—One sweater, one kodak, one note book, seven extra rolls film, writing paper, stamps and envelopes, one razor, shaving brush and hand mirror.

American cyclists defending themselves against guerillas

Surely Lieutenant Moss does not think that in wartime soldiers would be able, even if they wished, to so unnecessarily encumber themselves. It would be interesting to know if the Government or the lieutenant paid for all of it. The description given by the lieutenant of the villages passed through and the scenery by the way was excellent, but the relation of incidents like the following cannot serve a very useful purpose:—

"While bounding along at a 10-mile rate, we ran upon a covey of chickens near the road. Halting and dismounting we formed as skirmishers and advanced on the chickens: 'Squad halt; aim; fire!' The command was executed with precision, but we had government bacon for supper, nevertheless."

Apart from this, there is no doubt that some excellent work was done. Messages were sent by means of relays, and the men taught to reconnoitre and sketch the country. Altogether Lieutenant Moss reports in favour of a steel rim for military purposes with pneumatic tyres, but these must, in his opinion, be puncture proof. Altogether some 1,400 miles of the worst roads in the United States were covered, but it cannot be said for one moment that the experience gained thereby was very valuable; but had the trips been carried out in a more rough and ready manner the experience gained would have been far more valuable. Plenty of food was certainly necessary, as civilised towns and villages were few and far between in the country traversed, but hand mirrors, hair brushes, tooth brushes, and the like, could very well have been dispensed with.

The great relay ride from New York to San Francisco, from one side of the United States to the other, will be remembered by many, and several other such rides have been undertaken by military cyclists in that country. By means of relays of cyclists, General Miles in 1892 sent a message from Chicago to New York, a distance of 975 miles, in four and a-half days, and this under very unfavourable circumstances.

The signal department of the United States Army has purchased a number of cycles for work in signalling, repairing telegraph lines, etc., and the machines have been found excellent for these purposes. A Bill was prepared a short time ago for presentation to Congress, to authorise the purchase of a sufficient number of bicycles to provide each fort and military station in the country with ten machines. Of course, numbers of machines are now in use at many of the great military posts, but in most cases are the personal property of the men, and although employed in the Government service the owners do not receive any extra pay and are not officially recognised as cyclists. As was only to be expected in such a go-ahead country, many excellent ideas have been patented in connection with Army cycling. Among them is a bicycle ambulance. This is made up of two tandems side by side, joined by a light tubing as framework. Between them a stretcher is placed, on which a wounded man can be laid and comfortably carried off to the hospital. The stretcher can be detached at will. Protection from sun, wind, and rain is afforded by a canvas top shaped like a tent. The whole concern can be easily managed by two men and weighs 115-lb. Another good idea is a drop-seat cycle. There is no need for the soldier to dismount in this case; all he need do is to take his feet off the pedal and the saddle pillar immediately telescopes into the strut of the machine, and the rider can use both hands for whatever purpose he likes, firing, signalling, sketching, or what not. Immediately he puts his feet upon the pedals the saddle rises automatically, and he can then ride off. Many other inventions could be enumerated, but practicability is not their strong point, and therefore it would serve no useful purpose to tell of them. It is possible that some use may be found for the cyclist in Cuba; but the roads of that unhappy island are not the best in the world for the work they would be called upon to do, the ground in most cases being swampy where it is not mountainous, and where it is neither swampy nor mountainous, covered with tangled forest. Most of the farms and tobacco plantations have been razed to the ground by the contending forces. If it is found possible to make use of the services of American cyclists in Cuba, it will undoubtedly assist the invading army in their scouting operations. The cyclist stands less chance of discovery than the cavalry man, and a bullet can pass through a bicyle and do little or no damage; whereas if the enemy's bullet hits the horse the capture of the rider with his despatches follows as a matter of course. The idea of using an ordinary safety bicyle fitted with Maxim guns—a favourite illustration in the American Press—is out of the question, and must not be included in the category of practical warfare at present. Nevertheless, there are many such queer ideas in the United States Patent Office—using the top bar of the "bike" as a gun, a cartridge-box to take the place of the peaceful saddle-bag, being a favourite idea with American inventors, and one well known to the Patent Office officials.

Finally it may be said that every effort is being made in America for increasing the efficiency of the military cyclist, and, although there is a certain amount of exaggeration in the report of the various experiments and inventions, there remains behind the determination to make the various cycling corps of the United States second to none in the armies of the world, a determination which many countries which at present are only coquetting with military cycling would do well to emulate.

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The War: With Admiral Cervera's Squadron.

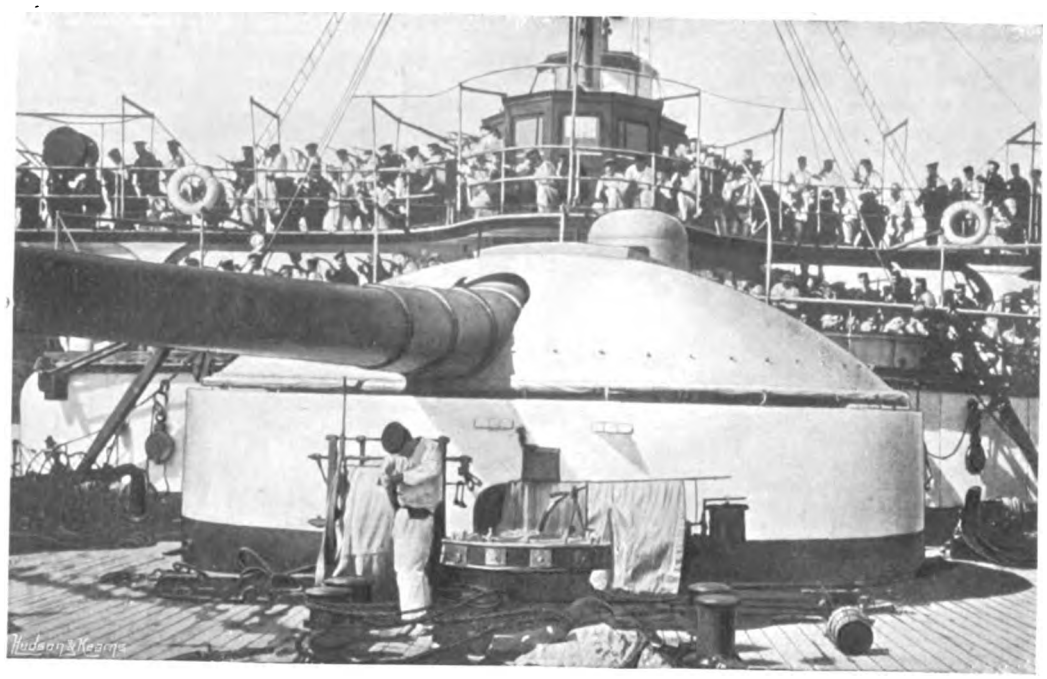
ON the morning of May 19, there steamed through the narrow inlet which is the entrance to the tortuous harbour of Santiago de Cuba the Spanish Squadron which had so cleverly evaded the Americans, and the appearance of which so completely upset their plans. The "Infanta Maria Teresa" was leading, flying the flag of Admiral Cervera, who immediately became to his countrymen a strategic genius and perhaps the most popular of Spaniards.

Next after the flag-ship came the "Vizcaya," followed by the "Almirante Oquendo," the "Cristobal Colon," and the destroyer "Pluton." The "Furor" shortly afterwards joined their company, while the "Terror" was making good some damage at Fort de France, Martinique, the whole of the famous squadron, except its torpedo-boats, which vanished from Cape Verde into obscurity, being thus accounted for.

Our pictures are intended to illustrate the character of the force that achieved the triumph of evasion and aroused the enthusiasm of Spaniards. The "Maria Teresa," the "Vizcaya," and the "Oquendo," are all sisters, so that our pictures of the two first may stand for the whole three.

They are a very fine trio, and were all built at Bilbao, at the Nervion Yard, where Admiral Cervera himself superintended the work.

Upon their displacement of 7,000 tons these armoured cruisers contain a great deal, though not in every respect up-to-date. They have steel belts 12-in. thick amidships, and 3-in. decks, and the hulls are a good deal subdivided. Their heaviest guns are two in each ship of 11-in. calibre, Hontoria make, one placed forward and the other aft, each in a 10½-in. barbette, with a domed covering about 4-in. thick. The arrangement is well seen in the picture of the "Vizcaya's" gun. The bases of the barbettes are not protected, so that a shell striking below would probably put the gun out of action. The loading is by a central gearing, and



THE FORWARD 11-in. GUN OF THE "VIZCAYA."

CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS OF THE "CRISTOBAL COLON."

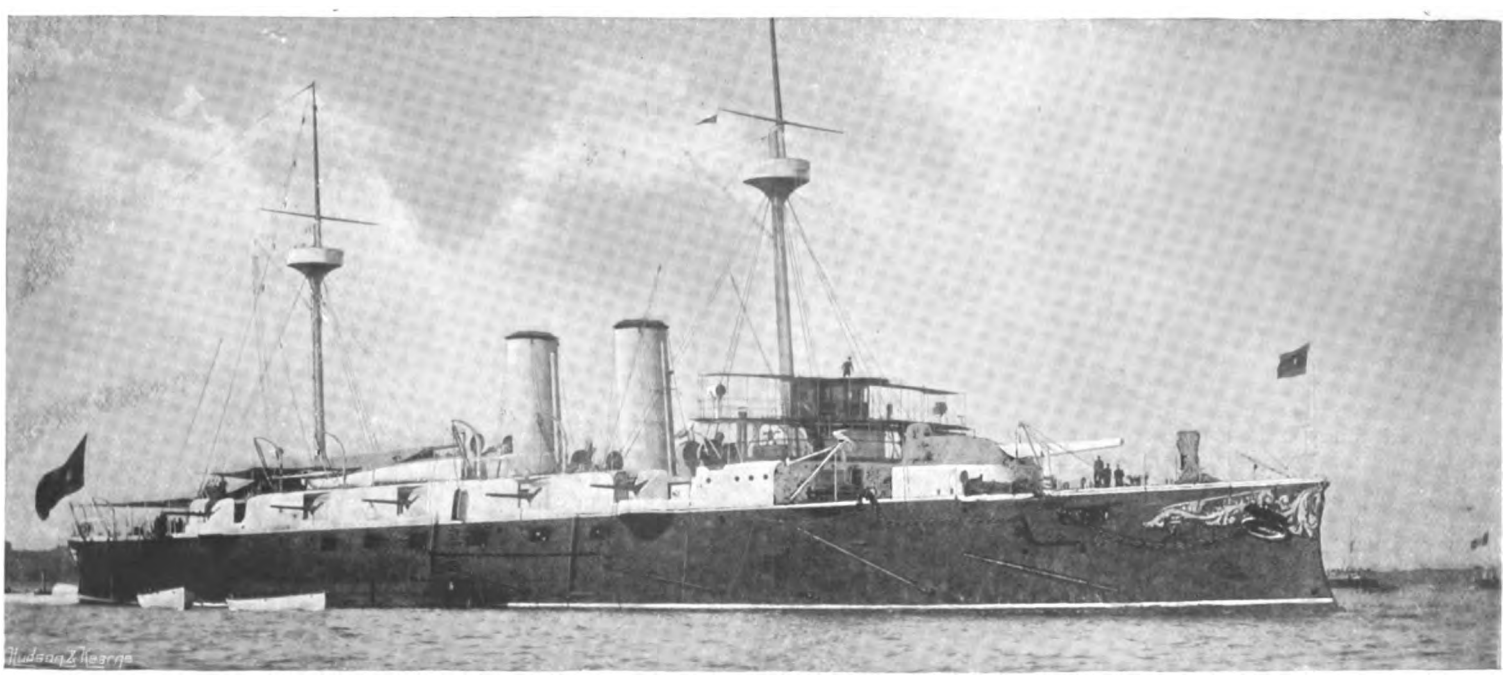


Photo. Symonds & Co. Copyright.

THE "INFANTA MARIA TERESA," FLAG-SHIP OF THE SPANISH FLYING SQUADRON.

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the gun is not brought back to a fixed position after each round, this being a conspicuous advantage.

The other guns are ten 5·5-in. Hontoria breech-loaders, placed five on a side, the end guns being in sponsons, so as to give a range of fire fore or aft, and there are many small quick-firers on the superstructures and in the tops.

The "Cristobal Colon," 6,840 tons, built in Italy, is a much more powerful vessel, with far better protection, and is exceedingly strong in the matter of armament, there being two 9·8-in. guns, with ten 6-in. and six 4·7-in. quick-firers.

We give a portrait group of her officers. The captain sits in the midst, and is Don Emilio Diza Moreu, who has much repute as a navigator, and has served in the operations against the Riff pirates.

The other illustration is of a group of Spanish Marines, who as a body are not unlike our own.

Photo Rocafull

SPANISH MARINES UNDER ARMS.

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The Channel Squadron Regatta.

THIS annual event came off the second week in May at Arosa Bay, and scored even more than its customary success. The bay is admirably adapted for the purposes of a regatta, being one of several deep and partially land-locked indentations on the cost of Spain, just to the southward of Cape Finisterre, all familiar to those who have served in the Channel Squadron.

PORT MAHON, MAJORCA—"Blake" and "Charybdis" at Anchor.

In these days of mastless ships and steam pinnaces, it might be imagined that contests of this nature would to a great extent lose their interest, but experience shows that this is by no means the case. The annual regatta in the Channel, Mediterranean, or any quarter of the globe is looked forward to with the keenest enthusiasm, and when the date is announced everyone sets to work at training and practising, trying experiments with fancy sails of a fearful and wonderful description, courting premature disaster by going out with a maximum of sail and a minimum of ballast, scraping and sand-papering at boats' bottoms, which are sometimes polished up at the last with black lead, to reduce friction as much as possible and make them go "slick" through the water, for the difference between a perfectly smooth bottom and one that is merely painted as usual may make or mar a victory.

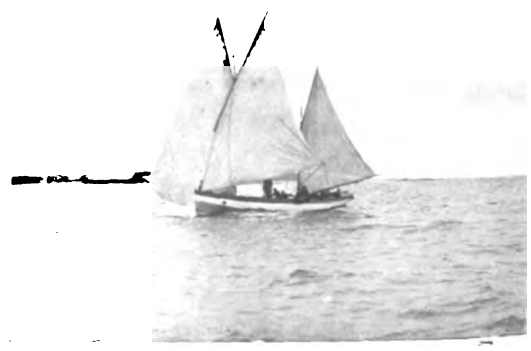
All departments are usually represented, the stokers and marines being as keen on it as the bluejackets, and very fine crews they make as a rule; they often pulled in the heavy old 42ft. launches of bygone days. The first day was devoted to the pulling races, of which there were twenty, and, owing to the large number of ships present, the entries were unusually numerous, and the competition exceptionally keen.

The "Magnificent" carried off the largest number of prizes, and the "Majestic" was second. However, the "Jupiter," who only came third according to points, can fairly lay claim to being "head of the river" this year, for most of the important races of the day fell to her boats, together with the lion's share of the prize-money.

The officers' races were won by the "Majestic," though the skiff race for veteran officers was just pulled out of the fire by Commander Stokes, of the "Jupiter." The weather was most favourable, being calm for the pulling races, whilst a good sailing breeze prevailed during the rest of the week.

Our illustrations show several points of interest in the sailing regatta. The most important race is that for the admiral's cup, with no restrictions as to rig. Most ships have some favourite boat which one or other of the officers will fit up according to his fancy and means; not a few are canvassed by Lapthorne or other well-known sail-maker, while others have very serviceable home-made suits.

The first four pictures all refer to this race, the first of these showing the "Mars" cutter (Lieutenant Culme-Seymour), who ran home an easy winner, though Commander Curry, of the "Blenheim," made an exceedingly good race of it on time al-



From Photos

By a Naval Officer

WINNING THE ADMIRAL'S CUP.

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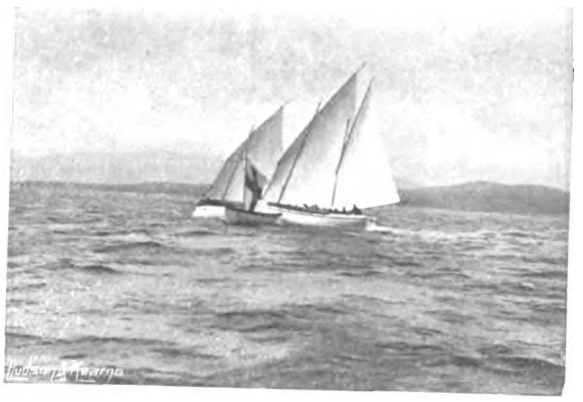
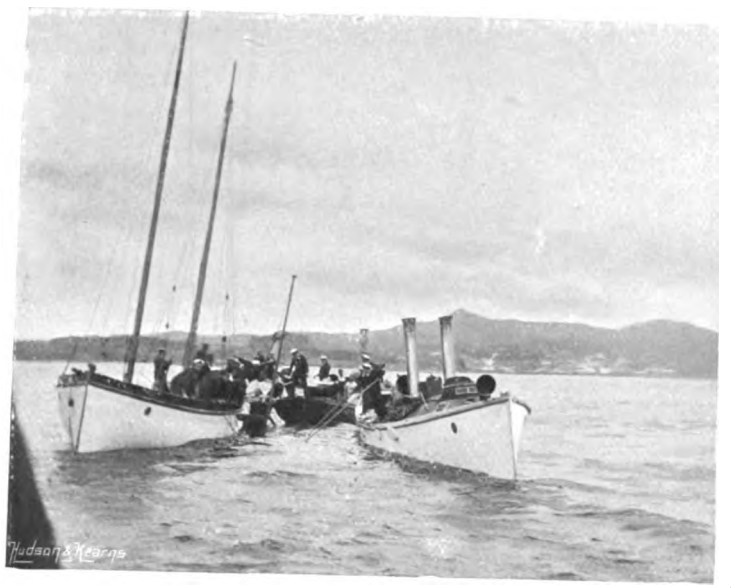


"TWO INTO ONE WON'T GO."

lowance, in a 27-ft. whaler, till halfway round the last time, when the wind dropped, and the big sails of the cutter told their tale. Lieutenant Seymour is well known as a boat sailer, and has thus added



THE FLAG-LIEUTENANT'S MISADVENTURE.

another to the many cups he must already have in his possession. The "Blenheim" did very well, taking second, third, and fourth places with her boats; her cutter, however, which came in third, was afterwards disqualified for fouling a mark-boat, as is shown in another illustration.

The "Repulse's" launch, seen among the "White Wings," although she did not win, looked as well, at any rate, as any boat in the fleet; considering that she, like all the others, is an open boat, the amount of sail she carried was really extraordinary.

We also illustrate one of the regular incidents of an open-boat sailing race; somebody always gets capsized, and none are ever the worse for their ducking — there are plenty of steam-boats handy, and all the nearest boats are obliged to render assistance, if required, by the rules. The two boats in this case were jamming each other round a mark-buoy, and fouled, with the result that the big launch in the picture sailed completely over her small antagonist, and sank her.

The other illustrations deal with incidents of the race for boats with Service rigs, and it will be noticed how much smaller is the spread of canvas. In these races the boats are not allowed to use anything but what is supplied them by the dockyards. Hence the use of boats' awnings as spinnakers, as seen in the photographs.

We also reproduce photographs of Port Mahon, the principal harbour of those valuable Spanish possessions, the Balearic islands. It was held in the beginning of this century by England, and has been the scene of much fighting. Lord Nelson was there on several occasions, and he presented a very fine organ to the cathedral, which is still to be seen and heard. The harbour of Port Mahon was visited by the Channel Squadron during its recent cruise.

The Spanish authorities have lately sent out large reinforcements to the Balearic islands; for if the Americans assumed an offensive *rôle* in Mediterranean waters, it is more than likely that Port Mahon or Palma would be one of their first points of attack. In a recent number we illustrated the staff of the military government which has its seat at Palma, in Majorca.

The islands are rich and prosperous and it is hard to believe that their peaceful inhabitants were once amongst the most renowned of old-time fighters.

THE "BLENHEIM'S" CUTTER.

WHITE WINGS.

From Photos by a Naval Officer. Copyright.

PORT MAHON AS SEEN FROM THE ENTRANCE—"Majestic" at Anchor

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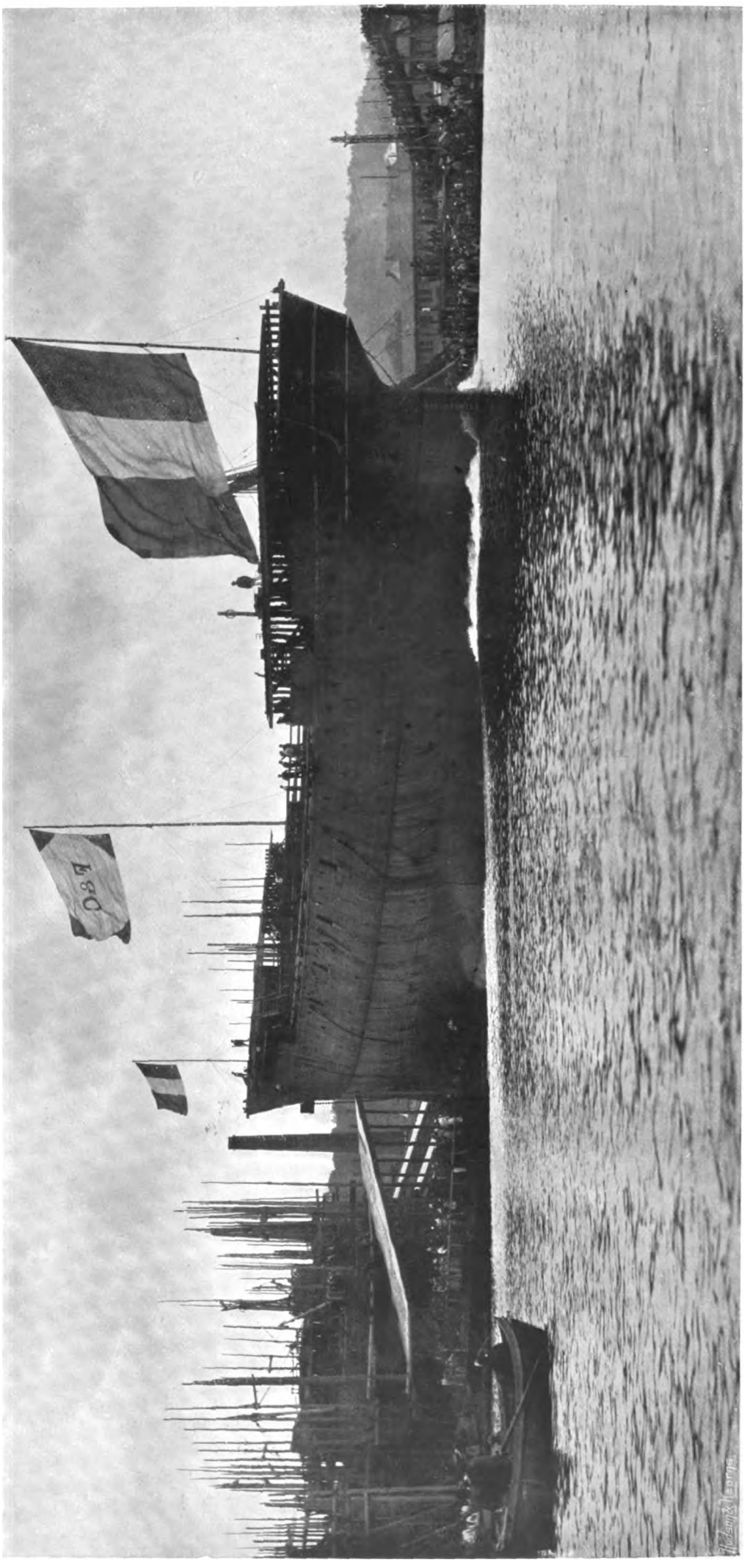

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LAUNCH OF THE FIRST-CLASS CRUISER "CHATEAURENAULT" AT TOULON.

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE FRENCH NAVY.

(See Page 281.)

Photo. Bar.

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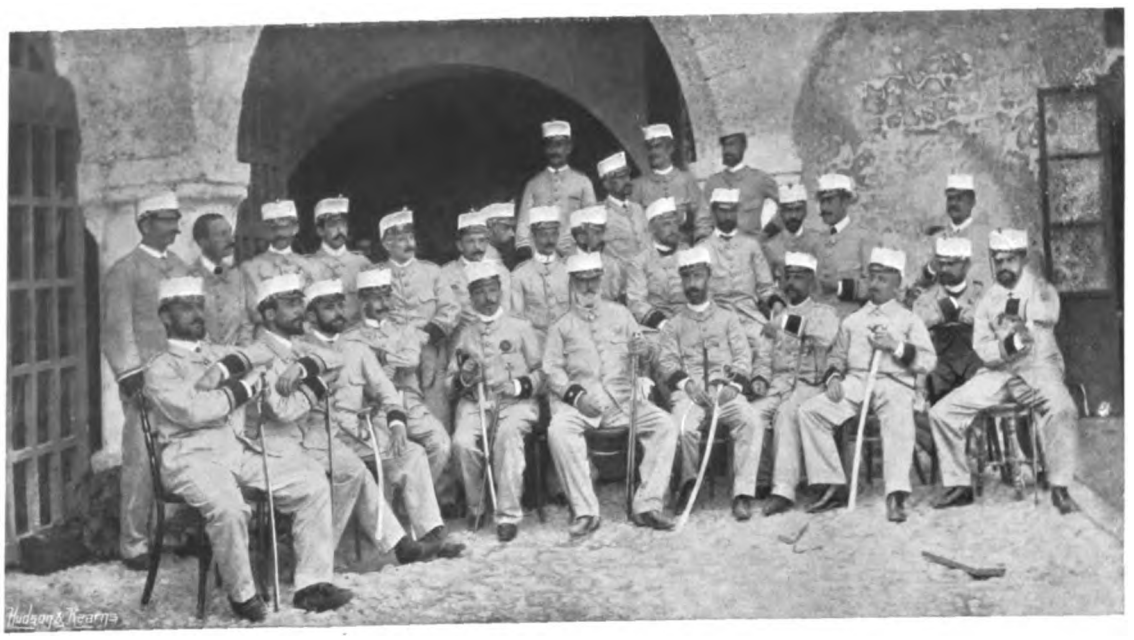
Cuban War Scenes.

THE delay of the Americans in their long-promised invasion of Cuba has given Marshal Blanco an excellent opportunity of completing the measures for defence It may certainly be doubted whether he has any troops so good as the stalwart fellows who gathered at Tampa, and perhaps his best hope is in the destructive power of those formidable generals, the malarious months of summer. The American gunners are exceedingly well taught and disciplined, but there is great scientific skill, too, on the Spanish side among the officers trained in the Artillery School, who are reported to be very capable men. The training at Segovia covers a period of five years, the entry being competitive between young civilians and subaltern officers of other corps, and the cadets become sub-lieutenants before they leave the school, and lieutenants on appointment to their regiments.

The artillery force in Cuba is large, and includes bodies of the field, fortress, and mountain branches. We illustrate a group of officers, which shows the uniform worn in that climate, differing a good deal from that in use in the Peninsula.

Another picture is of a squad of fortress gunners assembled for training at one of the batteries near the sea coast.

In such places many long-range guns are in position, and it is said that some German gunners have been brought to reinforce the strength and skill of the Spaniards. The artillery waggon, which is employed in the colonial service, is of a distinctly peculiar character,



OFFICERS OF SPAIN'S ARTILLERY CORPS IN CUBA.

ARTILLERY WAGGONS FOR COLONIAL SERVICE.

Photos Rocafull. Copyright.

AN OPEN-AIR CELEBRATION OF MASS.

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as will be seen, and seems to bear witness to a certain amount of improvisation. The war has so far not contributed to give confidence in the skill of Spaniards in the handling of their guns, but there can be no doubt that the best men are in Cuba.

The other picture is illustrative of the religious ministrations to the troops in the field.

In this matter the Spaniards are not a whit less zealous than ourselves, and it is impressive to see these men on active service, and ready at any time to meet a determined and powerful army, devoutly attentive while the priest is saying mass in the open air of the camp for their welfare. Europe will not withhold its admiration from the Spanish soldiery, which opposes its aggressive enemy with calmness, fortitude, and patriotic zeal truly remarkable.

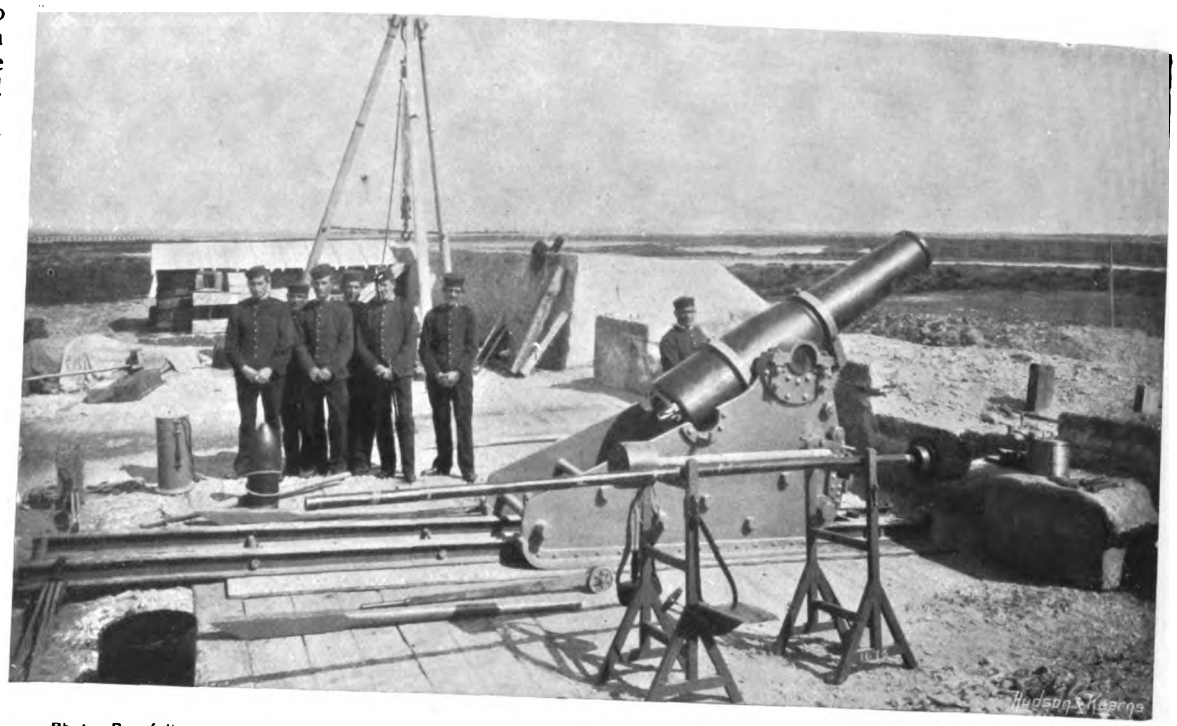

Photo. Rocafull. *PRACTICE IN A SEA-COAST BATTERY.* Copyright.

The Manœuvres at Malta.

Photo R. Ellis. *MORNING TOILET—AN EASY SHAVE.* Copyright.—H & K.

IN whatever part of the globe "Tommy Atkins" may be stationed he is called upon yearly to take part in a mimic campaign, if, indeed, the Afridis or Dervishes are not occupying all his attention. These manœuvres resemble more closely year by year the real "game of war." Two miniature armies are shortly to take the field against each other on Salisbury Plain, and the operations will doubtless be carried out on a much more gigantic scale than formerly. The acquiring by the Government of so much land for military purposes, as well as the vast number of men who are to take the field in 1898, has a marked significance. The clouds of war, if we are to believe our politicians, are looming dangerously near. The Navy and Army are both being rapidly increased, for the nation has awakened to a sense of its insecurity. The Army, however, must not only be numerically strong; it should be able to take the field in as perfect a state of organisation and discipline as that of any foreign power; but to arrive at this high state of efficiency demands a systematic and thorough training. Regiments are not to be judged so much by the smartness of their ceremonial drill, the steadiness with which they pass the saluting base, but rather by their movements in the field. To this end, then, are our defenders by land annually exercised in military tactics.

The accompanying photographs are illustrative of the manœuvres recently held at Malta. The facilities for manœuvring there are not the best, nor is the number of

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FIELD HOSPITAL AND AMBULANCE WAGGONS.

troops at this Mediterranean station sufficient to admit of an elaborate scheme being carried out; nevertheless at Malta, even troops may, under favourable circumstances, derive benefit from advancing over "hedges, ditches, slaps, and stiles."

The most important part of a force is perhaps its outposts, thrown out to the front and flanks to protect the main body when halted or encamped; figuratively speaking, they are the eyes and ears of the Army. Thus we find great attention paid to the training of troops in outpost duty.

For the benefit of our non-military readers it may be mentioned, that outposts are usually divided into picquets, supports, and reserves. The first are placed nearest the enemy, and throw out sentries to the front. Formerly it was usual to send out sentries from the picquet every two hours to relieve those on duty, but the more modern and approved method is that known as the "group system." Three or four men are marched out to the sentry post and relieve each other by turns. When this plan is adopted the picquet may rest without fear of being unnecessarily disturbed, and the sentry derives a sense of confidence from the fact of having three or four comrades at hand. At night sentries are usually posted double, for it is often under cover of darkness that an attacking enemy advances.

In the darkness everyone is challenged by the vigilant sentry, be he friend or foe, and from time to time one may hear the challenge, "Halt, who comes here?" breaking the stillness of the night.

The third photograph depicts a group-sentry of the West

Photos. R. Ellis. Copyright.—H. & K.

A GROUP AND ITS SENTRY.

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Riding Regiment with his comrades in rear. Their rifles are piled in front, and they are ready at any moment to "fall in."

The fourth illustration is that of a picquet of the Suffolk Regiment from Speranza Camp. It must not be supposed that the manœuvres in Malta were confined to the limits of outposts' fights. Positions were taken up, and attacked and defended by either side in turns. Indeed, so nearly did the operations resemble war, that on one occasion at least the Dorsetshire Regiment received no sleep for three consecutive nights. The photograph of the officers is given as they appeared after the third night. They show little signs of fatigue, for is not the British officer made of sterling stuff?

A most important part of a brigade in the field, even though the campaign be a mimic one, is the ambulance. There are always a certain amount of sick and footsore, as well as "official" casualties, who are put out of action during a battle, and supposed to be wounded in one or other part of the body.

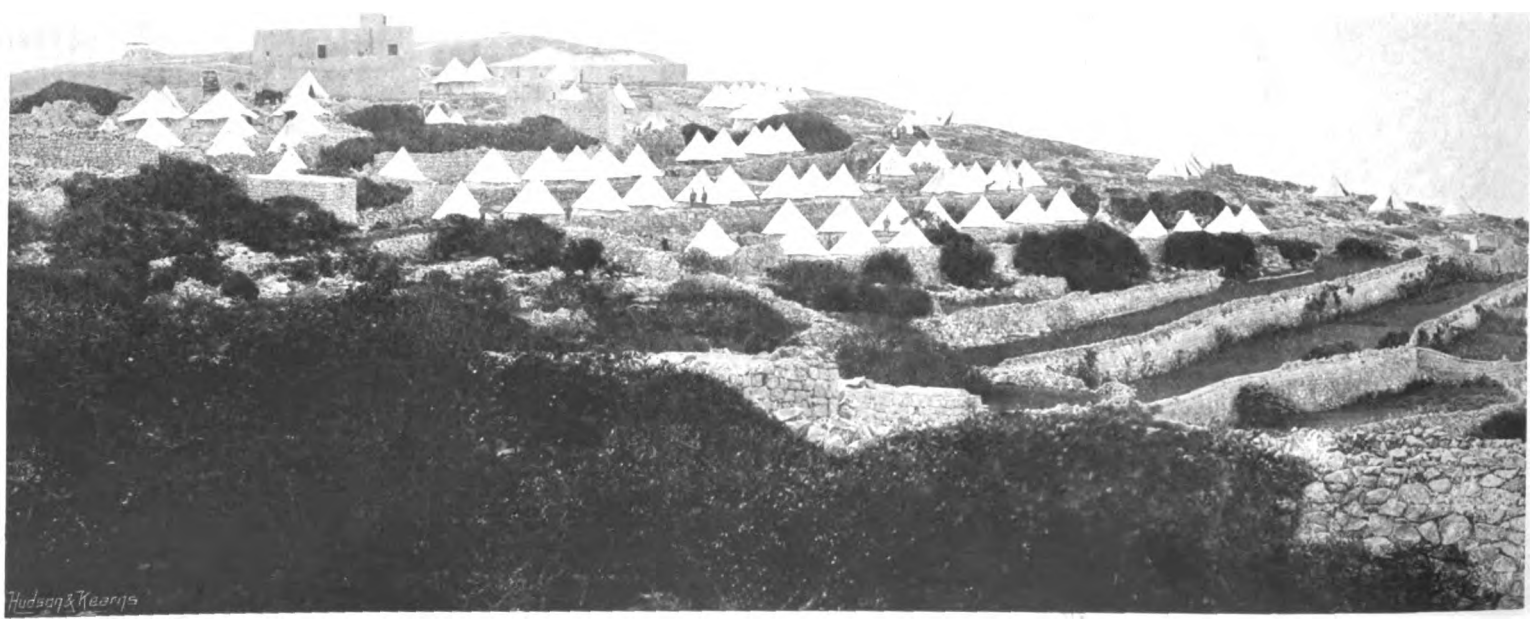
They are carried to hospital by the stretcher-bearers, and there a demonstration is given by the medical officer in charge, and the victim is bandaged in the orthodox style.

Such practice as this, though it may savour of the comic element, is most valuable in teaching stretcher-bearers and hospital orderlies the duties they would have to perform in time of war.

Altogether, the manœuvres were eminently successful. As was only natural, some difficulties were experienced, but with a little patience these were soon overcome. Much was learned by the attacking forces as well as by the defenders. The men put up with what discomforts there were with a good humour and absence of grumbling which speaks well for the philosophy as well as the discipline of Tommy Atkins.

A PICQUET OF THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT.

OFFICERS, DORSETSHIRE REGIMENT.



Photos. R. Ellis. *MADALENE CAMP AND FORT* Copyright.—H. & K

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS. *The* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *has now been registered by the Post Office authorities as a newspaper, and can therefore be sent through the post under the special conditions and with all the advantages which follow from such registration. It may be pointed out to subscribers that this will mean a considerable reduction in their subscription. The net result is that they will obtain the weekly paper at a cost which but slightly exceeds that which they were in the habit of incurring when they subscribed for the fortnightly issues with supplements. The registration of the paper will also confer a benefit on those who are desirous of sending the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *to their friends. In making this announcement, we desire also to direct the attention of advertisers and others to the alteration which has been made in the scope and purpose of the journal. In it are described and illustrated for the general public all current events and topics connected with the Naval and Military Services the wide world over.*

* * * *

THE WAR.—Our readers will also be interested to know that the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is fully represented by a corps of photographers at every likely scene of action, who will supply illustrations of all the important incidents which happen during hostilities. A special steamer has been chartered to accompany the blockading squadron off Cuba, and the representatives of the paper, men of great experience as artist photographers, will furnish scenes of life on board the vessels of the United States Squadron as well as on shore in the blockaded cities. The material thus supplied by our correspondents should form a unique pictorial history of the war.*

* * * *

SIR WILLIAM HENRY WHITE, K.C.B., LL.D., F.R.S., the distinguished Director of Naval Construction, and Assistant Controller of the Navy, was born in the Naval atmosphere of Devonport more than fifty-three years ago. His professional education began at the Royal School of Naval Architecture, and he was appointed to the Constructive Department of the Admiralty in 1867. He rose rapidly, and at the time of his resignation in 1883 as a chief constructor had already rendered the greatest service. In that year he assumed entire charge of the creation and equipment, as well as of the work, of the Armstrong Yard at Elswick. "When I went there," he said, "it was but a mudbank on the riverside." It was an immense work to have created what is rightly looked upon as our great supplementary ship-building yard; but Mr. White, as he then was, could not be spared from the public service, and he was recalled to the Admiralty to take charge of the vast scheme of ship-building carried out under the Naval Defence Act. It is impossible here to recapitulate Sir William White's achievements. They are well known, and his fame is world wide. He has vivified the whole ship-building department of the Admiralty, and has designed the most splendid war-ships ever sent to sea. *(See illustration on front page.)*

* * * *

THE scene depicted on page 285 is one which will appeal strongly to every mother of a soldier; indeed, to any mother who knows what it is to be parted from her son, and to look forward with womanly apprehension and loving thought to his home-coming. Once more she has him near her, and if, from the circumstance that the photograph was taken in the grounds of Netley Hospital, we may anticipate that he has not come unscathed out of his experiences, yet we may also judge from his appearance that he is now but little the worse for his military campaigning. We may guess how thankful his mother is that her brave laddie has been spared to come back, and how proud of him she will be when, with the medal on his breast, he accompanies her to their home on the furlough he has so well earned by his gallant services against his country's enemies.

* * * *

THE great ship-building works of the Forges et Chantiers of the Société de la Mediterranée are situated at La Seyne, on the western shore of the bay that forms the noble roadstead of Toulon. From here have been turned out some of the finest specimens of Naval architecture that the French Navy possesses, and our illustration represents the launch of their latest construction—the large protected cruiser the "Chateaurenault." The photographer has caught the great ship just as her stern is first taking the water. On a flagstaff aft a huge tricolour floats, a smaller one being also in the bows, while the flag flying from a jury-mast amidships is the house-flag of the great company who are her builders. The "Chateaurenault" is a very interesting craft, and for several reasons. To start with, she and the "Guichen" represent in the French Navy that class of large lightly-armed cruisers intended in the main for commerce raiding, of which the American "Columbia" and "Minneapolis" were the prototypes. Another point about her is that she is a triple screw steamer. We are the only great Naval Power that has not yet adopted the triple screw method of propulsion for war-ships. Finally the "Chateaurenault" will presumably be, as is the "Guichen," adapted for the use of oil fuel. Her hull protection consists of a steel turtle-back varying from 1-in. to 3-in. in thickness, and her armament comprises two 6-in., six 5½-in., and seventeen 3-pounder guns, all quick-firing. Her bunkers normally hold 1,400 tons of coal, and she is expected to steam at 23 knots. The personnel will comprise 600 officers and seamen. *(See illustration on page 276.)*

THE Albert Medal itself was first instituted in 1866 for saving life at sea, and was originally of one class. In 1867 it was divided into two classes as at present. In 1877 the two decorations were extended to include acts of gallantry in saving life on land. The Albert Medal of the first class, which Lieutenant Whistler and Stoker Lynch wear, comprises a gold oval-shaped badge, enamelled in dark blue, with a monogram of the letters V. and A. interlaced with a gold anchor and surrounded by a garter in bronze inscribed in raised gold letters, "For gallantry in saving life at sea," surmounted by the Prince Consort's crown. The land decoration is enamelled crimson without the anchor in the monogram, and with "on land" instead of "at sea" on the garter. The Albert Medal, second class, is a similarly-shaped enamelled badge, but made of bronze. It has been awarded to six Naval men:—Commander Lionel A. de Saumarez, November 17th, 1868; Commander W. B. Forbes, September 17th, 1870; Captain A. Carpenter, June 19th, 1876; Captain R. A. J. Montgomerie, C.B., June 15th, 1877; Boatswain J. Barber, December 7th, 1889; Sub-Lieutenant C. W. Robinson, R.N.R., June 21st, 1895. The sea Albert Medals are worn with a dark blue ribbon, and the land medals with a crimson ribbon, each ribbon having four white stripes.

* * * *

THOSE who have followed the suggested changes in the soldier's pay will have noticed that among other reforms the abolition of the deferred pay is under consideration. Deferred pay is a sum of £3 a year (or 2d. per diem for broken periods) which is given to the soldier when he passes to the Reserve. It has been in existence now for some twenty-two years, and in the case of a man who serves the full limit of twenty-one years (beyond which it is not granted) amounts to as much as £63—a handsome bonus to carry into civil life. Formerly the money was handed to the man with his discharge, with the result that his comrades often helped him to spend it; but of recent years it has been invested for him in the post office savings bank nearest to his home, in the hope that he would be brought to more thrifty ways. The proposal now is to add the 2d. to his daily pay while serving, the money being used to defray the extra charge for messing that he has now to pay.

* * * *

EVERY man-of-war when at sea keeps a boat each side ready for lowering as a lifeboat; in many cases they are boats specially fitted with air-tight compartments. Several kinds of these boats have been tried in the Service, but, unfortunately, in most cases they are of little use for anything else, being two heavy, too much filled up inside with the compartments or too liable to damage for general use. When a ship prepares for sea all the boats are very carefully secured, generally inboard, keeping the two above-named out; these have special fittings for lowering or dropping them into the water, releasing both the falls simultaneously. Two crews are told off for them, one in each watch. They are called the "seaboat's crews," and at night-time lie down in a special place with their lifebelts on. They are usually exercised at manning their boat, one in every night-watch, and very often after the evening quarters, when the boatswain reports both boats clear and ready for lowering.

* * * *

THERE are at present in existence only two corps of Volunteer Light Horse out of the number that were originally raised in 1860 in the first flush of the Volunteer movement. One by one the various corps have dropped away, and now there only remain the two Scottish corps of the Fifeshire Light Horse and the Forfarshire Light Horse, with headquarters at Dundee and Cupar respectively. The Forfarshire corps, indeed, has only a nominal existence, and it has of late been attached to the Fifeshires for administrative purposes. It comprises only one squadron, officered by a captain and a lieutenant. The Fifeshire Light Horse, on the other hand, comprises four squadrons and is fully officered, having also on its establishment an adjutant, a captain of the Scots Greys, seconded for the service just as volunteer infantry adjutants are for their branch.

* * * *

THE "Queen's Barge," which was last publicly employed in conveying the body of Nelson from Greenwich to Whitehall, was built for George II. when Prince of Wales; her length being 64-ft., and her breadth 6-ft. 8-in. She was double banked, manned by twelve oars, and her cabin was capable of containing from twelve to fourteen persons. The whole of the carvings were of oak, and of the most superb workmanship. For some time she was laid up at Deptford, where she underwent a thorough overhaul in 1842, and where she narrowly escaped being sold out of the Service, owing to the red-tape view taken by certain officials of an Admiralty order to dispose of "unemployed small craft." She was, however, preserved from such an undignified fate by the strenuous representations of the Master Boat-builder at Woolwich Dockyard, who was enamoured of her superior build and decorations, thoroughly refitted, and removed to Virginia Water. There are two other clinker-built barges, also preserved at Deptford, which still possess traces of having once been lavishly decorated; they are known as "Queen Elizabeth's Barges," though, as they were built certainly not less than 100 years after the death of that autocratic lady, it is difficult to see what connection she had with them. In reality they were the barges used for the conveyance of the Victualling Commissioners between London and Deptford, and figured in many a stately water pageant; they were originally kept in a special boat-house at Lambeth, whence they were removed to Deptford in 1823.

* * * *

THE honorary colonel, or "general-colonel" as Tommy Atkins sometimes calls him, of a regiment is always a distinguished general officer, usually one connected in his younger days with the particular corps. Nowadays, though a few paid colonels still survive, the appointment carries no pay, but up to the last few years it was worth £1,000 a year, and still earlier was far more valuable. The original colonels were actually officers serving with the regiments, which till within the last 120 years bore the colonel's name. They practically owned their regiments, for they and their officers had to find all the money for raising and equipping the corps, and it was to recoup them for this outlay that the sale of commissions was allowed. Purchase was abolished in 1870. The colonel in early days got a lump sum from Government, and provided everything, making what he could. In one of the Duke of Wellington's letters to his agent he writes "that he cannot afford a new set of instruments for the band this year!"

THE EDITOR.

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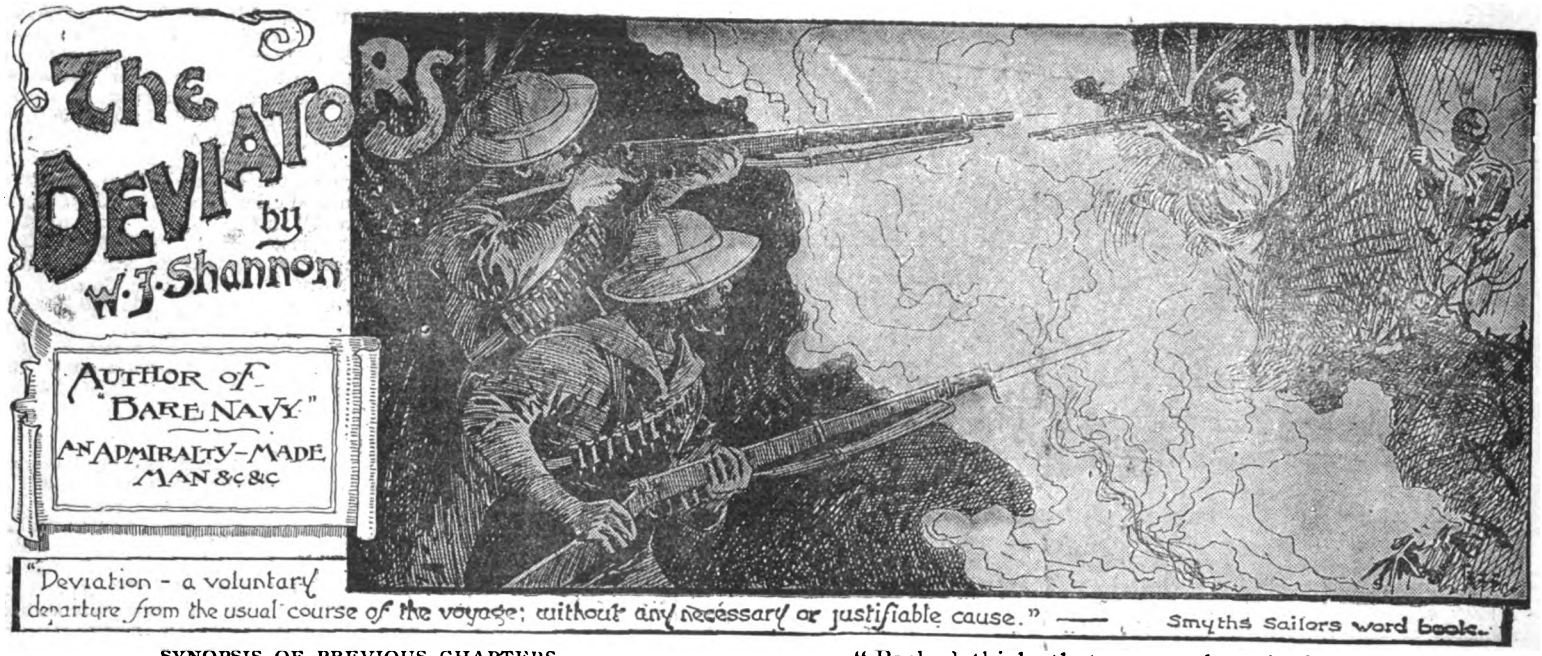
The DEVIATORS
by W. J. Shannon
AUTHOR OF "BARE NAVY."
AN ADMIRALTY-MADE MAN &c &c
"Deviation - a voluntary departure from the usual course of the voyage; without any necessary or justifiable cause." — Smyths Sailors word book.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

A party from H.M.S. "Pimpernel" lands in East Africa. It is ambushed on re-embarking and an officer and two men are left behind. The men, Twelves and Eaves, rescue the officer in the night following the ambush, but while they are exploring a cave he disappears. In the cave they find what they take to be a box of treasure, and also a trader, known to Twelves, and through him ascertain where the sub-lieutenant is likely to be. The trader offers to accompany them.

CHAPTER IV. *(continued.)*

"OH, no. They looks after the lower deck all same as ward-room, in these latter days——"

"Here, hang on a bit, Jim," protested Eaves. "You'll go spreadin' the news that we has marmalade for breakfast, very soon, and four-post bedsteads, like the pongos."

"Well, so they do look after us, Angel. Now take these helmets, served out to us by a thoughtful band of Adm'als——"

"I wish they hadn't done it," said Eaves. "If they hadn't bin so unbendin'ly careful, we shouldn't had no temptations to sleep, and should 'a' bin safe aboard."

"Don't mind him," said Twelves. "That's the champagne. He's always like this before and after champagne. Always melancholy."

"I aint."

"Very well, then. Keep on bein' cheerful. On'y don't blow about it."

"Well, I'll run and get those clothes and have the canoe prepared and provisioned," said Angel. "I'll be back as soon as possible."

"Right you are," said Twelves.

"Who *is* that bloke?" asked Eaves, when Angel had gone.

"Will you be in a good and lovin' frame of mind if I tell ye about him?"

"I always am," said Eaves.

"I don't know much about him, but I'll tell you this. I used to know him on the flag-ship, last commission. He was a choir boy, and one of the best, I should say, lookin' at his sweet innocent face. But I surmise his morals broke up wid his voice. At any rate when he joined the Navy as a non-continuous bandsman they was in pieces, and he hadn't got one of the usual virtues. He played on one of them horizontal gadgets, so"—and Twelves vigorously worked his right hand to and from his mouth and blew into his left fist—"excep' one Christmas Day, when he blew a penny trumpet to that extent that his affectionate friends triced him up to the riggin' and put a flour-sack over his head. And even then he sung.

"In his workin' hours he turned the bandmaster's hair white by playin' other tunes than in his music book, and durin' the officers' dinner time he turned out flats in such quantities that the ward-room all had indigestion. So when he broke his leaf and stopped ashore a week or two everyone was quite happy, and even the Adm'al felt better, and hoped he'd gone to blazes.

"But he hadn't. One night the dooty boat was layin' at the landin'-place to bring off officers and stragglers, when he strolled down, and said if the kind officer didn't object he'd come too. He'd got a trumpet of some sort wid him and was fur gone and voluptuous; so that Number One, who was then Number Two, and who was the senior officer goin' off, wasn't glad, for the cutter was already overloaded, and the night was dirty, wid a choppy sea.

"Packed thick, that cutter shoved off under sail, close-reefed, and hadn't gone fur when a wave lapped aboard, and then another. The lootenant looked remarkable anxious, and set us all balin', excep' them as was happy as kings, and jist as independent. But the water gained on us and we took more and more aboard; and jist as the ship loomed up through the night the sea inside met the sea outside over the gunnel.

"'Sit still, all of ye,' says the lootenant, at the sheet.

"And for some yards we swep' along sittin' in the water like statues—even the bandsman. And then a squall took the sail and laid the boat over on her side quite neat, wid the sail flat in the water and all of us in the sea. Them who could swim swum to the ship, which was quite near, and clutched the gas-warps, and them that couldn't hung on to the boat.

"The lootenant and me dived about under the affair to disentangle a Portagee servant or so, and hooked 'em on in places round about the cutter. The bandsman had perched hisself on the boat nussin' his instrument, solemn as a owl, and he praised us up in the most beautiful language for our industrious divin'.

"While we was doin' it a grapnel had cast on to the cutter's riggin', and she was dragged alongside the ship wid that bandsman playing the 'Dead March' in the deadliest possible way, and everyone got aboard but him.

"'Stop that row, and come off that boat,' sung out Number Two, what had no ear for music, as it were, from the deck.

"Angel Raphael played the march right through, and then said 'Excuse me. Can't a bloke practise up at his profession?' And he started agin. I went below then to shift, but the lootenant and a couple of hands slipped over the side to pass a rope's end round him, and to get the boat hooked on to the falls. However, he helped the boat to break loose, and she drifted away along the ship's side and away out into the dark jist as they dropped into her. The other cutter was lowered as quick as the Navy can do it, but they couldn't find her, and never heard the bugle blowin' any more. Nor in the mornin' we couldn't find her. But in a week the lootenant and the two hands arrove aboard and we learned about it all.

"The cutter was a self-rightin' boat, so the men who were cast adrift in her cut away the mast and sail, so's she should right herself. She done that, and then rolled over wrong agin. That bandsman scrambled up on her keel wid the others, still holdin' his machine, and the lootenant noticed it.

"'Give a blast on that damned trumpet of yours,' says he.

"'My workin' hours is over for to-day,' says Angel.

"'*What!*' says the lootenant. 'Blow that blessed bugle at once!'

"'It aint a Service instrument,' says Angel. 'It's private property, and I aint going to wear it out in the service of the State. I know my rights.'

"'Tune up, chum,' says one of the hands. 'It's perishin' cold.'

"'Do you want to get aboard to-night?' says Angel.

"'A' course.'

"'Well, I don't. But you can have a rub at this yourself, if you like.'

"The two muckos had a go at the melancholy weapon, and passed it, speechless, to the lootenant. He blew and blew, and he was a strong-winded officer, but none the less, no sound came.

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"'What have you done to this?' he ast Angel.

"'A Navy lootenant and can't play on a sackbut! I should never 'a' thought it,' says Angel.

"Jist then the boat turned right side up, like all self-rightin' boats ought to do. And no sooner was it on an even keel than it turned over agin, when there was no call for it, too, because that wasn't in the patent."

"I know them boats," said Malachi.

"Yes, it was a roller, and went over and over at intervals all night, and the lootenant passed from swearin' to prayin', and the bluejackets, too, but Angel Raphael never. And when they banged up agin a dhow it was Angel what hung on and got 'em all aboard, nearly froze to death. He's a strong chap and was appairiently on'y chilly.

"That dhow belonged to the Queen of some town hereabouts, and she fell in love wid Angel or his trumpet. So he married her and sent the others aboard. But the lootenant was changed by that night's buffetin' from a hard swearer into the blue light he is now. And I reckon it all happened through Angel Raphael. So he's a missionary. And that was six year ago."

"Talking about Lieutenant Cutivator?" said Angel, reappearing with a bundle of clothes.

"Yes. I was sayin' he beats chaplains at their own game now," said Twelves.

"Then I shouldn't like to meet him," said Angel. "You'd better get into these at once, and we'll start."

"Hand 'em over. No. That lootenant is a bit monotonous now. 'Twelves,' he'll say in the nighs watches. 'Twelves, walk wid me. Why don't you give up your immortial soul and take care of yourself?' 'Sir,' says I, 'what's an orphan bluejacket got to live for if he can't be happy and aint married?' And he says, 'Ambition and glory in the next world.'

"'No,' says I, 'that's agin the regulations. They reminds me to make myself at home in my stations abroad and at home, and stop there. You wouldn't care for me to set up agin the wisdom of the middle ages and the good wishes of the bishops, would ye, sir? let alone the distinct orders of Eevan.'

"Then he looks up the prayer-book for a day or two, feelin' shaky on the facts, and has a further tap. 'Twelves,' says he——Oh, I say, look at Malachi! A flatfoot wid a night shirt on. You're not disguised in the least, Mal. We'll have to leave you behind this trip."

"Look at yourself, Jim Twelves."

"Me dear Mal, I feel like a ballet girl wid rational and flowin' skirts. But Angel, do Arabs wear pith helmets? Don't you think Mal ought to go the whole act like me and wear a turban?"

"It will be as well," said Angel. "We shall not be so conspicuously foreign then."

"And a turban will do as well as a shako for a pillow, Mal, and perform the additional luxury of a sheet."

"Very good," said Eaves. "Sling us a turban. This cuttin'-out expedition is goin' to be full of worry, I can see."

"Now, if you're ready, follow me," said Raphael, preceding the seamen through devious passages to the outer air on a part of the hill unknown to them. At the mouth of the cave were offerings of rice and fruit.

"For the devil?" asked Twelves.

"No less," said Angel. "Or the god. It's all the same."

"Haven't they diskivered your stores?"

"Oh, no. They daren't go inside, except an irreligious Nubian servant of mine. At any rate, I've not lost anything yet."

"I say though, Jim," whispered Malachi, after walking for five or ten minutes in silence, "we have, unless you got it under your shirt."

"What?" said Twelves.

"The box."

"Good Lord, Mal! I've forgot it."

CHAPTER V.

BETRAYED.

"We best turn back at once, then," said Eaves, testily. "We're losin' everythink in procession."

"Yes," said Twelves, thoughtfully, slackening his pace. "Fust we loses the party, but we git over that; and then Charlie, and we stand that; but to lose di'monds and sapphires, we draw the line at that. We——"

"Hurry up, Jim," shouted Angel from some distance ahead. "Tired already?"

"Comin', chum, comin'," Twelves shouted back, quickening his step.

"Aint ye goin' back for 'em, then, Jim?" said Eaves, hurrying after.

"It's hard to bear up aginst, Mal, but we should have to explain things to *him*, so I reckon we best let it wait till we return."

"I doubt whether a box of treasure waits for any length of time," said Eaves.

"It waited a long time for us, Mal, and I'm sure it'll hang on a trifle longer."

"It's in a different place now, Jim. It aint in a safe deposit, amongst skeletons."

"No, but after all, Mal, it's best where it is. It's handy, and we can drop in and pick it up at any moment. To carry treasure into the enemy's country is to place temptation in his way, and that is not war, is it? Them precious stones is perfectly safe layin' where I laid 'em."

"THE BLUEJACKETS DASHED THROUGH THE SHALLOWS TO THE BANK."

"No doubt. Everythink happens for the best, with you. I'd sooner have the trouble of carryin' that box than leave it layin' where you laid it, so I tell ye."

"Let's close up to Angel," said Jim. "He's at the bank, beckonin'."

The three got in Angel's canoe, and sailed and paddled up-stream between wooded banks till late afternoon, but saw no sign of the enemy. Angel said he had ascertained from some of his men that the tribe they were after, which lived far up the river beyond the coast plain, had been raiding recently.

"This has all the appearance of a long job, Angel, and you best leave it wid us," said Twelves.

"I've plenty of time," said Angel.

"But it aint right, it aint fair to the home, that you should go skirmishin' around after a sub-lootenant what you had no hand in losin'," said Twelves.

"But you don't know where this tribe is," said Angel.

"We can ast," said Twelves, serenely.

Raphael smiled as he looked round at the mangoes and palms. The shambas, the plantations, had long been left behind. There was no one to ask. But he said, "You don't know Swahili, Jim."

"Enough to make 'em savvy simple things, chum. 'Yambo, zana' (bwana, master), 'posho, posho.' Which if they don't savvy I will interpret for them."

"How will you interpret that, Jim?"

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"'Morning, mister, posho, posho.'"

"But that's only half done."

"Oh, they'll know 'posho' right enough. Everyone knows 'posho.' So don't you worry about us bein' able to make the natives comprendy."

"But, Jim, although you are proficient in the language, there may be some fighting——"

"I'm proficient at that, too," interpolated Jim.

"And three of us are none too many to tackle a tribe."

"No, it aint what you'd call overwhelmin' numbers."

"Exactly, so I don't think you ought to reduce your force to the extent of sending one-third of it home."

"I wish I was reduced and sent home," grumbled Eaves.

"Why, Mal, this canoein' is as good as general leave. At home you pays a bob a hour to take your gel rowin' off Sou'sea beach——"

"That I don't," said Eaves.

"Well, it can be done cheaper, but the principle remains. You pay to take a boat out——"

"But I don't," protested Eaves.

"That don't affect the argument. You could if you wanted to. And here you can have canoein' for nothink, in a real native bark——"

"I don't want it," said Eaves.

"No, that's of course, like all of us. We never know what is really good for us. When you're old and mouldy you'll be always spinnin' cuffs about how you rescued Charlie in the face of Nature, besides in the presence of me, and you'll forget how you keep on don'tin' and won'tin'. You'll be glad you come. You'll be proud of this rescue."

"We aint rescued him yet."

"No, but it's astonishin' how soon we shall, and when we have, Mal, we turn and go down stream straight aboard, and there we are, wid an undetachable memory of good works we've inflicted on the world, happy evermore."

"Except for explanations."

"Don't you trouble about them, chum. Leave them all to me. Every spare minit I'll work away at them explanations. 'Course, if we git Charlie, and there aint any reasonable doubt we shall"—Eaves shrugged his shoulders—"explanations is not required."

"We've got to account for things," said Eaves.

"Wise men has bin tryin' at that since before Pharaoh," said Twelves. "And it's devil a bit of use."

"The cap'n won't admit that as evidence," urged Eaves.

"No, but it'll touch him. We must talk to him straight and show him the necessaries of the case. If we don't bring Charlie home, we can detail the steps we've took tryin' at it; and a man aint to be judged by what he doos, but by what he tries to do. Nelson said that. Therefore——"

"We could have delivered up Charlie safe and sound once, Jim, and we didn't. We've got to explain that."

"Why, we went up the hill like the brave old Duke of York, Mal. You very soon forgit."

"We didn't ought to have gone scullin' around by ourselfs. We ought to 'a' reported him."

"Malachi, you're down-hearted from no cause, unless it's because of the weight of that box added to the trouble of limberin' up when you get aboard once agin, which is both of it theory. Do you observe any doubts in my Arab eye?"

"I aint an inventor, like you."

"It has its drawbacks, rags. They expects bigger benders every time. Goin' to sail all night, cap'n?" went on Jim, turning to Angel at the helm. "I see we've got to the open, and left them blessed mangoes."

"Yes; I'll take the first watch."

"Call us when the enemy heaves in sight, mind," said Twelves, laying down. But he almost immediately sat up as the boat grounded. "Here, keep off the grass, Angel! Don't let's go the overland route," he protested.

"I remember. There's a ford here," said Angel. "We must get out and force her over."

"What! And wet all my fine toggery?" said Twelves, stepping out nevertheless, and hauling with the others. They dragged the canoe over the shoals, and were about to get aboard when scattered shots were heard, and a fugitive, dressed like an Arab in a turban and a long white robe, ran to the water's edge. He saw the canoe like a sentinel in the water, apparently cutting off his retreat, and paused irresolutely, and then sank down and covered his face. The three men grasped their rifles, and whilst Angel remained by the canoe, watching keenly, the two bluejackets dashed through the shallows to the bank where the fugitive lay senseless.

"Pick him up, whoever he is, Mal, and hoist him aboard. I'll talk to these Swyhilis," said Twelves.

When the foremost pursuer reached the bank, Twelves was halfway to the canoe, and imperturbably greeted him in his Swahili, "Yambo Arafigi." In reply the man spoke at some length, and Angel answered. As Twelves got aboard a group of about a dozen gesticulating Swahilis stood on the shore.

They gave Angel to understand that they were exterminating the white people in East Africa, and had just smashed up a caravan from Uganda and killed off all the whites with the exception of that one, pointing towards the canoe.

Angel, getting into the canoe, said he would exterminate that particular one as his share in the pleasant work, and bade the crowd "good night," as did Twelves. Some of the Swahilis stepped into the water, blustering, but the rest remembered the plunder and went back to the caravan, while the canoe set sail and swept up a broad reach, followed by a few random shots.

The passenger was still unconscious, but soon recovered and knew he was among friends. He said that he had been journeying from Uganda with a caravan, and although they had heard rumours of a great uprising amongst the coast tribes for the last day or two, they had nevertheless fallen into an ambush. Many of the porters joined the attackers, and after seeing the only other European shot down he had run. His name, he said, was Raphael Angel!

Twelves stopped an exclamation attempted by Eaves, and watched the real Raphael bend closer to the recumbent stranger to scan his features by the starlight.

"I knew someone, years ago," said Angel, "named *Susanna* Angel, a missionary in Uganda. But she was a girl. Your sister, perhaps?"

"Yes," said the stranger, hesitatingly.

"I was acquainted wid a young chap named Angel Raphael," said Twelves. "And *he* was a missionary. But he was a boy. This is him."

"If my sister likes to play Raphael I shall not object, but it's not a good part." And Angel kissed his sister.

Twelves drew Eaves unostentatiously to the bow of the canoe. "No wonder that young man fainted," whispered Twelves. "Poor gel."

"What is it all, Jim?" whispered Eaves.

"This is a play, Mal. She's disguised, and once more aboard the lugger, and all's well. That Arab robe of hers covers a dress, and not a Service flannel and pants as wid you and me. But I wish she'd took refuge on some other canoe. It's bad to have women on campaigns."

"It's bad to *be* on campaigns," said Eaves. "It's a most uncomfortable way to pass the time."

"But consider the kind actions we're doin', chum."

"Who to? Not to ourselfs. Not to the Service."

"To what they calls posterity, Mal, which is as much as to say to anyone but your own relations. Where would this young lady 'a 'bin if we'd not bin here? All 'dabbled o'er wid gore,' like the poetry book says."

"So shall *we* be at the finish, I surmise."

"Don't make horrible surmises like that, chum, but consider. We come to rescue Charlie, who after all is on'y one of many, and behold we capture a lovely lady, Angel's sister, and the on'y one, not to be replaced."

"There's plenty more women, I consider."

"But not of his sisters. That's the peculiar feature of this rescue. It's my belief, Mal——"

But Eaves was asleep, or pretending, and Twelves lay down too, while Angel talked out his watch with his sister.

"Raphael," said she, "why have you never written in all these years? I imagined you were dead."

"Nothing to write about, Suse."

"You might have said you were alive, or left an address."

"No address to leave. And my life was of no value to anyone."

"Raphael!"

"Well, it wasn't—and isn't."

"Why did you disappear?"

"No money left. You'd have wanted to give me yours to throw away."

"What have you been doing since?"

"Joined the Blues first. I had a few pounds remaining, and occasionally treated my troop. Colonel thought I'd joined for a freak, and when I brought the whole troop back to barracks in cabs one day, blind and speechless, he said it was time for me to resign."

"'I can put up with a gentleman or two among my troopers,' said he, 'and I can pardon them an occasional overdose, but I'll not stand any of you honourable devils making the whole regiment drunk.'

"I told him how I stood, practically moneyless, and it would be a serious thing for me if I had to go. He wouldn't listen. But what's the good of going on? The first four or five years are entirely drunken and shiftless. It's not the sort of thing to enliven a Zenana missionary."

"I'm not a religious missionary now, Raphael. Not that I admire your way of passing through the world any the more for that. You resigned, then?"

"Oh, no. I refused. He got me my discharge, though, and presented it to me, and shook hands at the barrack gate."

(To be continued.)

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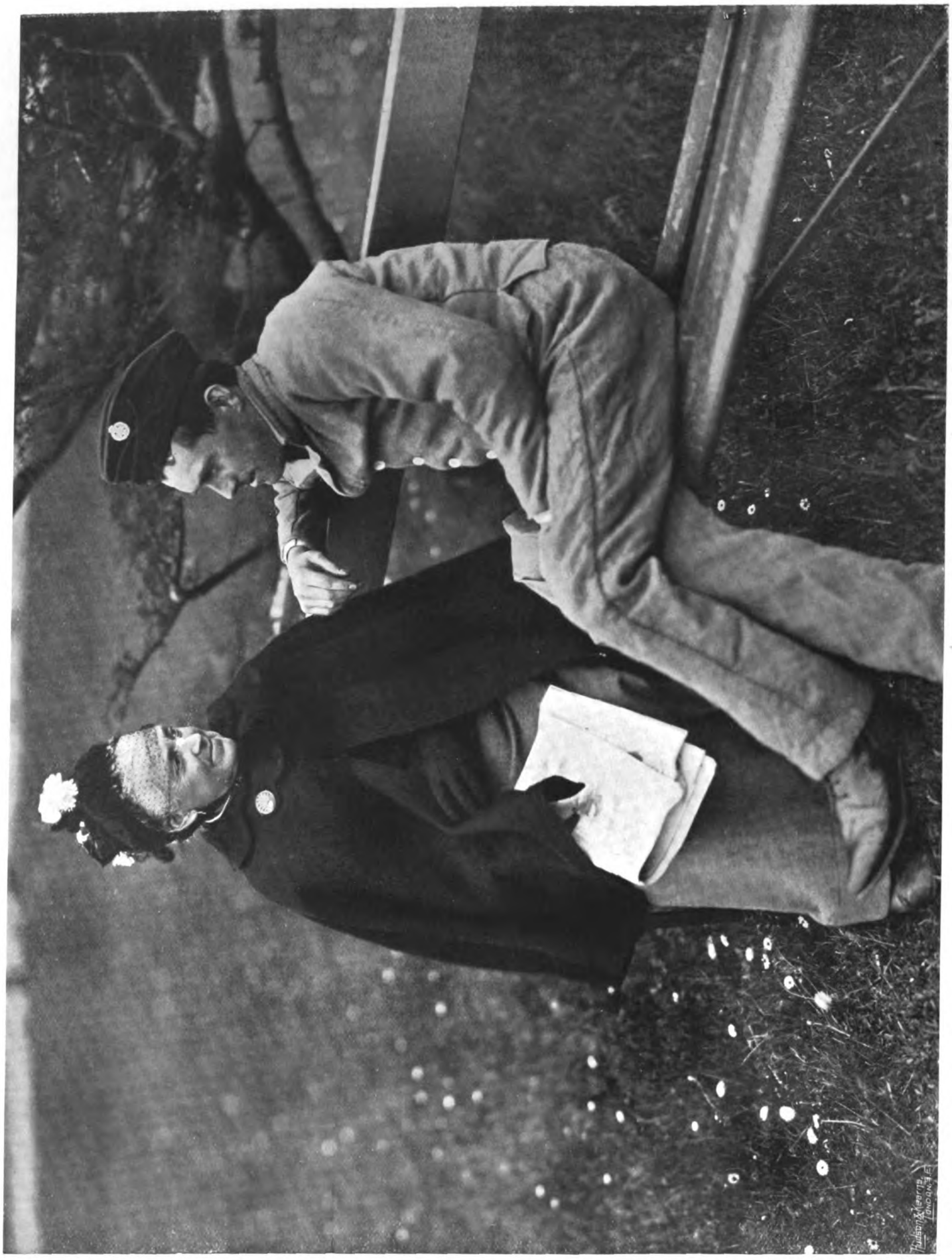

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THE HOME-COMING OF HER SAILOR BOY.

(See Page 281.)

Photo. Gregory.

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Our Colonial Forces: CANADA.—VI.

THE decisive termination of the North-West Rebellion of 1885, after a much more desperate and well-organised resistance than characterised the earlier rising, together with the increasing facilities of communication, probably convinced the malcontents that nothing much was to be expected in the future from any such attempts except hard knocks and ill-feeling. The removal of the prime conspirator, by the summary process of execution, was of course a death-blow to any hopes they may have entertained; and as all has been quiet and flourishing for thirteen years, it is to be hoped that all causes, imaginary or otherwise, of discontent have finally disappeared.

Nor should the execution of the rebel Louis Riel be regarded as too harsh a measure, for in the earlier rebellion he was undoubtedly guilty of the murder of a man named Scott, under very barbarous circumstances; and although it is customary to make allowances for what are termed "political" offences, it must be admitted that the lives lost on either side under such circumstances lie very near the door of the instigator.

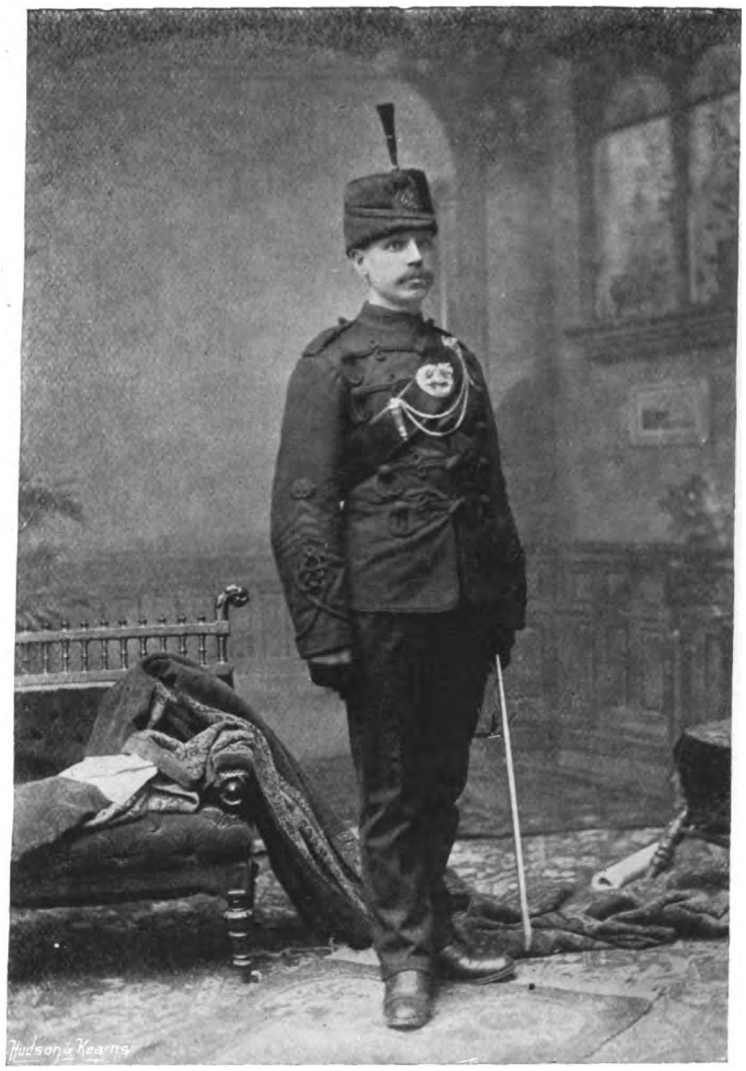
In bidding farewell to the men he had so ably commanded, Colonel, now Viscount, Wolseley addressed a special general order to the Militia, the following extract from which cannot fail to be of interest:

"I can say without flattery that, although I have served with many armies in the field, I have never been associated with a better set of men."

The first in seniority of the numbered battalions of Militia is the 1st Prince of Wales's Regiment, organised officially as a battalion in 1859, though its origin may be traced to a considerably earlier date. Indeed, there has recently been published in Canada a history of this battalion, in which identity is claimed for it, with some show of reason, with the Montreal regiment raised in 1837. The head-quarters are still at Montreal, and the motto is "Nulli Secundus," which is true to demonstration in a literal sense. and will no doubt be vindicated in every respect when the time comes round for the actual test in presence of the enemy.

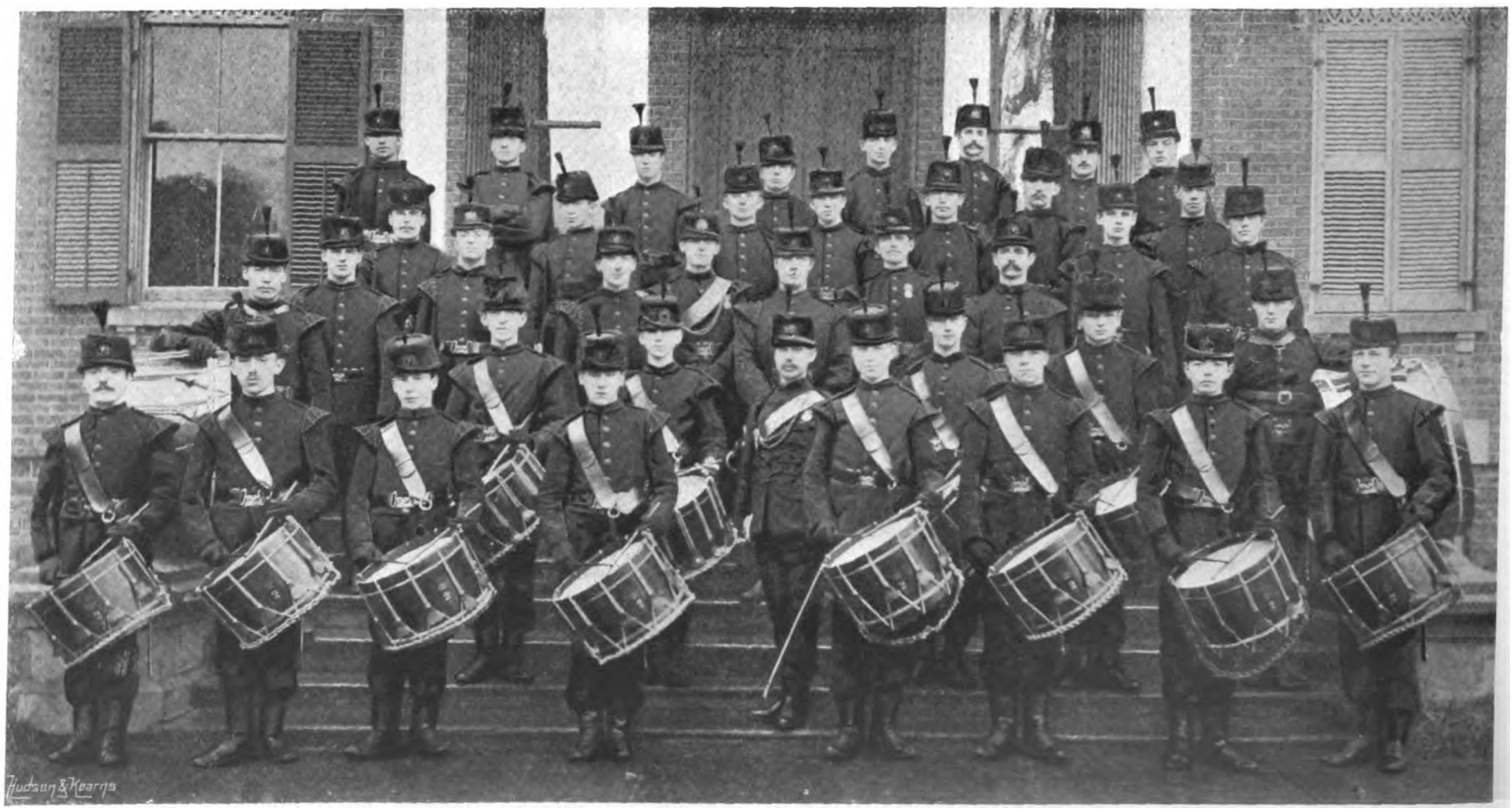
The 2nd Queen's Own Rifles are represented by Bugle-Major Charles Swift and the drum and bugle band which he has been mainly instrumental in raising to a high pitch of perfection. He joined in 1866, being then a lad of the tender age of eleven; and he soon became the leading bugler, and subsequently bugle-major. The band numbers forty-five, and accompanied the detachment which took part in the suppression of the rebellion of 1885, acting in turn as duty buglers, musicians, and ambulance corps, to the admiration of the general and his staff.

The regiment dates from 1860, and the motto is "In pace paratus" a good one, if practically adopted, for every regiment and every country which would be successful in war.



A BUGLE-MAJOR OF THE 2nd QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES.

The Fenian Raid of 1865 gave them some employment; and Colonel Otter, to whose column they were attached in the second North-West Rebellion, speaks very favourably of the conduct of officers and men, mentioning especially the gallantry of Sergeant McKell and Privates Acheson and Lloyd, who brought some of the wounded out of action under a heavy fire.



THE BAND OF THE 2nd QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES.

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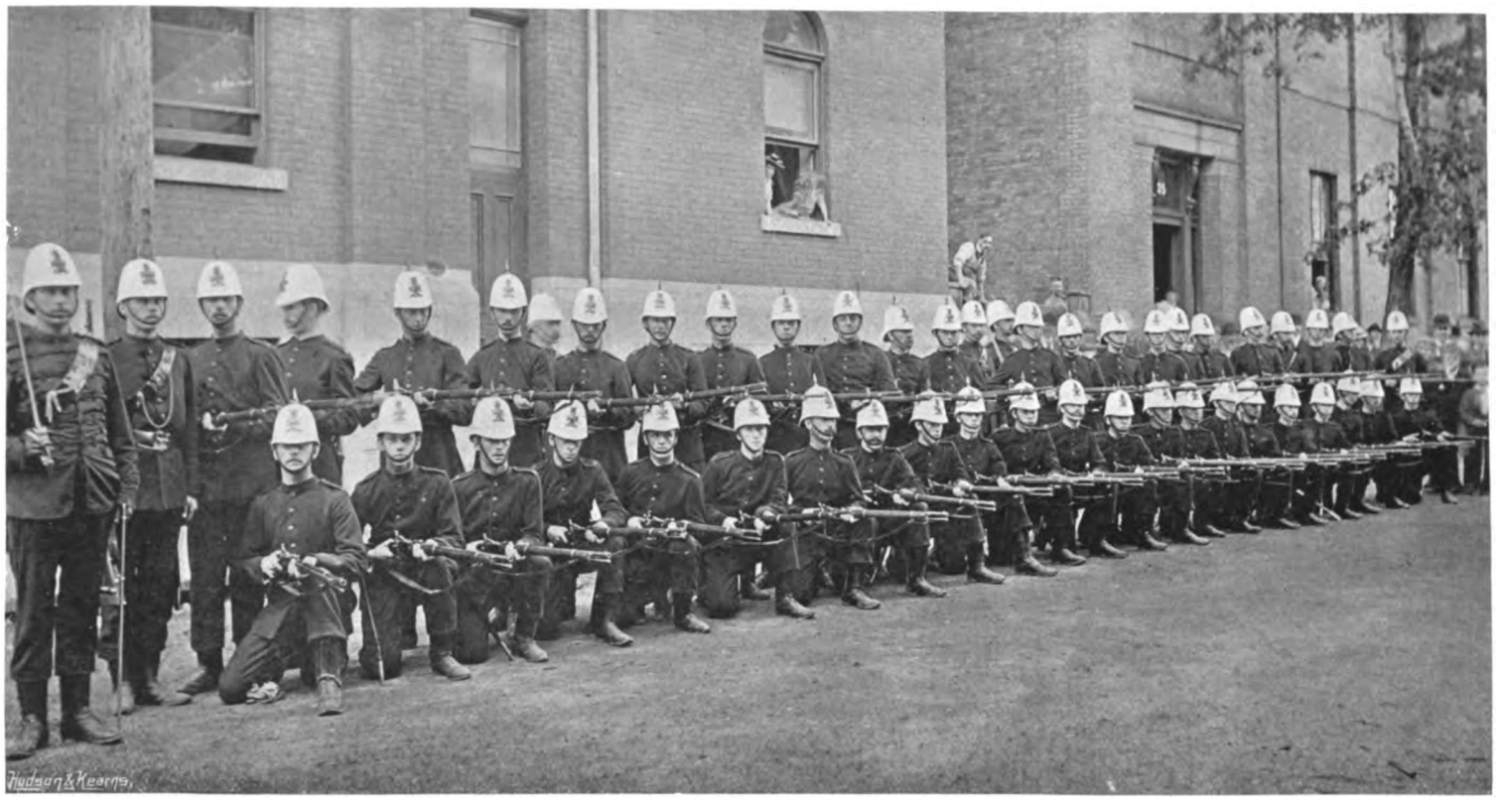

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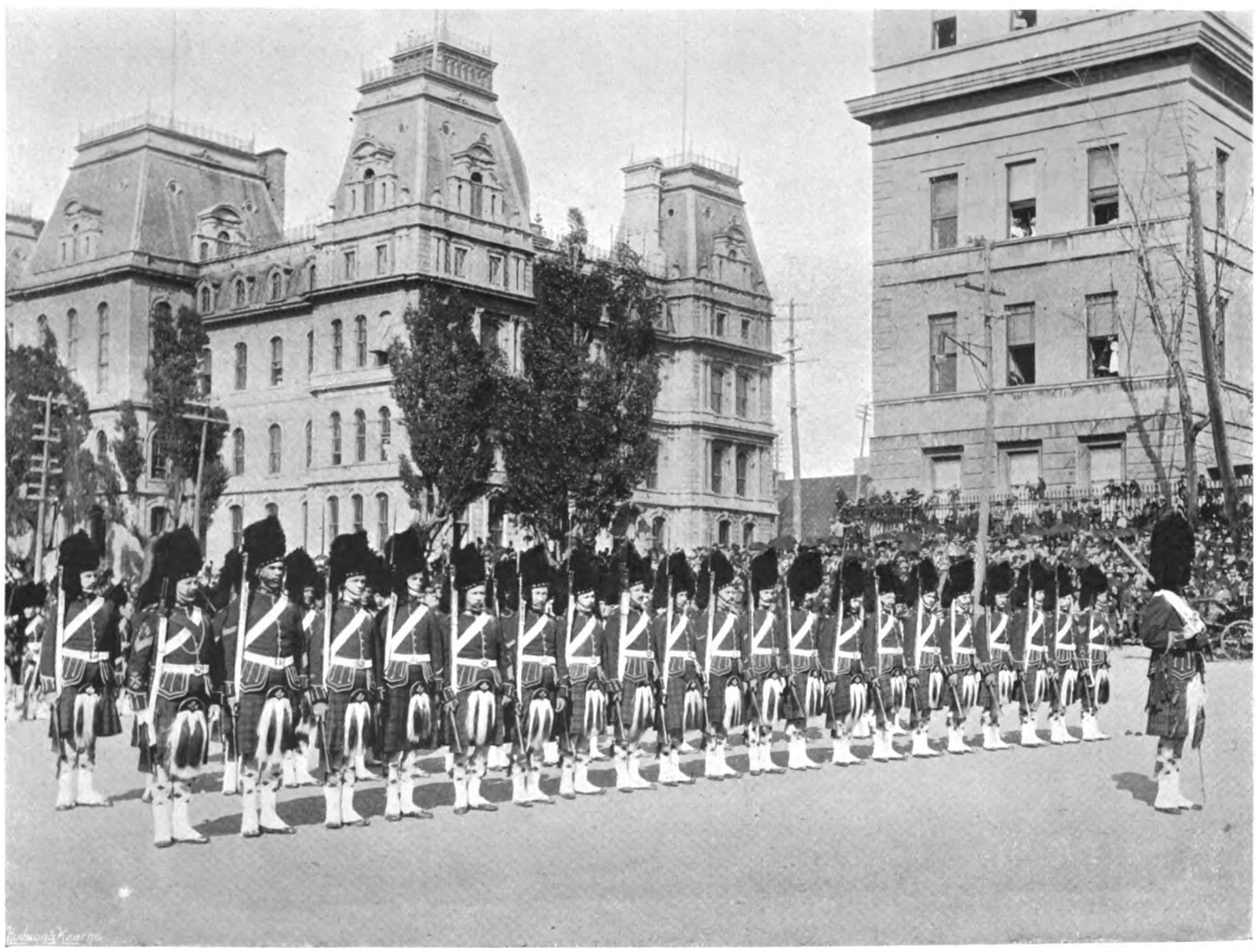
"READY!"—THE 3rd VICTORIA RIFLES AT DRILL.

The 3rd Victoria Rifles date from 1862; they bear the distinctive motto "Eccles Hill," which probably conveys no meaning to most people. It was the scene, however, of some lively work during the Fenian rising in 1865, and the Victoria Rifles were among the Canadian sharpshooters who crowned the hill bearing this name, and made it so hot for the Fenians that they could not leave their cover, even with the desired object of running away! The picture of No. 4 Company shows a smart and soldierly-looking lot of men; and they are up to date with a bicycle corps, which, it is beginning to be realised nowadays, "no regiment should be without."

True to their traditional adoption of the time-honoured uniforms of the Imperial regiments, the Canadians are not without their Highlanders; and we are able to give an illus-



AN INSPECTION OF THE 5th ROYAL SCOTS.

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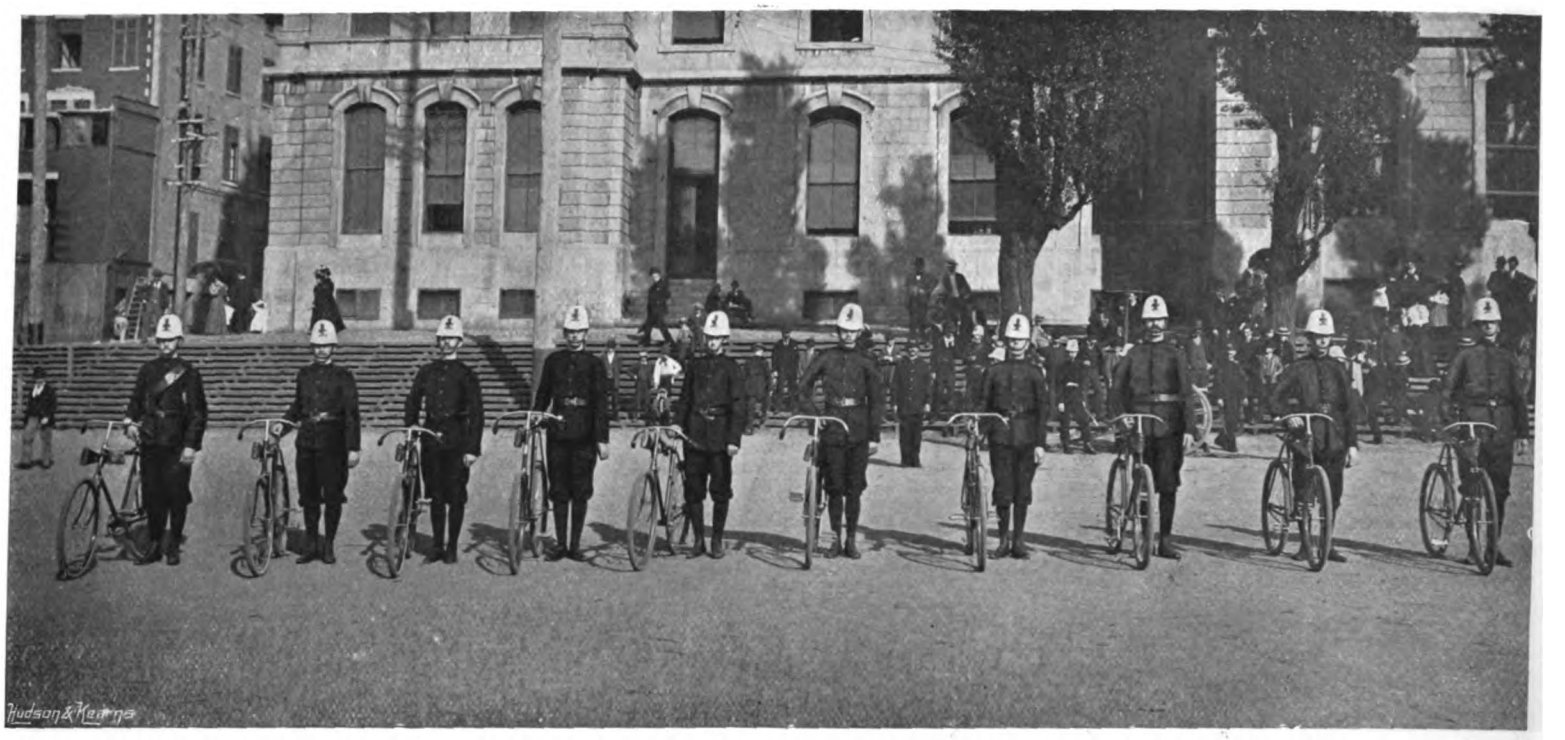

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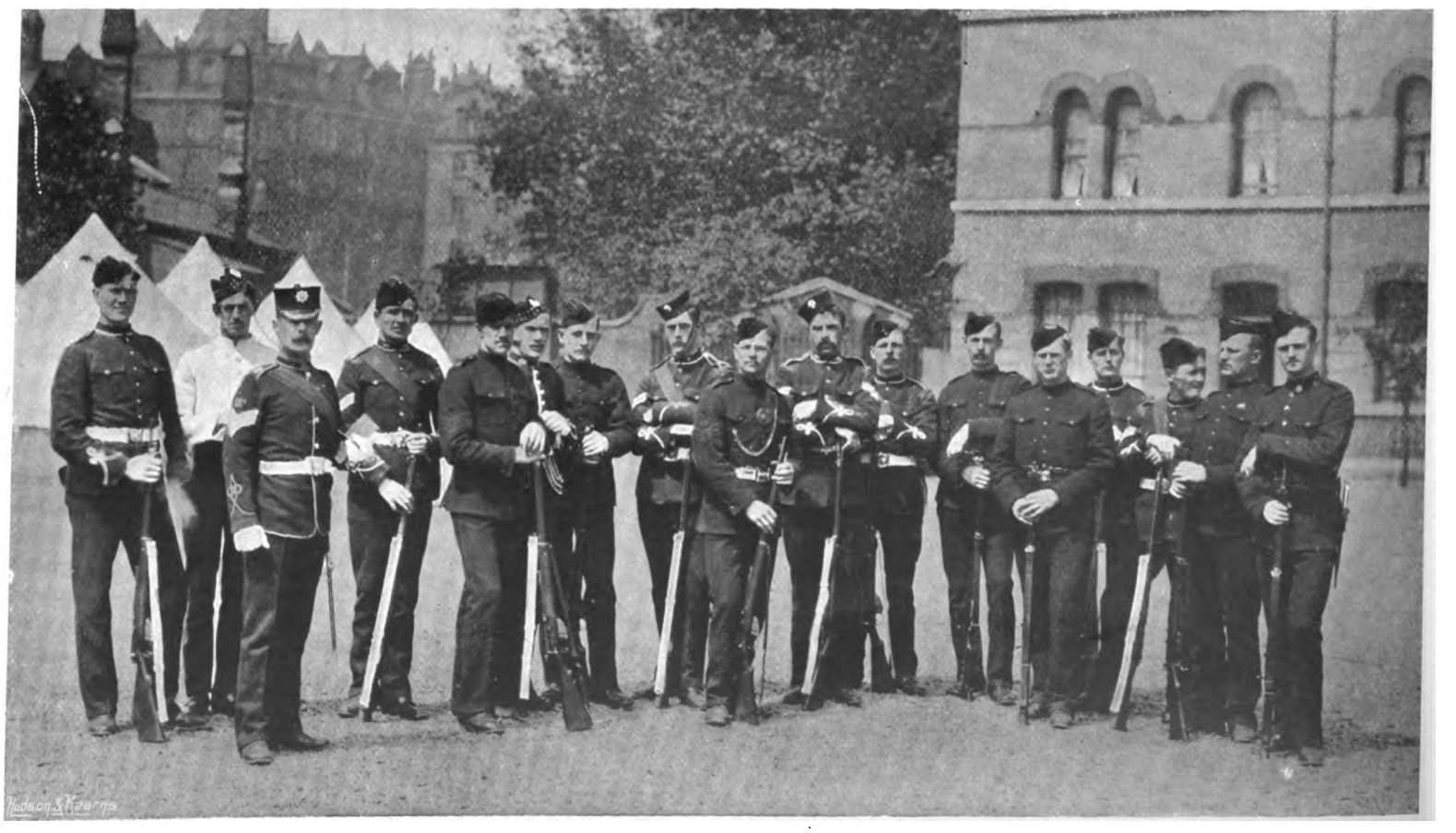
THE BICYCLE CORPS OF THE 3rd VICTORIA RIFLES.

tration of "A" Company 5th Royal Scots. They were raised in 1862, and have as a badge a boar's head—a good old Scottish crest, savouring of deadly clannish feuds—with the motto "Ne obliviscaris." In what proportion the regiment consists of genuine Scotchmen has not been ascertained for the purposes of this description; but we may be very sure that their strong individuality is maintained in Canada as elsewhere, and that they give the preference, if possible, to the corps which wears the old semi-barbaric but picturesque dress. It is not picturesque, by the way, when the bonnet is replaced by a white helmet, or the whole design is executed in khaki, however desirable these modifications may be in hot weather.

The 5th Royal Scots have been very successful in shooting competitions, which would appear to argue that there are a "good few" real Scots among them; for we know that a Scotchman has very frequently carried off the Queen's Prize at Bisley. They have a great capacity for "keeping their hair on" under all circumstances, even when trying for a winning bull's-eye.

The last illustration shows a number of representatives from the contingent which came over last year for the Jubilee, and were quartered at Chelsea Barracks. All descriptions of foot regiments are represented, though the Highlanders are in "trews," which render them less conspicuous. Of course, it would not have been possible to bring over men from all the ninety-one battalions; seventeen were represented, and they are nearly all in this picture, a good specimen group of Canadian soldiers. It may perhaps have been remarked, in the illustrations which have appeared of these men, that there is a certain expression or air about them by which one feels that they could be distinguished at a glance from our own soldiers, whom they so much resemble in many respects. The difference is not easily defined; but probably it is the result of the conditions of life in a vast tract of country, as compared with those which exist in our small—but important—island, where everyone is face to face with his neighbour, and no isolation—"splendid" or otherwise—is possible, as in some parts of Canada, where many men pass their whole lives at a great distance from any real centre of civilisation, and each has to look to himself.

(To be concluded.)



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REPRESENTING CANADA—A GROUP OF ALL ARMS.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 72.] *SATURDAY, JUNE 18th, 1898.*

Photo. Elliott & Fry. Copyright.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WILLIAM GODFREY DUNHAM MASSY, C.B.

(See Page 305.)

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MAKING MARKSMEN IN INDIA.

IN these days of arms of precision and action at long ranges the vital importance of efficiency in musketry is self-evident. This branch of military education is not neglected in the Indian Army, and from the accompanying illustrations we can get a fair idea of what, in the Orient, corresponds to our School of Musketry at Hythe. Every regiment, as is universal in the Service, goes through its annual course of musketry, but in addition to this there are regular musketry schools for the instruction of officers, both commissioned and non-commissioned—at Changla-gali in the

MAXIM PRACTICE—"GET READY."

Punjab, Pachmarhi in the Central Provinces, Deolali in the Bombay Presidency, and at Bellary on the Madras side. One of our larger illustrations shows a group of native commissioned and non-commissioned officers of all corps under

AN EXCELLENT SHOT.

instruction at the school of musketry at Pachmarhi, and it is a very typical group. The figure in the foreground with his right hand resting on the wheel of the Maxim gun-carriage is a splendid specimen of the Pathan, enlisted from

Photos. Hands. Jubbulpore.

RIFLE PRACTICE—"PRESENT"

LOOKING FOR RESULTS.

the very tribes that are now proving such stalwart foemen. The men with the quoits in their "puggarees" (turbans) are Sikhs, while those in the background, with their waist-belts buckled over thick "cummerbunds," belong to native cavalry

VOLLEY FIRING—"'TION."

regiments. Ghoorkas, too, are much in evidence. Note the stalwart little officer in front of the Maxim with the badge of crossed "cookeries"—the useful Ghoorka half knife, half sword—on his forage cap and collar. On the extreme right,

Photos. Hands. Jubbulpore.

COMPARING NOTES.

in the background, are three others, and it is worth noting that two of them wear the Star of the Order of Merit, the Victoria Cross of our Indian Army. The other group are the British officers of the school, the officer seated on the right being the commandant, Major Sir Robert Colleton, Bart., of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. The smaller photographs are reproductions of snap-shots taken of British soldiers at the ranges. From these it will be seen that careful instruction in the use of that deadly weapon, the Maxim, forms an integral portion of the soldier's education.

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A glance at the picture, "Volley firing -- "tion,'" will show, beyond the fact that all have not come smartly to "attention," that some of the men are wearing their helmets back to front This is because, when in the prone position as depicted in the picture "present," the long back peak of the helmet may catch the shoulder when humped, and the helmet be so thrust forward over the eyes of the marksman. In most regiments in India rifle clubs are maintained, and an annual regimental meeting is held to compete for prizes. All this goes to maintain a high standard of individual marksmanship, and tends to raise the standard of shooting efficiency of the Indian Army. When a regiment has a rifle club of this kind, it is not only a "good shooting" regiment, but it is also a regiment expert in the handling of, and careful in the care of, the weapons that they use as "soldiers of the Queen." A handsome medal is given each year for the best shot in the Native Army. It is worn on the right breast, suspended from a ribbon identical with that worn by the best shot in the British Army, viz., red centre with black borders, and down each border a white stripe. There is also a gold medal for the best shot in the Bengal Army, known as the Magdala Medal, instituted by Lord Napier of Magdala when Commander-in-Chief in India, in 1873. It was continued by his successors, but the wearing of it is only allowed on certain occasions, such, for instance, as at rifle meetings, but not on parade

OFFICERS OF THE PACHMARHI SCHOOL OF MUSKETRY.

Photos Hands. Jubbulpore.

THE NATIVE COMMISSIONED AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF ALL CORPS.

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The 3rd Battalion The Royal Fusiliers.

CITY OF LONDON REGIMENT.

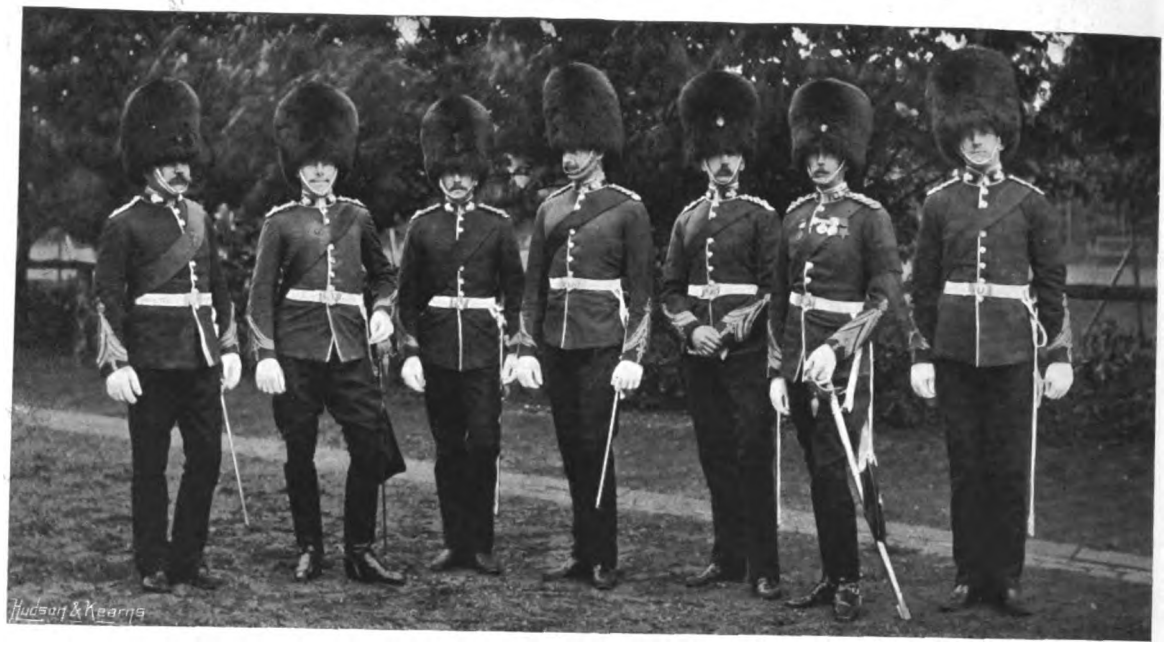
THE accompanying illustrations will give some idea of the excellent progress which has been made in increasing the strength of the Army. It will be remembered that the Royal Fusiliers were among the regiments to which the authorities recently decided to add a battalion.

The battalion was formed on April 1 by a nucleus of two companies from the 2nd battalion. No fewer than 208 men from the Army Reserve have rejoined the colours of the 3rd Battalion Royal Fusiliers under the recent regulations announced in Parliament when the Army estimates were being considered. A levening of old soldiers cannot fail to improve the smartness and discipline of the battalion.

Its present strength is 558 of all ranks, and though this is short of the authorised strength there is no reason to despair, for considering the age of the new unit the result is encouraging.

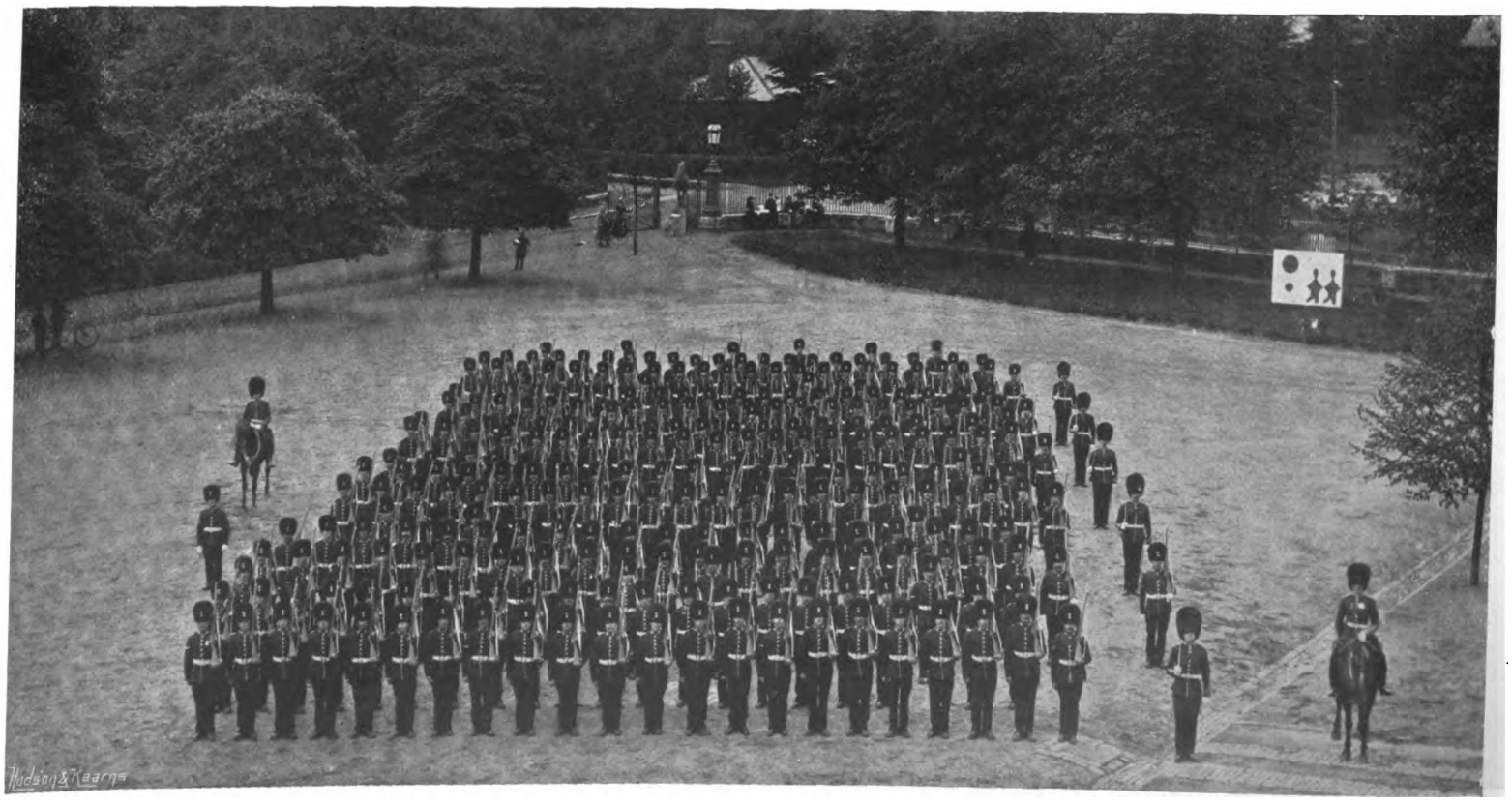
The commanding officer is Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. M. Gall, an officer who has seen considerable active service. The first illustration shows the officers of the new battalion, and the second the warrant and non-commissioned officers.

The efficiency of a new corps must always, to a great extent, be influenced by the non-commissioned ranks, for from them are drawn the drill instructors who train the raw material. The third illustration represents the new battalion on parade at Aldershot



THE OFFICERS OF THE NEW BATTALION.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE 3rd BATTALION.



Photos Evelyn. THE NEW BATTALION ON PARADE. Copyright.

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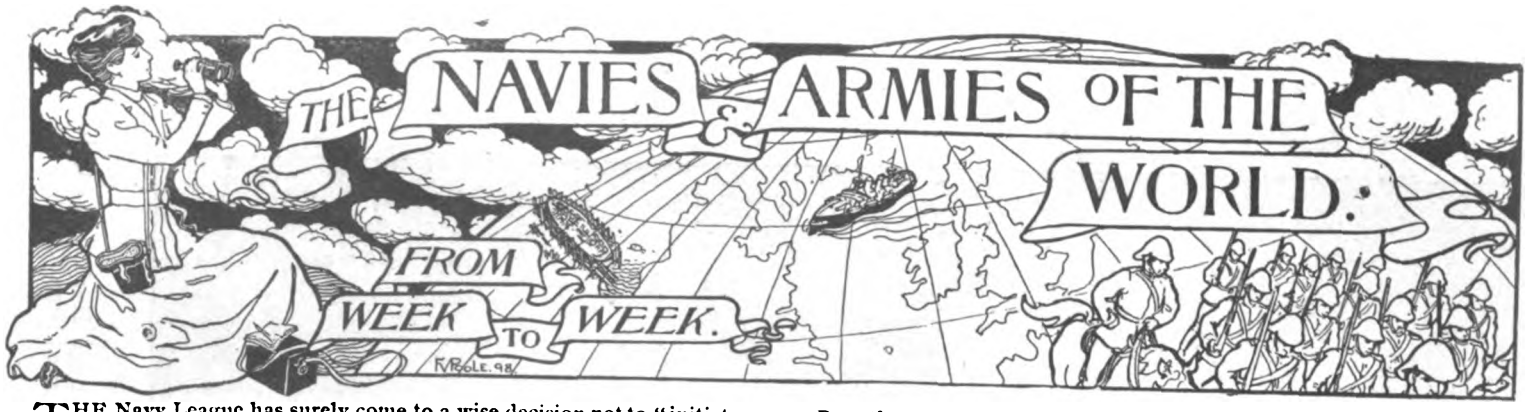

THE Navy League has surely come to a wise decision not to "initiate or take part in a celebration of the 100th anniversary of the battle of the Nile," though its reasons, as given by the executive committee, in its letter of the 6th of this month, may not have been put in the best words. One does not see, for instance, that the memory of Nelson needed to be "secured by a national remembrance of the anniversary of his death." If we did not remember Nelson, we should not care for the anniversary. In matters of this kind the public celebration is the cart, and the memory the horse. If any man, or executive committee, thinks otherwise, let him, or it, try to secure the remembrance of Hubert de Burgh, and his victory over Eustace, the monk, in the Straits of Dover. Very solid reasons could be given for considering it the most important sea fight ever won by this country. Hubert's appeal to the men of the Cinque Ports, "if these people land, England is lost; let us therefore boldly meet them," is as complete an expression of "the principles of duty and courage" as could well be found. His argument that God was with the English because the enemy was excommunicate, belonged to the time, and the circumstances. Yet a yearly celebration of the battle of Dover would be little better than a farce. The best reason for abstaining from celebrating the Nile is that these things are made ridiculous by overdoing them. Besides, there is no "recognition of the principles of duty and courage" by a *tamasha*, a big crowded demonstration in the streets. There is holiday making, which is quite another thing. One notification, the more quiet the better, that we do not forget, is quite enough, and nothing is more proper than that it should be associated with Nelson and Trafalgar, for the sufficient reasons that he does personify the Naval glories of the country and that the battle was the "crowning mercy" of many generations of sea fighting.

* * * *

So far well, but a perpetual celebration of everything, and everlasting glorification of past achievements, is, with all due deference to an interesting little people, rather Portuguese. That would not be worth saying if there were not signs of a certain tendency to go to tongue and show over our fighting, past and present. One cannot say it is altogether un-English, but it is not the best kind of English. The typical Englishman, who was content to be, and careless as to seeming, was once Lord Castlereagh, the most distinguished man at a great meeting of princes and diplomatists during the Congress of Vienna, because he alone wore no decorations. Lord Castlereagh would now be almost as great an exception at a banquet of his own countrymen as he was at Vienna. Of course one may carry that line into priggery. A mark of honour for yourself, to be kept by your posterity for ever, is worth having. But it is the rarity which makes the value. What a vast number have is no distinction. The same may be said of praise. What is lavished on all the world is of small price. Now it really is a question whether we have not poured out both decorations and laudation till they are in danger of becoming cheap. It would be worth while to get a Parliamentary return on the subject. It might leave out the Garter, which, as Lord Melbourne said, "has no d—— nonsense of merit about it," and can be had by very few. Then it might include all the others, except the Thistle and St. Patrick, which are akin to the Garter, from the Bath to the D.S.O., and make a sum total. We should then discover that the wearers amounted to a figure not so much smaller than that of the Frenchmen who carry the Legion of Honour. This, by the way, was the model of the whole modern business of decorations. Napoleon invented it not as "a recognition of the principles of duty and courage," but to stimulate the passion of his men for "La Gloire" by appealing to vanity. Being "the child of democracy" he made it open to all the world—which is another way of saying that he condemned it to become common. The true recognition of "the principles of duty and courage" was given by Lord Clyde when he peremptorily refused to recommend an officer who had been in first at a tight place, because "Mr. —— had only done his duty."

* * * *

SEVERE silence is the proper course to take in future with this unhappy Piper Findlater business, but it, too, is a rather ugly sign. For the man himself there are excuses. A hard-headed Scotchman with his subsistence to consider may be excused for thinking that "the star of the brave" and much patting on the back are all very well, but that a sum of money in a stocking has its merits. What is inexcusable is the emotional fuss made about him from first to last. It all started from the fact that he had a wind instrument in his hands when he was wounded, and went on making a loud noise. If he had had a gun, and had gone on firing, as hundreds of men have done, there would not have been a tenth of the fuss—probably no fuss at all. The sound of that squealing pipe has gone through the whole business. It is monstrous that we should be told what offer he has had from the Queen, what he said about the same, and of the measures taken by the War Office, which has bigger fish to fry, one would think, in regard to his doings. It is all a part of the same system which is making the mention of your name in general orders and despatches of no importance. Decoration and the mention of your name are fast becoming proofs of nothing, but just this, that you were there, and did your duty, and this is what was to be expected, when decorations and mention are given merely for good conduct. It comes to this, that the man who does not get them is under a stigma, as often as not simply because he is less lucky than another. Then a kind-hearted or a popularity-seeking superior lavishes them on all hands. We need a return to the "don't-care-a-damnativeness" and "take it for granted" of the great war time.

* * * *

IF it is true that the Spanish soldiers at Manila could not fire because of the rain, modern firearms must be more like the old Brown Bess than one had supposed. Probably it is not true, and the real explanation is that there were no cartridges, the Spanish Government having made up its mind that there would be no war, and that it would be enough to bribe the rebel leaders in the Philippines to secure their colony, and so having dispensed with providing the necessary means of defence. But such incidents as this were common enough in the old days of the flintlock. Once a battle in the Peninsula between the French and the Spaniards was stopped by a downpour of rain. Marbot tells a story, which may be coloured by his lively Gascon imagination, but is no doubt essentially true, of an incident which happened during the campaign of 1813 in Northern Germany. An Austrian regiment of foot was threatened by a very strong force of French horse. It was raining in torrents, so that the Austrian infantry could not fire. But as the mud was knee deep the French could only flounder. The French officer summoned the Austrian to surrender on the ground that he was cut off. The Austrian refused, saying that though he could not fire the French could not charge, and their cases were equal. Upon this the French officer replied that he had artillery at hand, to which the Austrian answered with the equivalent of "I have heard that before," or "Tell that to the Marines." But the French officer really had the guns, and he caused a couple to be dragged up. Hereupon the Austrians surrendered in a body. Yet one would think that they might have made some play with their bayonets. The story is characteristic of that army throughout the whole Napoleonic and revolutionary wars. It was always good, and always fought well, but it was never good enough, and there was always a want of "devil" in the leadership. This, to be sure, has been much its fortune at all times. Except Eugene, Loudon, and Radetsky, the first a Savoyard, the second a Livonian of Scotch descent, and the third, to judge from his name, not a native Austrian by race, its generals have commonly been very dull. They were hard-working soldiers, but the turn of their minds was always towards finding reasons for risking nothing. That no doubt is why in the end they lost the confidence of their countrymen. Prince Bismarck tells how he, or one of his friends, was driving through Vienna, when the way was stopped by a costermonger with two donkeys in his cart. "Get out of the way there *with your two general officers*," shouted the driver. Prince Bismarck notes this as a curious example of the fashion in which popular terms arise. Hitherto "grey ass" had been the nickname for a general, and now the practice was turned round, and "general" became the name for a moke.

* * * *

IF the story from McHenry, Mississippi, is well founded, the Spaniards have shown more than their usual foresight in relying on "General Yellow Jack" to come to their help in the West Indies. An outbreak of yellow fever among the tens of thousands of men the United States are accumulating in the South would stop all attempt to invade Cuba, in this wet season at least. Nothing was more likely to happen. A very striking letter from an American correspondent of the *Times*, published on June 4, shows that men have been brought together there in the conditions most favourable to an outbreak of the fever endemic in those regions. They are not acclimatised, they are put down in a relaxing climate, and subjected to the strain of drill and preparation, with no organisation, or, in all probability, proper sanitary precautions either. It was owing to such conditions, or something like them, that we have paid such an awful price for our Naval and Military successes in the West Indies. The expedition of 1585 and the Earl of Cumberland's occupation of Puerto Rico were both crippled by "the calenture," or "country fever," as we then called it. The conquerors of Jamaica perished almost wholly—those of them, that is to say, who remained in the island. Three-fourths of Pocock's expedition, the crews of Hosier's ships, whole regiments in the Revolutionary Wars, to name only some of the victims, were swept off by the same cause. It has been no less fatal to the Spaniards in Cuba. In most wars, disease kills its thousands for the hundreds who fall by the sword or the bullet, and in the tropics it kills thousands for tens. If now the Americans, carrying, as they very possibly will, the germs of this plague with them, land near Santiago, the hottest and the most unhealthy part of Cuba, it is as near as may be certain that they will go down in swarths. The Spaniards, who are more or less acclimatised, will not suffer nearly so much. The moral would seem to be that the obvious course for the Americans is to postpone all landing in Cuba till the wet season is over. Meanwhile, they can break up their camps in Florida, take their men to the hills, and turn their volunteers into real soldiers. Till the time for the Army to act comes, which cannot be before November, they can make play with their ships, for which there need be no want of occupation.

* * * *

IT is natural that the Spanish-American War should set the whole question of national insurance for trade in war going again. It is a very big one, but there is one consideration which is not so much taken into account as it well might be. Supposing the nation to make good all loss at sea, would not a tremendous stimulus be given to rash trading, to say nothing of the downright fraud of dishonest shipowners who would send out bad ships, very much over-estimated in value, simply that they might be captured? An immense system of supervision would be required to prevent swindling of that nature. Then as the tax-payer would naturally wish to keep his loss as low as possible, he would insist on a most complete system of convoy, which would tie the Navy by the leg, more effectually than in the old wars, when that duty hampered our admirals not a little. Of course it was necessary, and would be again, but if effectual it would render national insurance superfluous. The danger of national insurance would be that we would be tempted to make the mere business of accompanying merchant ships the first duty of the fleet, to the neglect of the pursuit of the enemy.

DAVID HANNAY.

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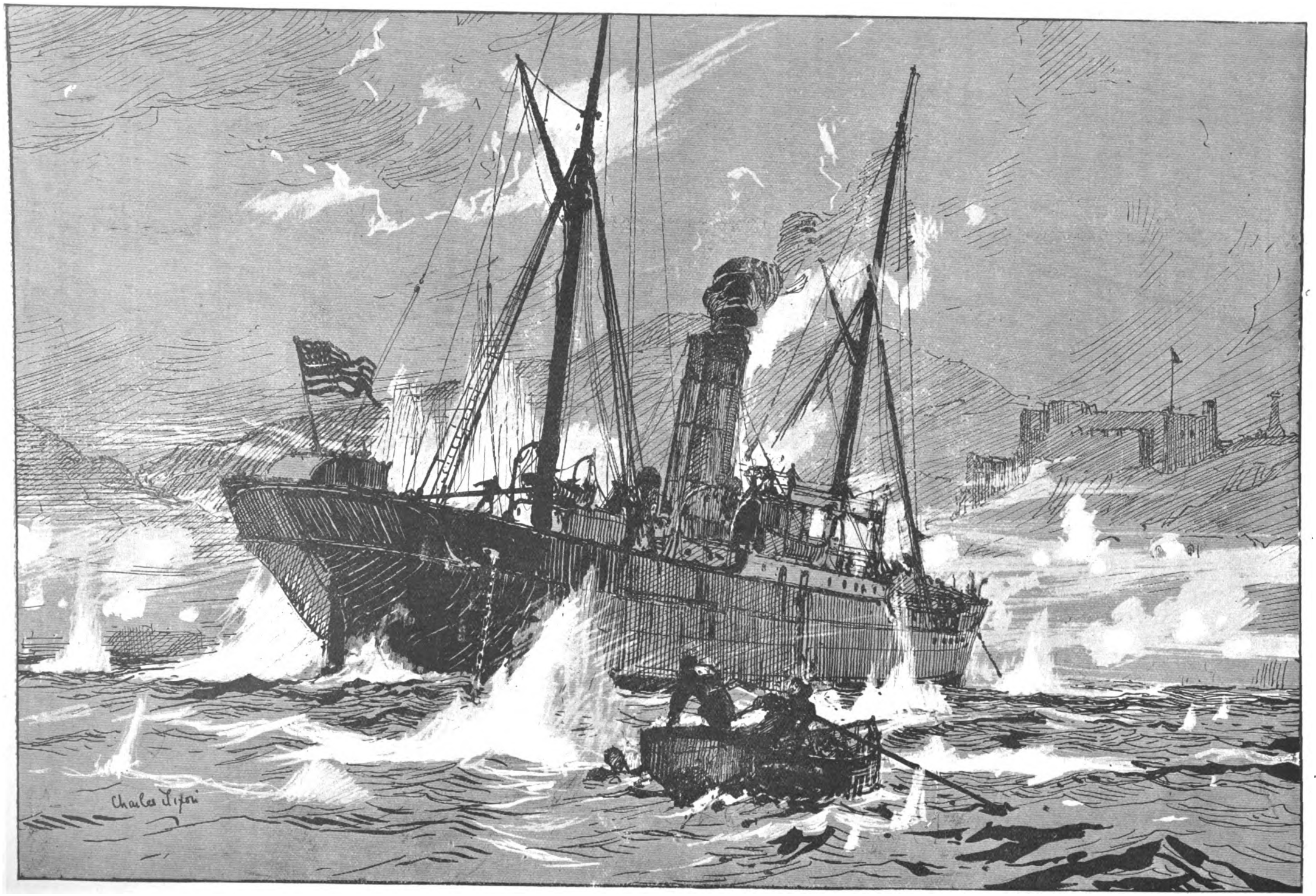

SEALING UP SANTIAGO HARBOUR.

On June 3, Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson, of the United States' Navy, succeeded in sinking the purchased collier "Merrimac" in the channel leading to Santiago Harbour in Cuba, and in spite of a hailstorm of shot and shell from the Spanish batteries. By this plucky act the channel was blocked, and the Spanish cruisers inside were prevented from leaving.

From a Description by an Eye-witness

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MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN is a novelist who chooses bold subjects. His deceased-wife's-sister novel, "More or Less Married," dealt with certain ethical questions, but I think his new volume, "The Admiral" (Hutchinson, 6s.), will attract more attention, and perhaps cause some discussion. The admiral in question is no other than Nelson, as the pictorial cover reveals. "A law unto himself," is the significant motto on the title. I had some misgivings when I found that the period treated was that of Nelson's service in the Mediterranean, a hundred years ago, that the scene was the corrupt Court of Maria Carolina, and that the "well-thumbed pages of Jeaffreson" were among the authorities. There was a puzzle also as to whether Mr. Sladen wished to instruct or to divert. But the reader soon finds that he proposes to present "the real Nelson" in the year of the Nile; and that there may be no doubt about it, he has, wherever possible, used, "whether in dialogue or description, the actual words of Nelson and his contemporaries." While thus striving for verbal accuracy, some may think that Mr. Sladen has missed the spirit. Thus I missed the burning zeal with which Nelson sought the French through the Mediterranean in that memorable year, the fretting of his mind, the eagerness of his counsel, and yet the calculated deliberation of his plans, with the doubts that assailed him as the enemy seemed to elude his grasp.

But I soon came to the conclusion that Mr. Sladen will both interest and instruct. As a piece of descriptive writing his work is very good, and there are many excellent chapters, weaving together with great skill various historical incidents in the romance which entitles his biography to be regarded as a successful novel. Whether the real Nelson is to be discovered in the outpouring of the confidences of an imaginary Nelson to his pen, is another question. This is Nelson the man much more than Nelson the seaman, and a man portrayed with great skill and fidelity. To the Nelson student the book will present few puzzles, but I imagine those little versed in the hero's life and utterances will sometimes be in doubt as to where fact ends and fiction begins. This is the danger of historical novels. Nelson is still near to us, much nearer in our sympathies and understanding even than in time, and his life is precious to us. On the whole it cannot be said that he gains by Mr. Sladen's treatment. His readers will not recognise the supreme intellectual qualities of the man who had the imagination to conceive, the boldness to dare, and the skill to accomplish.

The story is something, in fact, in the way of a sex-novel. We fight the battle of the Nile, and then the Sicilian scenes begin. Nelson is soon writing in the mysterious diary, from which excerpts are given, "I hope I am not a bad man to have passages in my behaviour which it is not expedient to discuss with my wife." A step further, and he is discussing the philosophy of kissing, and is on his knees before Lady Hamilton "endeavouring to persuade her from her tears." He finds, too, "more to detain him in Naples than he had anticipated." "Incidental caresses," he elsewhere remarks, "are beautiful, tender, endearing things. But to abandon yourself to a banquet of them on a Neapolitan autumn night, in the darkness and silence of a great house, hushed for a fever patient—a banquet of caresses with the loveliest woman in the world—and not a human soul to save you from falling in love!" A very human one, say I, rather to help you into it!

This is Nelson, the "human document." Better to present to us the virile, strong, masterful Nelson, the passionate lover of his country, than the weak emasculated Nelson, some will say. The lieutenant who is second hero is as impressionable as the admiral, and it is not his fault that he is not a traitor to his English betrothed. It is Nelson's rather, with whom Donna Rusidda is infatuated as much as he with Lady Hamilton. Thus all ends happily, as in novels perhaps it should. Meanwhile the Neapolitan revolution, the flight to Palermo, the affair of Caracciolo, and some other matters, have occupied Mr. Sladen's facile pen. His story has many merits, and is readable from beginning to end. That is as it should be; and if the book does not give us Nelson the seaman, it at least succeeds in interesting us profoundly in Nelson the man.

I have devoted a good deal of space to Mr. Sladen's clever book, and now, before I close, it remains to speak of certain current things; and first of all, of Captain Mahan's onslaught in *Harper* on "Current Fallacies upon Naval Subjects." He is stimulating public opinion in America to understand the Naval problem, and the war which has broken out since he wrote will undoubtedly strengthen his endeavours. He strikes first of all at the opinion that the United States need a Navy "for defence only," pointing out the confusion of ideas expressed by the phrase. He casts some thought, too, to hostilities with England, remarking that we could seize Hawaii, under present conditions, if we chose. Perhaps the real gist of the article is to strengthen the plea for annexation. Mr. Fitchett, continuing his "Fights for the Flag," has a well-written article in the *Cornhill* this month on the "Glorious First of June." In a very fine summer double number of the *Strand* I turned curiously to "How Nelson Lost His Eye," to find it fiction of a very good kind rather than fact. The *Artist* is always good, but has never been so good as this month. For the home there are *Woman's Life* and the *Home Magazine*, both excellent; for the cyclist, the *Hub*; for the youngsters, *British Boys*. These are but sections of the big battalions of magazines, which can find no space here.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Sorrows of "Gunnery Jack."

By A FORMER SUFFERER.

IN these days of mastless ironclads and much machinery, the trials of the gunnery lieutenant are probably considerably mitigated, for it is not easy to see what excuse there can be for interfering with his prerogative. Here, at the outset, someone may exclaim, "Who ever wanted to interfere with him? Are not men-of-war intended chiefly for fighting? And is not he the trained exponent of the most advantageous use of the weapons of offence? His advent would surely be hailed with enthusiasm; the captain would constantly consult him on vital points of attack and defence; the commanding officer would place the whole ship's company at his disposal, and he and his subordinates would revel in an atmosphere of 'detail.'"

Gently, my optimistic friend. These Utopian views may be more nearly realised nowadays; but, if so, the transformation is of comparatively recent date. It is only a few years since the newly-trained gunnery lieutenant, having successfully passed his examination, would present himself on board his first sea-going ship, brimming with enthusiasm, and primed to the lips with regulations and supplementary circulars, only to encounter the chilling blast of official apathy, and to find a routine drawn up without much consideration either for his own feelings or the Admiralty instructions.

At first he is put off by the commanding officer with specious arguments, which are not without some foundation: The ship is only just out of dockyard hands; we must get things straight, clean the paintwork, polish up the guns—this latter argument being ingeniously fortified by its being pointed out that this, at least, is in his special department—and so on. These amenities, however, do not stay the lapse of time, and as week after week passes, and the end of the quarter draws near, he ventures to point out to the captain that the quarterly target practice will soon have to be carried out, that many of the guns' crews are somewhat raw, and that he would like to go through the "short practice" with a small gun before firing at a target.

"You must arrange all that with the commander," says the captain, and accordingly off he goes to the senior executive, who happens to be in a very bad humour because the upper yard men made a show of themselves that morning.

"Drill? Not on the upper deck; I'm going to give those confounded upper yard men a dose. Short practice? Oh, that's quite out of the question. You can have the boys and ordinary seamen of the watch below on the main deck if you like."

Of course he does not like, but he takes what he can get, and has two short guns' crews of miscellaneous material for an hour or so, when it is "clear lower deck!" without any warning, to exercise crossing upper yards, and he gets the two guns secured afterwards as best he can, amid the rattle of mess-traps and the running to and fro of cooks of the messes.

At length, one fine morning at sea, he receives an intimation at eight o'clock that target practice will be carried out in the forenoon. The target—consisting of an empty cask supporting a staff and flag—is hastily prepared, and he goes short of breakfast in superintending the preparations for recording every shot, which the regulations say is to be done "when practicable." "Quarters for action!" is sounded all in a hurry after prayers, and before the guns are fairly loaded and run out, down comes a midshipman from the commander to know "why he doesn't go on?" He does go on as soon as he can, and the men blaze away at the target whenever it happens to be on a possible bearing, going a long way over it, as a rule, until about halfway through the operations an unlucky shot plumps right on to the cask, and the target disappears.

Down comes the inevitable aide-de-camp again:—

"Please, sir, the commander says there isn't time to get another target ready, and will you fire the remainder at the horizon?"

Now the horizon cannot be regarded as a satisfactory target; it admits of an undesirable amount of latitude as

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regards direction, and the distance is obviously problematical. Moreover, no one ever succeeded in hitting it, and would be none the wiser if he did.

It is better, perhaps, to draw a veil over the remainder of the day's performance. The gunnery lieutenant gets through it as best he may, and "fudges" up his report, in which so many details are required, so that it shall at least present a respectable appearance. But he retires to his cabin with a weary sense of disillusion, and some apprehensions as to the future, in which he foresees that he will have to choose between the more than perfunctory performance of his duties and the disagreeable alternative of coming to loggerheads with his superiors.

"But," says our imaginary interlocutor again, "what does it matter to him? He represents to the captain what ought to be done, and the latter is responsible."

Most true, sage optimist; on paper. But if censure should come from headquarters, the captain will not care to be reminded that this or that was pointed out to him, and he will wind up perhaps by saying:

"Now, Mr. So-and-so, I hold you responsible that this does not occur again."

Such things have undoubtedly come to pass, and may come to pass again.

More trials are in store for Gunnery Jack; the commander will not wait until they reach their destination, where there is a rifle range, as he foresees the necessary absence of a large party of men from the ship day by day, to the detriment of upper yards and paintwork; so the small-arm ammunition is expended—that is the great thing; get it "expended"—at a bottle swinging from the yard-arm.

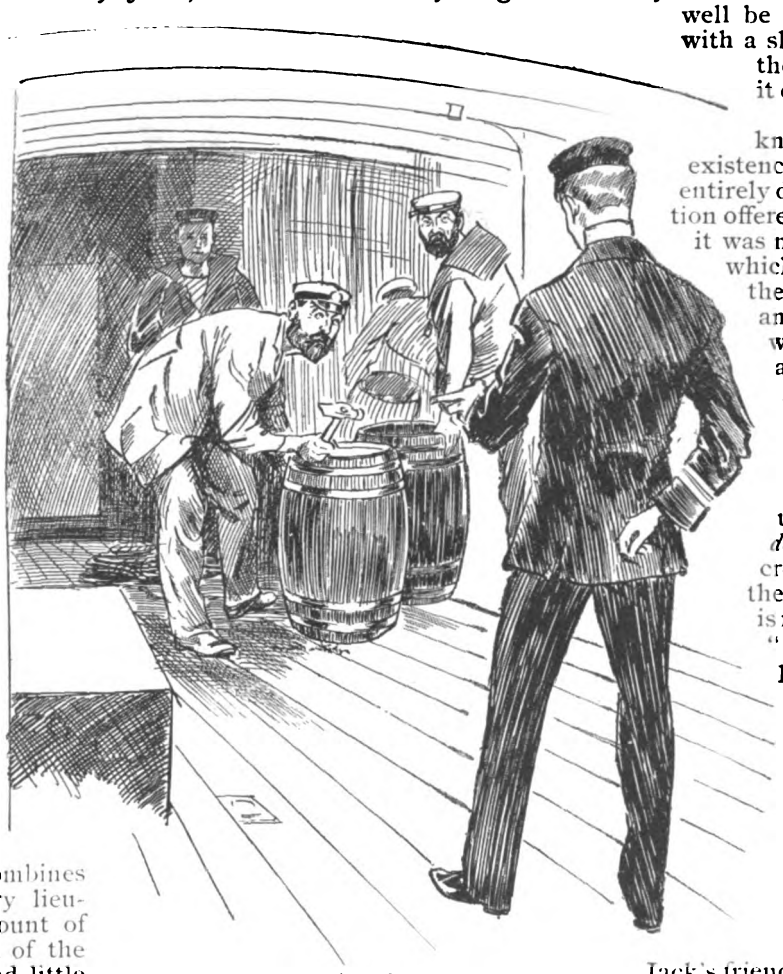
He is constantly on tenterhooks, too, with his specially instructed assistants, who are liable to lapses of memory and acts of undue familiarity with dangerous explosives. One day, when he has the boats away firing, he finds the gunner's mate, the centre of an admiring group in the stern-sheets of the launch, hammering away at the wad which is supposed to keep the powder from working up into the mouth of a shell—but does not always do so—with an iron fuse-wrench! and there are grains of powder actually in the thread of the screw! One spark from the contact of metals, and—tableau!—little bits of the gunner's mate and his admiring circle flying about! Who's to blame? Gunnery Jack, say the coroner's jury, of course.

Then, again, he sometimes combines the duties of torpedo and gunnery lieutenant, and there is a certain amount of exploding of torpedoes on the end of the long pole in the steam pinnace, and little instructive mining operations to be gone through; and while he is in the bow of the pinnace, examining the torpedo, an officious trained torpedo man connects the wires to the battery; it only needs someone to tamper with the firing-key, and——— Wishing to make the mining as instructive as possible, he lays down a charge of gun-cotton, and makes the steam pinnace bump the circuit-closer, at a safe distance—for the pinnace; it goes off beautifully, but it is too near the ship, and the captain's steward greets him on his return with the pleasing intelligence that the concussion has spoilt a set of expensive wine-glasses!

On one occasion a merchant vessel which had been in collision became a danger to navigation in the Channel; and Gunnery and Torpedo Jack had the task of destroying her. With this object he proceeded to extemporise mines with empty salt pork casks, the preparation of which he partially confided to a trained subordinate. Now such a cask will hold over 300-lb. of powder, and is supposed to be filled by a funnel through the bung-hole. Returning after a while to see how they were getting on, he found the cooper vigorously engaged on a cask which had been filled by starting the hoops and taking out the head. The iron-shod tool was occasionally glancing off the hoops under the heavy blows of the hammer, frequently striking a spark, while grains of powder were being squeezed through here and there between the staves! Why there was not a "general average" of the fore compartment of that ship, and the men who happened to be there, he does not understand to this day; it must have been through a special intervention of the "sweet little cherub who sits up aloft," and who interposed in a disinterested spirit, though, from his elevated position, he was himself secure. The face of the cooper, when the situation was explained to him, was an "object lesson" in itself.

The destruction of this wreck afforded scope for the development of Gunnery Jack's troubles in another direction, for the scene of action was within easy reach of a well-known Naval anchorage, and steamers came out from the neighbouring watering-place crowded with passengers to see the fun, and carrying, of course, the inevitable "Special Correspondents." These good people had not sufficient technical knowledge to comprehend the difference between the disabling of a ship and the entire disintegration of a nearly submerged hull which it took some eighteen months to construct. They arrived in the expectation of beholding the heavens darkened by the fragments of the vessel at the first explosion, and in their disappointment they vented their rage on poor Gunnery Jack.

"It is as well for this officer," said the *Daily Hurdy-Gurdy*, "that he is not confronted with an able and determined Russian antagonist, instead of a helpless drifting hulk; anything more utterly futile than his performance could not well be imagined. The ball opened with a shell from the 'Incredible,' but the fuse was fitted too long, and it exploded harmlessly beyond."



"The expression on his face was a study."

Mark the danger of a little knowledge: he knew of the existence of shells and fuses, but he entirely declined to accept the explanation offered to him that in this instance it was not a shell but a Palliser shot which was fired, and consequently there could not well have been an explosion "beyond," or anywhere else. Moreover, it was, as a matter of fact, an uncommonly good shot, passing clean through the hulk at the point aimed at. "The local fishermen," proceeded the *Hurdy-Gurdy*, "advocate the use of dynamite, which *acts downwards (!)*." This was the crowning insult: the expert in the nature and use of explosives is referred for information to the "local fishermen," who were, presumably, addicted to the unsportsmanlike practice of firing dynamite cartridges to kill the fish when they would not bite; though how they arrived at the conclusion that it "acts downwards" is not very clear, seeing that it must have brought the disabled fish to the surface. The efforts of some of Gunnery Jack's friends to correct the false impression thus promulgated proved futile, as the editors of the *Hurdy-Gurdy* and other journals declined to publish their letters. Then there are the grand field-days on shore at Malta or Gibraltar, when the small-arm-men of the squadron are brigaded, and the commander, unearthed from his round of routine, is compelled by the admiral's order to assume the post of brigadier. Many are the trials of Gunnery Jack on that day. The sole repository of any precise knowledge on the subject of handling a brigade, he occupies a quasi-subordinate post as officer-instructor, or adjutant, and has to coach everyone in turn, from the commander downwards, as to the next formation and the necessary orders to be given. Sometimes, after all his pains, he will hear the brigadier explaining to the men that they must at a certain juncture "dress up in the bunt and dress back at the yard-arms!" Or the carefully-rehearsed programme will be upset at the last moment by some totally unexpected and arbitrary orders from his superior, involving an utter subversion of all legitimate and orthodox tactics, which he has to carry out with smiling acquiescence, though it be gall and wormwood to him.

Such are, or were, some of the sorrows of Gunnery Jack. Let us hope that, with the abolition of masts and sails, and the ever-increasing stringency of regulations, the *laisser aller* and irresponsible attitude of occasional captains as regards gunnery, and the personality of the "paintwork" commander, have also been finally relegated to the past.

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A GIANT CRUISER.

HEADS OF THE EXECUTIVE STAFF OF THE "TERRIBLE."

NO more interesting ship could have been chosen by the First Lord of the Admiralty for his visit of inspection to Gibraltar than the mighty cruiser which, with her sister ship, the "Powerful," is the prototype of a number of vessels which form perhaps the most important group in Her Majesty's Navy. With a tonnage of 14,200, she is but a few tons less in displacement than the largest battle-ship afloat.

Our illustration of her is a unique one, for it is a combination of two, one of the port side of the ship and one of the starboard, taken from the ends of the fore bridge looking aft. Thus we get an excellent idea of the scene her flying deck presents when work is in full swing.

This deck is not built rigid, but its sections overlap, so that when the engines are working at highest pressure it gives to the vibrations imparted to the hull by the mighty machinery.

At full speed the vibration is not nearly as bad as at about 18 knots. At that speed the writer remembers at the last manœuvres that the swinging tray for glass in the captain's dining-room was jerked from its hooks, while forward in the sick bay the hanging cots had to be lashed to prevent their sharing the same fate.

Two other illustrations show groups of officers. One comprises the chief executive officers: Captain Charles G. Robinson, Commander A. H. Limpus, and Lieutenant F. C. A. Ogilvy, with, on either side of him, the captain's clerk and his aide-de-camp.

The second group shows us the Chief Engineer, Mr. John S. Rees, and his assistants, officers on whom the efficiency of this mighty cruiser largely depends

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THE ENGINEER STAFF OF THE "TERRIBLE."

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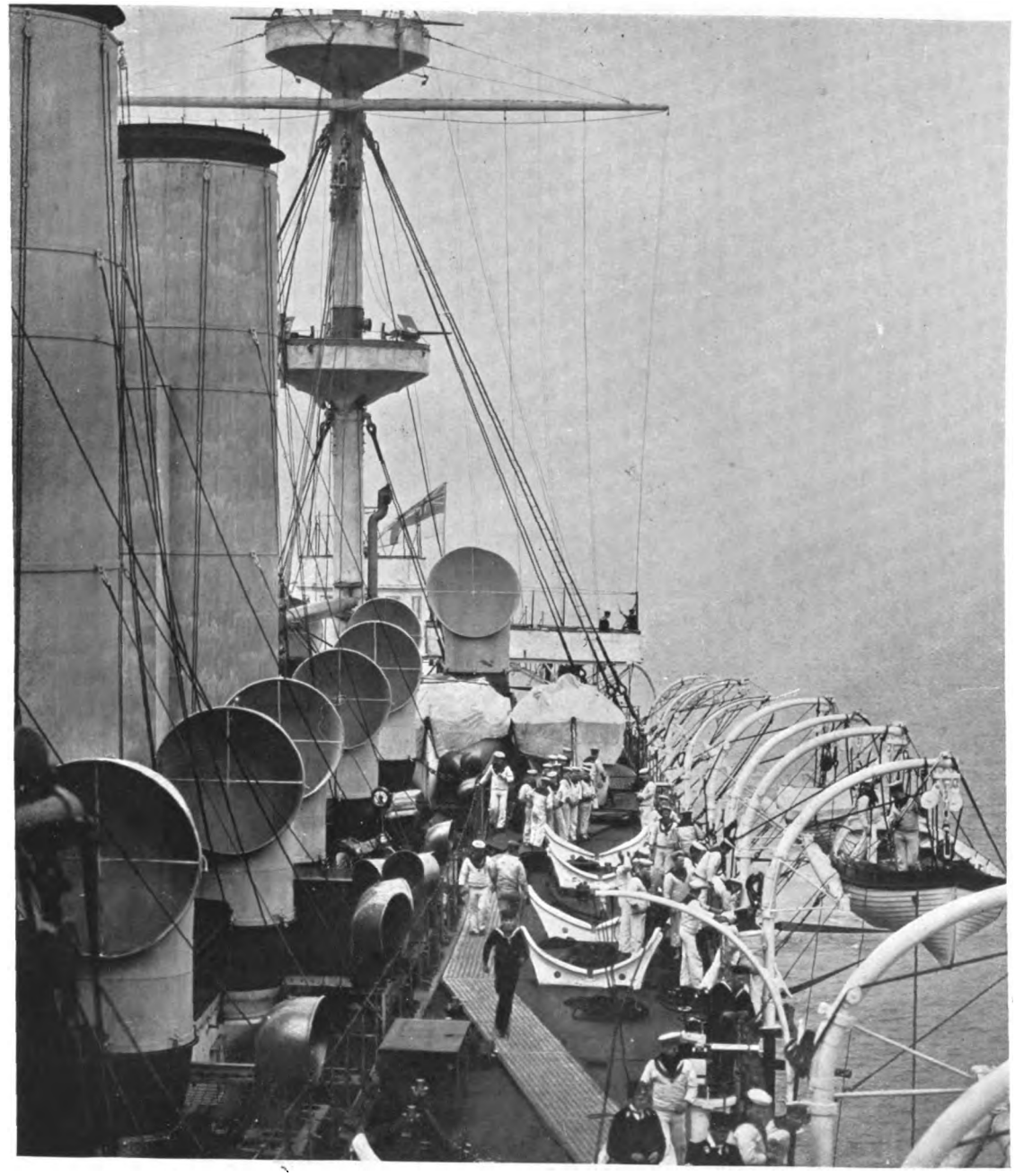

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THE UPPER DECK OF THE "TERRIBLE," AS SEEN FROM THE FORE BRIDGE LOOKING AFT.

In order to obtain these unique illustrations, the camera was first placed at the starboard end of the fore bridge, and the picture seen on the left of the page made; the camera was then carried over to the port side and a corresponding view taken. The funnels, mast, and ensign staff are, of course, the same in each picture. The fore bridge is more than 70-ft. in length, and some 50-ft. above the water

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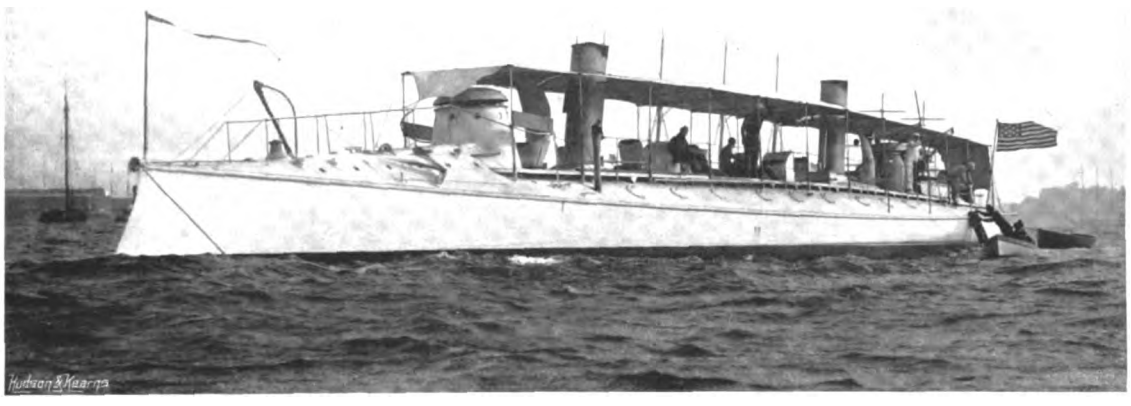
Uncle Sam's Torpedo Craft and Monitors.

THE UNITED STATES' MONITOR "MIANTONOMOH."

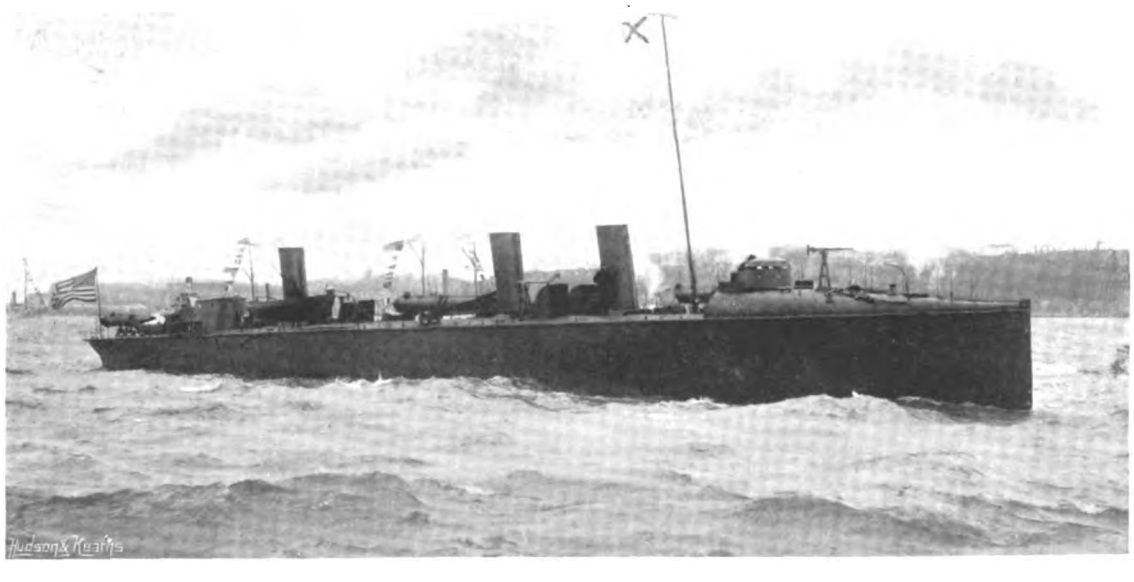
THE Americans suffered themselves to be distanced in the matter of torpedo craft by the Spaniards, but we may be sure they will soon make good the leeway. In the Civil War the Federals looked upon torpedoes—which were really mines—as dishonourable, and it was to be a matter of shooting or hanging for any man caught in the business. Still, the Confederates were not dismayed, and they wrought havoc in the James River and elsewhere. With spar-torpedoes, and even with a "cigar boat," they took the offensive later on, and the real power of the torpedo was first revealed. The modern boats are named after the heroes of that time—Porter, the famous Federal admiral; Farragut, who steamed over the mines into Mobile Bay; Cushing, the lieutenant who, in a launch with an outrigger torpedo, sank the Confederate ram "Albemarle" in the Roanoke River, and several more.

Twelve men accompanied the adventurous lieutenant in a small steam launch. They waited for a favourable opportunity, and one dark night steamed up the tortuous channel of the Roanoke River. As it happened, the crew of the "Albemarle" were on the alert. The launch was discovered, and the guns of the ram opened on her. Despite this, Lieut. Cushing succeeded in reaching the "Albemarle" and exploding this torpedo, at the same time that a shot from his adversary sunk the steam launch. The "Albemarle" went straight to the bottom, and no attempt was ever made to raise her. It was in honour of the man who carried out this exploit that the "Cushing" was named.

We illustrate one of each of the three classes of torpedo craft now in the United States' Navy. The "Porter," launched in 1896, was the first American destroyer to take the water. She has proved of great use to Admiral Sampson as a despatch vessel, and will not miss an opportunity of discharging a missile. Her trial speed was 28·63 knots. She is smaller than our destroyers, being 175-ft. long, with 17-ft. beam, and she has three torpedo-tubes and carries four 1-pounders. The "Cushing" is a sea-going



THE UNITED STATES' TORPEDO-BOAT "CUSHING."



Photos. J. S. Johnson. *THE UNITED STATES' TORPEDO-BOAT "PORTER."* Copyright.

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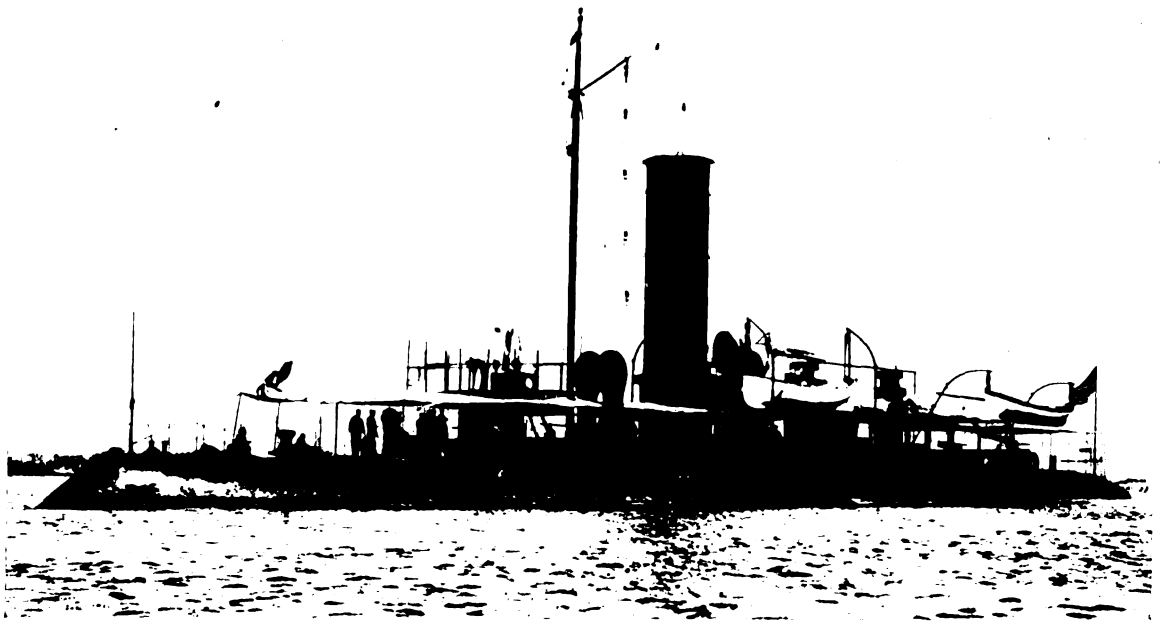
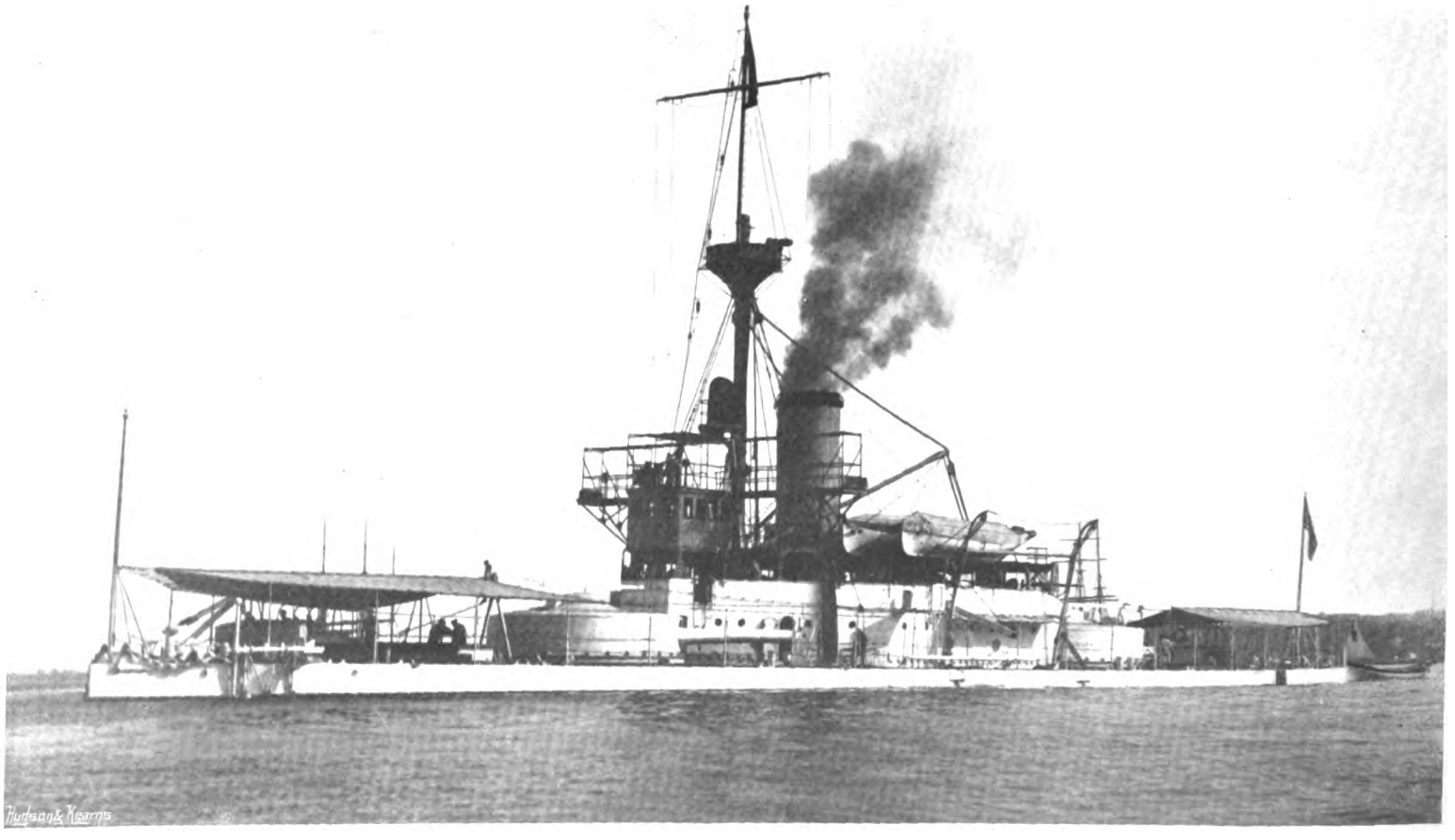
boat, dating from 1890, nearly 140-ft. long, with 22·5 knots' speed. She also has three torpedo-tubes, with three light guns. The "Stiletto" is an older vessel, of wood, built in 1886, and is credited with a speed of 18 knots. She is peculiar in having no guns, and her torpedo armament comprises a couple of tubes, which are well seen in the picture, one at the stem and the other on a turn-table aft. The "Katahdin" is another special vessel, a ram pure and simple, carrying only an armament of four 6-pr. quick-firers. The idea was the late Admiral Ammen's. At the moment of attack this vessel would be partly submerged. She has a 6-in. belt and 4-in. upper plating. But for her tall funnel, she would have something of the aspect of a whale, and will make an equally unsatisfactory target. The displacement of the ship is 2,155 tons, and she should steam at 16 knots, but some disappointment was caused at her trials.

Our other illustrations are of the monitors "Miantonomoh" and "Terror," one built in 1876 and the other in 1884, but both rebuilt and fitted for modern warfare. The Americans have always attached great value to the monitor type, because of its success in their Civil War. There is certainly the advantage of heavy armament, good protection, and smallness of target offered to the enemy; but, on the other hand, the speed is poor, and the vessels are uncomfortable and slow in a heavy seaway.

THE UNITED STATES' TORPEDO-BOAT "STILETTO."



THE UNITED STATES' RAM "KATAHDIN."



Photos. J. S. Johnson. Copyright.

THE UNITED STATES' MONITOR "TERROR."

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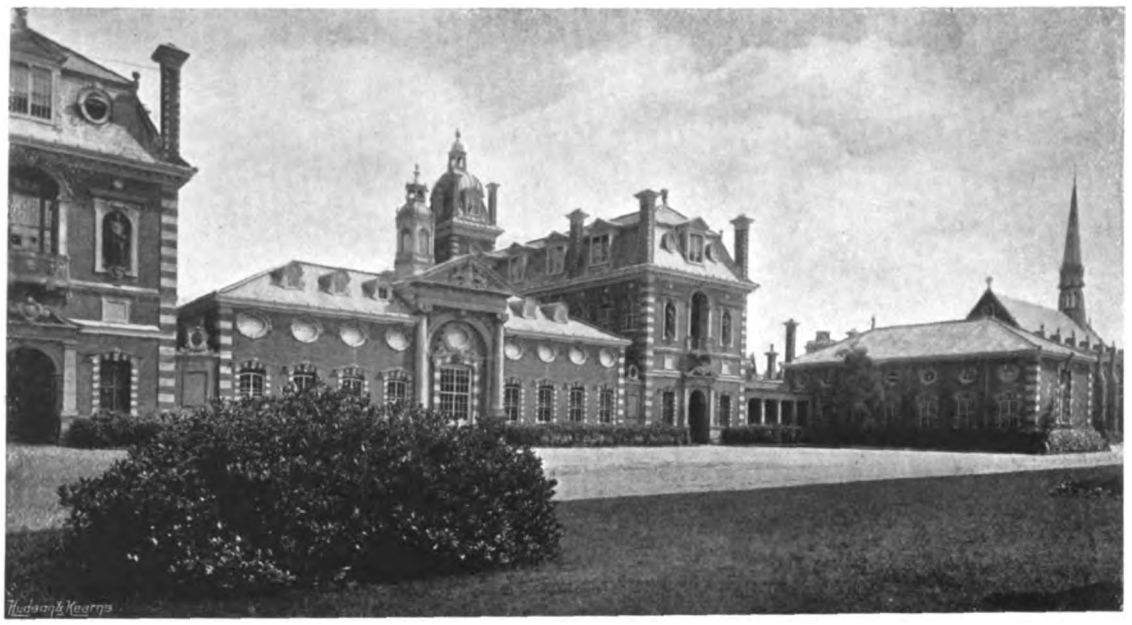
Celebrating Waterloo at Wellington College.

THE great day of the year at Wellington College is of course "Speech Day," which is very appropriately celebrated on the 18th of June, the anniversary of Waterloo, when the governors and numerous other guests are invited to attend, and conveyed to and from London by special train. A big lunch, plays in foreign languages, recitations, the prize-giving, and athletic sports are followed by a garden-party.

This year the Prince of Wales has consented to honour the annual function with his presence; he will distribute the prizes, including the medal given annually by the Queen, and make the boys an address, and will also visit the chapel, to which a new aisle is being added in memory of Archbishop Benson. The College rifle corps will be drawn up before His Royal Highness, and an assault-at-arms in the gymnasium will form another item in a full programme.

One of the youngest of our great public schools is Wellington College, founded by public subscription in memory of the great Duke of Wellington just forty-five years ago. The foundation-stone was laid by no less a personage than the Queen herself, and Her Majesty was further pleased to perform the opening ceremony in 1859.

The College is a most imposing structure, built upon an eminence commanding an extensive view of the woodlands and belts of fine groves for which Royal Berkshire is so famous, and the "Wellingtonia" avenue, which approaches the front entrance, is one of the sights of the county. It is highly interesting to note that the first head-master of Wellington was Dr. Benson, late Archbishop of Canterbury; he was only twenty-seven when elected to the post, and as long as the name of Wellington lasts as a school the name of Benson will be linked with it. The direction of the College was put into his hands a confused mass; in the course of a few years his creative powers and organising genius had brought it to the first rank amongst our public schools.



A VIEW OF THE COLLEGE.

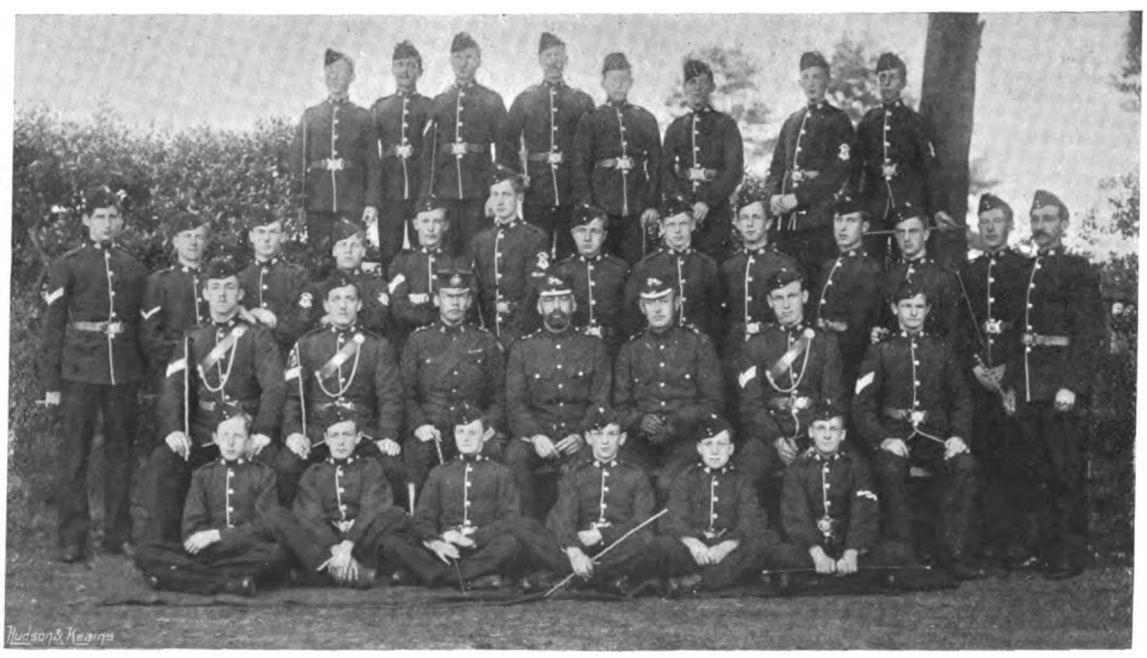
THE HEAD-MASTER OF THE COLLEGE.

The system of education there is naturally, in a great measure, intended for boys destined for the Army. The present head-master, the Rev. Bertram Pollock, who was formerly so popular at Marlborough, is a man not only of high scholarly powers, but also of very practical ability. He has made it his ambition to thoroughly work up the military side of the school training, so as to minimise as much as possible, if not entirely to do away, with extraneous aid after the school curriculum.

For this purpose he has established a final Army class for Army candidates. The results have already proved eminently satisfactory, as, not to mention other successes, four boys out of five have passed straight into Woolwich.

Foremost amongst Mr. Pollock's assistant-masters are the Rev. P. H. Kempthorne (an enthusiastic astronomer), the Rev. E. Davenport (whose hobby is music), Mr. Purnell, Mr. Brougham, and Mr. Forster (the bursar of the College). All these masters have houses. The various members of the Royal Family all take a personal interest in the well-being and prosperity of Wellington College; the sons of the Duke of Teck and of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein were educated there; and, looking down the lists of old Wellingtonians, many names may be cited of men who have already won themselves renown either as officers or civilians.

"Speech Day" is a method of celebrating the great battle which would have met with the approbation of the Great Duke himself. Although Wellington was not a man of very brilliant scholastic attainments, yet in his later life he is said to have affirmed that in the playing fields of our public schools has always been given the best training of our great military leaders. It was at Eton that Wellington won his first battle, a fistic encounter.



Photos Gillman & Co. Copyright

WELLINGTON COLLEGE VOLUNTEER COMPANY.

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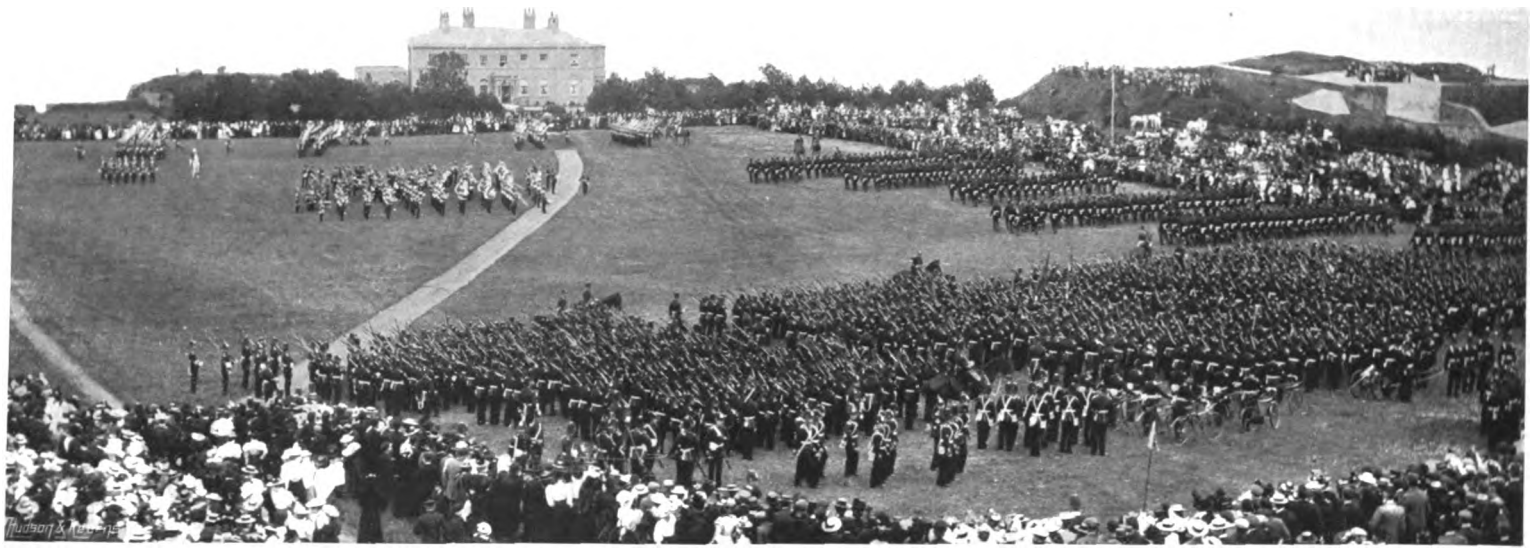
The Queen's Birthday at Guernsey.

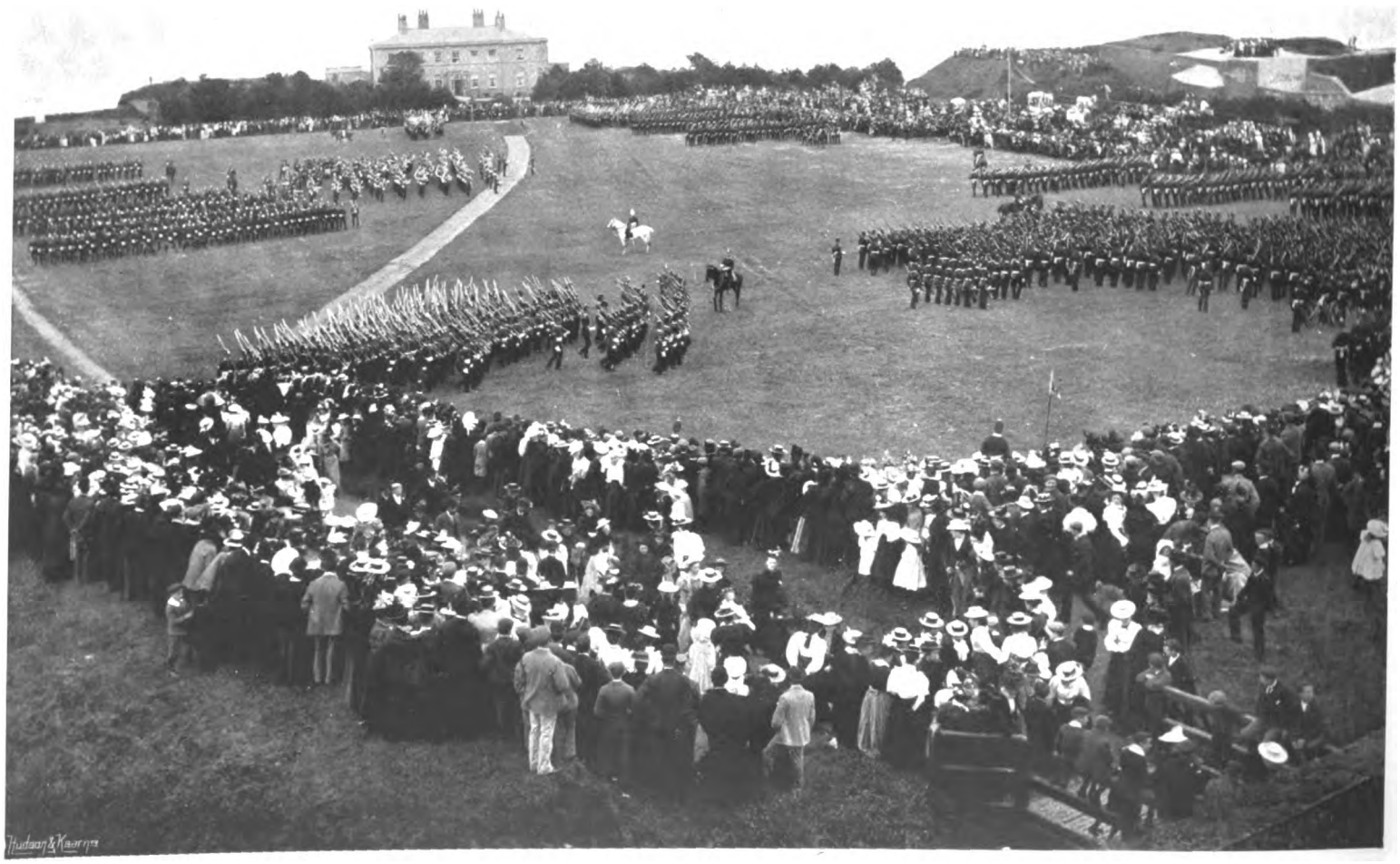


THE MARCH PAST.

WHEREVER troops are stationed, the Queen's Birthday, whether held on the actual anniversary of Her Majesty's birth or not, is observed as a red-letter day. It cannot, from "Tommy's" point of view, be regarded as a holiday. As far as he is concerned, it means an unknown quantity of "marching, pipe-claying, and starching"; but "Atkins" is a loyal subject—none more so—and this ceremonial parade provokes in him less grumbling than does the annual inspection. The day is marked by a review, which is invariably well attended by the civilian element. The colour is often trooped, and there is invariably fired a *feu de joie*, or, as the private soldier ironically dubs it, a "furious joy." The name is appropriate, for it is furious from beginning to end. The mode of carrying out this particular part of the ceremony is somewhat at variance with military methods in general. The *feu* is started by the man on the extreme right of the line; it is immediately taken up by the second, and so on until the left-hand man (front rank) of the regiment, brigade, or division has fired. It is then at once caught up by the left-hand man of the rear rank, and is carried on until the right-hand man of the rear rank has fired. This is performed three times. Then follow three cheers for Her Majesty.

Another important part of the day's programme is the march past. In the pictures given here this portion of the ceremony may be seen as viewed at Guernsey on May 24.

The 2nd Battalion Wiltshire Regiment appears with its colours, representing the Line. The remainder of the troops are drawn from the Channel Islands Militia.



Photos. T. A. Grut. *AN ADMIRING CROWD.* Copyright.

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Uncle Sam's Military Chiefs and Volunteers.

GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT AND STAFF OFFICERS.

WE have already given a portrait of Major-General Wesley Merritt, the Governor-designate of the Philippines, the man who, to quote one of his compatriots, "will undertake a task whose like no American has ever before been called upon to perform," but our readers will like to see him again in the midst of the men with whom he has worked in the organisation of the United States' forces, and most of whom are now actively engaged in the labour. The gallant officer, whose brilliant deeds as a cavalry leader fill many pages in the history of the Civil War, began life as a farmer's boy, and has been in turn compositor, publisher of a democratic newspaper, editor, lawyer, cadet, soldier and military chief. His successive promotions and some of his services have been dealt with in these pages. He was in the army of the Potomac on the staff of General Cooke, and later with Stoneman in the famous raid towards Virginia. He commanded the cavalry at the passage of the Rapahannock, and surprised the Confederates, but for hours was nearly surrounded, and once just escaped capture. He received a severe sabre wound on the head in a desperate hand-to-hand fight, but continued the battle and won a surprising victory.

Photos. Enidean. Copyright.

A CAPTAIN OF U.S. INFANTRY.

A CAVALRY COLONEL, NATIONAL GUARD.

He was with Sherman in the famous Central Virginia Campaign in 1864, and led his column in the historic raids which were so disastrous for the failing Confederacy. Then came a brilliant achievement at Cedarville on the Shenandoah, and a notable engagement at Cedar Creek, where, unsupported by infantry, he made repeated cavalry charges with the greatest impetuosity and overwhelmed his enemy. He was Sheridan's right hand in compelling the surrender of Lee, and was one of the commissioners of the treaty.

After the war he was in command of various regiments, and was engaged in the actions of Indian Creek, and in the Big Horn and Yellowstone expeditions. He made a memorable ride in 1879, in command of the 5th Cavalry,

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through the Rocky Mountains, for four days and nights continuously, without killing a horse or man, to resecure Major Thornborough's command, then beset by overwhelming numbers of Ute Indians. As a brigadier-general he was in command of the Department of Dakota in 1887, from which in 1895 he was transferred to the Missouri, and, as a major-general, he assumed command of the Department of East at Governor's Island last year.

Such is the gallant fighter and experienced administrator who is seated in the midst of the group we depict, with his aide-de-camp on his right, next to whom is seated Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Vroom, Inspector-General of the Army. Of the two officers seated next to General Merritt on his left, the furthest from him is Lieutenant-Colonel Albert Hartsuff of the Medical Department, a deputy surgeon-general. The following are six of the officers standing behind—on General Merritt's left, Colonel and Quartermaster-General Marshall J. Luddington, Major George W. Baird of the Pay Department, and Colonel Merritt Barber, assistant adjutant-general; and, on his right, a first lieutenant of infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel John W. Clous, deputy judge advocate-general, and Colonel George W. Candee, assistant paymaster-general. These are officers of experience, some of them veterans of the Civil War, all of them excellent types of the senior officers and directing staff of the United States' Army.

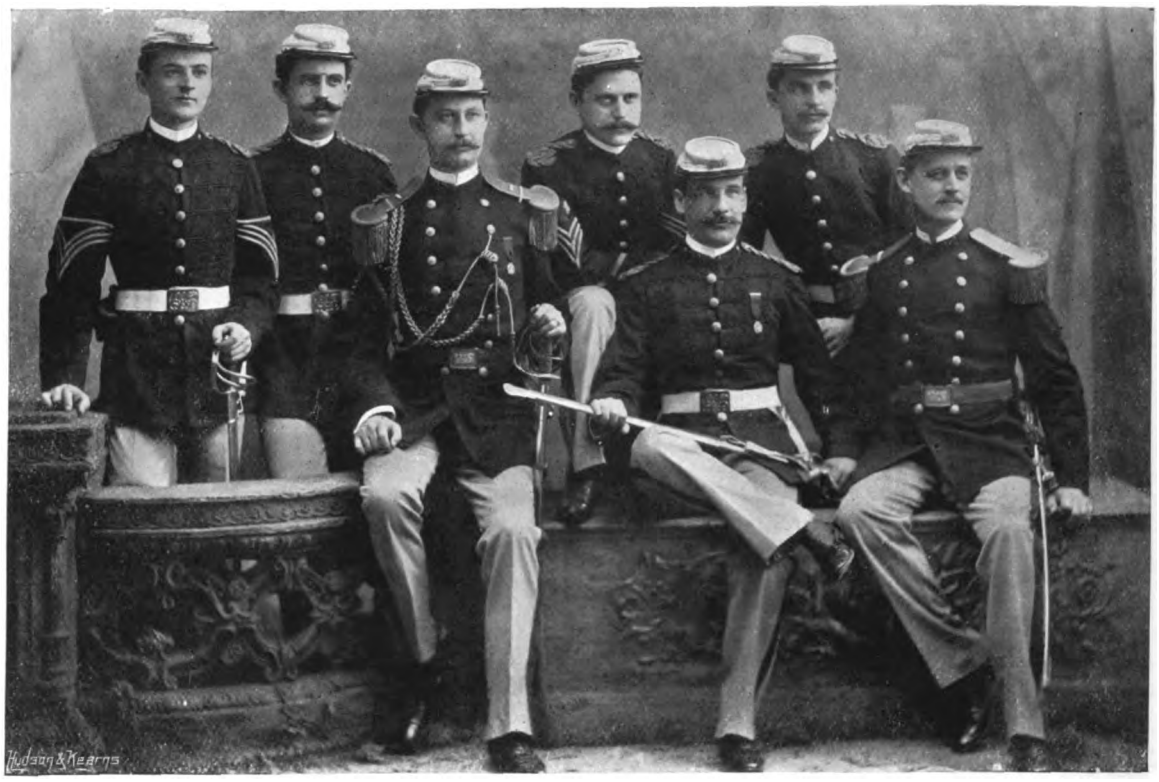

Photo Endean *THE CLEVELAND GATLING GUN COMPANY.* Copyright.

Our other illustrations take us to the opposite and more ornamental end of the scale. You cannot always, it is true, say that the members of the National Guard, or State Militia, are smart or soldier-like. But in the big cities, where there is both a soldier instinct and a love of display, there are some excellent corps, and not a few dandified bodies of gallant troopers and others whose showy uniforms put to shame some of the worn, ill-fitting garments of the regulars. The National Guard, Militia, State Troops, Volunteers, Legions, and State Guards, as they are variously called in different parts of the Union, constitute a body returned on January 1 as including 113,460 officers and men, of whom 101,838 were infantry, and the rest about equally divided between the cavalry and artillery. Out of these forces have come very largely the men who have answered to President McKinley's call, and who, with all their excellent spirit, have neither, as a whole, the training nor the equipment desirable in a fighting force.

The National Guard, being constituted of the Militia and Volunteers of the various States, and being essentially a number of State organisations, lacks cohesion and is extremely varied in character, value, and equipment. Our illustrations are from photographs taken at Cleveland, Ohio, and depict the smarter classes of the State forces. The Cleveland Black Horse is a crack corps in its way, and the same may be said of the Gatling gun battery. But of the actual military efficiency of these forces it is difficult to speak, and the only certainty is that the war with Spain will afford a valuable lesson as to the mobilising and fitting of volunteers for the field.

Officers' Annual Cycle Parade at Aldershot.

OF late years the cycle has become a popular means of locomotion in the Army both among officers and men. Especially do the former evince a strong affection for the wheel, and there are very few at Aldershot who are not in possession of a machine of some kind.

The Duke of Connaught, himself a wheelman of no mean order, has instituted during his tenure of office at Aldershot an annual cyclists' parade, which becomes yearly more popular. The event took place this year on May 24. On this occasion over five hundred cyclists assembled. They were dressed in blue serge "jumpers" and knickerbockers, and paraded opposite Government House.

This annual parade has done much to popularise bicycling in the eyes of the authorities

Photo. Wyrall. *PREPARING FOR THE INSPECTION.* Copyright.

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *has now been registered by the Post Office authorities as a newspaper, and can therefore be sent through the post under the special conditions and with all the advantages which follow from such registration. It may be pointed out to subscribers that this will mean a considerable reduction in their subscription. The net result is that they will obtain the weekly paper at a cost which but slightly exceeds that which they were in the habit of incurring when they subscribed for the fortnightly issues with supplements. The registration of the paper will also confer a benefit on those who are desirous of sending the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *to their friends. In making this announcement, we desire also to direct the attention of advertisers and others to the alteration which has been made in the scope and purpose of the journal. In it are described and illustrated for the general public all current events and topics connected with the Naval and Military Services the wide world over.*

* * * *

THE WAR.—Our readers will also be interested to know that the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is fully represented by a corps of photographers at every likely scene of action, who will supply illustrations of all the important incidents which happen during hostilities. A special steamer has been chartered to accompany the blockading squadron off Cuba, and the representatives of the paper, men of great experience as artist photographers, will furnish scenes of life on board the vessels of the United States Squadron as well as on shore in the blockaded cities. The material thus supplied by our correspondents should form a unique pictorial history of the war.*

* * * *

IN answer to several correspondents, the 12-in. gun pictured in last week's Elswick illustrations is wire-wound, about 113 miles of steel wire or ribbon being wound over the whole length of the gun, in layers varying from fourteen over the chase to ninety-two over the powder-chamber. The total length of the gun is 37-ft. 3-in., and length of bore, including chamber, 35·4 calibres. The full charge is 167-lb. 8-oz. of cordite, and weight of projectile 850-lb. One of these guns, made at Elswick in 1897, fired three projectiles, with a charge whose weight was three-quarters that of the shot. At a range of 5,000-yds.—practically three miles—all the projectiles fell within a rectangle measuring 4-yds. by 2-yds., this being the size of an ordinary billiard-table. These guns compose the main armament of our battle-ships of the "Majestic" and "Canopus" types. The incident quoted will give some idea of their significant accuracy at a range of three miles. The energy remaining in the projectile at a range of 3,000-yds. is sufficient for the penetration of 18-in. of wrought iron. The mounting of the 12-in. wire gun admits of an elevation of 13½-deg. being given to the weapon. This should afford an extreme range of fully five miles, with *useful results* against any buildings sufficiently large to be clearly distinguishable at that distance. No British war vessel, or vessel of any nation, has possessed guns or mountings capable of throwing a projectile to a distance of twelve miles. This range was attained in 1887 with a 9·2-in. wire gun at Shoeburyness, but no attempt was made to secure accuracy, only an elevation of 40-deg. being given to the gun, which was practically treated as a howitzer. The 6-in. quick-firing gun makes splendid practice at 2,500-yds. and at 3,000-yds. Such guns would not, however, have any useful effect in bombarding a coast town, their smashing power and bursting charge of projectile not being sufficient. The 9·2-in. wire gun of latest pattern has a larger range than the 12-in. gun.

* * * *

"REDAN MASSY"—to give the gallant colonel of the 5th Lancers, Lieutenant-General William Godfrey Dunham Massy, C.B., the sobriquet by which the British Army best knows him—entered the Service in October, 1854. Going out to the Crimea he joined the troops before Sebastopol, and was under fire at the battle of Tchernaya. He commanded the Grenadiers of the 19th Foot at the assault on the Redan on September 8, 1855, where his extreme gallantry won him the admiration of all England. In the attack he was dangerously wounded by a bullet which shattered his left thigh, received other less serious wounds, and was left wounded on the field, with the result that in the night after the assault he fell into the hands of the Russians. They, however, believing him mortally wounded, did not trouble to remove him. Brought back some hours later to the British camp, Lieutenant Massy, as the gallant general then was, for nearly six months was confined to his camp stretcher, his fortitude and patient endurance, coupled with the splendid heroism he had shown at the attack on the Redan, winning him recommendation from the Commander-in-Chief in a special despatch and promotion to captain. In the Afghan War of 1879, Colonel Massy commanded the Cavalry Brigade with Lord Roberts, and took part at the battle of Charasiah and the operations up to the fall of Cabul, the capture of Sherpur, the Chardeh Valley action, the sortie from Sherpur, and the final pursuit of the enemy. From 1888 to 1893 Major-General Massy commanded the troops in Ceylon. He was appointed colonel of the 5th Lancers in October, 1896, and on April 1 this year was placed on the Retired List, having been five years unemployed. His promotion to lieutenant-general took place in 1891. *(See illustration on front page.)*

"B. D. G." Yes. The 7th Dragoon Guards have at length, and after repeated application, obtained permission to adopt the motto, "Quo fata vocant," and the arms and crest of John, Earl Ligonier. With the name of this officer the famous "Black Horse" is inseparably connected. He was the son of a Huguenot gentleman in the South of France, and was born in 1680. As a Protestant refugee, he served as a volunteer in Marlborough's army, and greatly distinguished himself at the storming of Liège, and the battles of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Wynendale, and Malplaquet. On the 18th of July, 1720, he was appointed colonel of the 8th or Black Horse (so called from its black facings and horses), afterwards the 4th Irish Horse, now the 7th Dragoon Guards. Under his command the regiment, then on the Irish establishment, became one of the finest in Europe, and still recalls with pride its old name of "Ligonier's." It was composed almost exclusively of Irishmen, and sums of twenty to thirty guineas are said to have been paid for permission to enter its ranks as a trooper. As an instance of Ligonier's attention to the interior economy and welfare of the corps, it is stated that he maintained an additional surgeon at his own personal cost. He held the colonelcy twenty-nine years. For his services at the battle of Dettingen (1743) he was created a Knight Banneret by George II. in person under the Royal Standard on the field of battle. In this engagement, his regiment was led by his younger brother, Francis, who was wounded, as its lieutenant-colonel.

* * * *

OWING to the failure of another regiment of horse, it was surrounded, and had to cut its way back through the *elite* of the French Cuirassiers, with the loss of one-third of its numbers. During its five years' campaigning in Flanders (1742-47), it never lost a man by desertion, never had an officer or man tried by General Court-martial, never had a horse or man taken by the enemy, and had no less than thirty-seven of its non-commissioned officers and men promoted to commissions for distinguished conduct. Ligonier commanded the infantry at Fontenoy (1745), and afterwards headed a brilliant cavalry charge at the battle of Val (1747), his last engagement. He was subsequently M.P. for Bath, Governor of Plymouth, and colonel of the Blues. In 1757 he succeeded the Duke of Cumberland as Commander-in-Chief. He was also appointed colonel of the 1st Foot Guards (now Grenadier Guards). He was in the same year raised to an Irish Viscountcy, and in 1766 became Earl Ligonier of Ripley in the Peerage of Great Britain, and attained the rank of Field-Marshal. He died in 1770, and is buried in Westminster Abbey. By the permission now tardily granted to the 7th Dragoon Guards to perpetuate the memory of their distinguished chief, the authorities have shown that they are not indifferent to *esprit de corps*.

* * * *

"D. T. B.'s" first question may be answered thus: The largest specimens of Naval architecture in the world are the "first-class armoured battle-ships," represented by the "Majestic" and the "Magnificent." There are nine of these ships in the Service, and three more in process of construction. Their tonnage is 14,900, and their horse-power 10,000. "D. T. B.'s" second question cannot be categorically answered, because regiments are generally below their establishment. There are, however, thirty-one regular regiments of cavalry in the British Service which would not take the field with an average of less than 600 men, and 103 regiments of infantry of, as a rule, two battalions each, neither of which battalions would be less than 1,000 strong in case of war. We have twenty-two battalions of Royal Horse Artillery, eighty-eight of Field Artillery, ten mountain batteries, about 100 companies of Garrison Artillery, and fifty-three companies of Royal Engineers, in addition to which must be reckoned the Army Service Corps and many other components. According to the latest returns there were 220,000 regulars of all arms in the British Service; the Militia establishment is 134,746, that of the Volunteers 262,037, and that of the Native Army in India 147,503. I can only say, in answer to "D. T. B.'s" enquiry about "colours," that old regiments like the Royal Scots, the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and the South Staffordshire, have as many as twenty-four or twenty-five battles inscribed on their colours—honours bravely won during centuries of faithful service.

* * * *

I AM not unfrequently asked questions by numismatists and medal collectors in regard to war medals, and a query lately put to me as to what is the most "unique" medal leads to this note. It would be difficult to say, as the history attaching to many medals makes them "unique." Two I can quote, however, offhand. The China medal, given for the China War, 1857-60, was given with clasps for Fatshan 1857, Canton 1858, Taku Forts 1858, Taku Forts 1860, and Pekin 1860. The first-named was for a Naval action and granted to the Navy only. A marine artilleryman who earned it afterwards landed and fought in all the other actions, and was thus the one man who earned the China medal with all five clasps. When the Navy general service medal for the great war was issued in 1848, but one survivor appeared to claim the clasp which was awarded for the destruction, by the British "Rapid" and "Grasshopper," of Spanish gun-boats at Faro on the 24th of April, 1808. The sole survivor was Lieutenant Baugh, the commander of the "Rapid," who had the clasp inscribed "'Rapid,' 24 April, 1808." These two medals as single issues are certainly "unique," and both are now in the collection of Colonel Eaton, late of the Grenadier Guards.

* * * *

THE clothing of a seaman in the Royal Navy has undergone considerable changes of late years, with the object of enforcing uniformity and discarding useless articles. Previously there was considerable licence allowed, and the individual fancy of the captain often regulated the dress or some peculiarity of it in any particular ship. A smart young topman usually had some fancy way of tittivating up his dress, also fancy ways of cutting the blue collar and the opening of the frock in front. Now uniformity is most strictly enforced in every detail of the dress. Before this a man might have to change his kit considerably on joining a new ship, to suit the fancy of his new captain or commanding officer. The round blue jacket, with innumerable buttons and tight sleeves, which the seamen used to wear, and from which presumably their name "bluejacket" originated, was a very costly article, easily soiled, and had always to be taken off when a job of work had to be done, to enable the man to use his arms. This was done away with some years ago. Also now a pilot cloth coat has been compulsorily added to a seaman's kit for cold weather; formerly some men had them and some not, and of all sorts of patterns—a practice winked at, as these jackets were only worn in foul weather and on night-watches.

THE EDITOR.

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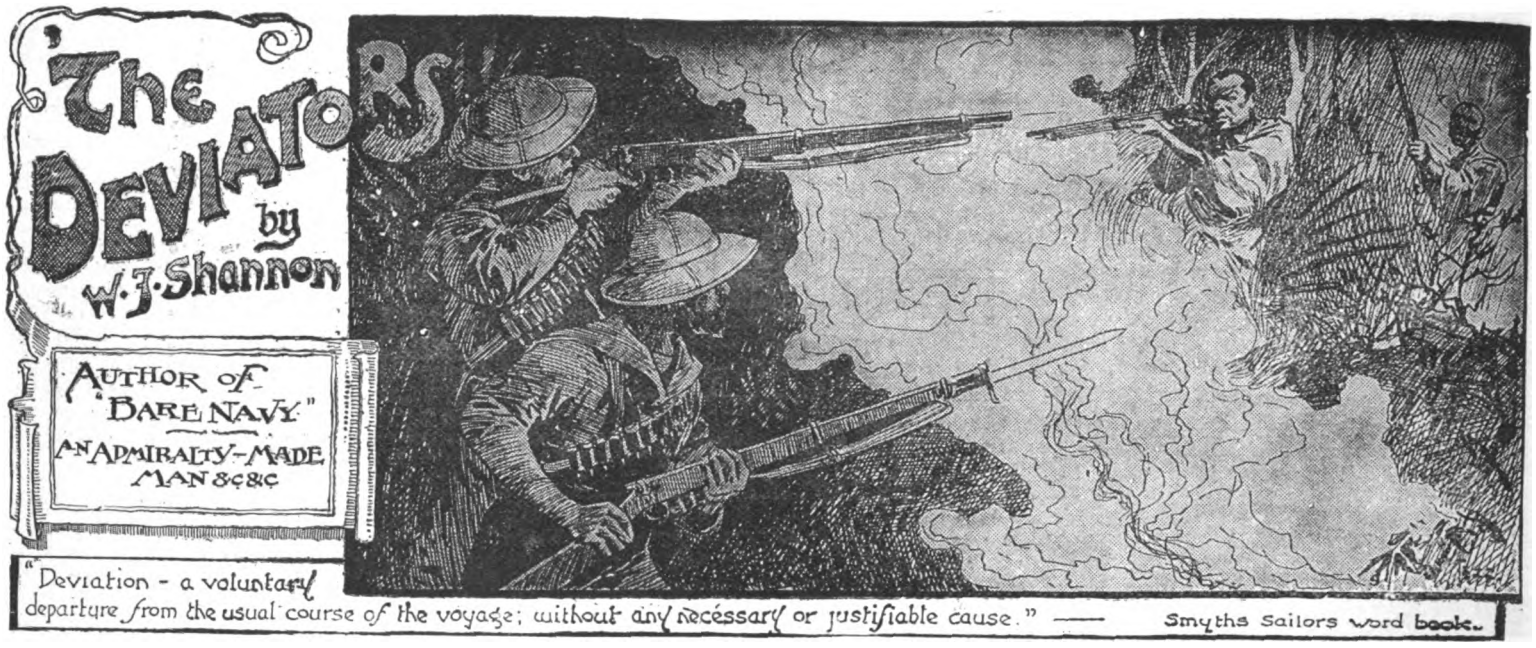
The DEVIATORS
by W. J. Shannon
Author of "Bare Navy"
An Admiralty-Made Man &c&c
"Deviation - a voluntary departure from the usual course of the voyage; without any necessary or justifiable cause." —— Smyths Sailors word book.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

A party from H.M.S. "Pimpernel" lands in East Africa. It is ambushed on re-embarking, and an officer and two men are left behind. The men, Twelves and Eaves, rescue the officer in the night following the ambush, but while they are exploring a cave he disappears. In the cave they find what they take to be a box of treasure, and also a trader known to Twelves, and through him ascertain where the sub-lieutenant is likely to be. The trader offers to accompany them, and they start in a canoe. The box is forgotten, and cannot be returned for. Going up stream they are met at a ford by a fugitive, who turns out to be the trader's sister. He tells her what he has done since he left her, and how that the last thing but one was to be a bandsman in the Navy.

CHAPTER V. *(continued.)*

"AND then?"

"Oh, I was merchant seaman, steward, docker, private secretary (I hope the man liked me, but I think he didn't), cattleman, first lieutenant of a caravan, bandsman in the Navy."

"I didn't know you played."

"Distant acquaintance with the flute. Got taken on for a commission, and had to learn the trombone. Bandmaster didn't admire my perseverance, and reported me so frequently, that the admiral made a point of watching me. And when I came to my pauses, my legitimate intervals, he was down on me for a silent piper. He was glad when I deserted, I think."

"Have these two men also deserted?"

"Oh dear no. It's six years ago I did that. I'm married now to a rich Mohammedan widow. Big estate down the river. Twelves and Eaves are merely hunting for a lost sub-lieutenant, and I rather wanted to see them through, so I came."

"I should think it's time you were more considerate, Raphael."

"I told her I was coming."

"And left her weeping?"

"No, no. Really now, Suse. I often am away, trading; she thinks I am now. I've often visited this tribe we're going to—the Wa-poka."

"Do you think you'll have to fight?"

"Well, if we cannot get this sub-lieutenant peacefully, I am afraid three of us can't take him by force from a fighting tribe. Jim Twelves imagines he can, but his friend Eaves apparently has doubts."

"Aint it eight bells yet, Angel?" interrupted Twelves from the bow.

"Just about."

"Very well, then, if Miss Angel will excuse me, I'll tumble aft and take the middle watch."

After some further conversation the brother and sister lay down, and Jim sat silently steering for an hour. The breeze was light, sometimes abeam and sometimes right ahead, as the river wound, so the canoe beat up stream very slowly.

They were in a desert country; daylight would have shown that on the one hand the shore was low and sandy, and on the other broken and rocky; and that stretching away on either side were spiny flat-topped acacias, spiked aloes, and thorn bushes. Once, at a bend of the stream, Twelves thought he saw a light amongst the rocks and scrub. He did not rouse the others, but sat intently looking into the night. The stars were not clear, and on the river the darkness was intense.

The light appeared again, and Twelves, murmuring "Bright light ahead, sir," called the rest, showed the light, and they held counsel.

Angel said they were not yet in the country of the Wa-poka, where he expected to find the captors of the sub-lieutenant, but Twelves pointed out that they were probably camping on their way home, and Eaves said that in that case they were d——d sensible.

"It's not quite so sensible as that, Mal, but as it's a good thing for us, and will save us all further trouble, I'll admit a degree of sense."

"Thanks," said Eaves.

"You know how easy we captured him before," went on Twelves. "Very well, then. All we got to do is to reconnoitre that camp, pick him up, come back here, and return triumphant."

"I should think even Swyhilis would learn, and not let him be took agin like that."

"No. They never learn."

"I reckon they're like me and you, then."

"Like you, chum, not me. I'm full of learnin'. Angel, let's beach her under this young cliff. You stop and look after your sister, while Mal and me go and fetch the sub-lootenant. Gird up your loins, Mal. By which I mean tuck up your kanzu" (robe).

The canoe was beached, and Eaves followed Twelves towards the light, which soon showed itself to be a camp-fire on some rising ground close to the river.

The seamen had fastened their Arab dress up round their waists, and when sufficiently near the camp dropped on their hands and knees and crawled, painfully, amongst briars and thorns, or in more open places boulders, towards the fire, till brought up sharply by a sentry's challenge in English.

Twelves gripped Eaves, and pressed him down flat on the ground beside himself. They lay quietly for a time, and the sentry, some twenty yards away, stayed on the alert. After a painful interval the two seamen wriggled further off, and at last rose and crawled, and then stood and walked, towards the canoe.

"Cuss!" said Twelves, softly, when sufficiently far off.

Eaves marched on in silence.

"Say something, Mal," said Twelves at last.

"My thoughts is too deep for one or two little words, I can assure ye. Here I thought we was nearly at the end of this job, and then to come across this lot. This is returnin' triumphant, this is."

"I never knew East Africa was so small," said Twelves deprecatingly. "We don't seem to be able to move widout runnin' across our own party. I reckon they've heard tell of Charlie's capture, and want to take the wind out of our sails."

"Look here, Jim," said Eaves, stopping, "don't you really think we best go and report ourselfs? Serious now."

"Mal, I've got a distinctive repulsion to it. The lower deck wouldn't believe anythink we said if we came sneakin' home inglorious. What's the good of tellin' 'em we bin picnickin' up the river wid a lady and gentleman who stood to all the expense jist for the pleasure of our company? It don't look as if we're enjoying ourselfs if we desert that pleasure trip as soon as possible."

"We *aint* enjoying ourselfs," said Eaves.

"The anticipations of the benefits we'll achieve to Charlie ought to make us, then. Besides, can we in honour bound leave Angel and his sister all alone? It's actin' unselfish, Mal, to go back to the canoe, and that is true enjoyment."

"Yes, let's laugh," said Eaves, bitterly. "Let's truly enjoy ourselfs." Twelves took his friend's arm and drew him along, Eaves protesting. "If you hadn't been so careless as to

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leave them pearls and rubies all behind, Jim, that would have proved all our statements, and nothing should have persuaded me not to give myself up now to-night."

"Here we are. We must hold a council of war, because we can't very well sail past the light of that camp-fire widout diskiverin' ourselfs. Hello, that cuspidated canoe's bolted."

CHAPTER VI.

The Rescue.

"Well, Jim," said Eaves, in a tone of calm despair. "Now we *must* report ourselfs."

"And jist as I thought I'd got you over the extreme cravin', too," said Jim, regretfully.

"Yes, it's not my fault now, Jim. I don't *want* to give in, but we're druv to it, aint we?"

"Everythink's agin us except Providence, Mal. We mustn't go back on him. At the maroonin', at the findin', at the losin', at the treasure, and wid Angel, he was there, helpin' us."

"Let's take a seat now," said Eaves, ironically. "P'raps he'll be strollin' along the river bank."

"Yes, let's take a front row. And I think we may's well overhaul the situation till he comes, for fear he aint ready wid suggestions."

"Should you think Angel heard us, about the treasure?" Eaves whispered.

"Ah!" said Twelves. "He might. But in that case he could easy 'a' lent us his canoe, and stayed behind to get the treasure."

"I don't like this findin' his sister, neither. It looks like private theatricals. Why should he find his sister, when Africa is so big? It's difficult enough to find anyone else."

"It's terrible hard to find sub-lootenants," said Jim.

"Yes, that's what I mean. We bin trackin' Charlie for half a day and half a night——"

"And really takin' pains," interjected Jim.

"And aint no nearer. But he finds this faintin' sister before he starts to look for her."

"Widout the slightest effort," assented Jim.

"He seemed very thick wid them accommodatin' Arabs, too," said Eaves.

"You reckon them shots was for show, then, Mal?"

"They was. And supposin' East Africa is all in arms, and agin him, as well as us, do you think he'd leave his wife and fam'ly all alone? Not him. Yet he didn't seem to care, but was most anxious to go wid us."

"He was," Jim agreed.

"Then it's perfectly clear that he wanted to properly cast us adrift."

"How is it clear?" said Twelves.

"He makes all these elaborate arrangements simply to return us to the ship and the ship's police. Then he can open the box in peace."

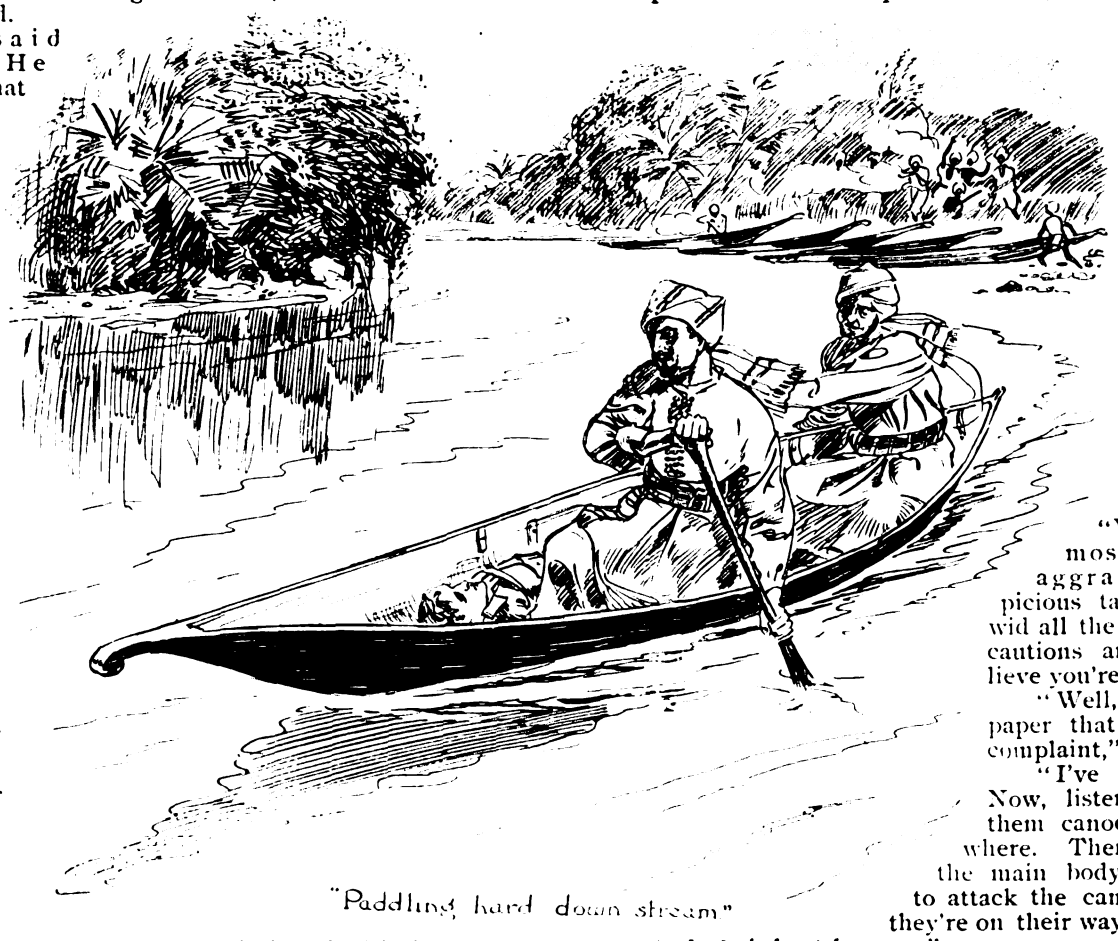
"It looks like it," said Twelves.

"There's no other solution," said Eaves. "I argue on the facts. There's no imagination about me; leastways, that's what you tell me."

"Then what I propose to you, Mal, is, that we dish him. Instead of ingloriously sneakin' home we follow up this tribe for Charlie——"

"What tribe?"

"This one he told us about."



"Paddling hard down stream"

"There aint none. That's part of his game."

"Then would you make a dash down stream for the treasure fust and then go for Charlie?"

"I'd get that money or them jewels and then get aboard as fast as possible. Charlie's lost. Inquiries must be made on a larger scale than we can make 'em. Proper detectives must be employed."

"Mal, you're speakin' in a most sober and middle-watch tone, and I respect your attitude. But you mustn't think you've got all the facts wid you. You have formicated a theory. From my acquaintance wid Angel, I will set before you another——Ssh! There's Provvy, in flotilla."

The quiet splash of many paddles down stream could be heard. The seamen sat still under their rock and listened. The noise of the paddling grew more distinct, and then a fleet of canoes hardly discernible even as it passed within a score of yards passed up stream, towards the fire.

"Now, how did we get by them?" whispered Twelves.

"They hid when they seen us, I should think," said Eaves, "and our Angel Raphael, smellin' 'em, is hidin' in his turn."

"Did we pass a branch of this stream in the fust watch, while you and me was asleep, think you?"

"I've done my thinkin', if you still believe in Angel."

"Hist. They're beachin' them canoes. I reckon these are the people we're after, and they're goin' to attack our camp over there. The question arises, Mal, what course you and me should take."

"Join up wid 'em, I should think—the natives, I mean. They'd be glad of our help, and we could capture Number One as Arabs in these clothes, and take him alongside and demand pardon for all our past services before allowin' him to go aboard."

"You're developin' most ironical and aggravatin' and suspicious tattics, Mal; and wid all the Adm'alty's precautions and mine, I believe you're sunstroked."

"Well, I seen in the paper that it's a catchin' complaint," said Eaves.

"I've bin vaccinated. Now, listen. Charlie's in them canoes if he's anywhere. Therefore we allow the main body of the enemy to attack the camp, and I guess they're on their way jist now, while we attack their boat-keepers."

"Regardless of how many they are, I hope," said Eaves, wearily.

"Regardless in reason. We have fust to find out which canoe he's in. We therefore wade up towards 'em in the darkness, find it, cast it off wid as many others as the time will allow, and slope off down stream full pelt."

"Don't you think we best fire a shot to alarm the camp?" said Eaves.

"No. I reckon that camp's got its weather eye open, the way it spotted you and me. The moment the fight begins we must start, because these Swyhilis'll soon be repulsed and be in a hurry to git aboard."

The instant the first shot was fired, the two seamen waded in the river up to their armpits and approached the canoes. The men left in charge of them had ascended to points of vantage and were watching the fight, and the seamen looked in all the outside canoes unobserved, but without success so far as finding Sub-Lieutenant Chater was concerned. They worked their way into the centre of the mass of canoes, and still found nothing. But in one of the innermost, hauled well up on the beach, a man lay bound.

"Here he is," whispered Twelves. "Cast off enough canoes to make a fairway for this 'un. I'll lay by it."

Eaves quietly did as he was bid. And all the time the noise of the fight continued and the natives in charge of the

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canoes never once looked to them. The time was long to Twelves, and he wondered whether it might not have been wiser to transship the sub-lieutenant to a floating canoe, risking the noise; but very quickly Eaves did his work, and it only remained to remove two whose prows were embedded in the shingle to obtain a clear run down to the water for their particular canoe.

Each man took one. "Now!" said Twelves, and the two canoes were launched with a scrape on the shingle loud enough to call the attention of the guard. "Now!" said Twelves. And catching hold, one on either side, he and Eaves ran their man in his canoe down the beach into the water and scrambled aboard amid a volley from the enemy. They were soon out of sight and paddling hard down stream.

"Well, I'm glad it's all over," said Eaves, after an interval, "and that we end up under no obligations to that chap Angel."

"Unless he might say he sailed us up the river," said Twelves.

"He might say! He's a liar. You can't believe a word he says."

"Very good then, Mal, we'll dismiss him from our conversations, so's not to make the angry passions rise. But you never heard my theory."

"No more I don't want to."

"Paddle all, then! To treasure and everlastin' glory. Unless Angel gits there fust."

"Is that dismissin' him?"

"I'm on'y speakin' of him in a secondly sense, Mal, and he wasn't really necessary in that sentence. Peace and the lower deck is on before, so dig along, boys, dig along; but the enemy is fur away behind, so easy all, easy all. That which was lost is found——"

"The enemy aint so far and away behind, Jim, that you need make a song about it."

Soon afterwards, at the first glimmering of dawn, Eaves, glancing back, said, "I can see the fust of him."

One canoe was dimly visible racing after them.

"When full daylight comes we'll have to fight for it, I reckon, Jim."

"We shan't have to go fur into the forenoon to reach the cave, Mal, and there——"

"There's them shallows to pass through yet, though, Jim. And I reckon the enemy holds them in force. We shall be properly held up and ambuscaded there."

"You're very encouragin', Mal, but I wish you'd shut up. Things are runnin' very good, so long's we don't think too deep. Is that canoe gainin'?"

"She's out of sight."

"There you are. We've got Charlie, we're on the way to untold gold and the ship, and yet you complain."

"She's in sight," said Eaves, a minute after.

"Many aboard of her?"

"Can't see yet."

"Why, there's on'y two," said Twelves, five minutes later. "We can ease off. There's nothink else in sight. Take a spell and lay hold of your rifle. I'll keep her goin' gentle."

"They're signalisin'," said Eaves after an interval, during which the pursuing canoe was quickly overhauling them. "I say, it's that chap Angel agin. Shall I shoot?"

"Damnation, no, Mal! He's all right," said Twelves.

"I can't see how this proves it," said Eaves. "We've out-manœuvred him, and he's on'y returnin' to let us in for somethink else. I wish I was aboard and safe in my 'ammick wid the prospect of nothink worse than 10A when I turn out of it."

"Ahoy, 'Pimpernels'!" came from the canoe behind.

"Ahoy, Angel!" Twelves shouted back. "Where ye bin all night?" he queried as the canoe neared.

"Chasing you," said Angel.

"Where d'je hide yourself when we was doin' the work?" said Eaves, gruffly.

"Yes. We got him, Angel. All's well, and the game is done. We aint had time to undo him, these two hours we've had him, though. Lift off that mat, Mal."

The daylight was strong now, and showed—not a sub, but a three-ringed lieutenant lying along the bottom of the canoe. The bluejackets stared for a second, and then Twelves, utterly astounded, blurted out, "Nutty, by the great equinoxious gales!"

"Nutty, by the deep-sea gods—Nutty!" said Eaves.

"Well I'm unfathomably *cussed*," said Twelves despairingly. "I come out to git a sub-lootenant, and someone, I won't say who, substitutes a fust lootenant."

"Isn't this the officer you were searching for?" said Miss Angel, looking into the native canoe from hers, which had now ranged alongside.

"Not at all, miss. Not in the least. He was another man altogether, one of the boys of England, wid all his youngness still upon him. And how anyone, even Swyhilis, could mistake the two is beyond me."

"You won't object to him being untied, I suppose?" said Angel, proceeding to cut the grass ropes which bound the officer.

"I object to nothink whatever," said Jim. "I'm a miserable derelick."

"And I'm—I'm—d——d," said Eaves. "I give in."

"Don't do that, Mal, me son. Although I do admit it is most disheartenin', after all these hardships and annoyances, to be served like it."

"To pick up a fust lootenant, when you was basin' your conclusions and excuses on a sub-lootenant, is somethink worse than disheartenin'."

"Yes, it's what they call providential. And there's nothink less easy to explain than that. Why should a fust lootenant git lost at all? What was his party doin'?"

"Jim," said Eaves, brightening up, "I should think Number One would be a better excuse than Charlie to take back."

"Yes, he's bigger. He's solider," said Twelves.

"So we can go straight aboard and explain that we've done our best and please here's the fust lootenant, and hadn't a search party better be told off for Charlie?"

"There's sense in that, Mal, but it's not affectionate to Charlie. After takin' the trouble to lose him we oughtn't to mind findin' him."

"Here! Draw it gentle, Jim! I can admit a good few things what you bring forrard, but I won't admit that, however many times you say it."

"Well, theoretically we didn't lose him," Twelves admitted, "but practically we did."

"We didn't!"

"Well, if we didn't, who did? Now there's the question. It's bin proved over and over that there's no cause widout a result. We found him, and he wasn't responsible for his actions, and we lost him, and I can't see my way out of that."

"I s'pose you'll write a chit to his mother and tell her it's all our fault, eh?"

"Well, we'd no bisness to go pokin' about in caves, did we, when we had him to look after?"

"He'd no bisness to git lost twice," said Eaves, sulkily. "We aint his nursemaids."

"He aint lost twice, Mal. This is all the same only time. And Number One come ashore to look for him, so that's all in the same contract. And after him the cap'n'll come, and we'll rescue him, too; and in the end, and in our own good time, we'll run against Charlie, you take my word, and the job will be done. So you see we're really goin' on wid findin' the sub-lootenant, in quite the right order. Fust Number One, then the cap'n, and then him."

"You'll crowd out the cave like a field hospital, if you're goin' to pick up *all* the officers and take 'em there. You and me and the Portagee knight'll have to camp outside, I guess."

"It's very irritatin' for the officers to get losin' theirselfs in this careless way, Mal, I admit, but dooty is dooty."

"Yes, and we ought always to be on dooty on a holiday, I s'pose. It's an eternative time since we left the Navy, it seems to me, Jim Twelves, and it's jist that length o' time since I had any sleep or a fair meal. In the Navy we had watch below, occasional."

"Mal, we aint left the Service not forty-eight hours yet. That's enough to make anyone sleepy, I admit. But you mustn't complain about eternity in advance, else I shall think you're like the old lady what woke before the sun on Monday mornin', and says to herself, 'To-morrow's Tuesday, and Wednesday is washin' day—half the week gone and nothink done,' and then she called the hands, Mal, and worked 'em double shifts."

"Your anecdote don't apply excep' in the matter of double shifts, and *you're* orderin' them, not me. You're the old woman. And I say, Jim, if we gather up all these officers in the cave, how shall we explain why we didn't take 'em to the ship?"

"Boat-hire, Mal, boat-hire. Bluejackets can't stand to the hire of wherries for so many officers, and I shall say that after a full consideration of the subject, you and me come to the conclusion the cave was the cheapest place for economy in the long run."

"It's very good of you, Jim," said Angel, who overheard the last sentence, "to remember my cave so well, and I think we'd better recommence paddling for it."

"It'll be all right for you, Angel, because the Adm'alty will pay you subsistence-money for these officers what we propose to collect."

"What officers?" said Angel.

Whereupon Jim repeated his ideas on acting as chief rescuer of British officers in East Africa, while the canoes were beached, and everyone was packed into Angel's canoe. The voyage was then resumed, the captured canoe towing behind.

(To be continued.)

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Our Auxiliary Naval Officers.

THE recent arrival of the "Macquarie" in the Thames from Sydney, on the completion of her maiden voyage as an ocean training-ship, under Lord Brassey's scheme for the higher education of gentlemen's sons preparatory to being passed as officers into the Merchant Service and Indian Marine, is interesting and worthy of notice. As it is eight years since the scheme was first formulated, sufficient time has elapsed to test its working and benefits. That it is beneficial and also popular there can be no doubt, from the large and increasing number of cadets carried. The readiness also with which vacancies are filled testifies to this, while the smart, well-trained officers now filling responsible positions,

THE TRAINING SHIP "MACQUARIE."

who received their nautical education on board this ship and her companions, bear testimony to the benefit that the scheme is conferring on the Mercantile Marine.

These ships, for there are three, the "Macquarie," "Hesperus," and "Harbinger," are also nurseries for our future officers in the R.N.R., and the majority of midshipmen and sub-lieutenants holding commissions in this branch of the Navy are or have been trained in one of these vessels. As it is the ambition of every cadet in this service to be an officer of the R.N.R., and they are here properly fitted for this duty, the nation has to thank Lord Brassey for putting his idea into practical shape. In these stirring times we do not know how soon the Navy might be glad to call up the officers of the R.N.R. for active service.

It is a question whether some further and more technical instructions, such as gunnery, drill, and the theory of torpedo warfare, as well as a wider extension of this scheme, could not be made more practicable. This, with an increase in the number of ships, would make this system one of the best and

LIEUT. F. W. CORNER, ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE.
COMMANDING THE "MACQUARIE."

Photos. Haysom

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SOME CADETS OF THE "MACQUARIE."

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most popular schemes for higher Naval instruction possible. The "Macquarie" is a vessel of 1,867 tons register, owned by Messrs. Devitt and Moore, Fenchurch Buildings, London, and is commanded by Lieutenant F. W. Corner, R.N.R., a younger brother of Trinity House, and the holder of the Royal Humane Society's medal. This officer started his career as a cadet in one of Messrs. Devitt and Moore's ships. He is a smart and able officer, and the high standard of efficiency and discipline shown by the cadets is due to his influence.

The P. and O. and other leading steamship lines are always anxious and willing to secure these cadets as officers on the completion of their training.

Lord Brassey takes great interest in the welfare of the lads in these ships, which he regularly inspects. A good table is provided, and the lads have every comfort, so that the course may be safely recommended to parents who wish to send their sons into the Mercantile Marine with a view to their subsequently joining the Royal Naval Reserve.

The Naval Training Brigs.

THESE six illustrations represent the brigs attached to the various training-ships, and used for the instruction of the lads in the practical handling of a vessel at sea under sail. The system of training and course of instruction have been fully described before, but some words of explanation concerning these picturesque little vessels, and the conditions under which they are represented, cannot fail to be of interest. They belong to a past age, and, from an artistic point of view, it is a thousand pities that this should be so, for there is no prettier object in connection with the sea than a man-of-war under sail, with her spruce, well-kept hull and trimly set canvas.

The "Seaflower" and "Sealark" are attached to the "Boscawen" at Portland, the "Martin" to the "St. Vincent" at Portsmouth, the "Liberty" to the "Lion" at Devonport, and the "Nautilus" and "Pilot" to the "Impregnable," also at Devonport.

The "Seaflower" is "close-hauled" at her port tack—that is, with her yards braced sharp up, and sailing as near the wind as possible.

A sailing-vessel cannot, of course, depend always upon being able to head straight for her destination, and when the wind is adverse she approaches it on a zig-zag route, alternately presenting either side to the breeze These conditions require very pretty steering, for the sails must not be allowed to shake by coming too near the wind, nor must the vessel be permitted to fall off from the wind. The sails in this view are nearly edge-on to the spectator, and both sides are in most cases partly visible.

Photo. Symonds. *THE "LIBERTY"—Shortening Sail.* Copyright.

Photo. West & Son. *THE "NAUTILUS"—A Fair Wind.* Copyright.

The "Sealark" presents a very perfect picture of a sailing-vessel at anchor. Note the neat and careful manner in which the sails are furled; every rope is hauled taut, the yards "squared" exactly at right angles to the masts. The hull is decidedly shapely, too, with a pretty sweep or "sheer" of the upper line.

The "Martin" forms perhaps the most pleasing picture of all, owing to the fact that the sails on the main mast catch the light, while those on the foremast are in shadow. Why are they braced at such different angles? In order to stop the vessel's way; the wind, it will be seen, is acting on the wrong side of the main topsail, tending to send her astern, while the sails forward are trying to force her ahead. This is known as "heaving to," and is equivalent to stopping the engines in a steamer for the purpose of communicating with another ship, etc. This attitude of a sailing-vessel has always been a favourite one

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Photo. Symonds & Co. Copyright.

THE "PILOT"—AIRING CANVAS.

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with marine artists, and the reason is obvious.

The "Liberty" is approaching her anchorage, and the crew are "shortening sail to topsails" so as to reduce the speed and have her under command. The operation is performed by taking in simultaneously the two large courses, the topgallantsails and royals, and the flying jib; the smaller sails are always furled at once, but the courses are hauled up to the yards by various ropes, and furled with the topsails, after the vessel is securely moored. The boys may be seen on the upper yards; all except the main topgallantsail are practically furled, but the main topgallant yardmen have bungled it somehow, and are probably being reproached from the quarter-deck at this moment, and promised a little independent drill afterwards.

The "Nautilus" presents another aspect, and the most agreeable one to the sailor, for she has a fair wind and is "bowling along" merrily. Every sail is set that will draw with advantage, including the "studding sails," or "stunsails" as they are usually called, which are set on booms rigged out beyond the yards, and correspond to the "spinnaker" used in yachts under similar circumstances. They are only of use on the "weather" side, and may be seen projecting beyond the other sails. The smart handling of these "flying kites" was always a test of neat seamanship in former days. The little "Nautilus," it will be acknowledged, makes a remarkably pretty picture.

Lastly, we have the "Pilot" at anchor on a different view, and under different circumstances from the "Sealark." We are under her bows, and see one side greatly foreshortened, and the "bluff" of the bow on the other side. Moreover, her sails are loosed to dry, a necessary matter in harbour, to keep them from rotting after rain, though Naval canvas stands an astonishing amount of hard treatment of every kind.

These pretty toy men-of-war may be met with in the Channel, or further afield, from spring to late autumn, taking out fresh crews at intervals. They are commanded by lieutenants, and, as may readily be imagined, it is a sort of yachting in fine, summer weather. Some of them have been singularly unfortunate this year, the "Nautilus" having been twice in collision, and having been compelled on one occasion to anchor in Cawsand Bay to avoid being driven ashore in a gale, while her commander subsequently met with an accident on board, which temporarily disabled him. The "Pilot," failing to come round in a light wind, grounded on Plymouth breakwater, luckily without serious damage, and had a narrow escape of going ashore on another occasion.

The brigs in former days often performed the duties of despatch vessels, some of them being employed to carry mails. They were much more heavily masted than are these training-brigs, and were sometimes spoken of as "sea-coffins," on account of the danger to which they were exposed in a sudden violent squall or shift of wind. Their commanders, nevertheless, often carried on sail in the most daring fashion, and prided themselves on their smart passages, but there was more than one instance of a brig putting to sea and never being heard of again.

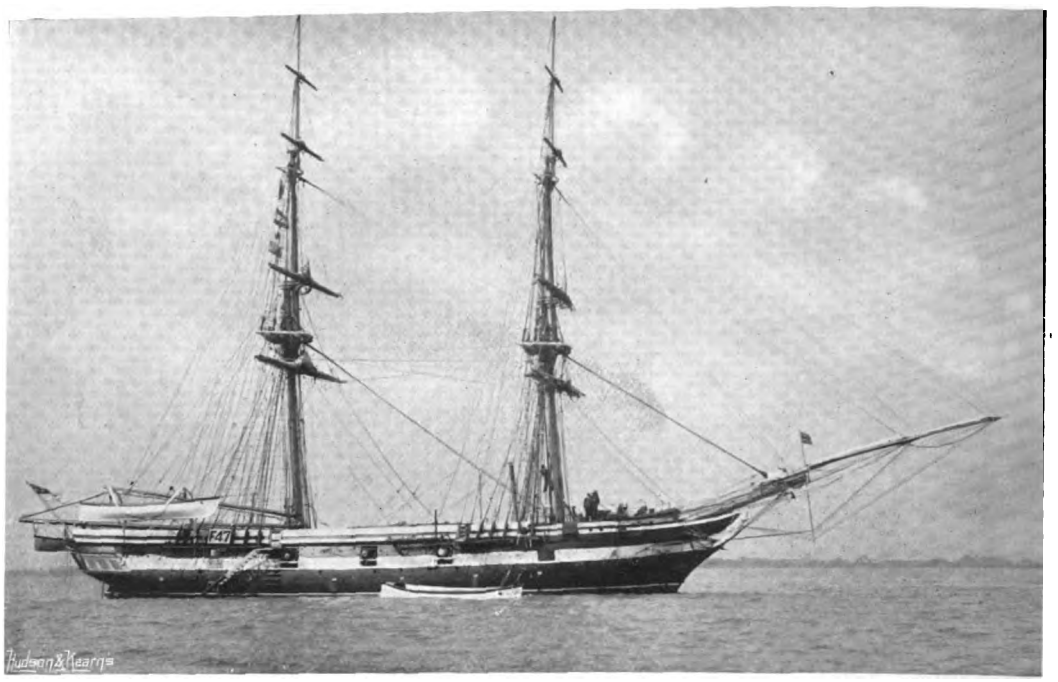

Photo. Symonds & Co. *THE SEALARK—At Anchor.* Copyright.

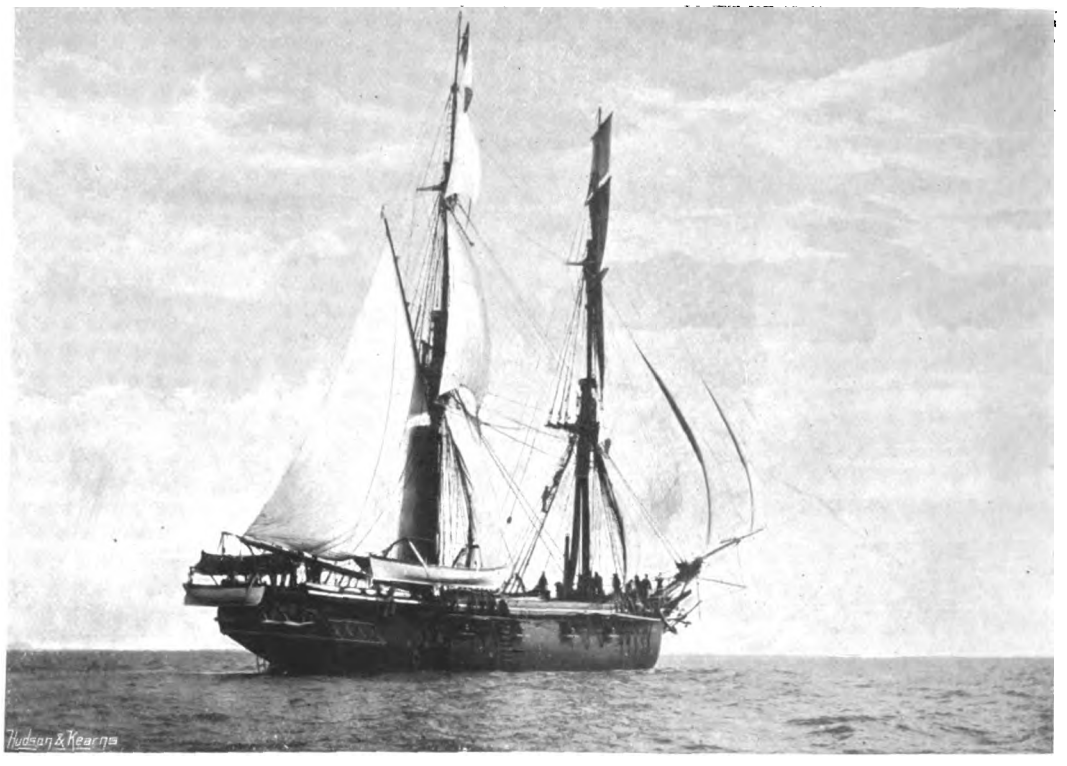

Photo West & Son. *THE "SEAFLOWER"—Close-hauled.* Copyright.

Photo. Symonds & Co. *THE "MARTIN"—Hove-to.* Copyright.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 73.] SATURDAY, JUNE 25th, 1898.

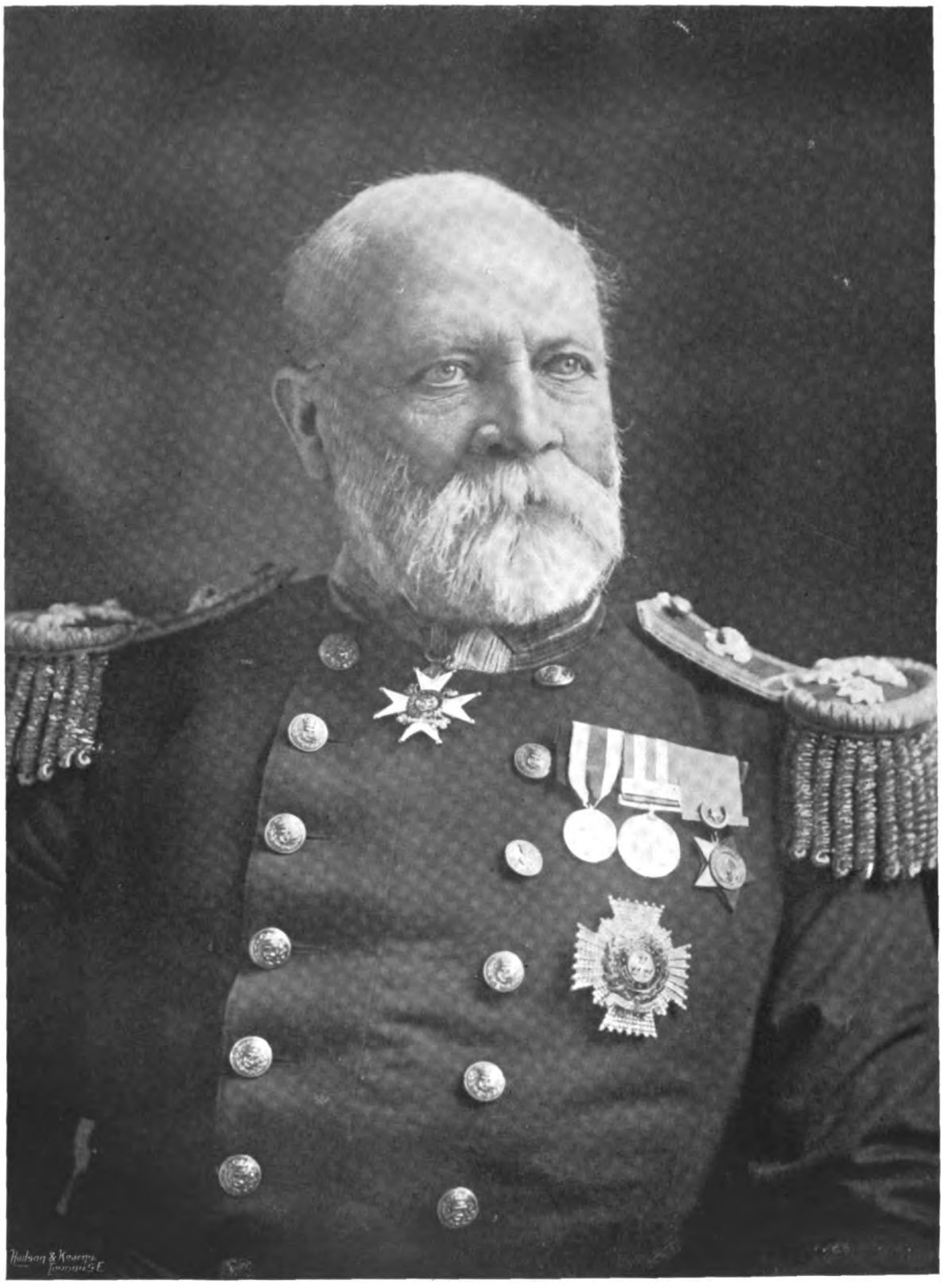

Photo. Elliott & Fry. Copyright.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY FREDERICK NICHOLSON, K.C.B.

(See Page 329.)

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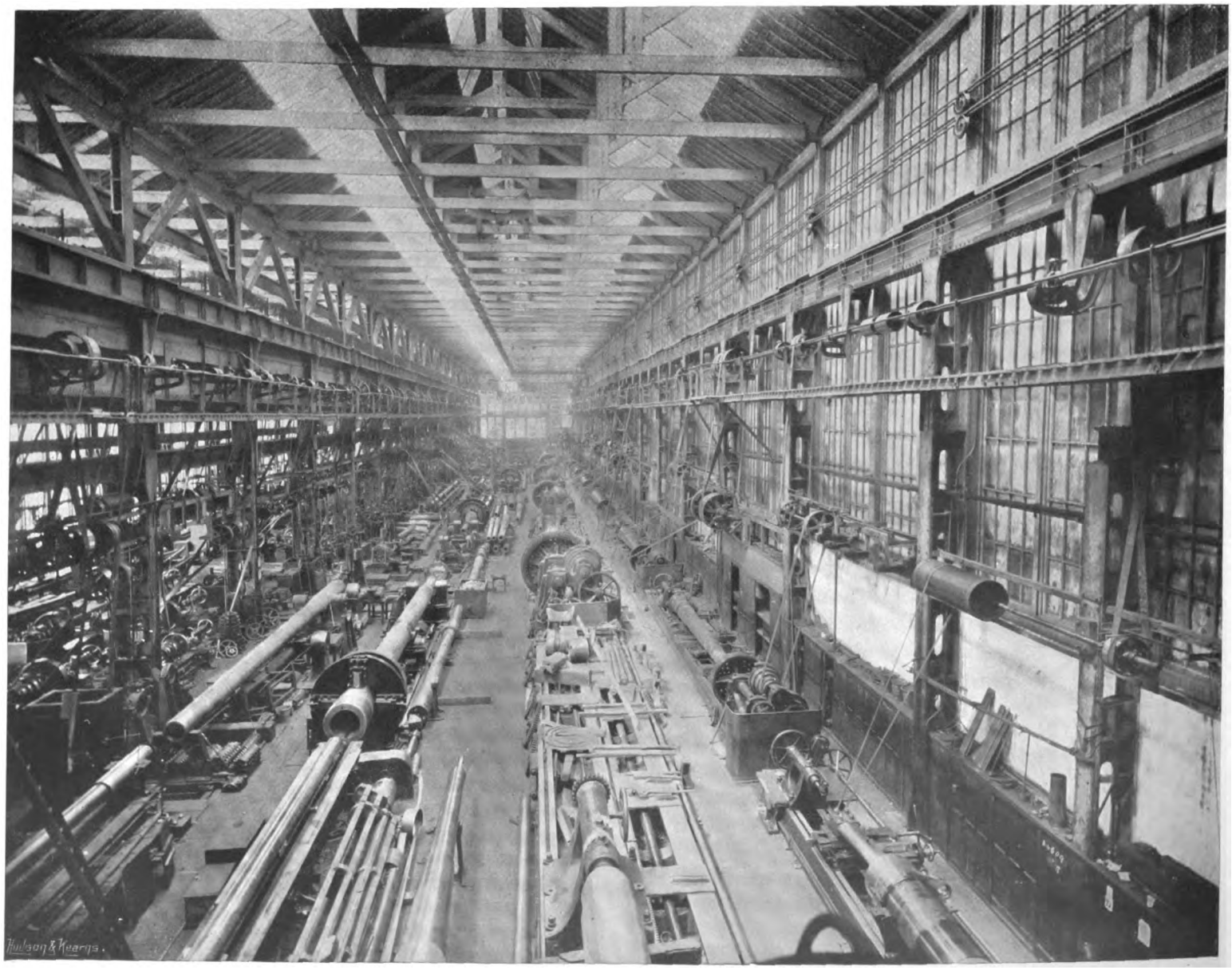
The Elswick Ship-building Yard.—VII.

THE very splendid armament of the Elswick cruisers—often of greater power than that of like vessels in the British Navy—occupies more and more the attention of observers. To discuss the merits of various types is not the purpose here, but many of the guns so cleverly disposed have been illustrated, and with this article two pictures of the 6-in. quick-firer appear. This calibre came into notice soon after the success of the 4·7-in. quick-firer was assured, but efforts to increase rapidity of fire with larger calibres were not at first successful, owing to the greater charges of black powder which were necessary. The weight of the charge not only interfered with quick loading, but the volume of smoke produced was so dense that, except under favourable circumstances of wind, quick firing became practically impossible. The success of the 6-in. and larger quick-fire guns is therefore largely due to the introduction of smokeless powder, and the 6-in. calibre is now generally in use as a secondary armament of battle-ships, and the main armament of large cruisers. The weight of the projectile is 100-lb. The protection of armament is now a matter of much greater consideration than in former times, and all modern guns not in turrets are provided with shields of hardened steel.

NORWAY'S LATEST BATTLE-SHIP—THE "TORDENSKJOLD."

One of our illustrations, however, showing the 6-in. quick-firer without its shield, reveals how really simple is the actual mounting, and how little there is to be damaged by hostile fire. But the 6-in. gun does not form part of the armament of the two very remarkable vessels illustrated to-day. These are the sister ships "Harald Haarfagre" and "Tordenskjold," built for the Norwegian Government, the former represented during her full-speed trial at 17¼ knots. Really these are small battle-ships, analogous to the German "Siegfried" type. We have nothing like them, and they have, indeed, been built for the special conditions of Norwegian waters. The displacement is only 3,500 tons, with 380-ft. length, 48-ft. 6-in. beam, and 16-ft. 6-in. mean draught. Although the displacement is so small, there is the efficient belt protection of 7-in. of nickel steel. The main armament consists of two of the 8-in. Elswick quick-firers which we have illustrated, one forward



A HUGE MACHINERY SHOP AT ELSWICK.

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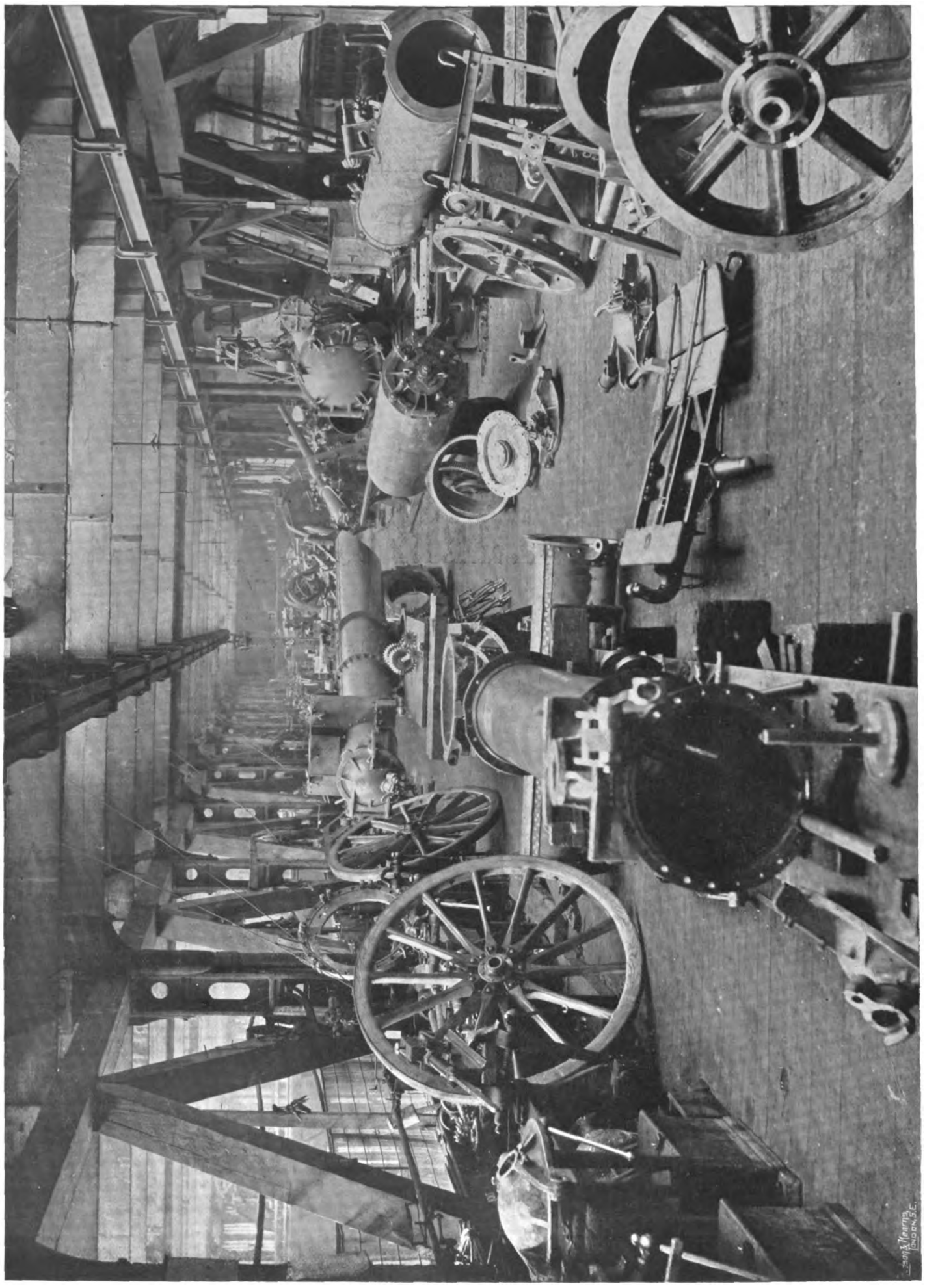

No. 16.—SHOP—MAKING TORPEDO DISCHARGE TUBES.

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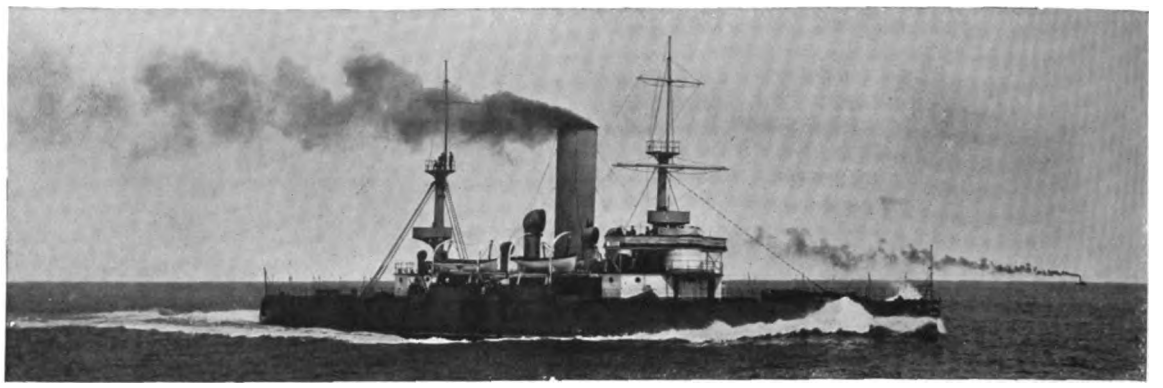
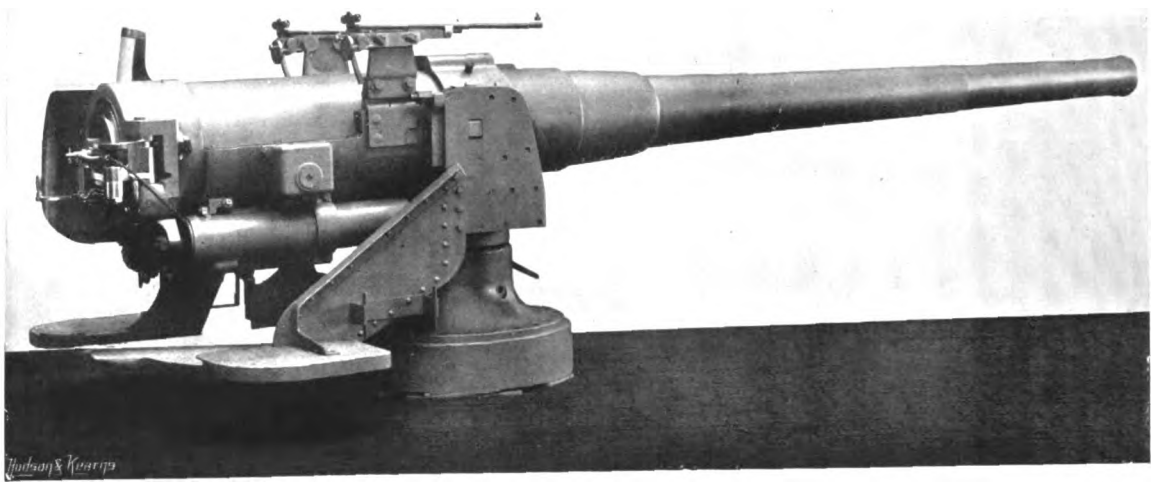
and one aft, each in an armoured gun-house, which revolves with the gun, and has a central ammunition hoist, so that the loading may take place in any position. The 8-in. gun is of 45 calibres' length, and takes a charge of about 49-lb. of cordite, which gives a muzzle velocity of 2,650-ft. per second to a projectile of 210-lb., the muzzle energy being 10,226 foot-tons, and sufficing to penetrate not less than 26-in. of unbacked armour. The auxiliary armament comprises six 4·7-in. quick-firers on E swick mountings, protected by steel shields 4½-in. thick, and placed in sponsons on the broadsides, the foremost and after guns firing in the fore and aft line, as well as six 12-pounders of two types, and six 1½-pounders.

The torpedo armament of these remarkable vessels consists of two submerged discharges of the Elswick design. All the Elswick tubes, whether for above-water or below-water discharge, are made for the use of cordite impulse, and the system has proved very satisfactory. In this special branch of artillery Elswick has lately made very great progress, and a great deal of work concerning it is always in hand. Our illustration of No. 16 shop, where torpedo-tubes are made —as well as field-guns and small ship-guns—shows different descriptions of tubes, from the light pattern designed for use in torpedo craft, and weighing only 15-cwt. (inclusive of shield, pivot, securing chains, and every fitting necessary), to the submerged tubes (parts of which are seen in the centre of the picture), such as are used in the "Haarfagre" and "Tordenskjold."

To return to these vessels, it should be added that they are lighted throughout by two 32-unit dynamos of the new Elswick type, a machine of superior design and manufacture, and that the extreme coal capacity is 400 tons.



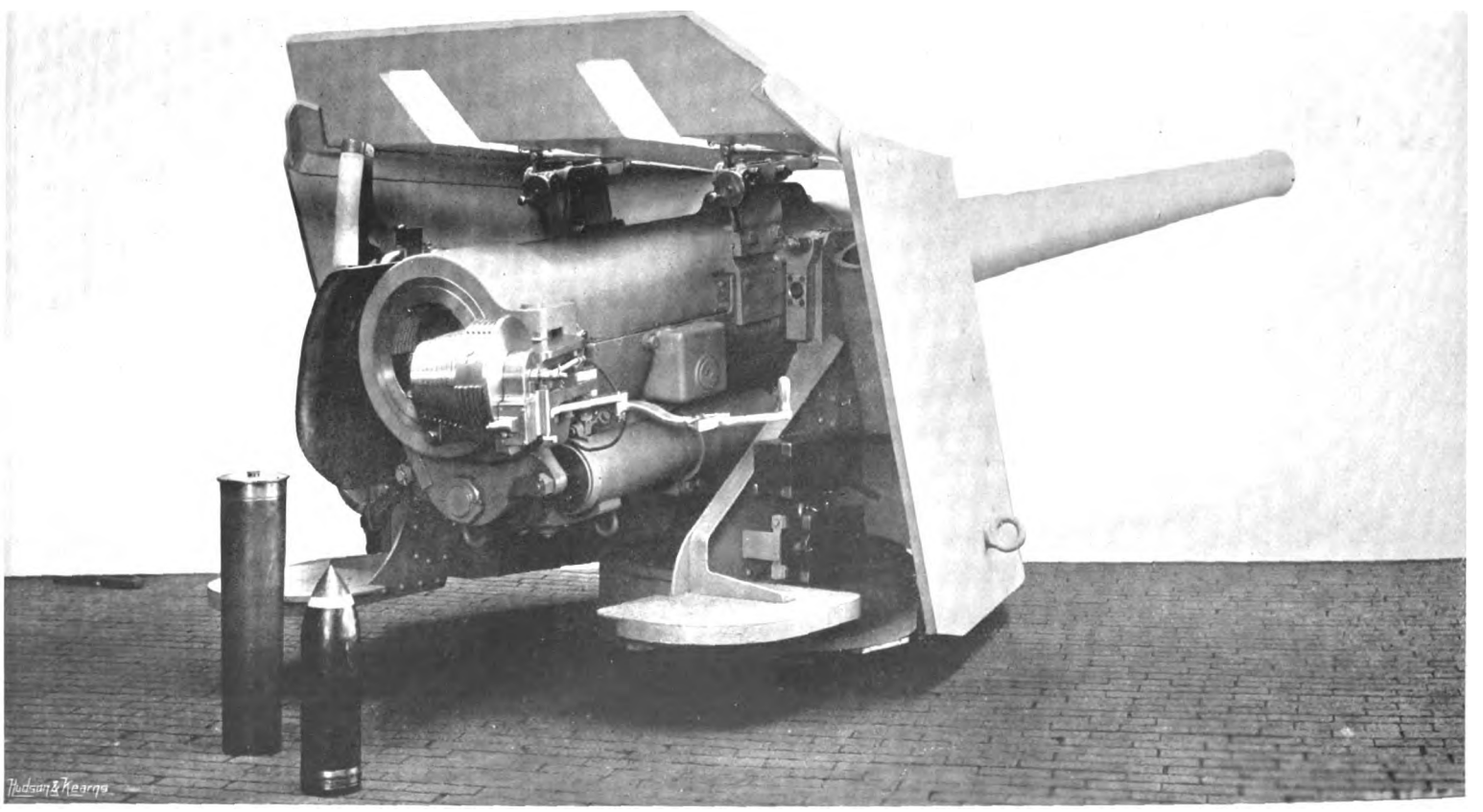
THE NORWEGIAN BATTLE-SHIP "HARALD HAARFAGRE" AT FULL SPEED.



THE 6-in. QUICK-FIRER WITHOUT SHIELD.

We have now concluded our special illustrations of Elswick and its work. The steel, ship-building, ordnance, and other establishments comprised under the name constitute one of the greatest industrial concerns in the country, and the day cannot fail to come when this great "supplementary arsenal" will contribute largely to the Royal Navy.

(Concluded.)



THE ELSWICK 6-in. QUICK-FIRER.

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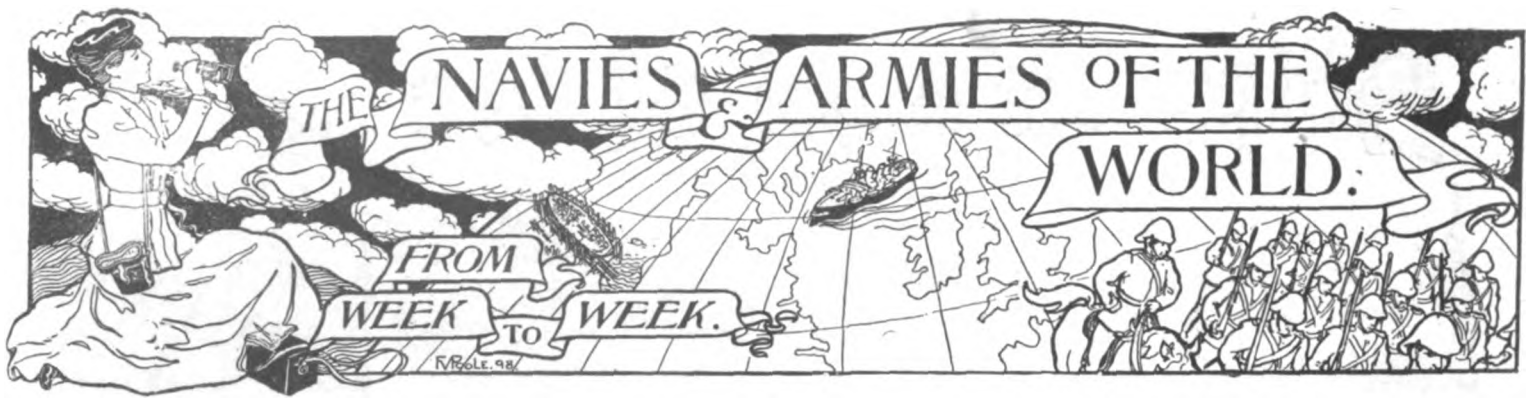

THE Reserve Forces Bill, read the second time in the House of Lords last week, is designed to do what must be done—namely, make it more possible to meet the calls of our little wars without having recourse to drafts from regiments which remain at home—the process, in fact, called creaming. It is not, by the way, a device peculiarly our own. The name and the thing are both well known to the French. They had to *ecremer* some of their regiments pretty severely to make up the expeditionary force for Madagascar, though they have the most advanced possible modern military organisation, and enjoy the benefits of compulsory service. Indeed, it is difficult to see how the necessity is to be avoided by any army which relies on the Reserve to fill its ranks in war time. No army can be on a peace and a war footing, at one and the same time. As we are more liable, so far, to these demands than our neighbours, we have particular reason to provide a regular resource. In the course of time both France and Germany must discover that extending Colonial possessions bring grave liabilities with them, and we shall see how they settle the problem. Lord Lansdowne's method is in principle the good one, which is "more elasticity." We are to form a reserve within the Reserve by paying certain men additional sums if they will undertake to return to the ranks in the case of a small war. They are to be, in fact, something analogous to the Militia Reserve men, who accept the liability to be called into the ranks of the Regular Army. At the same time the Militia is to be encouraged to volunteer for service everywhere, even in whole regiments. Lord Lothian would like to see even parts of regiments allowed to become what may be called potential regulars.

* * * *

THERE is elasticity here no doubt, but one cannot escape the fear whether there is not also a touch of what M. Thiers used to call "chinoiseries," Chinese puzzle. Would it not be more simple to allow any Reserve man to rejoin for a small war, and pay him a bounty? It does not appear obvious why the same offer should not be made to Militia Reserve men; that is, of course, supposing them to be properly instructed. If there is any doubt on that point, what would appear to be needed is an overhaul of the Militia, and perhaps he would be a bold man who asserts that this is not in fact the case. The War Office has, one presumes, considered the question of allowing Militia regiments to volunteer to become liable for general foreign service from all points of view. It is certainly one which ought to be very thoroughly thought out. The Militia is, by the very nature of it, a force which exists for home service: to replace the Regulars in Great Britain and Ireland, and to garrison what in these days of steam may be called such outposts as Gibraltar or Malta. There may be excellent reasons for throwing it into hotchpot with the Army, but one would like to see them stated; yet the thing cannot be done without altering the whole character of the force. A good string of queries is suggested by this proposal. Suppose that no regiments undertake this liability, will not the Government receive a snub? and will it not look as if there was a want of military spirit in the Militia? Yet they are absolutely entitled to decline by the nature of their engagement. Again, how is the willingness of a regiment to be shown? By vote of the majority? And will that be held to bind the minority? It would be most unfair that it should. There does not indeed appear to be any greater reason for giving this option to the Militia than to the Volunteers.

* * * *

ENGLISH officers, and there are many of them, who hanker after compulsory military service, may be recommended to read an article headed, "Armee und Parlament" in the *Militar Zeitung* of Vienna for June 14. Parliament in Austria, as all the world knows, has been suffering of late from prolonged and severe attacks of hysteria, which have ended in compelling the Emperor to put it under restraint. The *Militar Zeitung* comments on this event with sober satisfaction, and gives very intelligible reasons why Austrian military men are profoundly relieved to be rid of their "Parlament" for a time at least. Deputies, it seems, have made the most exasperating attacks on individual officers, and have, moreover, made incessant efforts to reduce military service, and to extend the privilege of one year's service allowed to the educated "Freiwilliger." They have also made constant efforts to abolish the compulsory second year of service imposed on the "Freiwilliger" who does not satisfy his chiefs during the first. Finally, they make pertinacious attempts to get exemptions for the sons of their constituents. This, by the way, is not a burden imposed on the Austrian War Office alone. It is not very long ago since a French Minister of War complained that his life was worried out of him by deputies who haunted his office for this very purpose. An Italian War Minister could unquestionably a tale unfold if he chose. Yet the deputies are not altogether without excuse, for they depend on the votes of their constituents. Now as things stand at present, the British officer may not get exactly the recruits he would like, but he gets men who are not able to put pressure on Members of Parliament, and who come freely, and are therefore open to the question, "Why did you become a soldier?" when they complain of the conditions of military life. How would it be if they got, against his will, the son of the "free and independent" grocer who is an active man on the local caucus, and can get at the member? One shudders to think what "question time" would soon be like.

* * * *

IT is very difficult to feel sympathy for people who show themselves so utterly incompetent as the Spaniards at Manila manifestly are. At least one has to remember the poor soldiers who are being sacrificed by the imbecility and selfishness of their chiefs, in order not to feel that any misfortune the Spaniards may suffer in the Philippines is deserved. No more awful, and also despicable, picture of moral and intellectual collapse has ever been given than is contained in the letters of the *Times* correspondent, and the other pieces of information which leak through from Manila. We are told of a captain-general who takes no single intelligent measure of precaution, and who then throws up the reins; subordinates who will not hear of surrender, but who will do nothing effectual to defend themselves; soldiers who are left without food, are marched to exhaustion, and are kept firing at shadows; and, to complete the picture, there are stories of officers who swarm in the cafés, ranting at England. It is like the final outbreak of long accumulated corruption. The case for the Spaniards is not made better by the fact that in Cuba, at least, their local enemies appear to be thoroughly contemptible. Calixto Garcia brags that he is master of the open country in Eastern Cuba. Yet he has allowed a body of Spaniards, which cannot be very strong, to worry the American marines landed at Guantánamo for days. If he has half the force he claims to have, and it is other than a rabble of cowards, he ought to have stopped this at once. One understands the kind of rage into which Spanish ways of doing things threw the passionate and able Sir W. Napier when he saw them in the Peninsular War.

* * * *

MR. CHARLES BOOTH has sent a curious letter to the *Times* on the subject of "Food and Industry in War." He proposes that the Government should bear all risks on cargo carried in British ships "provided that the owners of the ships agree to sail them under such rules as Her Britannic Majesty's Government may lay down at the time." The risk on the hulls is to be borne by the owners. Mr. Booth thinks, plausibly enough, that shipowners would prefer to have all risks taken by the State. No doubt they would. Yet he holds that if his plan is adopted shipowners "would refrain from selling their ships, and be able to continue to run them." He also makes the surely very strange remark that the same system "might be applied to sailing vessels under convoy." Well, the only rule Her Britannic Majesty's Government can make is that all vessels shall go under convoy. By what other means could it undertake to answer for their safety? But the oddest passage in Mr. Booth's letter is that in which he says that British shipowners will refrain from selling their ships on war breaking out if his scheme is adopted. To whom do they propose to sell them? Mr. Booth cannot suppose that there is indefinite capital disposable in the hands of foreigners for the purchase of our ships, even if their laws allow them to acquire foreign-built vessels, or they have unlimited crews and engineers and coal, which is nowhere the case. The fact is that a great Naval war in which England was concerned would lead at once to a rise in freights, and a disturbance in the money market all over the world. The first would make it worth the shipowner's while to continue running his vessels, though at a risk. The second would disable foreigners from buying them. Besides, why should this system stop at ships? A great war might very possibly lead to a rise in the price of raw material and breadstuffs. Is everybody who suffers by this to be compensated by the Government? The fact is that there seems to be an idea in the minds of some people that a state of war can, by some hocus-pocus, be made exactly like a state of peace, which is contrary to universal experience. It is also plainly the belief of not a few among us, that what is paid out by the Treasury comes from nobody's pocket. Yet it would have to be paid by the taxpayer, every penny. This is an excellent reason for not going to war on a light occasion. If we have to fight, the rational course would be that Government should endeavour to make the sea as safe as possible by a vigorous use of its fleet, and then that freights, insurances, and prices should be left to adjust themselves to the conditions.

* * * *

THE decision—or rather the reason given for the decision—not to hold the Naval Manœuvres is a very serious business. It is not the less grave because foolish guesses were made at the motive of the Government. One of the most manifestly silly was the supposition that "political causes" had been at work. What that meant, if it meant anything, must have been that the Cabinet thought we might be at war, in which case its natural desire would have been not to put off, but to hasten the manœuvres, in order that we might have our ships ready. The real motive is bad enough. Mr. Goschen's statement can leave no doubt that the Admiralty has been driven to deny the fleet its yearly training by the coal strike in South Wales. It is not the case that we are without coals of the kind supplied by that district; but while the strike lasts we cannot afford to draw on our store, lest a call should suddenly be made on the Navy and there should be an insufficient supply in hand. In other words, the Welsh miners, in pursuit of a quarrel of their own with their employers, have gravely embarrassed the Government. And this comes on the top of the delay caused by the engineers' strike in the construction of warships. The State, in fact, is at the mercy of the workmen. Who will answer for it that this pressure might not be applied at the crisis of a war? It is a disagreeable prospect, and also a very complicated problem. The right of men to work, or not work, as they please, is all very well, but suppose they, in the use of their liberty, inflict danger and loss on the whole country—what then?

DAVID HANNAY.

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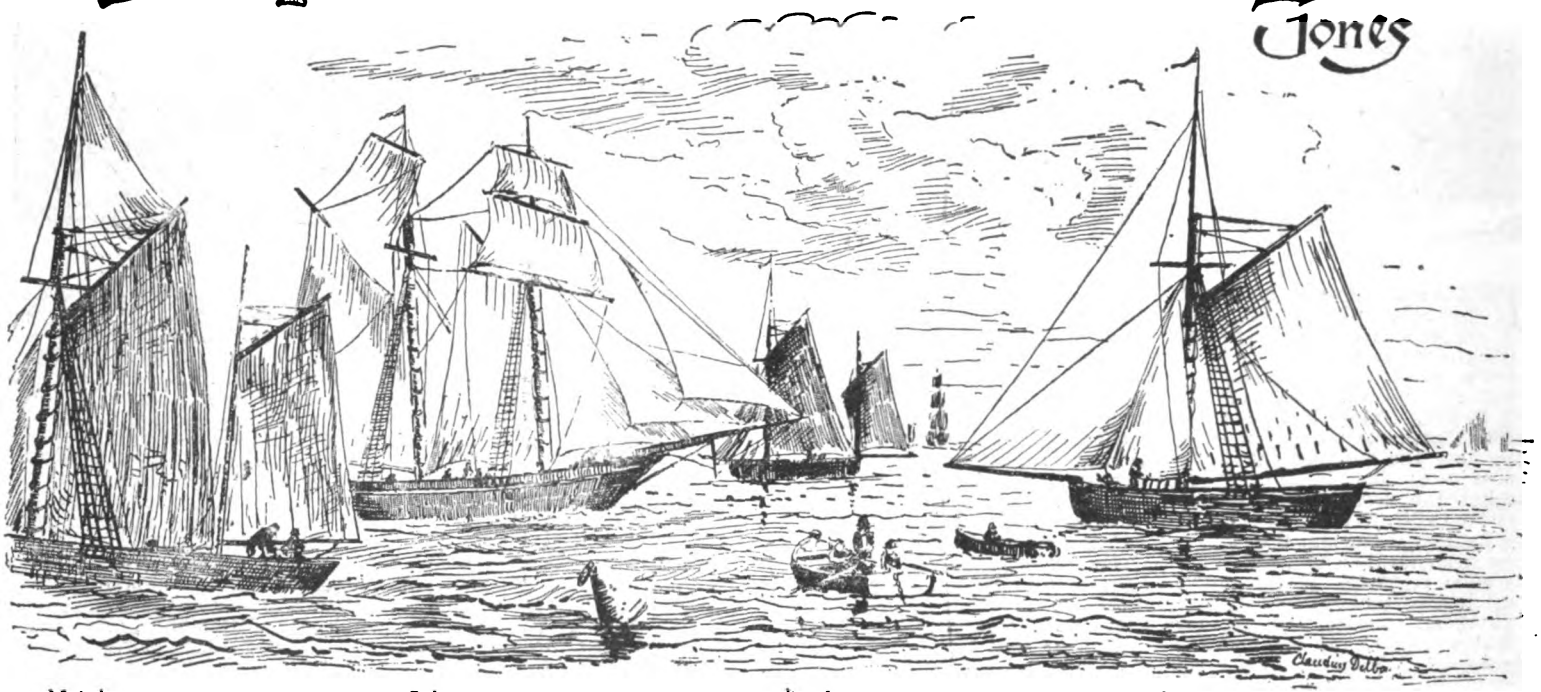
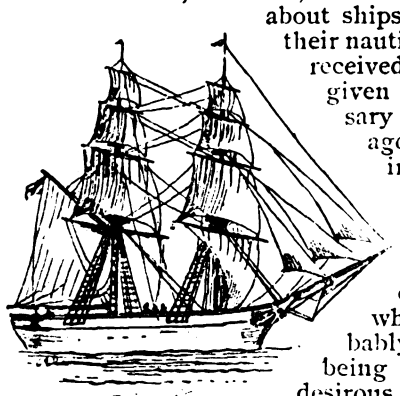
Ships we meet at Sea

by Davy Jones



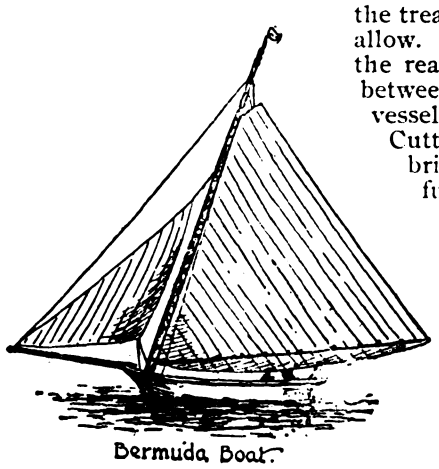
Ketch Schooner Yawl Cutter.

IN a sea-girt country like England it is generally assumed that every man and boy knows all about ships and boats. I say nothing of the ladies, for with the exception of our yachting sisters, I have always found them very rebellious pupils, and I am very much afraid that the dear things take far more interest in sailors than in their ships. Of course, I find no fault with them for doing so, but, at the same time, I sincerely hope this article of mine may help them to discern between a full-rigged ship and a tiny cutter. I have, of course, assumed that all male Britons know about ships; however, as my belief in their nautical science has occasionally received a rude shock, the few hints given here may not be unnecessary to them. Not very long ago, for instance, whilst crossing from Dover to Calais, we had hardly left Dover when a fine French barque came in full view; and the spokesman of a party of young fellows, whose sea knowledge was probably thought very extensive, being appealed to by his friend desirous of knowing what sort of a vessel they had now before their eyes, pronounced it to be a "schooner." Those among us who live near the coast are often amused during the bathing season by hearing those whom we irreverently call "land-lubbers" class as ships almost anything that will float, be it a full-rigged ship or a fishing boat.



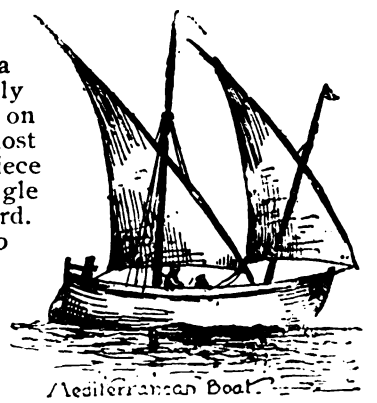
Brigantine

Now this article will, I hope, enable anyone to distinguish between the various classes of craft propelled by sails. I need hardly say that I have nothing to do here with steam vessels; and, to make matters clearer, technical terms have been avoided, at least as much as the treatment of the subject would allow. My aim has been to enable the reader to distinguish clearly between the following kinds of vessels when he sees them:—Cutter, yawl, sloop, schooner, brig, brigantine, barque, and full-rigged ship. This I will now proceed to do, not only by letter-press, but also by pictures, which have been designed so as to give a clear idea of what each craft really is, and not for the purpose of studying seamanship. There are also a few rigs so characteristic, and so often spoken of, that they could hardly have been excluded from an article like the present one; hence the short description we also give of the Chinese lorcha, Bombay, Bermuda, and Nile boats, and the Mediterranean vessel under the old and familiar lateen sail.



Bermuda Boat.

The cutter represented on the right hand in our top picture is a single-masted vessel, with fore and aft sails, that is, with sails set in a line with the keel of the vessel, and not upon a yard. As I shall have to say something of the latter kind of sails, I may as well mention at once that sails set on yards fixed across a mast are known as square sails. In short, a cutter is a single-masted vessel with a bowsprit, which is usually made to run horizontally on the deck. The jib, or foremost sail of all, is a triangular piece of canvas held up by a single piece of rope called a halliard. The sloop is very similar to the cutter; so much so, indeed, that the uninitiated may very easily mistake the one for the other. However, there is a difference. Whilst the bowsprit of the cutter is running, that of the sloop is not so, but makes a decided angle with the deck. Then, again, whilst the jib of the cutter is hoisted and held in position by a single line called a halliard, the jib of the sloop is set on a standing stay, that is, on a strong piece of rope, one end of which is fastened at the end of the bowsprit, and the other at the top of the mast; and as the jib is fitted on its foremost side with hoops or rings, called hanks, these hanks run along the stay when the jib is hoisted.



Mediterranean Boat.

The yawl and ketch, also represented in the head picture, are two-masted craft, as is also the schooner. However, it will be noticed at once that the two masts of the schooner are much larger than those of the yawl and ketch, for while there is but little difference between the height of the masts in the schooner, the reverse is the case in the ketch and yawl. It must also be noticed that the sail set on the small mast of the yawl is a peculiar-looking sail called a lug sail. To an unpractised eye the ketch and yawl are almost alike; however, there is a difference. In the first place the ketch is usually

Bombay Boat.

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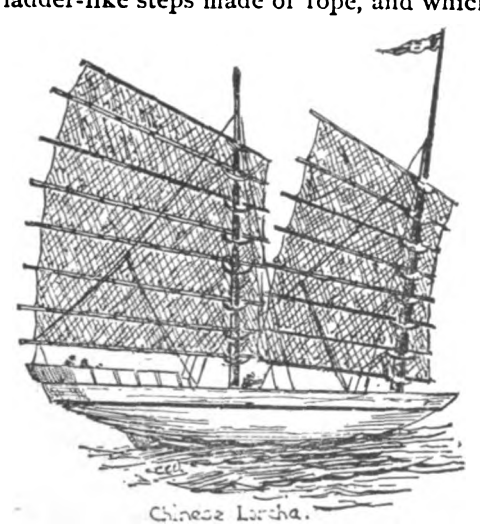
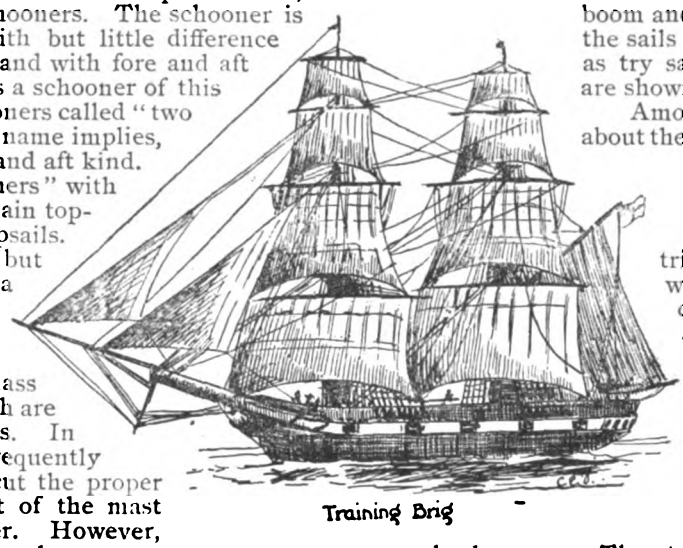
a good deal larger than the yawl; indeed, some of the former craft run up to 200 tons burden. Besides this, it must be noticed that the aftermost mast is not in the same position in both classes of vessels. In the ketch this after mast is stepped, or placed, well in front of the stern post—that is, in front of that piece of timber to which the rudder is fixed; whilst in the yawl, this same mast is behind the stern post. The ketch is not nearly so frequently met with nowadays as the yawl, the rig not being a favourite one, as it possesses all the drawbacks of the schooner and none of its advantages.

The schooner class of vessels is rather an important one, as it comprises several kinds of schooners. The schooner is essentially a two-masted vessel, with but little difference between the height of the masts, and with fore and aft sails. The picture over page shows a schooner of this sort with top sails. There are schooners called "two topsails schooners," which, as their name implies, have two topsails, both of the fore and aft kind. There are also "fore topsail schooners" with one square topsail, and also the main topsail schooner, with two square topsails. Some schooners are three masted, but they are more common in America than in Europe. In other respects their rig differs but little from that of the two-masted schooners.

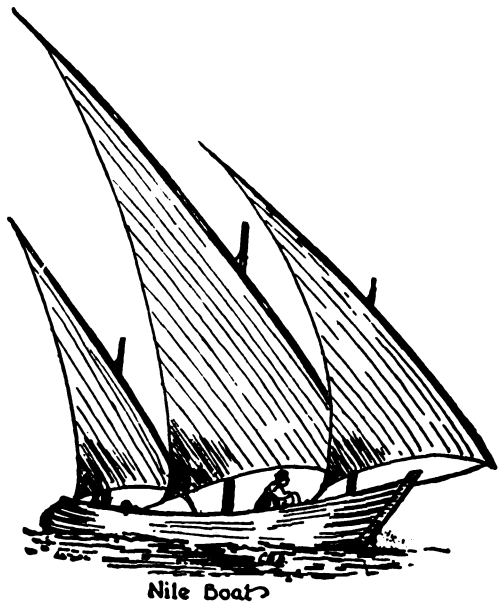
We now come to the largest class of vessels, the characteristics of which are square sails set on yards and masts. In the smaller craft the masts are frequently made of a single piece of timber, cut the proper shape, or at most the upper part of the mast is made of another piece of timber. However, this is never the case in large vessels, as a mast cannot then, for obvious reasons, consist of a single piece of timber. In consequence, the masts of large vessels are made up of several pieces, namely: a "lower mast," to which is added a "top mast"; then, higher up, comes the "topgallant" and "royal" masts. The top mast is fastened to the lower mast in a special way, and round the part where this is done there is a sort of platform called a "top," which is kept in position by stout ropes, denominated "shrouds," which are made fast to the sides of the ship, and across which are ladder-like steps made of rope, and which are called ratlines.



The first of the vessels with square sails to call for attention is the "brig." The picture we give of it is that of a brig used in the Royal Navy for the training of young seamen. It will be seen that a brig is a two-masted vessel with square sails on both masts. The masts of a brig are called the fore mast and the main mast.


Training Brig

The brigantine, which is also a two-masted vessel, is similar to the brig. The fore mast and the sails set upon the yards are the same in both, but the sails set upon the main mast differ. Whilst the main sail (the lower one) on that mast is a square sail in the brig, it is a fore and aft sail in the brigantine. The barque is usually a larger vessel than the two former, and is frequently seen at sea. It is a three-masted vessel, the stern of which is generally rather massvie. The fore mast and the main mast are square rigged, but the mizen mast carries only fore and aft sails.


Nile Boat

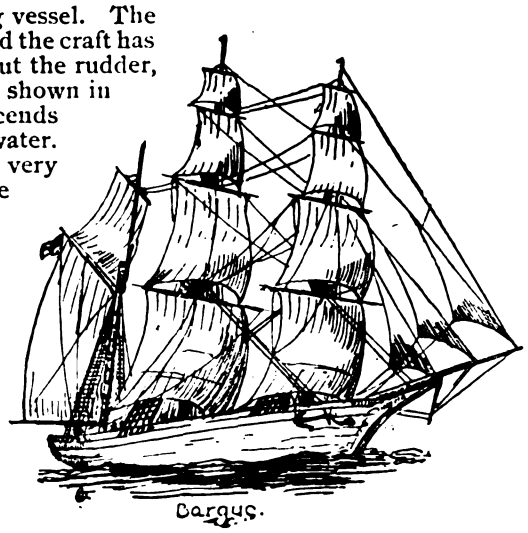
The barkentine, as its name implies, is a kind of barque. It has also three masts, but it differs from it in having square sails on her fore mast only, whilst her main and mizen masts carry nothing but fore and aft sails.

The ship proper, or "square-rigged ship," of which we give an illustration, is a three-masted vessel, with square sails on all the masts. It has a bowsprit extended by means of pieces of timber fixed to one another, and respectively termed jib-boom and flying jib-boom. In addition to the sails set on the yards, it has others, such as try sails and stay sails, some of which are shown in our illustration.

Among boats not generally seen in or about the Channel or North Atlantic, the first in importance is the one so commonly met in the Mediterranean Sea, and the appearance of which is so striking, with its long yards and triangular sails, that the illustration we give of the "lateen rig," as it is called, will be quite sufficient to enable the reader to form an adequate idea of it. This rig is the usual one of xebecs and feluccas, except on the Bombay coast, where the xebec often carries square sails on her foremast. It will be enough to look at the sketch of the Nile and Bombay boats to understand at once what sort of vessels they are. The stern of the Bombay boat reaches far down into the water. This is shown by a dotted line.

The Bermuda boat, called Bermudian, or Mudian, is an exceedingly neat little craft, seldom over 20 tons burden. It is short, but has great breadth, and as the keel is a curved line descending towards the stern, the after part of the boat is very deep in the water. These boats carry a great deal of ballast. Their principal sail is triangular. It is stretched on a boom, and keeps very flat. These boats are admirable for windward sailing, and, besides, they will not capsize.

The Chinese lorcha is a peculiar-looking vessel. The bow is square, and the craft has no keel at all, but the rudder, which cannot be shown in the picture, descends very low in the water. The stern is very large, and the sails, which are really lug sails, are made of cane and the masts of bamboo. From time immemorial the inside of a Chinese vessel has been divided into water-tight compartments.


Barque.

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VIRILITY and force are the notes of Dr. Conan Doyle's "Songs of Action" (Smith, Elder, 5s.). Here is no "linked sweetness long drawn out," but the sharp dramatic dash that stirs you like the beating of a drum. These are songs of fighting, echoes of old chanties, forceful ditties of the pink over the hedge, or of the "same old fox, the game old fox, which lives on Hankley Down." But mostly they are songs of soldiers and of the sea, or lays of things that are bound up with these. It is good to read the opening "Song of the Bow," asking of the yew, the cord, the shaft, all these of English breed or make, and only the mark outside the land!

"What of the men?
The men were bred in England:
The bowmen, the yeomen,
The lads of dale and fell.
Here's to you—and to you!
To the hearts that are true,
And the land where the true hearts dwell."

Then there is the song of Cremona, and of Major Dan O'Mahoney and Dillon and Burke of the Irish brigade, who resisted every effort of the "Kaiserlics" of Prince Eugene. There is sentiment, too, with a melancholy touch here and there, as in the parley between Paul Leroy and Barrow ere they storm the steep and narrow breach. You find it, too, in the delightful ballad of the loss of the "Eurydice," whose gallant fellows have the vision of home as they go down. The neat epigram of the Irish colonel goes straight home. The King complains that the Irish give more trouble than any other corps. Granted, says the colonel, for the King's foes have made the complaint "a hundred times before." But, from whatever part of the kingdom the reader hail, he will find something to please him in Dr. Conan Doyle's book. The "Ballad of the Ranks," of the men who "carry the gun," is protest enough against the merely parochial. The book, again, is not without its dash of bitter sarcasm—witness the scathing jibes at those who sold the "Foudroyant." Have we not a glorious past to barter, shrines of poets and kings, dwelling-places of statesmen, swords of soldiers? But, says the balladist, you may sell everything, despatch to the knacker's yard your best-loved steed, consign to the pauper ward the man who has served you in his prime, "But when you touch the Nation's store, Be broad your mind and tight your grip—Take heed!" The latter part of the book is redolent of the shires and of breezy links; but the genial author does not fear a witty sally of the wild archery of Boy Cupid, hitting by chance an old chaperone against the wall, winging an ancient veteran sipping his port at the club window, shattering the celibate vows of sallow clerks, playing havoc with the heart of a king, but welcome tease, all the same, since he makes the whole world young. Such is the character of Dr. Conan Doyle's verse. It dives into no mysteries, grapples no Imperial problems, fights shy of psychological analysis, but it is straight, direct, forceful—in a word, just what we want to set the pulses stirring.

But Dr. Conan Doyle, who was preceded by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, is not to hold the field undisputed. There are many excellent soldiers' songs in existence, and I learn that, under the sanction of Lord Wolseley, Mr. Charles Williams, the well-known war correspondent, who has seen a vast deal of soldiers' lives, is editing a volume of "Soldiers' Songs for the March, the Camp, and the Barrack," which Messrs. George Routledge and Sons are about publishing. I hope to have something to say about this promising collection.

From breezy poetry I turn to sober earnest. Here is a booklet entitled "Minor Tactics for Non-Commissioned Officers," by Captain Edward Peterkin, of the 8th Volunteer Battalion the Royal Scots. I observe that it is called a second edition, but it appears that the first was privately printed and never reached the public at all. Captain Peterkin delivered his lectures to his company, but they seemed so good that he was urged to give them again to the press. In this he was well advised. They are simple and unpretentious, but they are just such discourses as are needful among the volunteers. There is no intention of making general officers, and army corps, divisions, and brigades are not, therefore, touched. All we find is plain discussion of minor tactics—advanced and rear guards, outpost duties, reconnaissance, and the like. Technicalities are avoided, and the author says, with truth, that the basis of all tactics is the exercise of good sound common-sense.

Another little booklet which I have before me is also intended to assist the volunteers to efficiency. This time it is the Volunteer Medical Service that is addressed. Surgeon-Major de Zouche Marshall, of the Army Medical Reserve of Officers, and of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion East Surrey Regiment, has a lively recollection of the difficulties he encountered in learning the stretcher drill movements from the "Manual for the Medical Staff Corps." It is indeed a manual leaving something to be desired. Accordingly, he has prepared a pocket volume entitled "Stretcher Drill Illustrated, including Hand, Seat, and Waggon Drill," which is semi-official (William Clowes and Sons). Of course there is nothing like a course at one of the classes held at Aldershot, or in London, by the Volunteer Medical Association and Ambulance School of Instruction. But these are not easily accessible to volunteers in the country, and it is chiefly for country volunteers that Surgeon-Major Marshall writes. They will find his volume eminently practical, and certainly the system of working with models is most ingenious. He is anxious to spread abroad a knowledge of this branch of military work, and we can but hope that success will crown his efforts.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

THE OLD SOLDIER.

By CALLUM BEG.

"WHERE are the boys of the Old Brigade?" asks the well-known military song. We cannot undertake to give a satisfactory answer; but wherever the heroes may be, there cannot be more difficulty in discovering their whereabouts than there is at the present day in unearthing an old soldier proper.

We use the word *proper* advisedly, not in its heraldic sense (for that means *au naturel*, and consequently in most instances *im*proper), but because there are those who, without having proved their title to the style, are known as "old soldiers." This is the fault of no one in particular, but merely of the short-service system which has fixed seven years as the recognised term of military service. What wonder, then, that in a Line battalion a man of over five years' service should be held a veteran. Suffice it, in this connection, to say that these young soldiers, however deserving they may be of notice, will not enter into this article. We are concerned rather with a bygone type, a species that is well-nigh extinct. The class of man with whom we intend to deal is seldom found on parade. If he forms a part of a regiment or corps, it is not in the drill-ground that the old soldier is to be sought. No doubt the uncharitable would at once use this as an argument in favour of short service. "He is not found on parade," they would say, "because his old bones are incapable of bearing arms"; but softly, O uncharitable one! The old soldier has a young heart withal. Nor is it because he is unfit for duty that he is invisible on parade. As a matter of fact, he is a man of too much value in barracks to be "warned" for adjutant's parade. More interesting work has been found for him than the continual forming of half-company and sectional columns on the march, thereby materially assisting in crushing the gravel on the regimental parade ground.

Where then is the worthy to be met with, and how does he employ his time? First, we may see him face to face in the regimental shoemakers' or tailors' shop. Here he appears to great advantage, for there is nothing to prevent his conversing freely while he plies his awl or makes some important repairs in a kersey frock (value 3s. 8d.), his legs crossed in the orthodox manner. He is a good conversationalist, and the old soldier and his yarns are interesting, provided one has not heard them on a former occasion. Inspiriting stories they are, in which are mixed, with due regard to effect, battles, murders, and sudden deaths from fever, cholera, or an encounter hand-to-hand with a man-eating tiger. The listener, indeed, is puzzled to know how the yarn-spinner, the eye-witness of so many horrible sights, escaped alive.

At times he occupies the position of officer's servant, and here he is at his best. How well he darns the young officer's stockings; how carefully he folds his clothes; how regularly he calls him in time for parade, and warns him for duty; how firmly he reprimands him in the morning if he has exceeded the bounds on a guest night; how quietly, in fine, does he help himself to his master's "Buchanan" if he is feeling "weakly."

It may be that he is a waiter in the canteen, a clerk in the orderly-room or quartermaster's stores, or orderly to his commanding officer. In whatever way he may be employed he furnishes ample study for the archæologist.

If a married man, he is usually a dutiful husband, and one meets him in town every Saturday evening arm-in-arm with the "old girl"—the latter carrying a basket. If, however, he has not entered the holy estate, he is invaluable in the barrack-room. Accustomed to discipline, he is well qualified to keep the room in order in the absence of the non-commissioned officer. In fact, the old soldier regards his barrack-room as being among his "regimental necessaries," and the recruit who is careless enough to enter with muddy boots, or to upset his soup on the floor, would ten times rather come before the commanding officer for punishment than before Private Bronzeface, whose awards are more of a summary nature than those sanctioned by Queen's Regulations. Our old friend is usually a man of good character, though he is not averse to the "flowing bowl," but he has one great fault. It has become so much a part of himself, however, that we have ceased to regard it as such.

He grumbles with marked regularity. If the dinner is not under-done, he pronounces it over-cooked. If the sun shines, it is too hot for marching. If it rains, he "growls" because his straps are soiled. If a parade is ordered at 5.30, it is too early; if at 10.30, it is too late. But, for all his grumbling, the old soldier will never permit a "youngster" to complain. Such insolence the veteran would at once suppress. Sad it is that such a venerable type should be all but extinct. Yes, old soldier, "with all thy faults, we love thee still."

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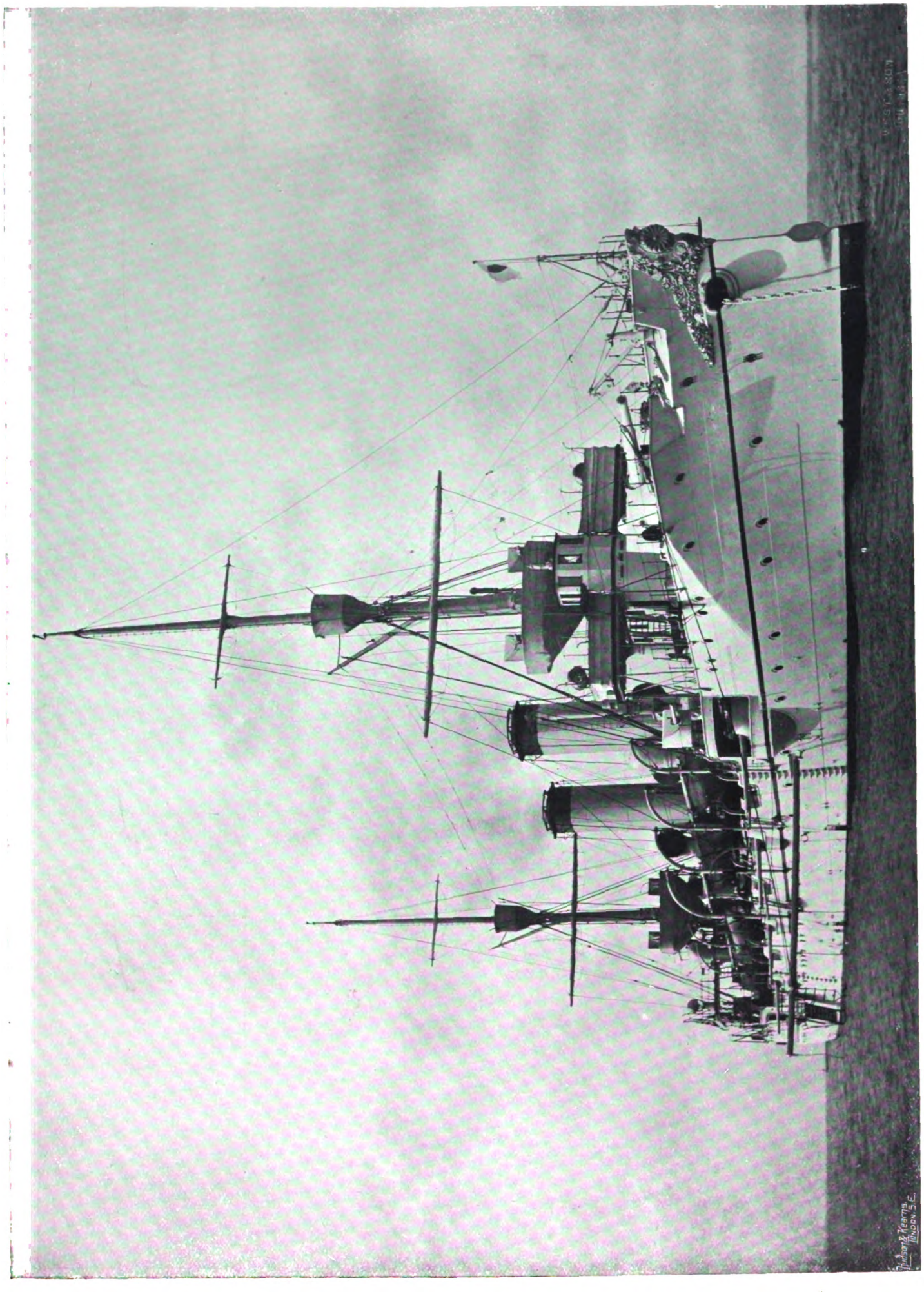

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THE LATEST JAPANESE CRUISER, "TAKASAGO," BUILT AT ELSWICK.

(See page 329.)

Photo. West & Son.

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IN CAMP AT MACNAB'S ISLAND.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

THE advantage of being able to hold a rifle straight when it comes to fighting is so obvious, that it may appear, at first sight, quite surperfluous to dwell upon it. As a matter of fact, however, this very apparent truism was for many years practically ignored in the Navy; and when at length some detailed instructions were framed and issued to the Fleet, they were, in too many instances, more honoured in the breach than the observance. It is by no means certain that all is being done, even at the present time, that ought to be done in this important matter; but some attempt is made, at any rate, to provide for the due observance of the instructions by the institution of rifle ranges on the various stations, by increased stringency in the regulations themselves, and in the reports required. The melancholy legend which so frequently appeared opposite a ship's name some years ago —"Practice not carried out"—is now much more rare; and the sort of picnic "potting" at a floating or suspended bottle has happily become obsolete.

All ships in commission have now to put the entire ship's company through an annual course of musketry; and on the North American station the site selected for the rifle range is on MacNab's Island, at the entrance of Halifax Harbour, about three miles from the town. It is two and a-half miles long, and half a mile broad at its widest part; one side is used by the Army, and the other by the Navy.

The first picture shows the firing being carried on at the 600-yds. firing point; the men standing up in the background are awaiting their turn to fire, and in the distance can be seen the officers' tents. In the centre of the picture is the gunnery lieutenant who is in command of the camp.

The next illustration shows one section at dinner, having just come in from the range, the rifles left lying about, to be cleaned as soon as pipes are lit when dinner is finished; and in the third the arms have been cleaned and cards produced, with which the time is passed away until the bugle sounds the "assemble," when all hands will fall in, and the arms undergo a critical inspection by the lieutenant who is second in command.

The officers' tents consist of a big marquee, which is used as dining-room, office, store-room, and magazine, all the rifle and pistol ammunition being kept under the charge of a sentry; a bell tent for a kitchen, and a small marquee for a sleeping tent.

It will be apparent, from this short description, that every facility is afforded for carrying out the musketry course in an efficient manner, the men being engaged *pro tem.* in this and nothing else, while a skilled and responsible officer superintends the practice, and sees that all details are carefully attended to in accordance with the regulations, so that seamen in all parts of the world compete under precisely the same conditions; a healthy emulation is thus encouraged, and further stimulated by the publication of the names of the best shots in each ship.

AT THE 600 YARDS' FIRING POINT.

SHOOTING PROMOTES A HEALTHY APPETITE.

From Photos

INNOCENT RECREATION.

By a Naval Officer.

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SPAIN'S RESERVE FLEET.

OUR illustrations to-day are mainly of the Spanish fleet at Cadiz—the fleet with which Admiral Camara was to support his bold colleague at Santiago de Cuba. A venturesome game had been played, and the admiral at Cadiz seems to have been in no state of readiness for the conflict. His force was composed in part of vessels fresh from the stocks, and in part of old vessels just delivered from the repairer's hands. But in such conditions there is always much to be done, particularly, perhaps, when the ship has been delivered from a Spanish yard.

We have already illustrated and described the "Pelayo." The "Emperador Carlos V." should be a vessel of great power. She is one of those armoured cruisers which lie upon the battle-ship borderland, and is well protected and heavily armed. She was built by the Vea Murguia Company at Cadiz, and was launched so long ago as 1895, so that there should have been plenty of time to complete her. This remarkable vessel displaces 9,255 tons, and is 330-ft. long, with 67-ft. beam. Her side armour is thin, being about 2-in. of steel, but the turrets have 17-in. plating and the deck has a maximum of 6-in. The defect of the arrangement is that the hooded barbettes are unprotected at the bases, so that a shell striking below would instantly put them out of action. In each of these positions is one 11-in. Hontoria breech-loader, and in addition the ship carries ten 5·5-in. quick-firers, five on each side, the endmost ones being in sponsons for fire ahead or astern, with eight smaller quick-firers. The engines are intended for a speed of 20 knots.

The other ships which we illustrate are the "Princesa de Asturias" and the "Lepanto." The state of readiness of the first of these is very doubtful. She is a sister of the "Maria Teresa," which Admiral Cervera took to Santiago, and was launched at the Carraca Arsenal, Cadiz, in 1896. The ships of this class have been so often described, that it will be enough to say here that the "Asturias," like the others, has a displacement of 7,000 tons, that she carries two 11-in. guns, ten 5·5-in. quick-firers, and ten smaller, the general disposition of the ordnance being as in the "Carlos V.," and that she is intended to steam at 20 knots

THE LIBRARY OF THE MINISTRY OF MARINE.

Photo. J. David.

STAFF OF THE MARINE INFANTRY.

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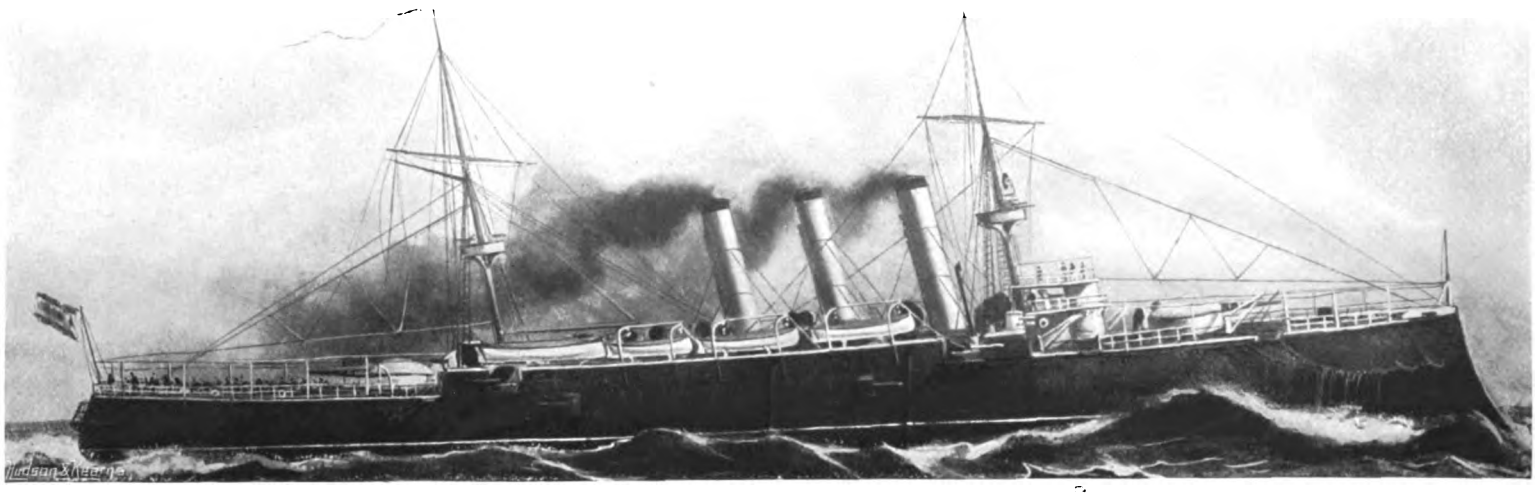
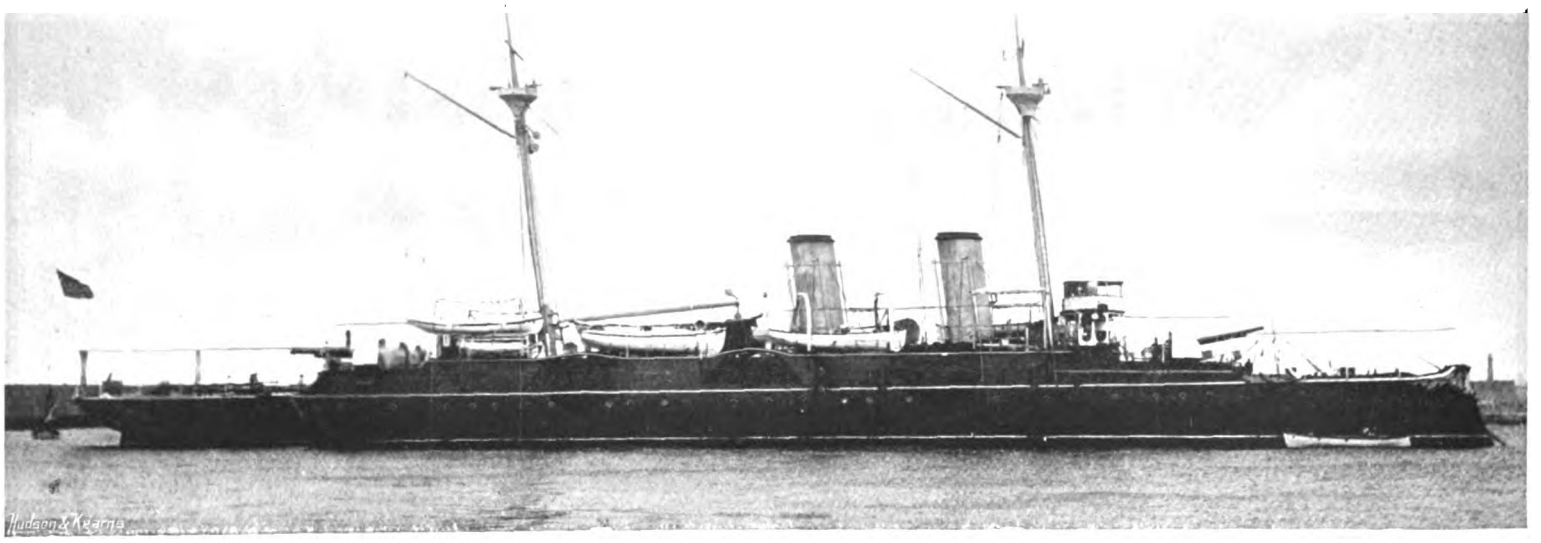


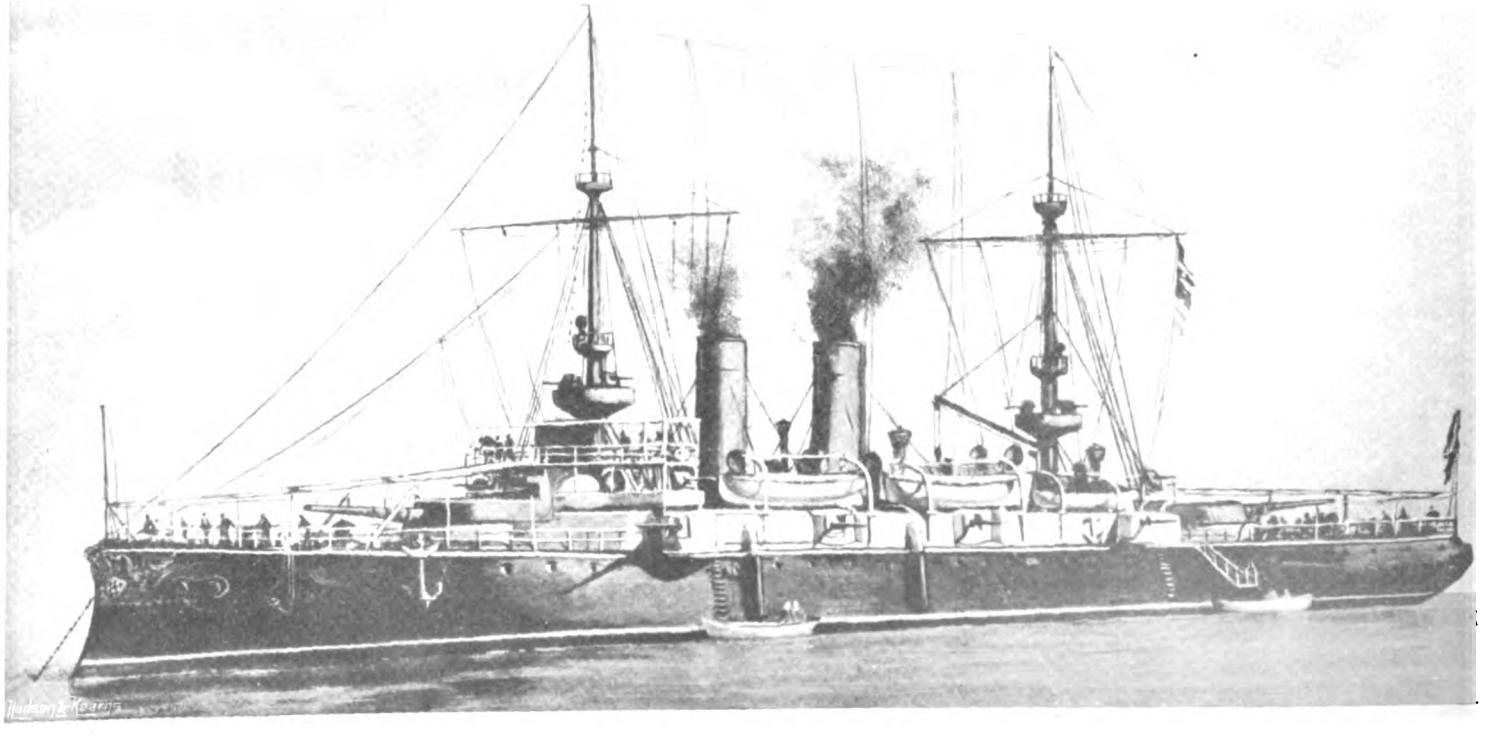
SPAIN'S LARGEST CRUISER—THE "CARLOS V."

The "Lepanto" is merely a protected cruiser, of 4,826 tons, launched at Cartagena in 1892. She carries four 7·8-in. Hontoria guns, six 4·7-in. quick-firers, and ten smaller.

Spain, like most of the countries of Europe, possesses a fine force of Marines. Our illustration depicts the officers of the Marine staff at Cadiz. We are able to illustrate also the Library of the Ministry of Marine in Madrid, the place where the hidden schemes of the war with America have been elaborated.



THE PROTECTED CRUISER "LEPANTO."



THE ARMOURED CRUISER "PRINCESA DE ASTURIAS."

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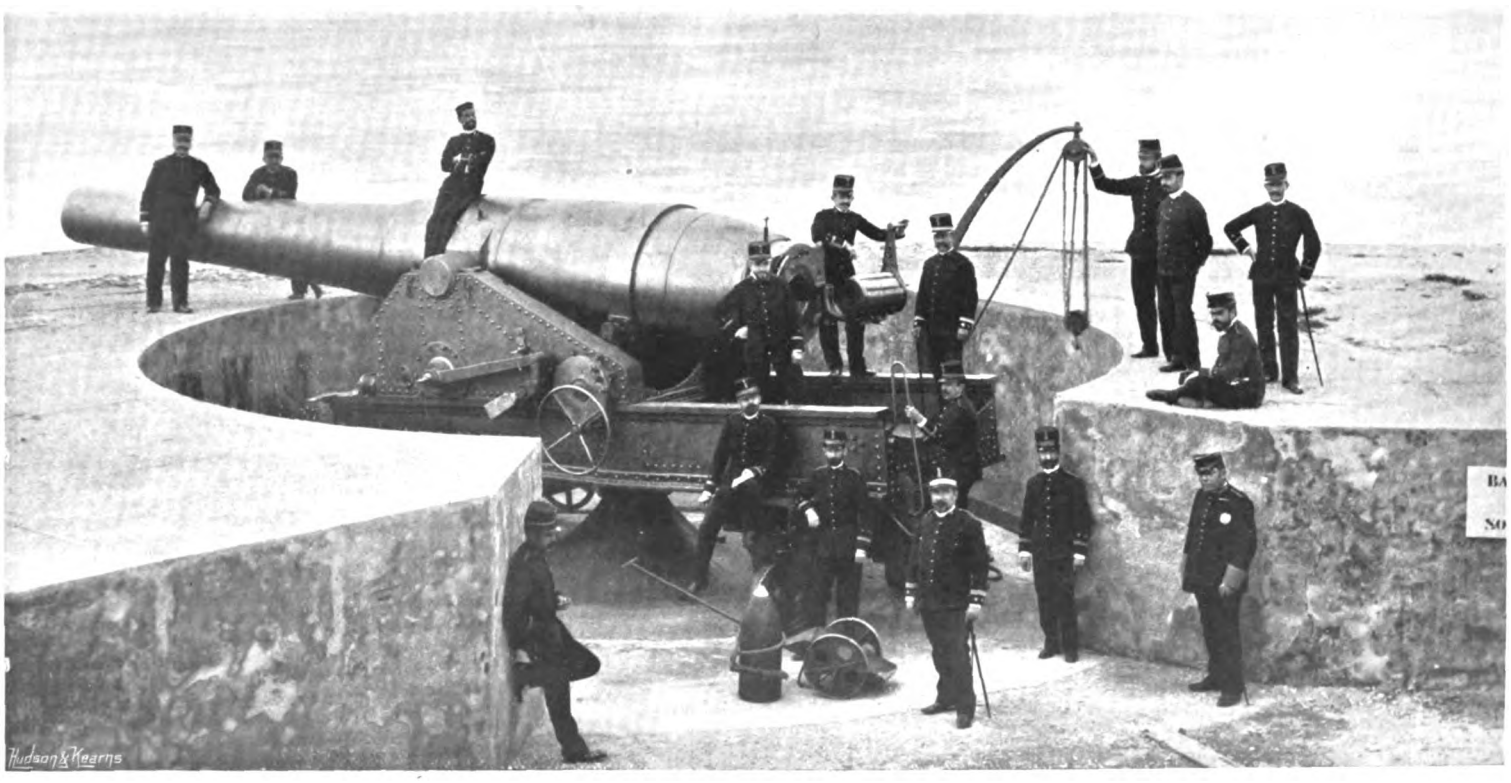
SPANISH ARMY PICTURES.

THE pictures of the Spanish Army which we give to-day speak mostly for themselves. They represent many phases and aspects of Spanish military life. The Spanish Tommy Atkins is a very different being to his English brother, but in fighting capacity the dark-skinned son of the South possesses qualities like those of the Anglo-Saxon. He is a patient creature, badly fed and ill clothed, but he rarely grumbles, and will shed his blood at the call of patriotism as freely as any soldier in the world. The pity of it is that he should so often be directed by an indecisive and sometimes foolish policy which places him where all his efforts can be of no avail. Above all else the Spaniards need leaders, and they need better arms and better training in the use of them.

To look at the officers of the Leon Regiment, No. 38, whom we depict in the Balearic Isles, you would not say that they bear any appearance except that of good soldiers, and it is, perhaps, oftener policy than men that must be blamed. Another of our illustrations is of the adjutant's office of the military command at San Roque, Cadiz, where the work is going on in congenial surroundings, the regimental colours being displayed behind the officer, with a portrait of the young King above, such as is found in all Spanish garrisons.

Then we depict the practical work of training in progress in the barrack-yard at Villarobledo. The men illus-

ADJUTANT'S OFFICE, SAN ROQUE, CADIZ.



Photos. Rocafill. Copyright.

A BIG GUN AT CADIZ.

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trated as engaged in the firing exercise are *chasseurs à cheval*, dismounted for the kind of work that often falls to their share. These, in fact, are light horsemen, possessing great mobility, whose duty it is to carry help to advanced stations or outlying positions, and, under such circumstances, dismounted cavalry work is often of the utmost value.

These chasseurs are called Cazadores by the Spaniards themselves, and one of our illustrations shows their somewhat primitive transport at Tetuan. It is, however, very suitable for rough countries where roads are few and imperfect, and in such places as Cuba and the Philippines the Spaniards are well accustomed to roughing it. The arrangement of leading the three horses is distinctly peculiar. The Cazadores are a highly-valued branch of the mounted arm. Generally speaking, it may be said that their equipment and training are based upon those of the French *chasseurs à cheval*. There is better scope for the operations of such troops in Cuba than can ever be opened to heavy cavalry.

Then we have an illustration of one of the great guns—a 12-in. piece—of modern breech-loading kind, mounted for the defence of Cadiz. Within the last ten years a great deal has been done to strengthen the Spanish Naval bases and harbours, and nowhere has so much attention been devoted to the question as at Cadiz, though the principal places in the colonies, as Havana, and San Juan, Puerto Rico, have not been neglected. In this matter, Major Ordoñez, who was slightly wounded during the bombardment of Santiago, has played a considerable part. The scientific officers of the Army are numerous, and, in theory at least, Spanish gunnery should be excellent. The fortress branch of the artillery arm is a large body, to which the Spaniards attribute great efficiency. The war does not seem, however, to have justified its reputation, though, doubtless, efficient gunners handle such guns as we depict at Cadiz. If it ever could have been doubted, this war will demonstrate decisively the vital importance of efficient ordnance. It will show, too, that the man behind the gun requires both moral courage and technical skill. In long years of peace, such matters are sometimes apt to be overlooked in practice, and it is to be hoped that the first fruit of the war will be to stimulate gunners afresh in this country.

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OFFICERS OF THE LEON REGIMENT.

Photo. Rocafull. Copyright.

REGIMENTAL TRANSPORT AT TETUAN.

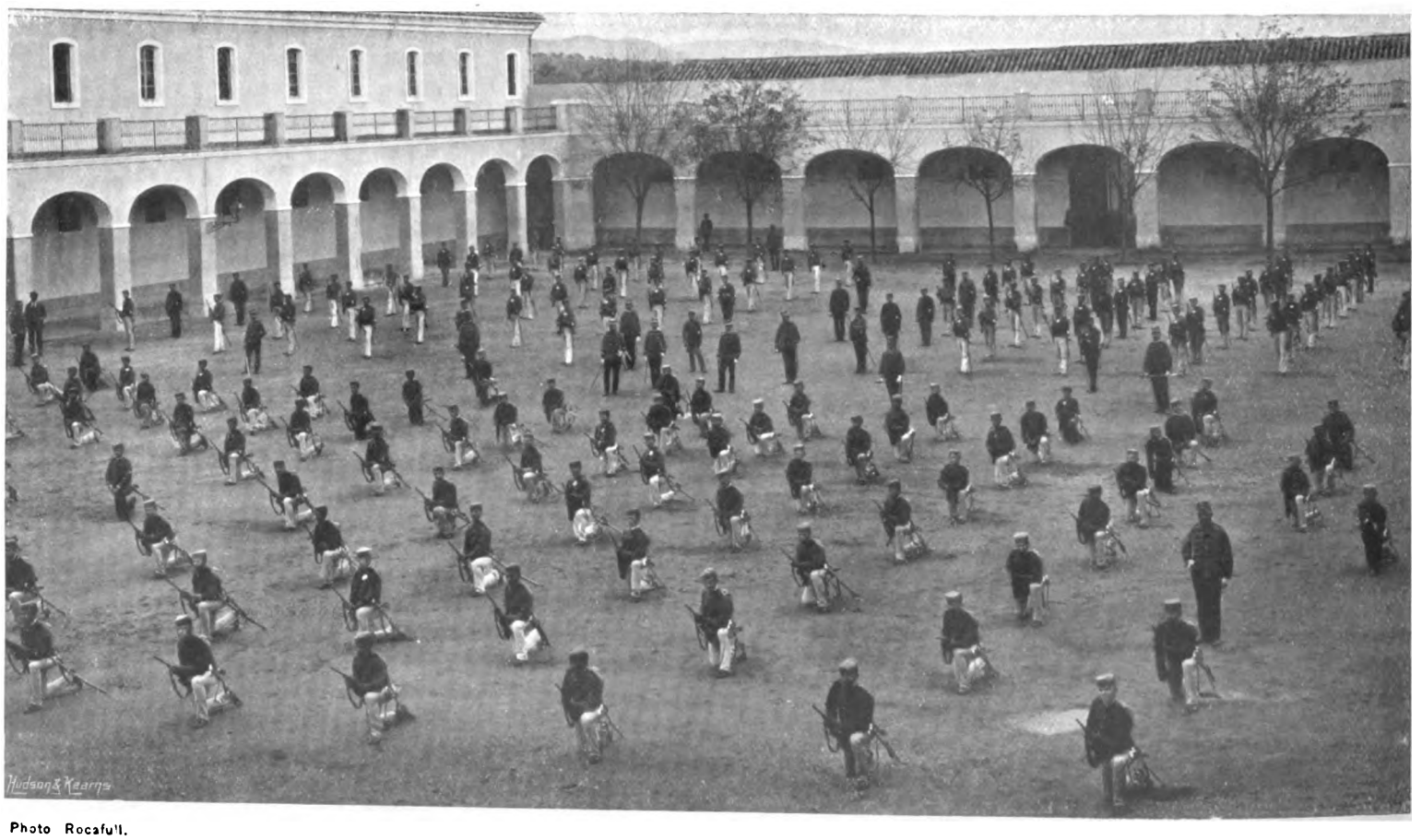

Photo Rocafull. Copyright.

CHASSEURS À CHEVAL AT DISMOUNTED DRILL.

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THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT.

TO-DAY we give several illustrations depicting the Manchester Regiment. One of the pictures shows the 1st Battalion on parade, and a specially smart, well-set-up battalion it looks. The second is a group of the officers of this battalion, which has for its commander Colonel B. L. Anstruther, with as second in command Major A. E. Simpson, and as adjutant Captain A. W. Marden. It will be noticed that more than one in the group is medalled, one officer in the rear wearing by his ribbons, no less than four decorations. These would presumably be the medal for Afghanistan, 1879-80, the Egyptian medal and bronze star, in both of which campaigns the 1st Battalion was engaged, and the Indian General Service medal, which the 2nd Battalion earned for the Miranyai Campaign. In the illustration the Sphinx badge of the regiment also comes out prominently on the collars of those in the group. It commemorates Abercromby's glorious campaign in Egypt in 1801, and the regiment derives it from its 2nd Battalion, the old 96th, which inherits it in turn again from an older regiment, which, as the 96th Queen's Own, was disbanded in 1818.

The last illustration represents a detachment sent from the 2nd Battalion, now at Aden, to join the 1st Battalion at Gibraltar. In consequence, however, of quarantine regulations, this detachment was landed at Malta, and there placed in strict quarantine in the Ditch of Fort Mansel. As there were no officers of

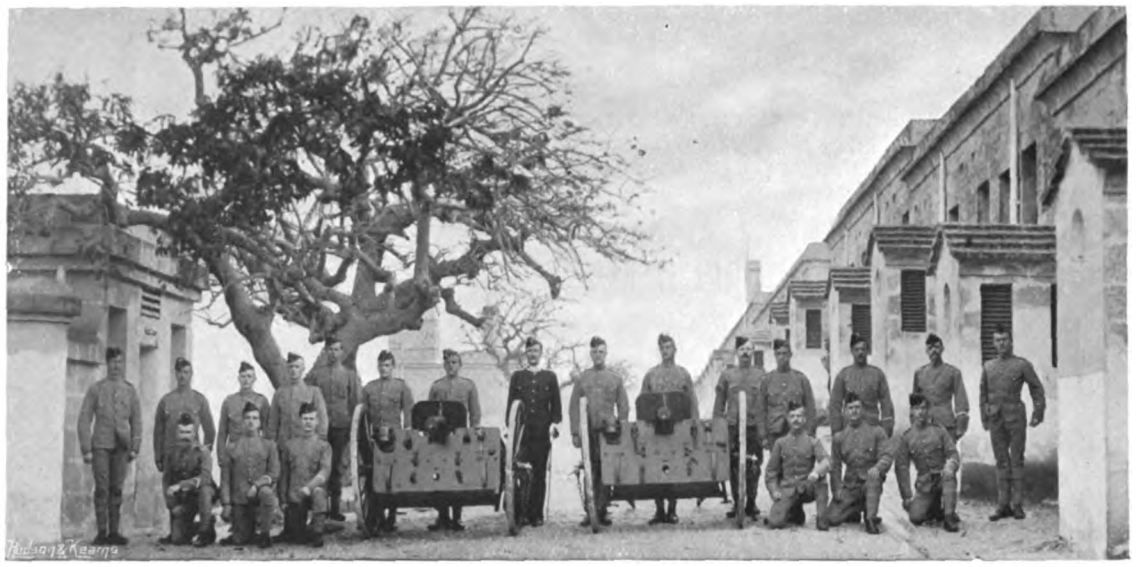

Photo. R. Ellis. *GOOD EXERCISE FOR QUARANTINED SOLDIERS.* Copyright.—H & K

Photo. J. David. *OFFICERS OF THE 1st BATTALION.* Copyright.

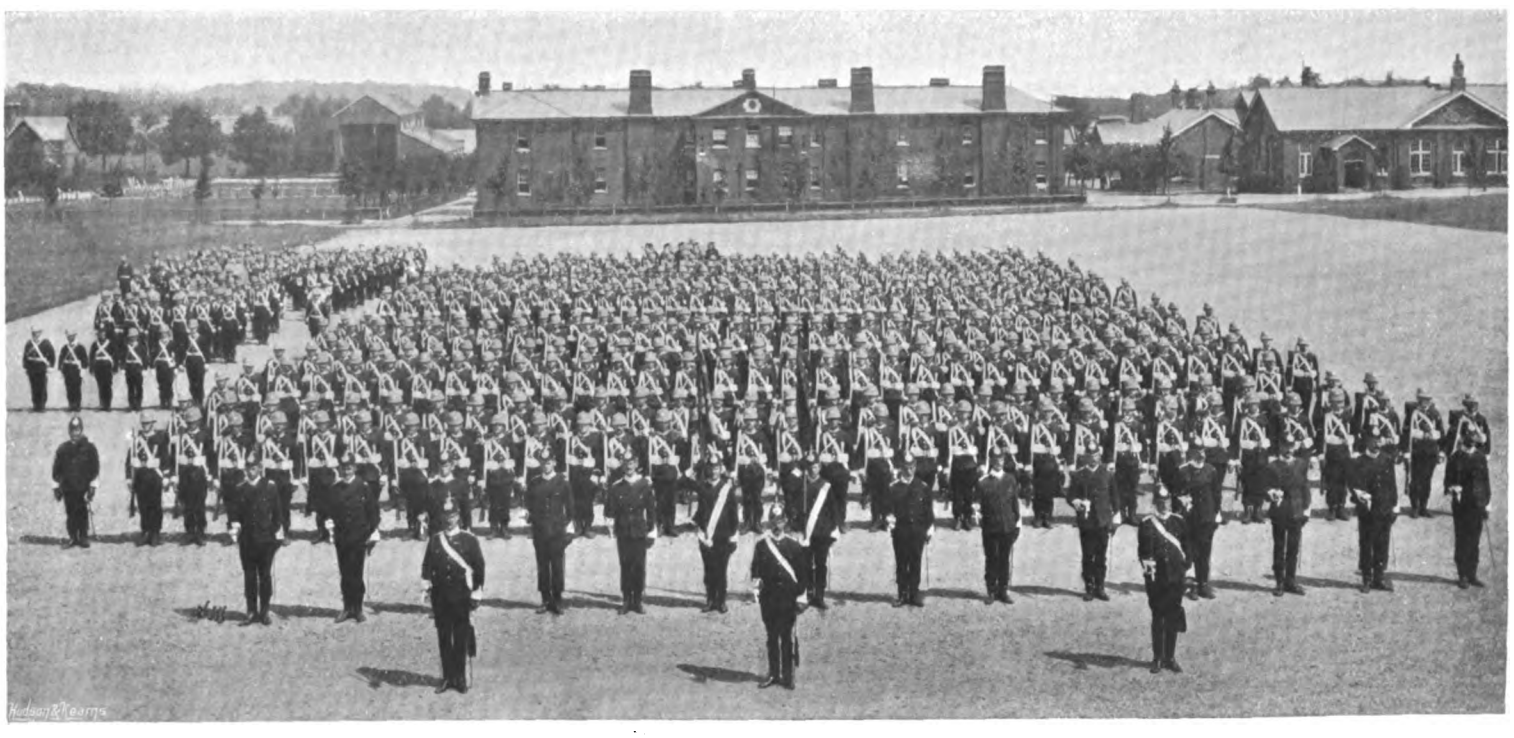

Photo. J. David. *THE 1st BATTALION ON PARADE.* Copyright.

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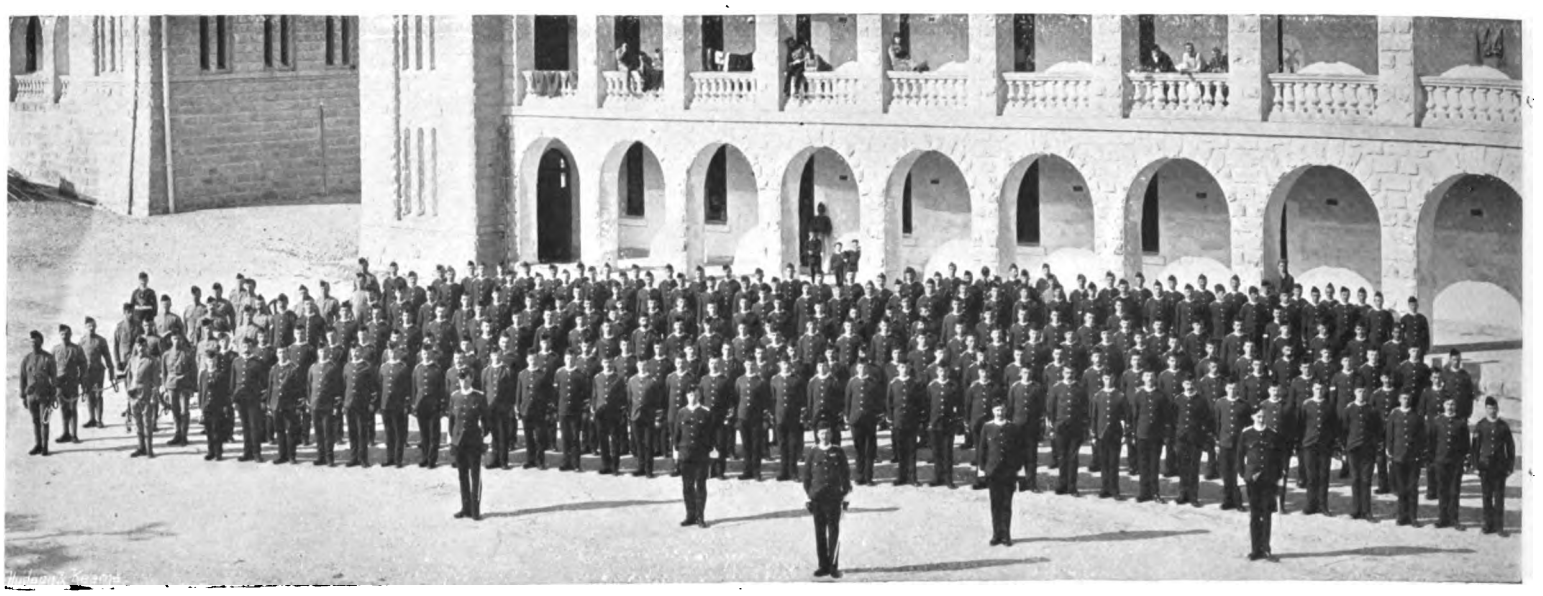

Photo. R. Ellis. Copyright.—H. & K.

THE NEW DRAFT FROM THE 2nd BATTALION.

their own regiment with the draft, Captain Noyes and Lieutenant Wilson, of the Highland Light Infantry, were placed in charge. After ten days' quarantine they were freed, and their own officers, under Major Reay, who had meanwhile arrived from Gibraltar, took over charge. A smarter, finer-looking lot of soldiers no regiment could produce, and, as far as can be seen in the picture, every man in the squad has a good conduct stripe.

Russian Commanders in Asia.

THE new Russian Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in Turkestan, with the provinces of Tumeriel-chensk and Transcaspia, Lieutenant-General Sergius Mikailovitch Doukhovskoi, has just arrived from St. Petersburg to take up his office. He left hastily upon news being received of the Mahomedan rising and of the attack on the camp at Andijan. The intelligence of the outbreak came as a surprise to official circles in St. Petersburg, and the Military Governor of Ferghana, General Pavalo-Schveikoffsky, was immediately dismissed from his office for not having been prepared. There is some reason to believe that the situation upon the frontier is not one of such quietude as is often supposed. Russian officials carefully suppress intelligence, and it is not likely that news of the outbreak at Andijan would have been allowed to transpire if it had not first reached the Ameer of Bokhara, who happened at the time to be a guest of the Czar at St. Petersburg.

Great confidence is felt in General Doukhovskoi's experience and firmness. He has lately been in command of the Amour district, but has a long record of earlier service. He was born in 1838, and entered the Army in 1855. After studying at the Nicholas Academy, he went to the Caucasus, and served many years with the Army there. In 1876 he was on the staff of General Loris-Melikoff in Asiatic Turkey. Afterwards he was in Kurdistan, and served a long time in the Asiatic provinces prior to his appointment as Military Governor of the Amour. It is understood that he has long been intended for his new and more important office. The event at Andijan will doubtless lead to some decisive measures in the frontier. The Ameer of Bokhara advises the Czar to transport the maraudiag Khokandians to the Pamirs or some other remote province, but whatever is done will be directed by General Doukhovskoi. Lieutenant-General Nicholas Ivanovitch Grodekoff has succeeded the new Governor-General of Turkestan in the military command in the Amour district. The development of Manchuria and the extension of the railway give new importance to this command. General Grodekoff is not unacquainted with his duties, for he has for some time been attached to the Amour staff. He was born in 1843, and entered upon his military studies in 1862. He, too, has had great experience in the Caucasus, as well as in Turkestan and on the Afghan frontier. He was engaged in some part of the work connected with the Berlin Conference, and paid a visit to this country. He has since spent many years in Central Asia, and is counted one of the most experienced of Russian generals. It is the general practice in the Russian Army to select officers for particular service, and to give them the best opportunities for familiarising themselves with the conditions of their future commands. Hence inexperience is rare, and continuous policy is maintained. General Grodekoff's service on the staff of General Doukhovskoi in the Amour district is an instance of the system here referred to. The portraits of these distinguished officers will not fail to interest our readers

GENERAL GRODEKOFF.
THE NEW MILITARY GOVERNOR of the AMOUR DISTRICT.

GENERAL DOUKHOVSKOI,
THE NEW GOVERNOR GENERAL OF TURKESTAN.

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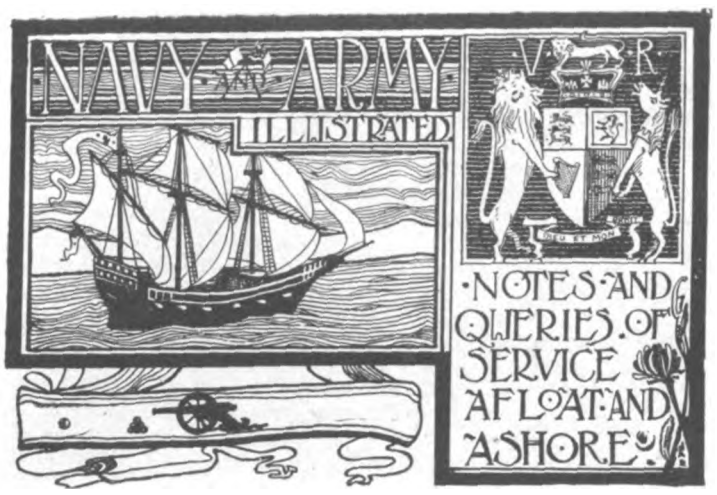

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—*The* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *has now been registered by the Post Office authorities as a newspaper, and can therefore be sent through the post under the special conditions and with all the advantages which follow from such registration. It may be pointed out to subscribers that this will mean a considerable reduction in their subscription. The net result is that they will obtain the weekly paper at a cost which but slightly exceeds that which they were in the habit of incurring when they subscribed for the fortnightly issues with supplements. The registration of the paper will also confer a benefit on those who are desirous of sending the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *to their friends. In making this announcement, we desire also to direct the attention of advertisers and others to the alteration which has been made in the scope and purpose of the journal. In it are described and illustrated for the general public all current events and topics connected with the Naval and Military Services the wide world over.*

* * * *

THE WAR.—Our readers will also be interested to know that the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is fully represented by a corps of photographers at every likely scene of action, who will supply illustrations of all the important incidents which happen during hostilities. A special steamer has been chartered to accompany the blockading squadron off Cuba, and the representatives of the paper, men of great experience as artist photographers, will furnish scenes of life on board the vessels of the United States Squadron as well as on shore in the blockaded cities. The material thus supplied by our correspondents should form a unique pictorial history of the war.*

* * * *

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY FREDERICK NICHOLSON, K.C.B., is the gallant officer who at the end of last year vacated the command at the Nore, to the expressed regret of all who served under him in the command. Admiral Sir Henry Frederick Nicholson, K.C.B., entered the Royal Navy in June, 1849. As a young officer, it was not his good luck to see active service in the campaigns then going on, in which some of his contemporaries gained early honours—the Russian War and the China War, between 1856 and 1862—but later on fortune did her best to make him amends. In the chief Naval event of modern times, as far as the British Navy is concerned, the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, Captain Nicholson, as the gallant admiral then was, commanded the battle-ship "Téméraire," and found occasion to render notable service in the engagement. After giving up his command afloat, he held the important post of Vice-President of the Ordnance Committee, proceeding from that, on promotion to flag rank, to hoist his flag as Commander-in-Chief on the Cape station. Sir Henry held the Cape command from August, 1890, to August, 1892. As vice-admiral he, from June, 1896, to December last, held the Nore command, which post he only vacated on promotion to full admiral, which event took place in September, 1897. Sir Henry Nicholson, who won his C.B. at Alexandria, was promoted K.C.B. on the occasion of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee last year. *(See illustration on front page.)*

* * * *

THE "Takasago," Japan's latest cruiser, which is now on her homeward way, is one of the most remarkable vessels ever built at Elswick, and it is impossible to avoid comparing her with like vessels in our own Navy. It is something of a puzzle to understand how all her powers are crowded upon her displacement of 4,300 tons. She has been built upon finer lines than the "Astræa," which must have something to do with her extraordinarily high speed of 24 knots, as compared with 19½ knots in the British cruiser, but she has also much greater engine power—15,500 horses, as compared with 9,112. But this is not all. The "Takasago's" armament is vastly more powerful than that of the British vessel. The Japanese cruiser, for her heaviest guns, has two 8-in. quick-firers, the other two of 6-in.; ten 4·7-in. guns, as compared with eight; twelve 12-pounders, as compared with eight 6-pounders; and six 2½-pounders, as compared with one 3-pounder. The disposition of guns is also different, the direct ahead and astern fire of the "Takasago" being much greater. It must be that these advantages are gained at some loss, but at what loss has not been explained. *(See illustration on page 321.)*

* * * *

THE 110-ton gun has been carried in our Navy in three ships, and is still carried in two. These two are the "Sans Pareil" and the "Benbow," now both in the first reserve squadron; the third ship was the ill-fated flag-ship "Victoria," lost in 1893. We have now abandoned the idea of mounting such monster ordnance on board ship, and all our newest battle-ships carry nothing bigger than 50-ton guns and 67-ton guns, which can hit as hard as the 110-ton gun, and are much handier and quicker to fire. We adopted the 110-ton gun because several ships of the Italian Navy—the "Duilio," "Dandolo," "Lepanto," "Andrea Doria," "Ruggiero di Lauria," and "Francesco Morosini"—were carrying it, and England could not afford to allow another Power to mount heavier guns afloat than her own ships carried. Like ourselves, however, the Italians are now replacing their giant guns by more handy pieces.

THE Spanish-American War has considerably benefited American tailors, for they have been busy ever since war was declared making soldiers' uniforms. Recently, contracts were given out by the Military authorities for no less than 600,000 uniforms, from which it would appear that no scarcity of men is anticipated. According to the terms of the contracts, 200,000 uniforms had to be completed within thirty days. One New York firm secured a contract to supply half this quantity, and leased a five-storied building, filling it with sewing-machines and decorating its exterior red, white, and blue, in celebration of the fact that uniforms were being made there. No less than 450 were employed, and the uniforms—coats or blouses, trousers, and vests complete—were turned out at the rate of 2,000 a day. The sewing-machines were worked by steam power, and many other time and labour saving devices were employed. The uniforms are made of flannel, the trousers being of a lighter navy blue than the vests and blouses. The contractors, it may be mentioned, have only to sew the garments, the cutting of the cloth being done at the Schuylkill Arsenal in Philadelphia.

* * * *

To any of our civilian readers who go down into the lower depths of a war-ship with a curious mind and an anxiety to see everything, we would give the advice, "Leave your watch up above in your friend's cabin." Heaven forbid that I should throw any doubt on the honesty of those you are likely to meet in those subterranean regions, but for that faithful friend, your "ticker," a deadly danger lurks. You are sure to be interested in the dynamo and to ask your mentor to explain to you all its intricacies. You will stoop over it, walk around it, and spend several minutes investigating. When you have finished you will know something you did not know before, but your watch will not be able to tell you the time with that accuracy that it was able to do previously. It will have in those few brief moments become a most excellent magnet, but a most distinctly unreliable time-keeper. In fact, a special class of non-magnetisable watch, manufactured by Messrs. S. Smith and Son, of the Strand, the Admiralty watch-makers, is now largely used by those whose work brings them much into contact with dynamos. I call to mind one instance when the thirty-five guinea chronograph of a "special" was rendered useless during the Naval manœuvres and until he had it demagnetised in London.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT asks for information as to the capture of a Dutch fleet in Saldanha Bay on August 17, 1796. The fleet in question was sent out by the Dutch Government with the object of regaining possession of their colonies at the Cape which we had captured in the previous year. On August 3, Major-General Craig, who was in command of the British troops at the Cape, received a report that nine ships of war had been seen off the coast of Saldanha Bay. He promptly communicated with Vice-Admiral Sir George Keith Elphinstone, who was in command of the British squadron then off Cape Town. The Dutch Government had been misled as to the strength of the British Naval force at the Cape, and sent out only a small squadron consisting of three men-of-war (two of 66 guns and one of 54), two frigates of 40 guns, one frigate of 26 guns and another of 24, and a sloop of 18 guns. Sir George Keith Elphinstone's squadron consisted of the following men-of-war:—"Monarch" and "Tremendous" (74 guns), "America," "Ruby," "Stately," "Sceptre," and "Trident" (64 guns), "Jupiter" (50 guns), the frigates "Crescent" and "Sphynx," and the sloops "Moselle," "Rattlesnake," "Echo," and "Hope." The British ships, after some delay caused by stormy weather, sailed into Saldanha Bay, formed in line, and anchored within gunshot of the Dutch. Sir George Keith Elphinstone immediately sent a message to the Dutch admiral, demanding his surrender and pointing out that resistance would be useless on his part against a force so vastly superior. On the 17th a capitulation was agreed to. The Dutch fleet was thus captured without any fighting. Sir George Keith Elphinstone was created Lord Keith in recognition of his services.

* * * *

THE same correspondent asks about the part taken by the Military on this occasion. Major-General Craig, taking good care to leave a sufficient garrison at Cape Town, marched on Saldanha Bay, which was reached on August 16, having pushed forward himself with an advance guard of light infantry, a body of Hottentots, and 50 troopers of the 25th Light Dragoons. The remainder of our troops followed. They consisted of Grenadiers, the 78th and 20th Regiments, 50 more troopers of the 25th and 100 of the 18th Light Dragoons, in all about 2,500 men, with two howitzers and nine field pieces. The Dutch fleet cannonaded the force as it descended the heights over Saldanha Bay, but their fire was without effect. Our men replied with shell from the howitzers, and would undoubtedly have sunk at least one of the Dutch men-of-war had it not been for the arrival of the British fleet, when the land force ceased firing, and left the matter to the admiral. Though the troops had no real fighting, the march of ninety miles from Cape Town to Saldanha through a barren piece of country was accomplished by the men in such a manner as to win strong praise from the general commanding. With regard to the prize-money which was distributed afterwards to the forces, Naval and Military, who were engaged in this bloodless victory, I should recommend my correspondent to apply personally or by letter to the Keeper of Records at the Record Office, Chancery Lane.

* * * *

IN answer to several letters I have received asking me for information as to the strength, composition, and duties of the various parts of the British Army, I would recommend my correspondents to refer to the books named. There is first the "General Annual Return of the British Army," published by authority, but there are other books published unofficially from which considerable valuable information may be gleaned. Chief among these is perhaps "The Army Book," by General Goodenough and Colonel Dalton. It is published by Eyre and Spottiswoode. For the information of those who have made enquiries respecting foreign armies, I would recommend the official works prepared in the Intelligence Department and entitled Handbook of the French, German, or Russian Army, as the case may be. Von Lobell's "Annual Reports on the Changes and Progress in Military Matters" is also a very useful work.

THE EDITOR.

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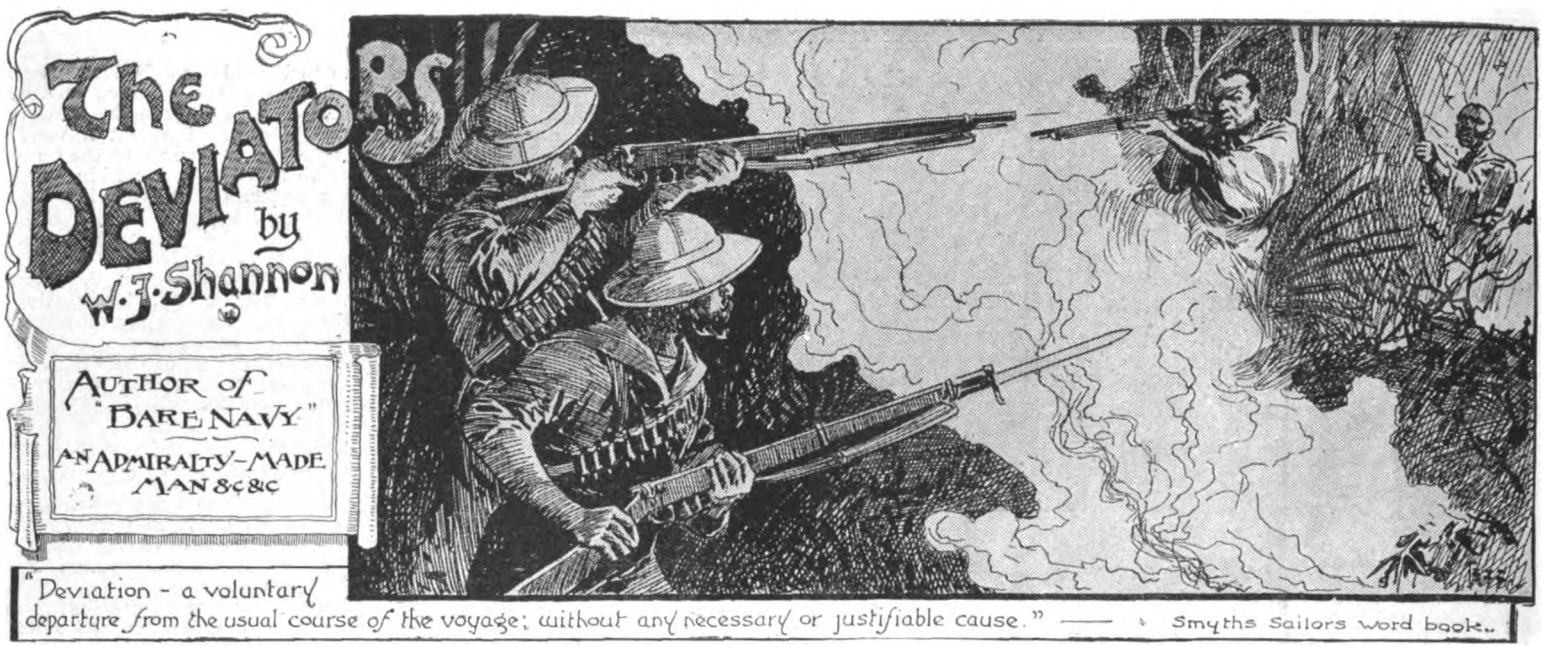
The DEVIATORS
by
W. J. Shannon
AUTHOR OF "BARE NAVY"
AN ADMIRALTY-MADE MAN &c&c
"Deviation - a voluntary departure from the usual course of the voyage; without any necessary or justifiable cause." —— Smyths Sailors word book.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

A landing party from H.M.S. "Pimpernel" meets with a reverse in East Africa and re-embarks, leaving a sub-lieutenant in the hands of the enemy. Two bluejackets, left behind through their own fault, rescue him, but he is taken from them. They, with the assistance of a trader, track him, and one night capture the canoe in which he lays bound, and paddle away with it. In the morning they find they have got the first lieutenant! They are keenly disappointed. One wants to return aboard then, but the other does not. They argue on the respective advantages of the ship or of a cave they know of as bases of operations.

CHAPTER VI. *(continued.)*

"YOU'RE not going to leave many officers aboard, Jim, so far as I can see," said Angel.

"No. I reckon the ship'll have to carry on wid P.O.'s doin' quarter-deck dooties and a warrant or the bo's'n's mate in charge. But these is democratic times, and the Adm'alty won't mind."

"The Buffer'd make a lovely cap'n," said Eaves.

"He would so. He'd run up a wine bill on bottled beer what would astound creation, I'll lay me oath. But it won't happen, Mal. We shall be cut off in our useful works before we git as fur as that."

"I wish we could reach so fur as that," said Eaves.

"Why, I thought you didn't want to stay ashore and do these things wid me."

"So fur as the ship, I'm speakin' about."

"It's too fur, Mal. What you want in strategy is a base on the ground, a harbour for repairs next door to the battlefield. Now in the cave we've got that. It has every advantage I can think of."

"The disadvantage is that the Adm'alty won't see your reasons for usin' it."

"Oh yes they will. The adm'als studies up war as well as I do. They know all about bases and their vibratin' importance. Aint a base of operations the main thing in conductin' war, Angel?"

"And a fighting line," said Angel.

"And supplies!" said Eaves.

"Supplies is highly important," agreed Twelves. "But I follow Nelson in that. Says he to the Adm'alty, 'Either give me supplies at once, or I'll find the enemy and confiscate some.' Didn't he say that, Angel?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Angel.

"Of course. Because it stands to reason you can't be partic'lar in makin' war. That's why Sir Garnet says, 'Carry your Bible in the enemy's country by all means if you want to—I always do; but don't let me catch you actin' honest when the enemy asts questions.' Oh, in honest warfare you must live, and if you are a man of honour you at once conceal the fact, and march straight on the enemy's banana patch."

"Oh, well argued, Jim! Well argued indeed! Therefore——?" said Angel.

"Yes, therefore, Jim Twelves, what's all this grand palaver about?"

"Malachi, the conclusion to be drawed is one, and one only, namely, that for the purposes of this discussion the ship is two thousand miles away, and therefore not possible for a base, and that therefore we hold the fort and pile the officers in as fast as they lose theirselfs."

"That's two conclusions," said Eaves.

"You'll be receiving the thanks of both Houses of Parliament," said Angel.

"There's no need. I have within me that which doth not show, an appetisin' conscience, or words to that effect," said Twelves.

"You aint got no conscience at all, Jim Twelves," said Eaves.

"Is he comin' to, miss?" said Jim, as the officer stirred.

"I think so. Don't speak so loud, please."

"He don't mind a bit, miss," whispered Jim. "He's a roarer hisself."

The lieutenant thereupon opened his eyes and stared round wildly. Then he sat up and looked at Twelves, trying to remember things.

"Are you and I in the—the place together, then, Twelves?" said he, slowly.

"Sir, allow me to observe that a lady is present supportin' you."

"Ladies, then, go there, Twelves?" the officer went on dreamily. "Now what should ladies do——? But what should *I* do here either?" starting up fiercely. "Wasn't I converted before I died?"

"Yes, sir. But you aint dead."

"You have deceived me before, Twelves. I can't trust your word. But this must be seen into. Who's captain down below here?"

"I can assure you you are on earth, sir. Can't you hear the water lappin' agin the side of the canoe? Can't you hear the paddles goin'?"

"Don't try to excuse yourself, Twelves. You have misrepresented me. You have given my character as it was long ago. Dead men tell false tales."

"I'm not dead, sir. I'll call witnesses if you like."

"I see you very well, Twelves. I am not asleep. And you are dead. They found your body."

"Very well, sir, have it your own way. But it's one of them things I thought I was authorative on."

"Twelves, don't argue. Go forward, sir. If I say you are dead, you are."

"Cert'n'y, sir."

Miss Angel signed for Twelves to move from the lieutenant's sight. The officer then gently sank back and fell asleep again.

"Isn't this Lieutenant Cutwater?" said Miss Angel to her brother.

Angel looked at the officer. "Is it him?" he asked Twelves.

Twelves certified that the officer's name was Cutwater, and that he was a lieutenant.

"I hope he won't recognise me," said Miss Angel, quietly, to her brother.

"Come to that, Suse, I hope he won't recognise me."

"Why, what is he to you?"

"Six years ago, you say it was?" said Angel, avoiding her question. "You haven't changed much in ten."

"I'm sorry."

"I'm not.,"

CHAPTER VII.

TRAGEDY.

"JIM," said Angel, about eight o'clock in the morning, "we are nearing the ford. You, and I, and Eaves must be prepared to nip out and haul my canoe over, and, if need be, abandon yours."

"In honour we found it," said Twelves, "and I shall be sorry to cast it off unless the case is urgent."

"Well, those fellows who were chasing my sister knew me quite well, and threatened to make things level, so I half suspect they're waiting for us.

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"Angel, we reckoned to pass that canoe through the Adm'alty Courts for a slaver, and to work in the lootenant for five pounds head money as the slave; but I suppose we must sacrifice ourselfs on cause bein' shown."

"I think you must, Jim. Retreats are full of self-sacrifices of that sort," said Angel.

"This aint a retreat, chum," said Twelves, quickly. "This is retirin' on the base, after havin' accomplished an intelligence expedition. We now know where our friends is, and where the enemy is, and many more things."

"Everythink, in fact," said Eaves, "excep' what we started out to know, and that is, where Charlie Chater is."

"Yes, we're bunged up wid miscellaneous information," said Twelves, with great satisfaction.

"And what's the good of that?" asked his friend.

"All knowledge is good, my young friend."

"I mean, what's the good of it in the present junction?"

"For any partic'lar case you sort out what you know from what you don't know, and apply it."

"Well, I'd like to see you do it. Apply it to Charlie."

"Wid pleasure. Wid all this learnin' at our elbow we are enabled to swear to any amount of places where Charlie aint, and that reduces the number of places where he may be——"

"If you are goin' to argue at that rate, you might's well say we knows several places where we might be, but where we aint. We might be aboard, but we aint."

"Yes, I see no objections to arguin' like that," said Twelves. "Always allowin' that it's theory. But, of course, when I say that Charlie's lost I stick to facts."

"Well, who said he wasn't lost?"

"Don't forgit, then. Sub-lootenants can wait if the case is explained. They're not exigencies, mind."

"That's right, chum; I like to hear you pluckin' up agin at the expense of the sub-lootenants. After our next important confiscation sub-lootenants'll have to wait."

"Well, don't you forgit—a promise, mind."

"No. The next thing we find we sell off as soon as possible, and Angel Raphael shall be our witness that this is a contract."

"Make ready," said Angel. "In another three or four minutes we'll be on the shoals. Set amidships, and when I give the word, jump out, one on either side, and haul her over. I'll only cut the tow-rope if we're attacked."

"Yes, it belongs to his friends," grumbled Eaves to Jim Twelves. "They'll be glad."

"Angel," said Jim, half turning round towards the stern, "you never told us what your tattics was last night. Why did you shift the canoe and leave us to do all the work alone, and cause us to swear and think unbecomin' thoughts?"

"I didn't shift it," said Angel.

"Well, who did?" said Eaves.

"No one. I've been meaning to ask you why you undertook this rescue of Lieutenant Cutwater without letting me know."

"Do you mean to say you never moved that canoe from the place where we left her?" said Eaves.

"Why should I?"

"I don't know. On'y you seemed to have."

"You mistook the place."

"Here, I say!" Eaves protested. "Jim Twelves has been to Africa before, if I aint."

"THE CANOE, WITH THE HELPLESS LIEUTENANT, WAS ALMOST LIFTED ALONG."

"I thought you was implyin' that—else why do you dispute it?"

"Look here, Jim Twelves, you stick to the point. You always talk about anythink excep' what you're talkin' about. I've been led away quite enough by you. You say we've learnt somethin' useful about where Charlie is, and I say we haven't."

"Very well, then, Mal. There's no need for to argue about that, because that's a distinct difference of a negative chara'ter, and you can't argue on them lines."

"Well, *I* can't," said Eaves, subsiding. "But, Jim," he continued, after a pause, "don't you think the next thing we rescue or pick up we ought to realise on at once, before the necessities of humanity or war steps in to make us drop it, or leads us to forgit it?"

"A very good notion, Mal, that is. On'y there haven't bin no shops, so far, for that precious and valuable canoe, what I see your mind is turnin' to, and your heart is bleedin' for."

"There was other things, Jim," said Eaves, reproachfully. "Other things because of which we might have knocked off from the campaign, rested, and then started agin where we left off."

"Wid renewed energies. We will do so for the future, if the exigencies of the Service permit."

"Yes, you mustn't try to bluff me, Angel. I know my way about Africa," said Twelves.

"Then you must have been drunk last night," said Angel, laughing. "Keep your eye on the banks ahead."

"And there's no doubt it was because of my knowledge that I was selected for special service," continued Twelves. "To walk about all by myself, wid Malachi. But if it was too dark for the natives to distinguish between a sub-lootenant and a fust lootenant, it was dark enough for us to mistake one little landin'-place for another little landin'-place exac'ly like it."

"Of course. And you did."

"In the dark, one was black and the other was black, and even Stanley don't know Africa when it's night time. Besides, I'm colour-blind."

"You never called in question all these doubts last night, Jim," said Eaves. "Then you was sure of your bearin's. So was I. And we was sure Angel wasn't there."

"And wid the light of the day it turns out *we* wasn't there. Which shows that bluejackets can't be sure of anythink."

"For the future I shall doubt a good many things," said Eaves.

"Now if we had charts, and marked our course hourly,

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this wouldn't have happened, because we could stick up a little flag where we left anyone."

"In the ground?" said Eaves.

"No. On the map."

"What's the good of that?"

"Why don't a ship lose her way at sea? Simply because of that prickin' off the course and markin' the exact spot where she is. Else them liners would often miss Ascension."

"Yes, it sounds simple," said Eaves. "But, look here, how did you come to shove off at the same time as us?" he continued, turning to Angel.

"Why should I wait?" retorted Angel.

"Still, how did you know where we was, and why didn't you hail us?"

"I got tired of waiting, and reconnoitred, after the flotilla had passed. I heard Jim sing out 'Now!' and dodged back to my canoe, and was after you as soon as possible."

"And you didn't think it was part of the art of war to shout to us and attract the enemy," said Twelves.

"Precisely, Jim."

"Satisfied, Mal?" said Twelves to his friend.

"Sounds all right," said he.

"There goes a war-horn," said Angel. "You can tell me your movements when we've forced a passage. Down with the sail. We'll paddle through."

The river was low, Angel continued, or he could guarantee a rush, without grounding.

In silence, except for the splash of the paddles and the swirl of the shallowing water, the canoe neared the ford. Suddenly a fusillade was opened from either bank.

"Carry on, paddling," said Angel, calmly. "Don't answer."

The canoe struck when halfway over. A shout went up from the banks, and many men left cover and fired from the open. Angel cut the bluejackets' canoe adrift, and leaping overboard with the two, dragged at his own canoe, under a heavy rifle fire. "Heave!" he cried, and the canoe, with the helpless lieutenant and his sister aboard, was almost lifted along. "Heave! Again! 'Gain! Another! Hurrah, she's afloat! Tumble in! Up with the sail, Jim! Eaves, give that mob a shot! Suse, keep your head down. Cease firing, Eaves! Paddle all!"

A quarter of an hour afterwards everyone but Angel was sleeping, and the canoe ran on under sail, in a little while leaving the scrub behind and entering the bush. A very short spell of paddling had sufficed to carry her out of danger, and Raphael Angel considered, as he sat, what he should do with his crew. He dared not, as a deserter, take the officer back to the ship himself, and he was afraid the bluejackets would not yet awhile. There were no conveniences for wounded first lieutenants in the cave, and no doctors other than his sister in all the country round. He, therefore, decided to take his party home and hear what his wife had to say on the matter.

He was awakened from his thoughts an hour or two later by seeing a man down-stream wading out into the river as if to meet his canoe. He roused his men, and allowed the canoe to run on. The stranger hailed in Swahili. Angel answered and lowered the sail, while the man swam out and was helped aboard.

"Friend?" Twelves asked.

"Yes. One of my men," answered Angel, proceeding to interrogate him in Swahili. Angel's face grew dark as he pressed his questions, but when he had done he said to his sister and the bluejackets, "We must go on to the cave."

"Why not?" said Twelves. "I thought that was understood."

"Quite so, quite so."

"Is this true, Raphael, that this man has told you?" whispered Miss Angel, aside to her brother.

"I've no reason to doubt it. She would be unprepared."

Miss Angel signed for Twelves to take the helm, which he did, looking from brother to sister to fathom the mystery. Raphael Angel listlessly gave up the tiller, and sat staring vacantly, while his sister expressed her sorrow and stroked his hand.

"What is it, chum?" whispered Eaves, in the bow, to the Swahili servant.

"No savvy Inglis, sah," said the man, looking, however, significantly down the reach at some smoke ascending above the trees.

"Fire?"

The man did not answer. Twelves also saw the smoke, and catching Miss Angel's eye, raised his eyebrows questioningly from her brother to the smoke. She nodded.

"Poor chap," said Twelves to himself, and then aloud, cheerily, "Carry on for the cave, cap'n?"

"Eh? Yes," said Angel. "Here, let me take the helm. I've forgotten myself."

"Bad news, Angel?"

"Yes. Those Swahilis we met at the ford have raided my house and killed my wife."

"They aint the tribe we're after, are they?"

"No. They're some of the riff-raff of Mombasa. They're no tribe at all."

"They can't have got far yet; we'll——"

"Far enough. Don't you trouble, Jim."

"But you helped us all you could, Angel. Charlie will be all right. These sub-lootenants are hardy, and it all counts as sea time for him, and these niggers'll sure to feed him up and hold him to ransom. So I think we ought to join up wid you and see if we can pick up Mrs. Angel. This chap on'y surmises she's——not alive, don't he?"

"He says he saw her killed."

"But you don't believe him?"

"I can do nothing else. You see the smoke yourself."

"We'll go and look when we've laid Number One in the cave. Will he recover, miss, think you?" Jim continued to Miss Angel, who was sitting by the lieutenant.

"I think the wound is not fatal, Mr. Twelves."

"Please, miss, don't. Jim—except at election times in old Pompey. But Twelves to you, miss. I hope he'll recover. He's a good officer, although he's religious. It was your brother and the patent boat done it, miss, and it's no fault of his."

"Yes, Raphael was telling me of that. Why do you men get drunk?"

"I can't understand why the ward-room should ever do it, miss, seeing that they has the liquor always handy."

"Is that a preventive?"

"Oh, yes. If you have plenty of a thing you don't care for it. Like the Navy itself, for instance. Seen from the shore it's all glory; but afloat, wid twelve years of it, you tire. So if we had ample beer we shouldn't like even beer long."

"I always thought it lured you on and on."

"From the half-glass at dinner, miss, to the fourteen pints a day, besides nips. I reckon I went to the same Band of Hope as you, miss. The moderate drinker is the curse of creation. I think that's the theory, miss, aint it?"

"But you seamen don't become sober when you are on shore and surrounded by public-houses."

"No, miss. Not at once. Because there's leeway to make up—leeway in everythink. And so we goes on the bust. But after a week or two ashore, miss, we become as ordn'y as landsmen. The great reform what is needed for the country is a wet canteen for the lower deck, so's us bluejackets can, if we like, git drink at sea, and go ashore and behave respectable."

"I had never heard of plenty of beer as a cure for excessive drinking," said Miss Angel.

"No. But it's the very latest, miss. Convicts has no beer, and see what they are. Paupers has no beer, and see what they are. But the ward-room has beer, and see what they is. From—the—ward-room—comes—adm'als—miss."

"It seems clear," smiled the lady.

"There's no doubt," said Twelves, decidedly.

"When you've quite done as the ardent reformer, Jim," interrupted Eaves, "you are requested to git ready to land, because we're there, if Miss Angel will excuse me sayin' so."

"It is a subject in which I take a deep personal interest, miss," said Twelves; "and I hope it will be took up in Parliament when the dogs is let loose. A wet canteen is what Nelson would have liked to see. Yes, cap'n?"

"Lower away the sail, Eaves," said Angel. "Jim, take the foremost paddle. I'm going to run her up that creek. It's not far across the shamba and up the hill to the cave from there."

The lieutenant was wrapped in the sail and lifted from the canoe as soon as she was beached, and borne up to the cave by two of the men, Miss Angel and the third following closely. They all carried their arms, expecting the Swahilis to be still prowling about.

They reached the cave in safety, and as soon as a bed had been made up for the lieutenant, Miss Angel said, "Now you must go and see after your wife, Raphael."

"I can do no good."

"Twelves, you go with him, and Eaves too."

"How about you, miss, left all alone?"

"Raphael says the cave is perfectly safe. No one comes in."

"S'pose the lootenant wakes up delirious agin, miss?"

"Three of you are none too many to go. The servant can stay with me. Where is he, Raphael? What's his name?"

"Wadi. I left him in the canoe. But I don't know whether he won't be afraid to come in, though he's a Mohammedan, and ought not to fear devil caves."

"Send him up. Now *do* go, Raphael."

"But he says he saw her killed."

"You ought to see if he speaks truth."

(To be continued.)

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Annual Training of the P.W.O. Artillery Militia.

MOST of us have some knowledge of the work of the Royal Artillery, but few know that this branch of the Service has an able auxiliary in the shape of the Artillery Militia. Among many corps which are well known for efficiency, the Prince of Wales' OwnArtillery holds a high place. It has just finished its annual training at Yarmouth, where, under Colonel Viscount Coke, some good work has been accomplished.

When a Militia corps first comes out for training, its

IN REAR OF THE BATTERY.

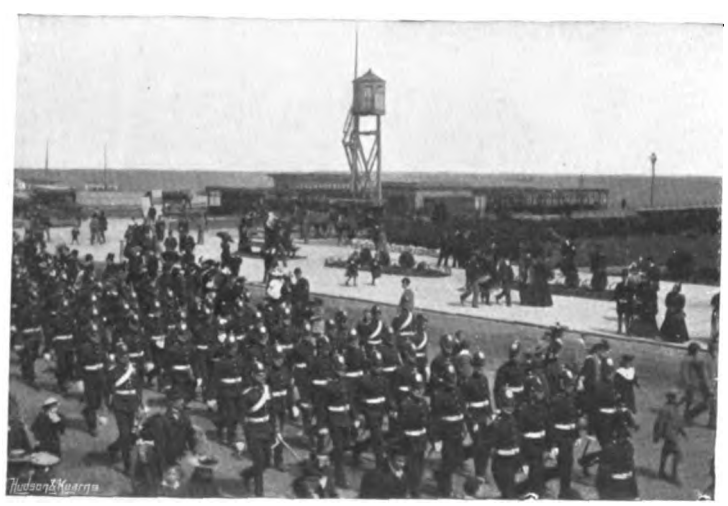
"turn out" is not of the smartest. For many consecutive months the men have been employed in civilian life, but ere long, benefiting from daily drill, the whole assume a soldierly appearance.

The nature of the operations carried out at Yarmouth may be seen by reference to the first and second illustrations.

In the first, the men are shown working on the gun platforms of the battery facing the sea. The second represents

A DEADLY WEAPON.

a portion of the corps at practice with "Ewart's aiming rifle." This new engine of destruction is worked on the Maxim principle, but, instead of firing bullets, throws forth a shower of shrapnel—the man-killing projectile, as it is called. The third picture conveys an idea of the appearance of the corps after having been a week in training. The photograph was



From Photos By a Military Officer

RETURNING FROM CHURCH PARADE.

INSPECTION DAY—VOLLEY FIRING.

taken on the way from church parade, and the smartness of the men speaks volumes for the efficient manner in which officers and non-commissioned officers carry out their respective duties.

As well as being practised in working guns, the men are

THE INSPECTING OFFICER.

exercised in marching from time to time, for a gunner must also know something of infantry drill. At the end of the annual training the corps was this year inspected by Colonel Aylmer, commanding the depôt and Volunteers, who expressed himself as being well satisfied with the work of the corps. In the fourth picture, the Prince of Wales' Own are

THE OFFICERS' MESS.

going through volley firing before the inspecting officer. In the following picture the inspecting officer is distinguished by his cocked hat. On his left is Colonel Viscount Coke, and on his right Colonel Newcombe.

The last picture depicts the officers' mess. The building is usually the headquarters of the Prince of Wales, the honorary colonel of the corps, when he visits Yarmouth for the purpose of reviewing his regiment

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Our Colonial Forces: CANADA.—VII.

WHILE we have been endeavouring to give a general description of the organisation and composition of the Canadian forces, the authorities have been busy demonstrating the vitality of the system by introducing some radical alterations, the latest of which, very recently communicated, consists in the amalgamation of the 1st Prince of Wales' Regiment with the 6th Fusiliers. Both have their headquarters at Montreal, and they now combine to form the 1st Battalion Prince of Wales' Fusiliers, with 668 officers and men in four companies, the 6th being presumably abolished, and the number left vacant. The Prince of Wales is the honorary lieutenant-colonel of the amalgamated corps.

From a Photo. By a Military Officer.

THE OFFICERS, 13th BATTALION OF INFANTRY.

The 13th Battalion of Infantry was raised in 1862, and musters, nominally, 368 strong; this is one of the regiments, however, which are over strength, the number of men available being more like 500. The regiment ranks well in the shooting; a group of the officers forms our first picture.

The 48th Battalion of Highlanders is a young one, having been raised in 1891; nevertheless, it is apparently popular already, for here again the actual numbers exceed the nominal strength by nearly 100—a very great advantage in the event of their being called out, as the men of best physique can be selected, leaving a reserve at headquarters, which in this case are at Toronto. The 48th have not as yet had an opportunity of winning laurels, but doubtless they will maintain the honour of the kilt when they get the chance, and give the foe a good front view of it. We are able to give a fine picturesque group of the officers; Lieutenant-Colonel J. Davidson is in command.

In connection with the subject of Highland regiments, two of our illustrations are very interesting, as showing the efforts made by Militia officers to develop and popularise the great volunteer army. The title of Highland Cadets has been given to an independent organisation formed in 1889 by Major F. Lydon, of the 5th Royal Scots, as a feeder to the regiment. The youths are all working lads, who meet for drill two or three nights a week, and become very efficient. Since its organisation the corps has given over 100 young men to the active Militia, all thoroughly well drilled, the majority, of course, joining the Royal Scots, in which, however, the standard is too high for some of them, being no less than 5-ft. 8-in.; rather a significant fact when we remember the size of some of our newly-enlisted regulars at home. The cost to each lad on joining the corps is 1dol. 10c. monthly subscription—not a large sum in itself, but a sufficient indication of the enthusiasm displayed—and all must be total abstainers, with regard, at any rate, to spirits. The young soldiers muster two companies of fifty each, and have attracted much favourable notice by their zeal; the Mayor of Montreal having presented them with a large silver cup, and the ladies with a handsome flag, which no doubt is prized most highly. Seeing what a splendid response Major Lydon's venture has elicited, it would not be surprising if other regiments were to start cadet corps; though, of course, the thing should not be overdone. The gallant major is to be seen in one of our pictures, surrounded by his youthful

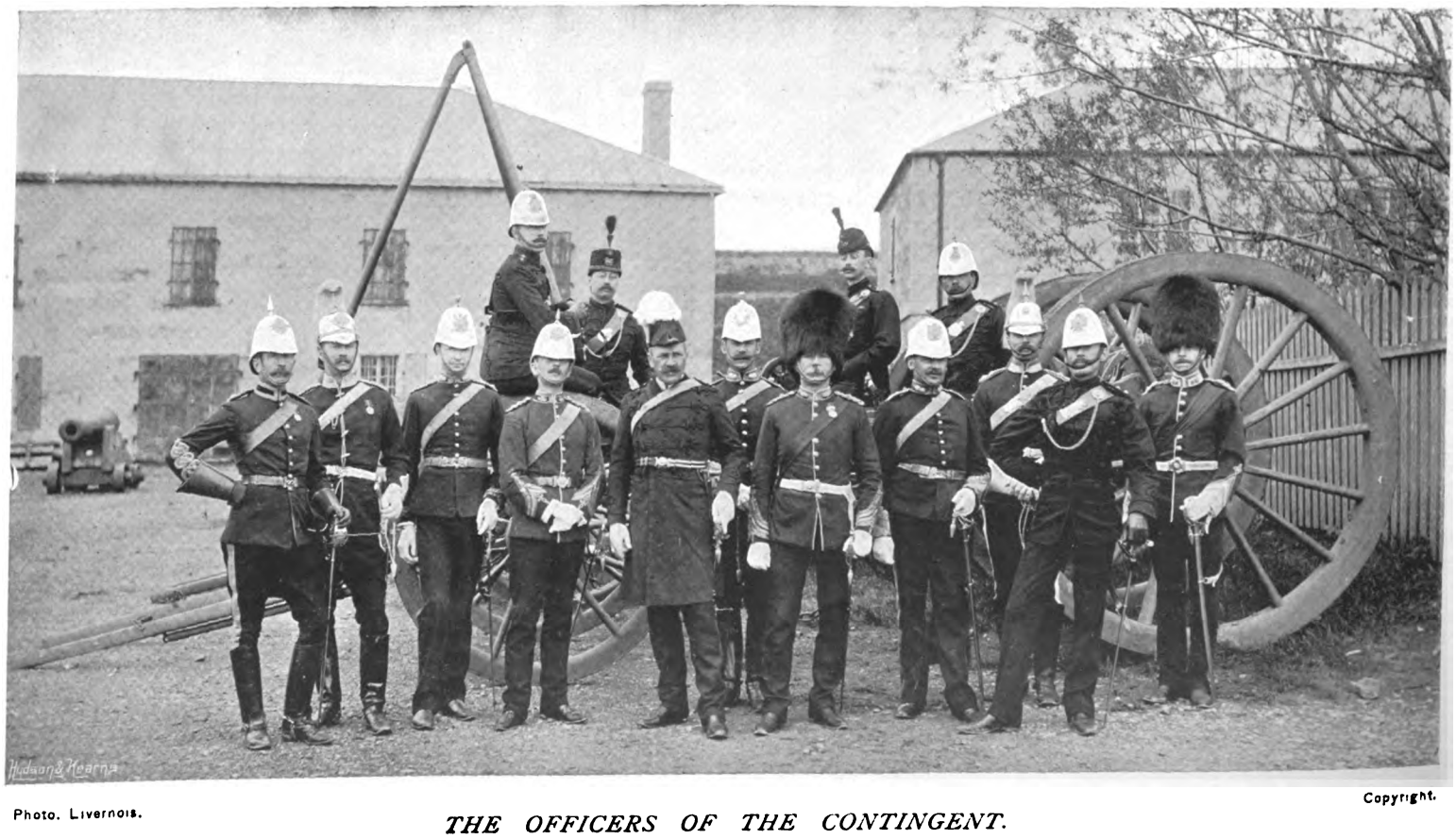

Photo. Livernois. Copyright.

THE OFFICERS OF THE CONTINGENT.

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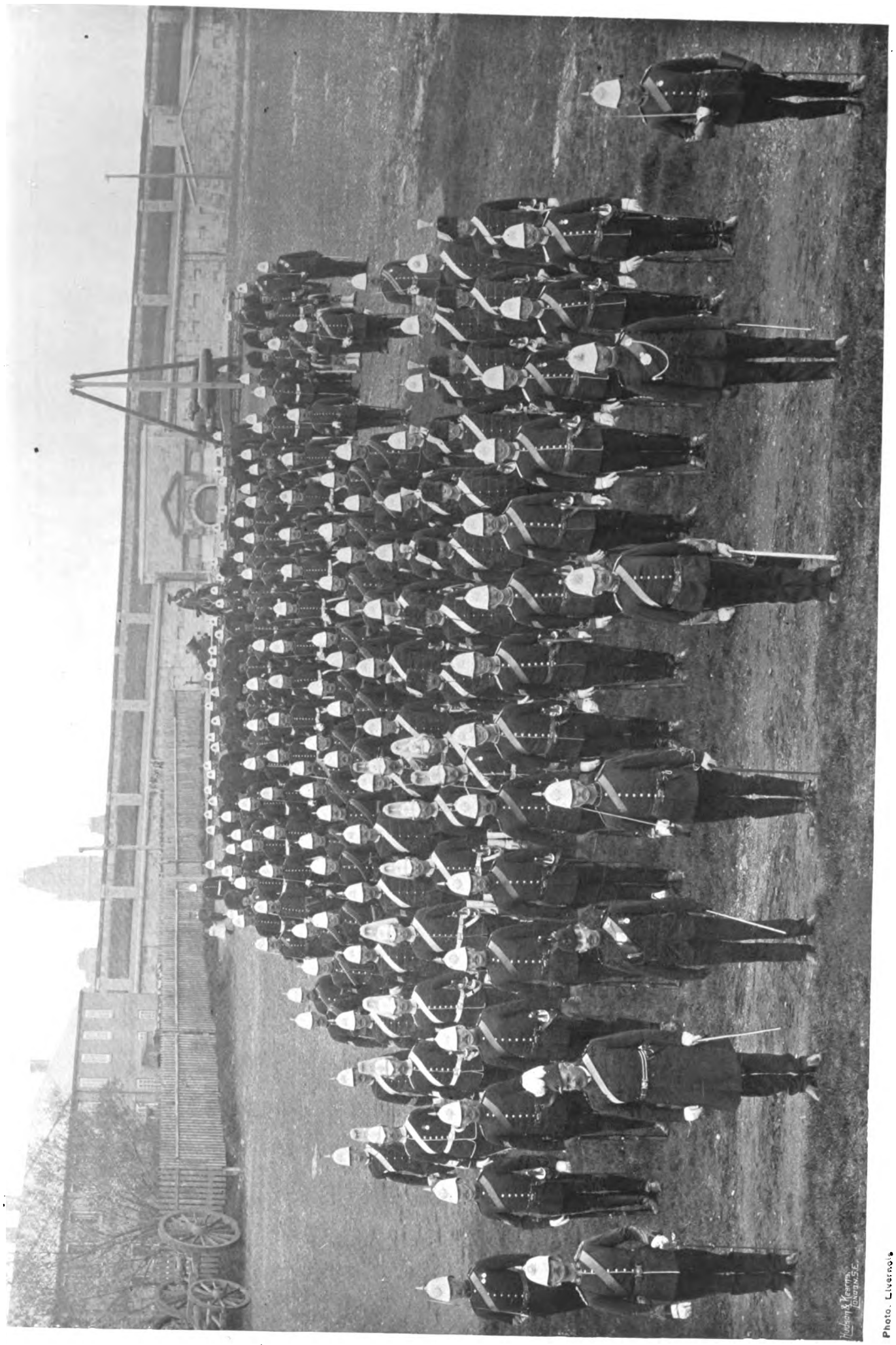

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THE JUBILEE CONTINGENT AT QUEBEC.

Photo. Liverpool.

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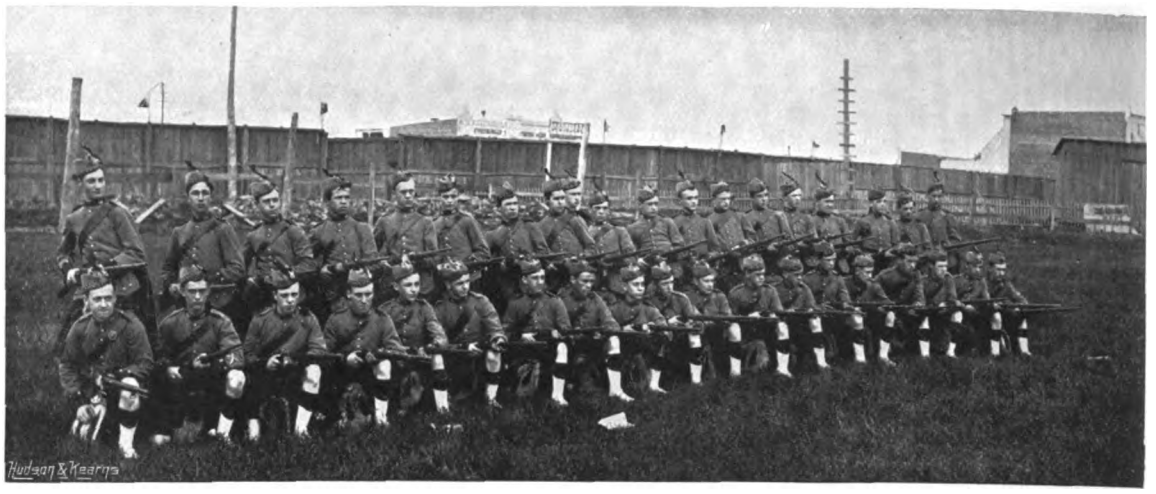
non-commissioned officers. The last illustrations to be noticed, in concluding our description of the Canadian forces, represent the whole of the Jubilee Canadian contingent, mustered in the citadel at Quebec, and a group of the officers by themselves. The contingent numbered some 180 officers and men; the regiments, etc., represented total altogether about 10,000—less than one-third of the whole force, as will be noticed. It would not, however, have been possible to represent every corps; and those who had the opportunity of seeing our visitors will no doubt have been able to form a very good notion of the stuff of which this fine Militia army is composed; a notion which it has been our endeavour to supplement in the numbers which have been devoted to the subject, and so to extend in the Mother Country the knowledge of the means available, besides Imperial troops, for the defence of our splendid possessions across the Atlantic.

The Canadian Militia, as has already been hinted, is a force of very real vitality, and may be expected in a few years to have developed considerably. Already we hear of a regiment of mounted infantry being organised in British Columbia, a bearer company in Halifax, and a Highland company in Ottawa; while the increase of establishments in many existing corps is imminent. Toronto, already the most enthusiastic military centre, has future ambitions, which are sure to be realised eventually.

And so we bid farewell for a while to the Canadian Army, though it is more than probable that space may be found for further illustrations and descriptions at some future date.

(Concluded.)



THE HIGHLAND CADETS OF CANADA—RIFLE EXERCISE.

MAJOR LYDON AND THE CADET N.C.O.'s.

THE OFFICERS OF THE 48th HIGHLANDERS.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 74.] *SATURDAY, JULY 2nd, 1898.*

Photo. Bourne & Shepherd. Copyright.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM F. GATACRE, C.B., D.S.O.

(See Page 353.)

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4th Battalion Norfolk Regiment.

THIS battalion of Militia lately completed its annual training at Great Yarmouth, where it was under arms for the usual period. The time devoted to the annual training of a Militia battalion is not, as some would suppose,

THE MARCH PAST.

one of ease and comfort. There is hard work to be done, and the time is usually short enough in which to complete the official programme.

Of late years the Militia has received a greater share of recognition at the hands of the authorities than formerly, and with the official smile of the "powers that be" has arisen a stricter *régime*.

From Photos. By a Military Officer.

THE REGIMENTAL COLOURS.

SERGEANT-DRUMMER MACE AND THE BAND.

At the conclusion of the annual training, a battalion is put through a searching inspection, and all the officers are called upon to show that they are capable of commanding those over

PERFORMING THE FIRING EXERCISE.

whom they are placed In our first picture the battalion is shown marching past before Colonel Burton, commanding the 9th Regimental District. On his right is Colonel Sir Charles Harvey, Bart., commanding the battalion. In addition the battalion was put through the manual and firing exercises. Our remaining illustrations explain themselves. The uniform is scarlet with white facings, similar to the regular battalions of the Norfolk Regiment—the old 9th Foot.

A Crack Camel Corps.

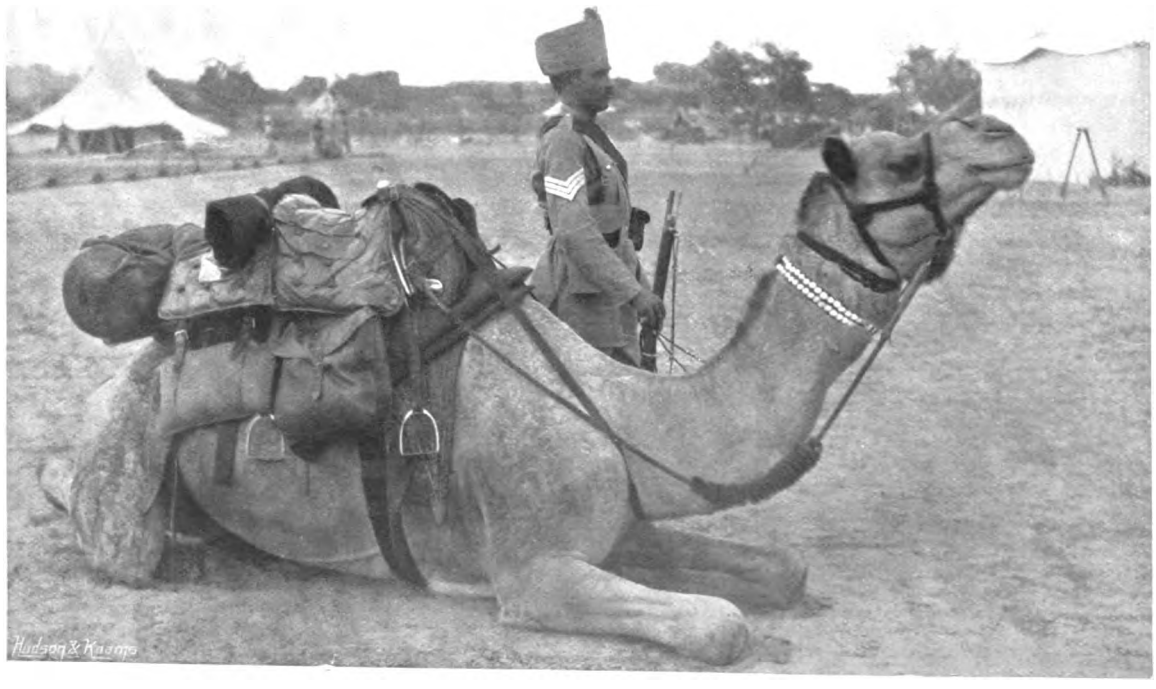

Photo. Bourne & Shepherd. Copyright.

A HAVILDAR AND HIS MOUNT.

RUDYARD KIPLING thus sings of the useful, but most objectionable, commissariat camel, which has made life a burden to many of us whom fate has taken to the North-Western Frontier of India:—

"The 'orse 'e knows a'bove a bit,
the bullock's but a fool,
The elephant's a gentleman, the
battery-mule's a mule;
But the commissariat cam-u-el,
when all is said an' done,
'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a
orphan-child in one.
O the oont, O the oont, O the
Gawd-forsaken oont!
The lumpy-umpy 'ummin'-bird
a singin' where 'e lies,
'E's blocked the whole division
from the rear-guard to the front,
An' when we get him up again—
the beggar goes an' dies!"

Between this type of the breed and the camels depicted in our illustrations, there is much the same difference as between a night cab-horse and a Derby winner.

Right up in the northern angle where Rajpootana juts up into the Punjab is the district of Bikaneer, where the

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"sowari" camel of the finest type is bred. Our pictures represent a havildar (sergeant), both himself and his mount being in full field service kit and equipment, and a detachment of the magnificent Camel Corps which Bikaneer contributes to the Indian Imperial Service Troops. Fine stalwart Rajpoots and picked beasts of the best class of riding camel India produces are here shown, and the corps is one that does credit to the Imperial Service auxiliaries of our Indian Army. If you know how to ride a camel you could, on one of these animals, travel at a full trot, and carry in your hand a full tumbler of water without spilling it. To sit loose and not attempt to grip your mount is the great secret to master.

If the reader will refer to page 149 in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of May 7, he will see what the men and camels of this corps can do in the way of long distance riding.

Photo. Bourne & Shedhord. Copyright.

THE BIRKANEER CAMEL CORPS ON PARADE.

The Cheshire Yeomanry.

THE annual training, or, as it is officially designated, permanent duty, of a regiment of yeomanry cavalry is always an event of importance in the county, and especially in the particular town, where the troops are billeted.

The accompanying illustrations are descriptive of the training, recently completed, of the Cheshire (Earl of Chester's) Yeomanry Cavalry. The first picture represents the yeomen at the "butts" carrying out their annual course of musketry. Although ability to shoot is not of such value in the cavalry as in the sister branch of the Service, it is nevertheless advisable that mounted men should be able to render a good account of themselves if dismounted for a time to hold a position. Were the yeomanry to be called out, they might, from the nature of the duties falling to their lot, often find themselves fighting dismounted. The ten days' permanent duty being completed, an inspection of the regiment was held, and in the illustration below it will be

AT THE BUTTS.

Photos. G. Mark Cook. Copyright.

THE REVIEW.

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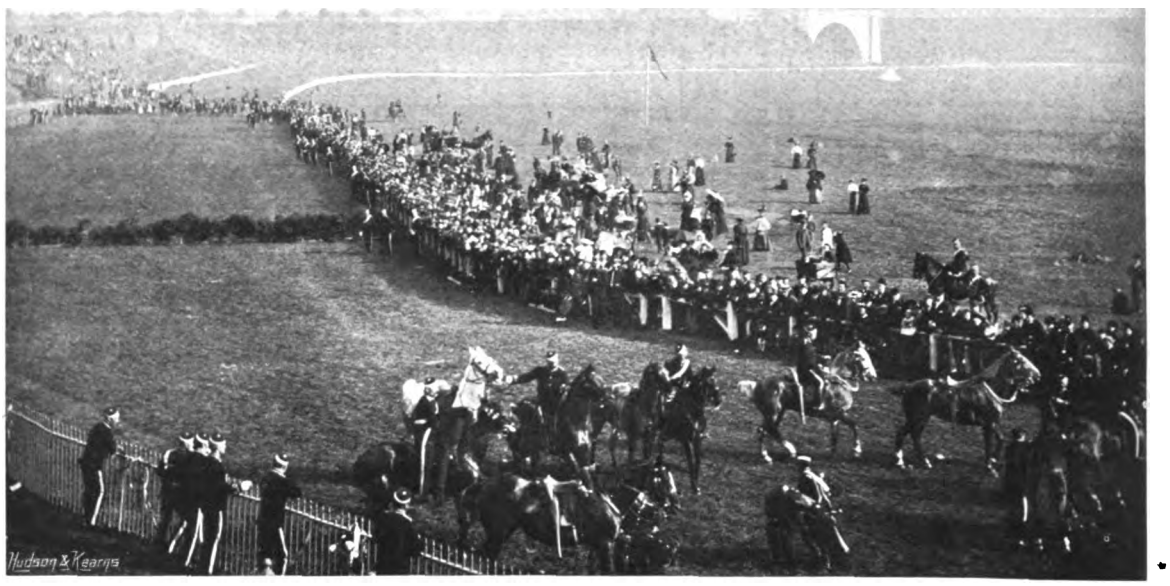
seen that the squadrons are represented after having advanced in review order. It will be noted that they are equipped similarly to hussars of the Line. The uniform, which is blue, has scarlet facings. The regiment marched past headed by its band, which is shown in another illustration. The Earl of Chester's provided entertainment for their friends in the shape of a military tournament. This is always a popular event. Among the items on the programme were tent pegging, heads and posts, and the Victoria Cross race.

In the last named a number of mounted men set out under fire to rescue their wounded comrades (represented by dummies), and return carrying them on their saddles. The prize falls to the horseman who returns first with his wounded charge.



THE VICTORIA CROSS RACE--PICKING UP THE WOUNDED.

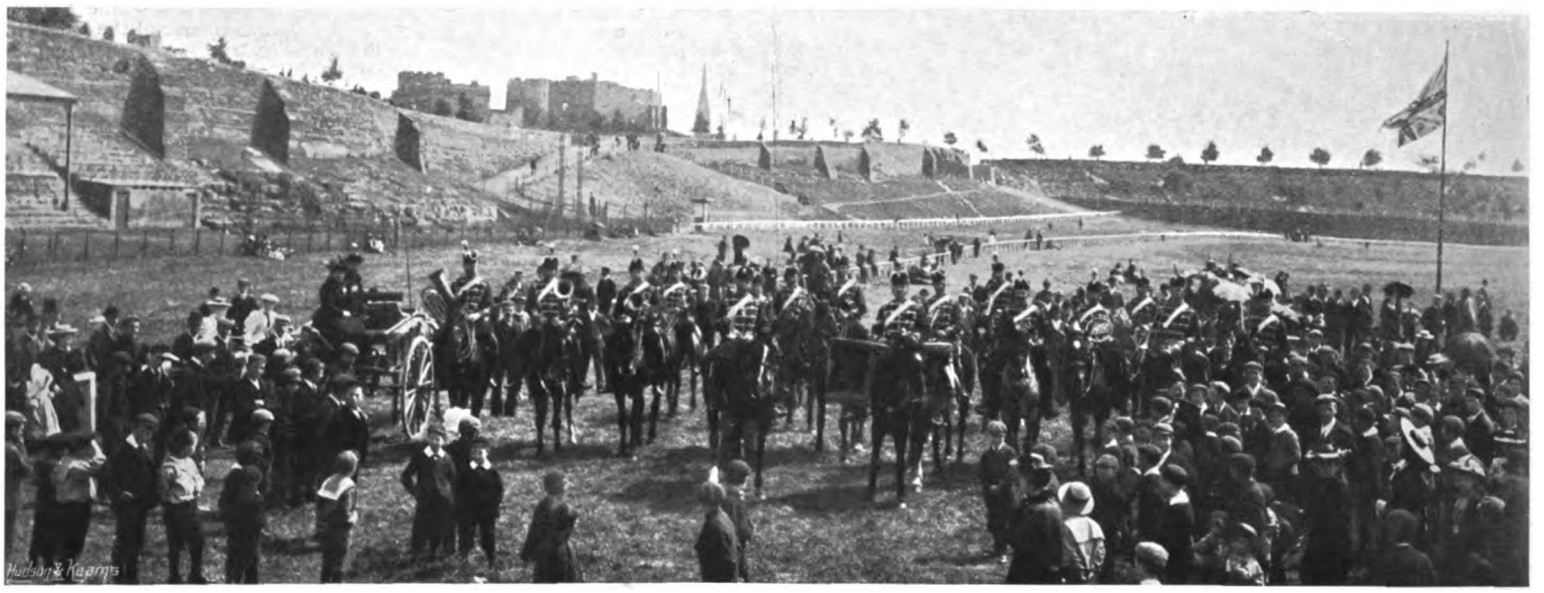


Photo. G. Mark Cook. Copyright.

THE BAND.

Reviewing the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry.

THE Prince of Wales' Own Royal Regiment of Wiltshire Yeomanry Cavalry has been in existence 105 years, having been raised by Mr. Richard Long, High Sheriff of Wilts (an ancestor of the present colonel), in 1793. It is the premier regiment in England. In 1835, when the precedence of yeomanry regiments was established, the Prince of Wales' became No. 1, on the ground that it was the first regiment raised of the yeomanry force, and that it had maintained its existence without a break.

Our illustration shows the Commander-in-Chief and his staff, with the officers of the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, on the occasion of the review of the regiment at Devizes.

Photo. Hunt. Copyright.

THE OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL WILTSHIRE YEOMANRY.

The central figure of the group is Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, K.P., the general on his left being Sir John Davis, K.C.B., and on his right General Sir J. Kelly-Kenny, C.B. The Marquess of Bath, Lord Alec Thynne, Lord Cardigan, Sir John Dickson-Poynder, Bart., M.P., and Sir Thos. Fowler, are also seen.

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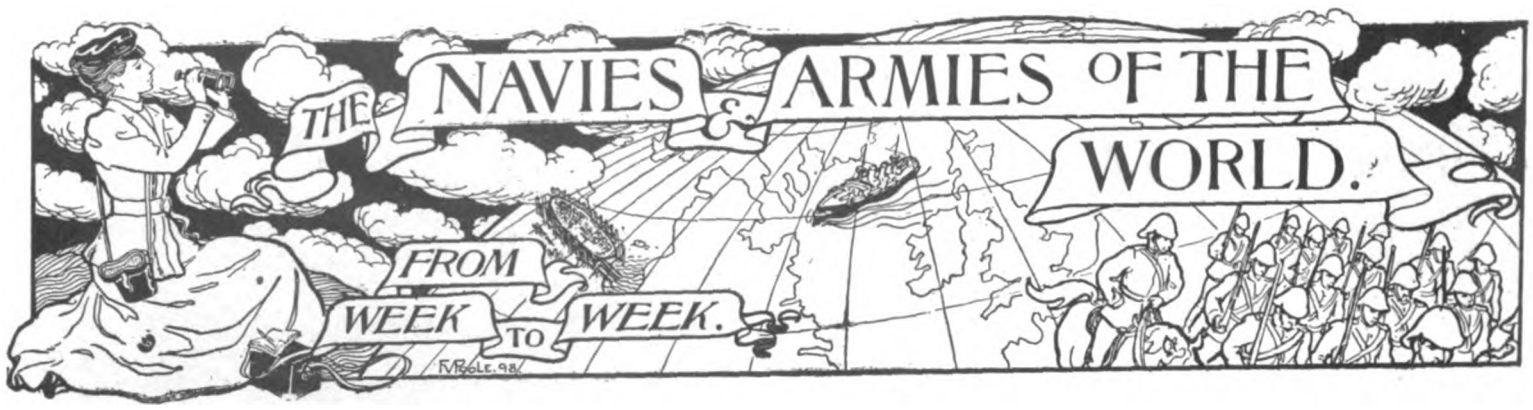

DOES the whole history of war—long, varied, and full of examples of folly as it is—contain anything to surpass Admiral Cervera's message of last week? He said that he had landed the crews of his ships to take part in the defence of Santiago. Perhaps that was the wisest thing he could do in the circumstances. But what a confession of failure, and of the miscalculation which produces failure, it is! In substance, what Admiral Cervera has to say to his Government amounts to something like this: "I have just contrived to do about as much as could have been done by four quick steamers of the Compañia Transatlántica; to wit, I have added some 2,000 men to the garrison of this town. True, no doubt, I have called off the attention of the American Squadron from Havana, but as the bulk of our military forces are at the west end of the island, as the Americans have no army ready to take the field against Marshal Blanco's 80,000 soldiers, as the wet season is at hand, no invasion of that region was to be expected. Further, by coming in here I have given the Americans what they very much wanted, namely, a good excuse for a minor operation which can be carried out by their regulars, and will satisfy public opinion. Further, the end of this adventure is inevitable, for unless General Pando can raise the siege—and if he is strong enough to do that now he would have been able to do it without the help of my crews—the town must fall, and my four ships go at the same time. The company's steamers could have slipped in with the same number of soldiers, who would be just as useful in the lines as my sailors, and being cargo boats they might have carried coal to bring them out again. To effect a piece of evasion which required only speed, you have used four war-ships which you can ill spare, and which you will now in all probability lose. If you do not, it will be because the soldiers can do with me what they could have done without me. Meanwhile I might have been employed to much better purpose elsewhere." If Admiral Cervera were to say this in so many words, what answer could his Government make him? It might dismiss him for telling his superiors disagreeable truths, and that is about all, and it is not argument. We have yet to learn all the details, and it may be shown in time that Admiral Cervera has been wanting in will and energy. On the face of it, however, what appears is that he and his squadron have been sacrificed by the folly of a Government which felt it must "do something," and being in that state of mind, justified Lord Palmerston's great saying by doing something foolish.

* * * *

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER, who is particularly instructive reading just now, has said somewhere in his "History of the War in the Peninsula," that the operations of certain Spanish generals afforded no lessons to the scientific soldier, otherwise than by giving him examples of the wrong way of doing everything. This is about all that can be said of the doings of the Spanish Government. After sending Admiral Cervera to be mewed up at Santiago, probably with the engines of his ships in a bad condition, and almost certainly without a proper supply of coal, it is now throwing the handle after the hatchet by ordering Admiral Camara away on another wild-goose chase. There really does seem good reason to believe that he is on his way to the Philippines. It is an astonishing adventure, from whatever point of view it is looked at. If everything goes well with him he cannot get to Manila in time to save the place, which is obviously at the very end of its tether. Meanwhile the Spanish coast remains without protection, and at the mercy of any flying squadron the United States is pleased to send over. But what a number of conditions have to be fulfilled before "everything can go well with him." He has to get through the canal, which will mean a delay of days, perhaps weeks, since he cannot be allowed to stop the traffic, and his vessels must take their turn. Then he has to find coal, or places in which he can replenish his bunkers from the colliers he has with him, if, indeed, he has any. When he reaches the Philippines he will have to fight Admiral Dewey, who by that time will have been reinforced, and he will have no place from which to draw stores, no dockyard in which he can repair. Spain has given examples innumerable of incapacity for government and for the intellectual side of war, but never anything so bad as this. There is, of course, the supposition that Spain has had a promise of help in the Philippines if she can contrive to place a squadron there, and one can make a guess at the Power which may have offered help. But this is such a wild supposition that it cannot be entertained.

* * * *

SUPPOSING that the war has taught anything, what does it teach? Nothing as to the use of weapons of precision in so far as the Spaniards are concerned—people who could not shoot straight could not hit in the days of bows and arrows—and next to nothing as regards the Americans, since we do not really know what damage they have done the Spanish batteries. That fleets which are not ready for sea cannot sail without imminent risk, and that squadrons which cannot fight can only run away, be destroyed, or be blockaded, were truths known to our grandfathers' grandfathers, and to the men of the old times before them. What the war perhaps does is, not to prove, because that had been done already, but to remind us, that a navy is only part of the armed force of a nation, and is not enough even for the Power to which it is most necessary. The *Revue du Cercle Militaire* has asked, with considerable force, whether, if the United States had had an army in an efficient condition, the war might not have been prevented, because the Spaniards would have seen that it was hopeless. Even if the existence of a strong army had not had that effect, still it would have enabled America to bring on a crisis long ago, and hasten the end. May not the moral of it all for us be, that we shall do well to give up arguing over the defences of the country, as if it were a blanket to be used in a tug-of-war between Naval School and Military School? Barrel and breech mechanism, powder and shot, all have to work together to make a really effective piece of ordnance, and would it not be absurd that we should have a school which is all for the barrel, and another which is all for the shot?

* * * *

WHEN one of Molière's characters was reproached with always saying the same thing, he answered, "I say the same thing, because it is always the same thing, and if it were not always the same thing, I would not always say the same thing." One has to quote this as justification for coming back on the *guerre de course*, the war of commerce destroying, at which the French are for ever hammering. Here is M. Antoine Redier writing in the *Correspondent* about that terrible fellow, the French "corsaire," and how he always got the better of the English, and of how the great resource for France is to try the war which is natural and profitable to her when next she wants to ruin England. If M. Redier were likely to be converted by anything an Englishman could say to him, and we were sure not to listen to nonsense, the proper course would be to agree with our French friend. But as M. Redier will not be converted, and as there is a possibility that some expert or another, in search of a new tune for the kettle-drum, will get hold of his doctrine and make play with it here, one can speak freely. We hope, by all means, that the French will give their magnificent corsaire-valour full swing. We have filled our pontoons with their privateer sailors before, and can do as much again. Meanwhile, we swept their commerce off the sea bodily, took their colonies, and made ourselves at home in Asia and America. There is not much of that left to do, but there is something. It would be a capital preparation for a satisfactory peace if, while the French were scattered all over the ocean—as far as the need for renewing coal would allow—so that they were nowhere formidable except to a merchant ship, and were everywhere weak against squadrons, we were wiping up Africa and Indo-China. A complete settlement of accounts in Tonquin and Cochin China, and a good clearance in Africa, would simplify matters beautifully. Therefore let us desire power to the elbow of M. Antoine Redier. England will have serious cause to feel nervous when she sees France give up the attempt to rival Germany on land, cut her Army down by a third or so, and devote the savings to the hulls, armament, and crews of battle-ships.

* * * *

THE conversation on the armament of certain of our first-class battle-ships which took place in the House of Lords on Thursday touched on a question of great interest. Lord Hood of Avalon recommended that seven of these vessels, the "Sanspareil," "Benbow," "Anson," "Camperdown," "Collingwood," "Howe," and "Rodney," good ships in themselves, should be made still better by receiving a new and improved armament. The Earl of Hopetoun, on behalf of the Admiralty, answered that no doubt the armament of these vessels could be bettered, but that the questions were whether this was necessary, and whether the work could be done without incurring expense for which no sufficient equivalent would be obtained, and not only so, but also without imposing delay on work of a more pressing kind. As they stand, these vessels are formidable to anything afloat, and more than a match for the great majority of opponents they can be called upon to meet. Now allowing that the newest armaments are better than theirs, what must follow if we set about renewing them at once. They, to begin with, will be withdrawn for an appreciable time from the list of ships immediately available. Supposing a sudden call to be made for them: will the prospect of having them in an improved state in the future compensate us for not being able to use them now? Then, too, if we turn to the work of renewing, we shall have to turn a part of our energy, at least, from the construction of newer and presumably stronger ships. A double evil will thus be incurred. We shall both neutralise what we have and delay the possession of what we are to get. The Admiralty, therefore, decides to go on with its new building, and to postpone the renewing of the vessels named by Lord Hood of Avalon. Without going into the particular question, it may be said that this conversation illustrates one of the standing difficulties with which every modern Admiralty has to deal. Invention and, as we must believe, improvement go on continually, but for that very reason there is a force constantly at work to depreciate the relative value of what we possess. The better is the enemy of the good, as the French saying has it. Every better gun and better ship takes something from the relative value of what we have. If now we are to make a point of bringing the ships in existence up to the level of the last improvement, what must follow? Clearly this, that we shall never have the use of our Navy either for practice or for a sudden call of war, but will be for ever reconstructing it. In fact, in a time of scientific invention, we must take it for granted that a great part of our Navy will always be being depreciated by our own acts. It is only the last bit finished which can toe a line, when the said line is for ever shifting in one direction. This, of course, is on the supposition that the last is the best, which one prefers to believe whenever one can. It is too heart-breaking to be convinced of the contrary, considering the labour and money spent on novelties. Yet in this very conversation there came up again the sad, old business of the monster guns. They were the last improvement, the last scientific triumph of their day, which was not so long ago—and now? Well, now they are part of what Lord Hood of Avalon wishes to see replaced by something else. Suppose we had shut our ears to the charming of the friends of the monster gun, should we be any the worse off?

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE INVASION OF CUBA—ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS IN ACTION.

On June 20, the expedition for the capture of Santiago arrived off the Cuban coast, and on the 22nd the disembarkation took place at Baiquiri, from which point there is a road to Santiago. Juragua, twelve miles from Santiago, was occupied the next day. It was during the advance to this place that the regiment of rough riders raised by Mr. Roosevelt, the late Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, came into collision with the Spaniards, and some sharp fighting ensued.

From a Description by an Eye-witness.

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THE record of soldiers of fortune and gentlemen-adventurers seems to belong to the past almost as much as the forraying of moss-troopers and rievers of the marches. And yet there died only some twenty years ago—to be exact, at Jammu, on January 22, 1877—at the age of ninety-two, a man who was the very exemplar of the spirit that filled the wild soldiery of former times. A new volume, entitled "The Memoirs of Alexander Gardner, Colonel of Artillery in the Service of Maharaja Ranjit Singh" (Blackwood, 15s.), edited by Major Hugh Pearse, and with an introduction by Sir Richard Temple, relates his history. It is a history that reads like a romance. I think never has such a career been recorded. There have been many European officers in the service of Indian native princes, like General de Boigne among the Marathas, and the "Lion of the Punjab" himself was served by Generals Ventura, Allard, Van Cortlandt, and many more, but such a life as that of Alexander Gardner, the explorer, freebooter, fugitive, military leader of Afghans and Sikhs, the hero of a hundred fights, is without a parallel. The story is so strange, wild, and terrible, that if it were not well vouched, and did not so well accord with all we know of Oriental history and character, it would appear almost incredible. It has, in fact, been challenged, though obviously on insufficient grounds, and has been accepted by many competent authorities.

Gardner called himself an American. As a matter of fact his father was a Scotch surgeon, who crossed the Atlantic and took sides against us in the War of Independence, and his mother a half-Spanish lady. From the shores of Lake Superior, where he was born, the boy was carried by his father to Mexico, whence he proceeded to Russia, cherishing the desire of entering the service of the empire. He was disappointed, but made instead a perilous journey among the Hazaras, and reached Herat in 1819. A wild wandering through Central Asia followed, and we find Gardner a soldier of fortune commanding a corps of picked horse in the service of Habib-ulla-Khan, the rival of Dost Mohammed. There is a terrible story of the sad death of his wife, who, rather than fall into the hands of the enemy, stabbed herself to the heart, and did not live to see her infant massacred. Gardner never spoke without tears of his Afghan romance until his dying day.

From this terrible scene he fled southward, passed through Badakshan, crossed the Pamirs, traversed Gilgit and Chitral, and at length ended his journeying at Peshawar, where he became chief of artillery. The whole journey was fraught with peril and filled with adventure. At one moment we see the fugitive and his companions in an Afghan cave, not daring to light a fire, lest they should be observed. Then he is examining the shells and tumbrils which the Indian Government has presented to Ranjit Singh, and rejoicing to discover by accident a paper of instructions, which enables him to justify his reputation as an artillerist. The rest of the volume recounts Gardner's service with Ranjit Singh and his successors. The creation of the Sikh Army is described, but the most dramatic part of the whole story is the account of the anarchy that followed the death of Ranjit, with the massacre of Sher Singh, and of Dhyan Singh, the vizir, and many more. The scenes of horror pass vividly before us. Gardner was by this time visibly a Mohammedan, and a thorough Oriental. He looked on, with emotion indeed, but without horror, at the self-immolation of Dhyan Singh's widow. She would not light the fatal pyre until she had the heads of her husband's murderers, and Gardner wrote, "I laid their heads at the feet of Dhyan Singh's corpse that evening." So unusual is the interest of this important book that it must certainly be read equally by those who would understand frontier history and those who revel in wild adventure. A portrait of the hawk-eyed old campaigner, looking like a veritable Sikh, though clad in the 79th tartan from head to heel, enables us to understand the manner of the man.

After reading such a story of outrage, murder, and anarchy among the tribes beyond our border, it is pleasant to think of Milton's prayer, "Thou who of thy free grace didst build up this Britannick Empire to a glorious and enviable heighth, with all her daughter islands about her, stay us in this felicitie!" These almost prophetic words are used as the motto for the series of "Builders of Greater Britain," which Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing. It was lately my pleasure to review in this column Mr. Beazley's "John Cabot," and I recur to the series in order to recall the fact that Major Martin Hume's admirable "Sir Walter Raleigh" and Mr. Frewin Lord's "Sir Thomas Maitland" preceded it, and that the series will be completed by volumes on Lord Clive, E. G. Wakefield, Rajah Brooke, Admiral Philip, and Sir Stamford Raffles.

Many readers of this paper must be familiar with Mr. Douglas Owen's "Declaration of War," a quite masterful survey of the position of belligerents and neutrals. It is a volume of considerable size, covering a much wider field than is indicated by its title, and I am glad to see that what is practically a summary of it has been published under the title of "Maritime Warfare and Merchant Shipping" (Stevens and Sons, 2s.). It is an excellent summary of the rights of capture at sea, which I commend to shipowners, masters of merchant ships, and all interested in marine insurance.

Yachting matters will interest all our readers, and therefore I have no hesitation in calling attention to the Grand Yachting Double Number of the *Ladies' Field* to be published on Saturday, July 23 (price 1s.). This number will have a specially-designed cover magnificently illustrated in colours, and will contain special illustrated articles on yachting, etc., contributed by leading helmswomen. Fashions for Cowes will be fully described and illustrated, and this superb number will contain various other unique and attractive features, which will be announced in due course.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Intrenchments.

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. GRAHAM.

WHEN we read of troops intrenching themselves, we can form no estimate of the work which they ought to perform unless we know how long they intend to remain, the nature of the country, the distance from their base, and so on. A trench is literally a cutting, the word being derived from the French *trancher*, to cut; and an intrenchment is a place of defence formed by cutting a trench and throwing up the earth on its further side. As a matter of fact, intrenchments may mean anything, from the "shelter pit" that one man can make in ten minutes, to the "intrenched camp" of Paris, with its circle of outlying forts.

When infantry, however, make use of the spade in war, it is generally in the construction of what are known as "hasty intrenchments." These include (1) cover for skirmishers, (2) cover for the shooting line, supports, and reserves, and (3) cover for artillery. In the first case we have shelter pits and rifle pits, in the second shelter trenches, breastworks, and epaulements, and in the third gun pits and gun epaulements.

A "shelter pit" would seem a misnomer to the uninitiated, as its dimensions afford, apparently, but small promise of protection. It is, nevertheless, a most useful defence, as any inequality of ground, or even a few stones thrown down in front of the rifleman, greatly lessen the chance of his being hit. The shelter pit is 6-ft. long from front to rear, 2-ft. 3-in. wide, 3-in. deep in front and 9-in. in rear. The earth in front is 15-in. high, except where it is fired over, and there it is 12-in. The "berm," or ledge, between it and the pit is 4-in. wide, and affords a rest for the elbow of the shooter.

A rifle pit is a larger piece of work, which can be done by one man in two hours. When a shelter trench is dug, each man is supposed to dig 5-ft. in half-an-hour, and if time permit, an additional half-hour is well spent in widening the trench from 2½-ft. to 5-ft., and in thickening the parapet. Hasty intrenchments are sometimes so improved and strengthened as to assume a more permanent character, conspicuous instances of which were furnished by the defence of Plevna.

There was probably never better use made of intrenchments than in that memorable defence, and it may be interesting to quote from two eye-witnesses, one on the Turkish side and the other on that of the Russians. A defender of Plevna writes thus:—"An infectious desire, which never relaxed till Plevna fell, seized the soldiers to dig themselves in like moles. Apart from the great redoubts occupied by battalions and batteries, with their systems of front and flank trenches, there were minor intrenchments innumerable for outposts and sentries." The same writer says that Turkish captains, and even non-commissioned officers, constructed earthworks in all directions on their own initiative.

Let us now see the effect produced by this kind of defensive warfare, as described by a spectator from the Russian side. He says: "Certainly that must be called a brilliant defence which arrested the Russian advance, and completely paralysed their whole plan of campaign, and all their movements for five months; which caused them to call forth vast reinforcements from Russia, and, pending their arrival, to supplicate the aid of a petty principality, which killed and wounded and spread disease among nearly forty thousand of his enemies, and caused the affairs of a mighty empire to be directed during half a year from miserable huts in obscure villages of a foreign land."

In a well-wooded country timber as well as earth would be largely employed if defence for any length of time were contemplated. It is used for palisades, log loopholes, tree entanglements, and abattis. The last are trees, felled, fixed in the ground, with their branches shortened and sharpened, thick, impenetrable, and pointing towards the enemy. Other devices are adopted for preventing or retarding an enemy's approach to a position, such as wire entanglements, fougasses, or miniature mines fired by electricity, shells close to the surface of the ground, and exploding when trodden on, and rows of pits with a pointed picket in each; but it is a rule that none of these things should be so placed as to interfere with an advance or counter attack against the enemy. Another fact to be remembered is that the value of all fortifications is to be measured by that of the soldiers who man them.

One word may be added as to coast defences. In this country we rightly consider our shores protected by the supremacy of the Navy, but the land forces unite with it in defending our great military and commercial ports. These places are fortified by permanent works, on which are mounted guns of the heaviest natures, capable of keeping all but first-class ships at a distance.

The above remarks are intended to convey to the non-professional reader some idea of fortification, and to assist him in comprehending operations mentioned and terms employed from time to time in the war news from Cuba.

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A Torpedo-boat Flotilla Attack.

By COMMANDER T. C. FENTON, R.N.

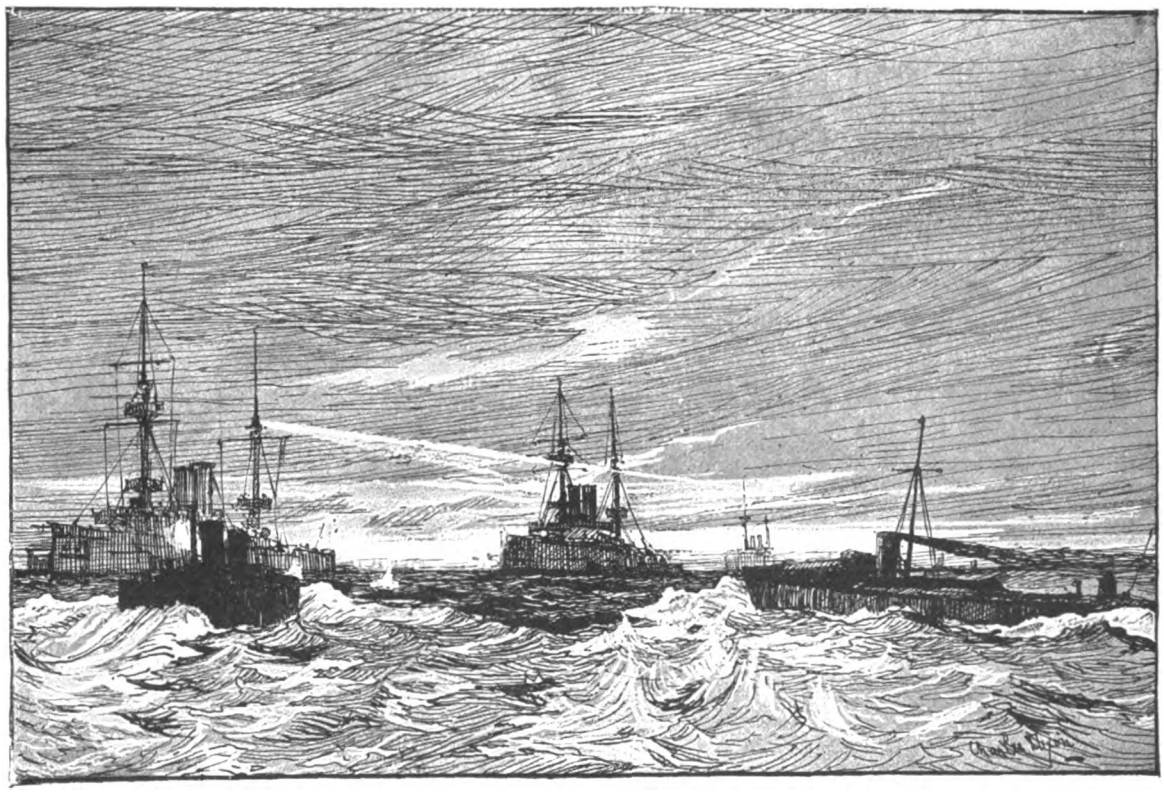
THE delivery of a torpedo-boat attack nowadays gives the opportunities in Naval warfare for a display of daring and energy, coupled with the greatest vigilance and expertness in handling the vessels, that a cutting-out expedition did in the old wars. The risks now are far greater, as, in addition to those from fire of the enemy, thee is the danger of explosion from a shot cutting a steam-piper or entering a boiler, or, worse still, exploding one of the torpedoes which each boat carries.

Torpedo-boats would probably work in pairs or small flotillas—seldom singly—and there would be the necessity of the utmost ingenuity in devising means of eluding or deceiving the vigilance of the vessels about to be attacked. The boats have great speed and invisibility as points in their favour; or comparative invisibility, I should say, as once spotted with an electric light, they could generally be kept in view.

Torpedo-boat attacks made for exercise and instruction in peace time have been carried out nearly every year in the Naval manœuvres, and as often as not the assailants have succeeded in the object. One attack, notably, on vessels lying in Plymouth Sound, was considered to be a great success. In that case ingenuity was exercised by deluding the enemy into thinking the attack was over and vigilance no longer necessary, a feint being delivered during the night and the real attack just at daylight, when the danger was supposed to have passed away.

The difficulty, even in peace time, on board the vessel attacked is to control the fire and to direct it on the proper object. When a boat is observed the time is necessarily very short in which to incapacitate her. If she is first seen at 1,000-yds. she has only to run 400-yds. before she can discharge her torpedo with probable effect, and that space is covered in about thirty-five seconds if the boat is going at 20 knots.

A torpedo-boat flotilla should always be accompanied by a larger vessel, to act as a base for supplies, repairs, etc. The space on board each boat is very small, and at sea, unless in perfect calm, there is absolutely no comfort, while the motion is so violent and peculiar that the oldest sea-dogs succumb to it. It is necessary, therefore, that the boats should be attended.



A TORPEDO FLOTILLA AT WORK.

To prepare a torpedo flotilla for an attack great care is taken to colour everything, even to the faces of the crew, a dull black; a shiny black, such as a painted oilskin coat, would reflect the beams of an electric light and tend to show the position of the boat. The torpedoes are charged with air, the explosive put in their heads and prepared for service; they are then placed in the tubes. Ammunition is placed ready for the quick-firing guns and small arms, these last principally for repelling any attack made by the enemy's guard-boats, all water-tight compartments closed, and the greatest caution taken to effectually screen any necessary lights—these would be in the engine-room, stoke-hole, and at the compass—special watches and signals arranged, and, of course, the plan for the attack. In attacking vessels under way, such as a blockading squadron, provided the night is dark and the weather fine, the ships stand a poor chance, as it is easy to find them. Running into an enemy's port to attack vessels lying there is a far more risky affair. Vessels at anchor in a port, if the latter is well chosen, can defend themselves more securely and make arrangements to get early information of approaching torpedo-boats.

The flotilla of boats intending to make an attack would probably rendezvous at some convenient spot, an anchorage if possible, at such a distance that they could approach and make the attack during the dark hours. If possible some information would be obtained of the disposition of the enemy's ships, guard-boats, and what obstructions were likely to be encountered, and plans would be laid to counteract any that might be expected. Some boats would be told off with gun-cotton charges to cut a boom or cable obstruction, others to tackle any guard-boats that might be inclined to interfere, the remainder to attack the vessels; some, perhaps, to make a feint in one direction whilst the real blow was being delivered elsewhere. In approaching for an attack, when the boats are getting within range of the enemy's search-lights, they should go as slowly as possible, as the wave thrown up by the bows of each boat is most conspicuous in the electric search-light beam, and often the only way a boat can be spotted at a distance.

There has always been great difficulty in arranging some plan for boats to recognise friendlies from foes, also for ships to recognise their own boats from the enemy's, and the only really safe plan is for boats when sent out either for attack or defence never to approach their own ships again until after daylight. Several light signals and others have been tried, but they are always liable to be discovered and utilised by the enemy to approach and discharge a torpedo, and then down goes half a million sterling in a battle-ship perhaps. A ship should on no account allow anything to approach her after dark, and guard-boats, having once taken their departure, should remain out of range until after daylight.

A boat caught in the beam of the electric light is much hampered; the light can be made to follow her motions, and unless going very fast she cannot evade it. When in the beam those on the boat are quite dazzled and can see nothing; but when the ship to be attacked is using her electric search-light and the boat is not in the beam, the light is a great assistance to those on board the boat in directing them to the ship and to light them on their way.

Taking the view of a torpedo-boat attack from the defence side, coolness and quick decision with the officer in command are most essential, as there is possibly too short a time to make play on a torpedo-boat with guns, etc., enough to disable her before she can use her torpedo. All ships have special arrangements and drills for repelling these attacks, but there is great difficulty in preventing men firing at imaginary torpedo-boats and from false alarms; also when one torpedo-boat is seen in the electric light beam there is danger of her drawing the entire attention of the defence, and thus permitting her consorts to slip in unobserved.

Experiments have proved that it is difficult to stop a torpedo-boat with any obstruction short of a stone wall, and this is why it is that we are building breakwaters in some ports. The boats are built of the thinnest of plating and very light, and it is wonderful what large floating obstructions they will ride over or "jump," as it is termed; and the sensation is quite like jumping, for the boat rises, then takes the level, and descends on the other side.

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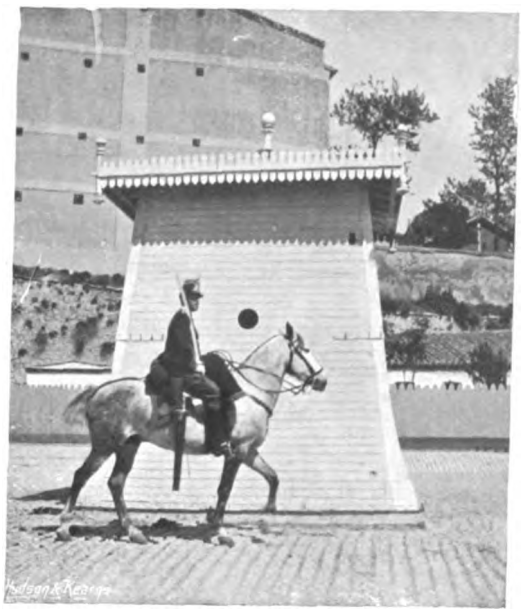
Military Movements in Madrid.

MADRID has witnessed many stirring and not a few heartrending scenes during the Cuban insurrection, the Philippine rising, and the war with the United States. Many a Madrileña has seen her high-spirited boy, many her lover, march through the streets on his way to some port for embarkation on an expedition from which he should never return. It was something of a marvel to military onlookers that General Azcarraga was able to despatch such large bodies of troops abroad, and his successor, General Correa, is scarcely less successful. The pity of it is that pestilence and hardship have cut off so many in their prime.



HORSEMAN OF THE PALACE GUARD.

Our pictures are of recent military movements in the Spanish capital. Great secrecy has veiled the objects to be accomplished. Intelligence has been suppressed and false news disseminated in order to mislead the enemy; so that only those in official circles, perhaps not even those, have known what the departure of troops has meant. Was a great expedition being prepared for the Philippines? Were these troops assembling in anticipation of the opportunity for despatching them to Cuba? Some, it was known, were for Majorca and the Canaries. Was some *pronunciamento* in the air? These are questions which have agitated the Spanish people. Here we see a battalion of infantry marching through the streets with band playing, on its way to the departure station. There is no extraordinary crowd, and the excited accompaniments of the leaving of troops for the seat of war in other capitals seem wanting. Perhaps it is that the Spaniards have grown so accustomed to such scenes that they profoundly move them no more.

ARTILLERY PASSING THE PUERTA DEL SOL.

OFF TO THE WARS.

From Photos. By a Military Officer.

THE SPANISH FIELD GUN.

Then we see a party of artillery on their way through the Puerta del Sol—the Trafalgar Square of Madrid—and the speciality of their six-mule pole draught, which has before been illustrated in these pages in certain Cuban scenes, will be noticed. Another picture illustrates more clearly the character of gun, limber, draught, and equipment. Still another illustration is of a battalion of Cazadores, or Chasseurs, of the Ciudad Rodrigo Regiment, No. 7, on parade in its quarters at Madrid. To English eyes the long blue tunic, which is of an old French pattern, seems cumbrous, but it largely prevails in the Spanish Army.

Lastly, we have an illustration of a mounted man of the Palace Guard, at Madrid, on sentry duty. The Spanish Court is maintained, as all the world knows, in great state, and this humble horseman is one among a crowd of military retainers who contribute to its magnificence.

Photo. J. David. Copyright.

A PARADE OF THE CIUDAD RODRIGO CAZADORES.

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Volunteer Manœuvres in the New Forest.

THE brigade under the command of Col. Hon. H. S. L. Crichton went into camp during Whit-week, and was exercised as moving columns. The manœuvres were conducted under active service conditions as far as these can be simulated during times of peace. For a bed each soldier was provided with a waterproof sheet and two blankets, but all seemed to thrive under these conditions. The manœuvres were based on the idea that an invading force, consisting of the 4th (Bournemouth) and the 5th (Isle of Wight) Battalions, under Colonel Vandeleur, C.B., had forced a passage seawards and landed at Lymington, whence they were advancing on Southampton. The defending force, consisting of the 1st (Winchester), 2nd (Southampton), and 3rd (Portsmouth) Battalions, was ordered to move to intercept the enemy, under the command of Colonel S. Cave. The defending force encamped at Southampton, the invaders at Hatchetpond. The Sunday was marked by a church parade, and the following day the defending battalions were inspected by the Southampton force marched on brigadier. On Tuesday the Lyndhurst. Wednesday was, however, the eventful day of the week, for the brigade was then inspected by Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief. Both forces had thrown out outposts, but these were eventually driven in. Lord Wolseley, at the close of the operations, expressed himself highly satisfied with all he had seen. The following morning the camp at Lyndhurst was struck, and the defending force marched off to drive the invaders from their position near Beaulieu Road Station. After a hot fight the operations were criticised by the umpire. Lord Wolseley witnessed the "battle," and was pleased with the way in which the troops moved. The brigade returned home on Saturday, benefited by their week's "campaign."

A QUIET HALF-HOUR.

CYCLISTS, 3rd HANTS RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

Photos. Gregory. Copyright

IN CAMP AT LYNDHURST—1st V.B.H.R. WAITING THE ARRIVAL OF TENTS.

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Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

KNIGHTS OF THE GENEVA CROSS—A CASE FOR "FIRST HELP."

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The First Skirmish of the War.

WE are able to-day to illustrate, from photographs taken at Cabanas at the time, the first land-fight of the war Such a thing has rarely, if ever, been done before. At the beginning of the operations the Yankees depended a good deal upon the insurgents, but the expedition of the transport "Gussie" opened their eyes to the unsatisfactory character of their allies. "These durned mongrels aint worth a cent, the hull lot of 'em," said one long-legged soldier, spitting his contempt into the Key West sand; while Captain Dorst, of General Miles's staff, walked about half crest-fallen, and half triumphant, on his return. If he had failed to land the arms and ammunition for the insurgent troops, he had, at least, unmasked the weakness of the force proposed to be helped, and had satisfied himself that the Spaniards had a good system of coast communication along the northern coast, and could quickly mass troops sufficient to repel small landing parties in that quarter.

The expedition seems to have been rather mismanaged, for the blockading ships had received no instructions to render assistance. The "Gussie," with her hold full of munitions, arrived off Cabanas on May 12, convoyed by the gun-boat "Manning," which covered the landing.

SKIRMISHERS ADVANCING IN OPEN ORDER.

SIGHTING THE SPANISH CAVALRY.

THE LINE OPENS FIRE.

A boat with about forty Americans, under command of Captain Connor, went off in the evening, and the first to reach the shore was Lieutenant Crofton. The boat was capsized, but no lives were lost.

Once on land, they rushed to the bush for shelter, when a ringing shot told them they were expected. The "Manning" opened fire on the pine woods where the Spaniards were believed to be, and the torpedo-boat "Wasp" came up and joined her. Meanwhile the Americans were advancing through the wood, expecting to meet the insurgents of General Delgado, who had promised to be on the spot, when a strong body of Spanish cavalry appeared, with a force of infantry. The American advance was made in open skirmishing order, and our snap-shots were taken just when the engagement began. The Yankees were excellent marksmen, accustomed to forest work, and they claimed to have killed and wounded about a score of Spaniards, which Marshal Blanco promptly denied. On the American side the brief struggle—the whole business did not last more than twenty minutes—was bloodless, but it was vain to think of landing arms when the recipients were not there; so Captain Connor had the recall sounded, and the party made their way back to the shore, where they were under cover of the "Manning's" guns.

The fire from the ships had disconcerted the Spaniards, who, besides, made the mistake of advancing in close order through the wood, and the Americans were able to re-embark unmolested.

The "Gussie" remained off the coast steaming to and fro for three days, and on Saturday morning, May 14, advanced within a short distance of the coast near Matanzas, when a sharp rifle fire from the bush warned them that the Spaniards were well on the alert. Not an insurgent had been seen, and therefore the expedition was a failure. Captain Dorst thereupon decided to return to Key West, which he accordingly did.

Captain Dorst landed at Key West to report the circumstances of his mission, while his men walked about gloomily, and were little inclined to discuss it, except with condemnation of those who had sent them on a wild-goose chase. General Delgado, the insurgent leader in Pinar del Rio, perhaps expressed the same complaint, for he had been unable to reach the shore in sufficient force to receive the much-needed stores for Maximo Gomez, who was expecting them.

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NEW BATTLE-SHIP AND CRUISERS.

[FROM OUR PORTSMOUTH CORRESPONDENT.]

THE subjects of our illustrations are two of our new cruisers and the battle-ship "Illustrious." The "Europa" and "Niobe" are practically sister ships to the "Amphitrite," which is to be launched on July 5 at Barrow-in-Furness.

They are improvements on the "Powerful" and "Terrible" class, not so long and unwieldy, and will do better. Talking about the "Powerful" reminds us of a story. A young lady, taking a stroll in Portsmouth Dockyard with a lieutenant belonging to a battle-ship, where they had been having a tea-party, came upon the "Powerful," and, being asked if she would like to see over her, replied, "No, thank you, I have been over her sister ship, the 'Horrible'!"

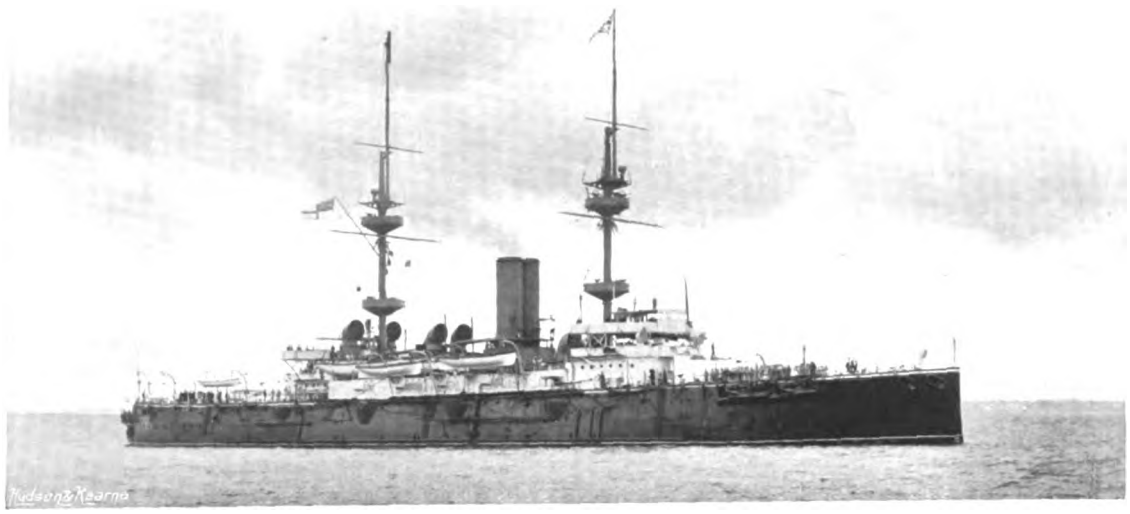
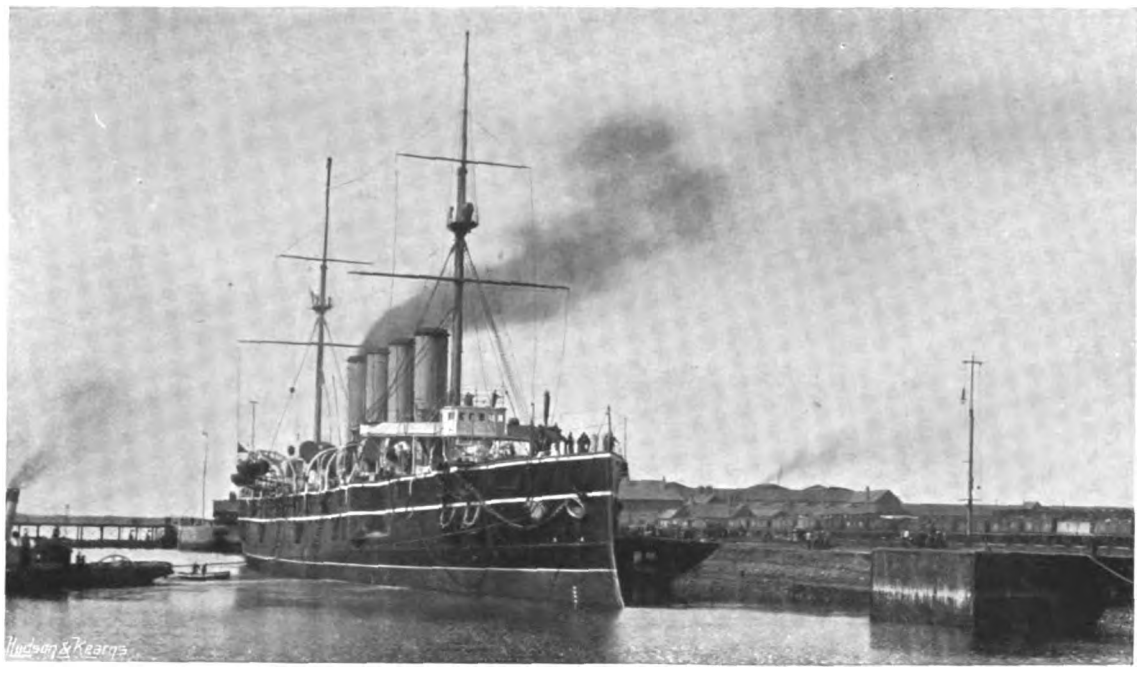
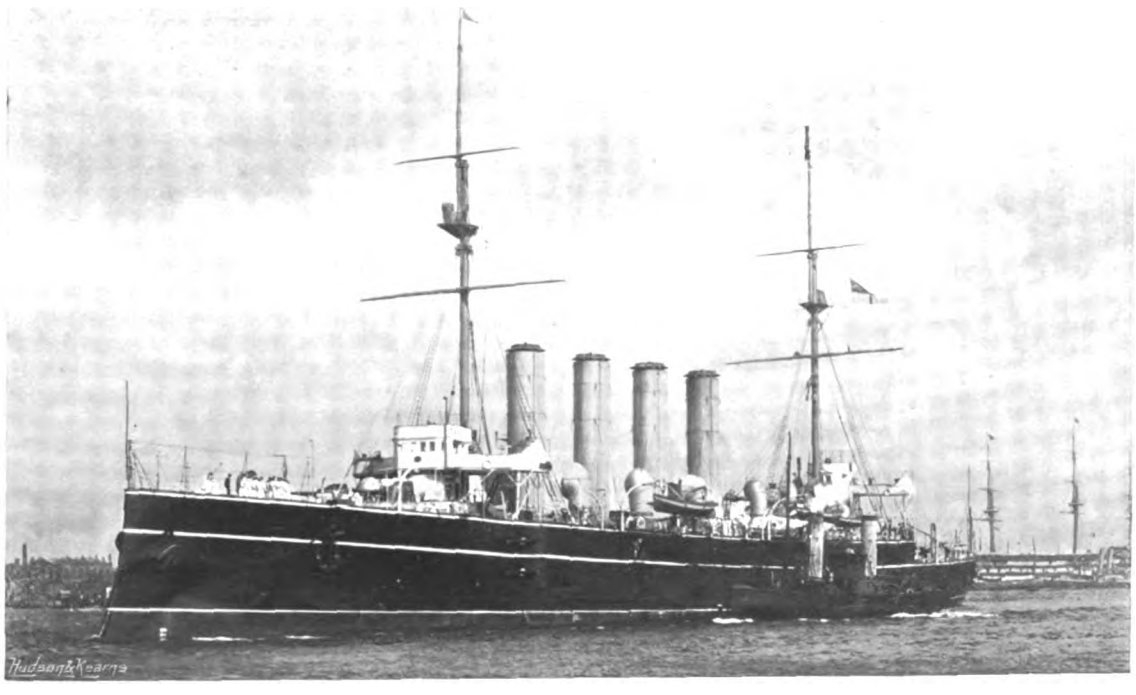


Photo. Cribb. Copyright.

THE NEW FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "ILLUSTRIOUS."



THE NEW FIRST-CLASS CRUISER "NIOBE."



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THE NEW FIRST-CLASS CRUISER "EUROPA."

Judging from the recent trials of the "Europa," these cruisers will be a grand addition to our Fleet. The "Diadem" was the pioneer ship of the class, and did well; but the "Europa" has done better, developing 16,298 indicated horse-power to the "Diadem's" 16,000. This was with twenty-four boilers alight, or 78 per cent. of her boiler power. Four runs over the deep-sea course between Rame Head and the Dodman realised a mean speed of 19·33 knots, while two runs on a 24-knot deep-sea course, measured by bearings, gave her a speed of 20·9 knots.

The "Niobe" was ordered nearly three years ago, and it was estimated her total cost would be £571,450; but when completed her bill was increased by nearly £20,000. She has been running her trials at Plymouth, and they have been very satisfactory also.

As to the work of these vessels. Nelson always complained of the small number of frigates under his command, and the difficulty he had of gaining intelligence of the enemy's movements. Admirals in these days will not have the same cause of complaint, as in the Mediterranean we have ten battleships and nine cruisers.

In the old days the frigates were the "eyes of the Fleet"; so will the cruisers be now. Frigates seldom or ever fought in a general action; our cruisers, save the protected ones, will not enter the line of battle.

They will act as commerce protectors. A squadron of six "Diadems" would be a very formidable force, and, with their latest pattern 6-in. quick-firers, could render a good account of themselves; added to this, their large coal-carrying capacity enables them to keep the seas for a long time.

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A ROYAL COMMISSION.

FROM the command of a first-class torpedo-boat, through those of a first-class gun-boat and a second-class cruiser, His Royal Highness the Duke of York has now risen to the command of one of the finest first-class cruisers that the British Navy to-day possesses.

We have had sailor Princes in our Navy before, and they have always been thorough sailor men and good officers. In the unfortunate story of the last monarch of the Stuart line one fact stands out prominently—that whatever James II. may have been as a King, James, Duke of York, was a first-rate Naval officer and did much for that Service which is Britain's bulwark for defence and, *if necessary*, the greatest offensive weapon that any nation in the world has ever yet produced.

William, our second sailor Prince, was also a thorough seaman, and to the day of his death was in love with the Service, to his training in which he owed so much. Prince George is a worthy successor to his predecessors, for a keener seaman than His Royal Highness is not to be found in that Service in which there is more "keenness" and *esprit de corps* than in any other association of men in the world.

Our first picture is that of the Duke of York himself in the simple and unpretentious uniform of a captain in the Royal Navy. His rank is denoted by the four gold bands on the sleeve, the ring on the upper one denoting the executive branch. Not much gold lace and glitter about it, but assuredly the uniform among all those he is entitled to wear, the one that he must be most proud of. Below, on the same page, is a group of the officers of the "Crescent." A smart, alert-looking lot of men, by no means picked, but fully representative of that useful product of the Anglo-Saxon race, the British Naval officer.

Our next picture shows one of the two

CAPTAIN H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK, COMMANDING THE "CRESCENT."

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THE OFFICERS OF THE "CRESCENT."

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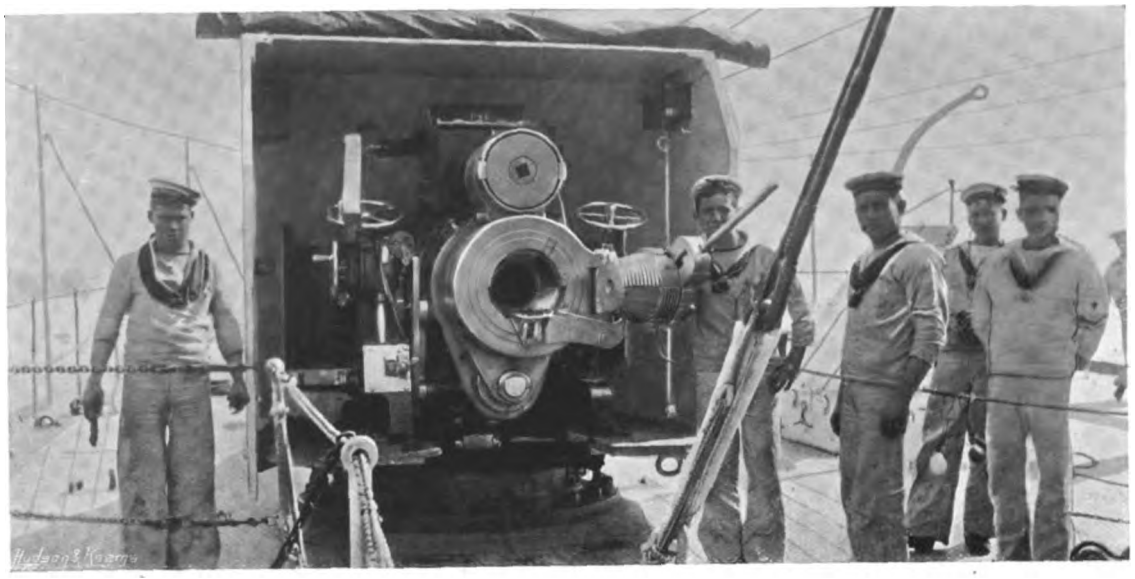
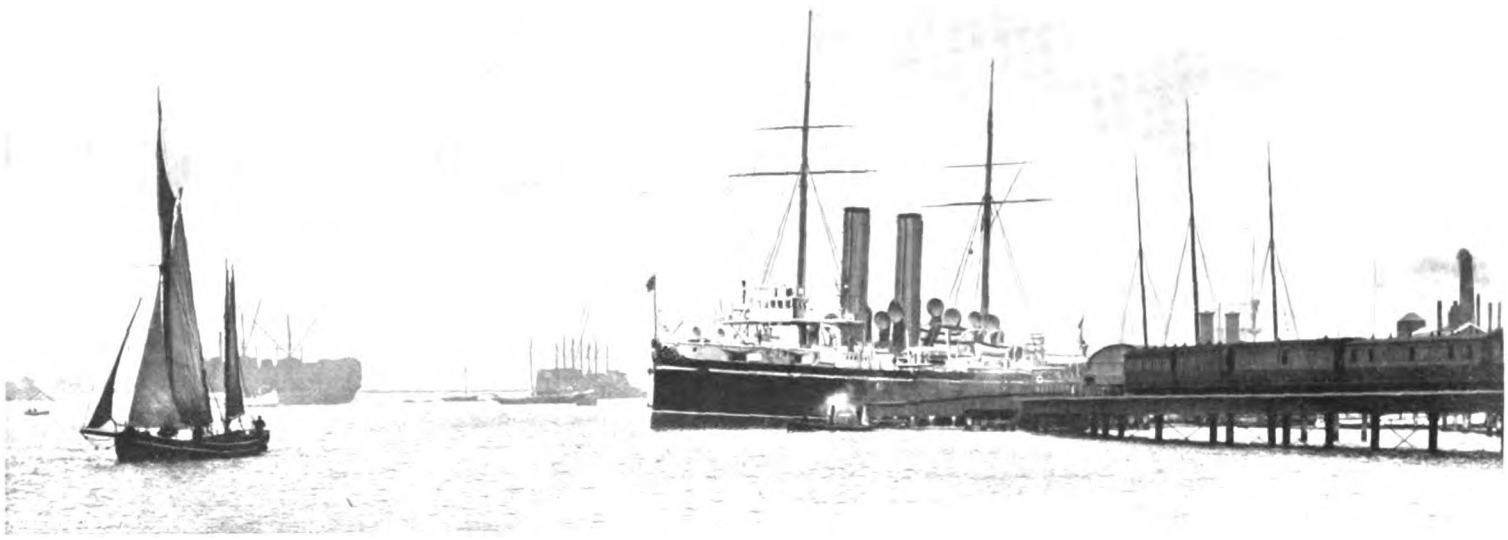
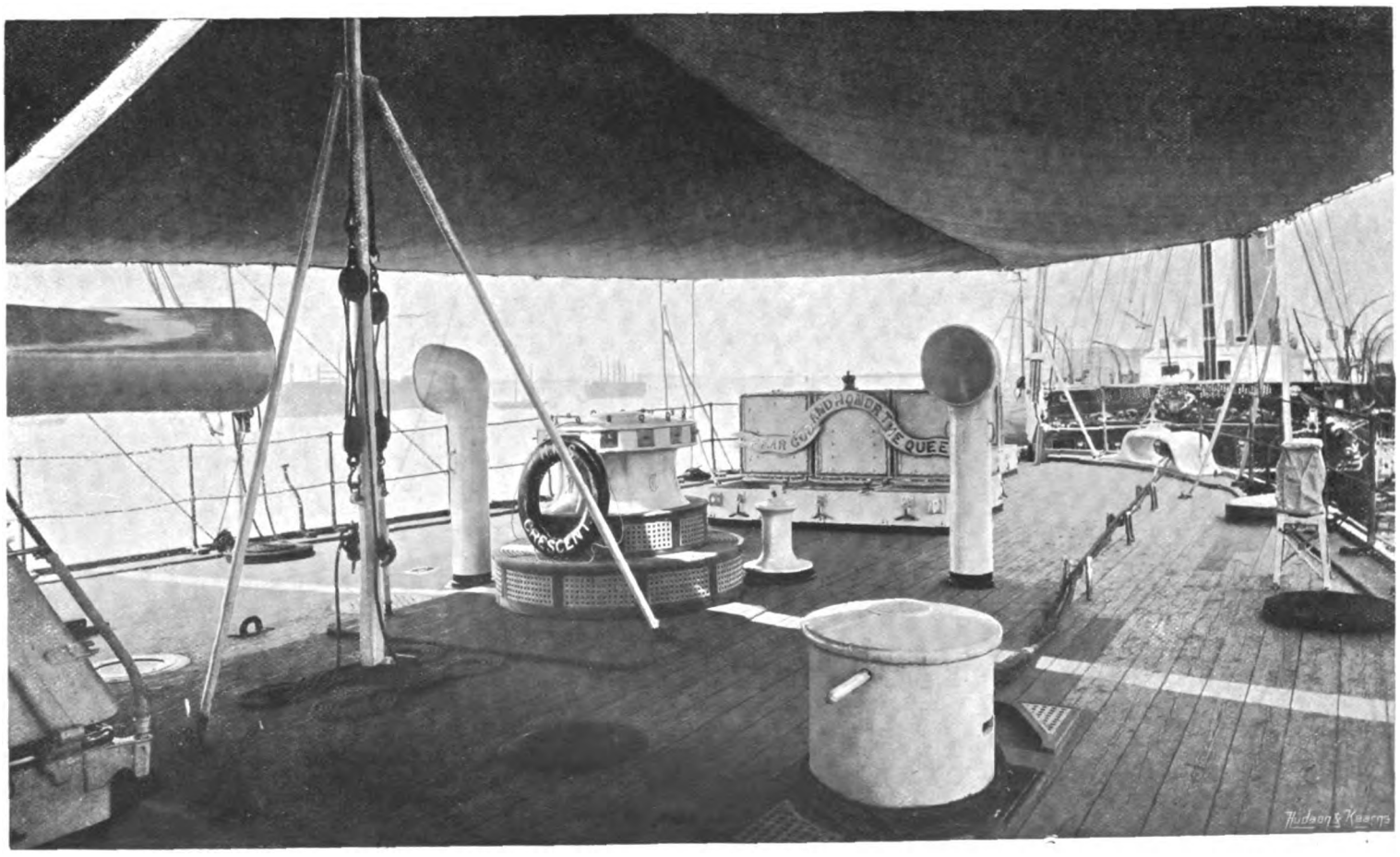
6-in. quick-firers mounted on the forecastle of Prince George's ship. The "Crescent" is one of a group of seven first-class cruisers laid down under the Naval Defence Act of 1889, and she and her sister ship the "Royal Arthur" differ from the other five in having a raised forecastle, thus giving them a higher freeboard forward. On this deck, in lieu of the one 9·2-in. breech-loader carried by other vessels of the class as a bow chaser, they each carry two 6-in. quick-firers. The 9·2-in. gun throws a projectile of 380-lb., and can at 2,000-yds. range penetrate 17·2-in. of wrought iron. The 6-in. quick-firer throws a 100-lb. shot and can at the same range penetrate 8-in. of wrought iron (the latest pattern of this gun can at the



A 6-in. BOW CHASER.



THE "CRESCENT" AT THE SOUTH RAILWAY JETTY, PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.



Photos. Russell & Sons. Copyright.

THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE "CRESCENT."

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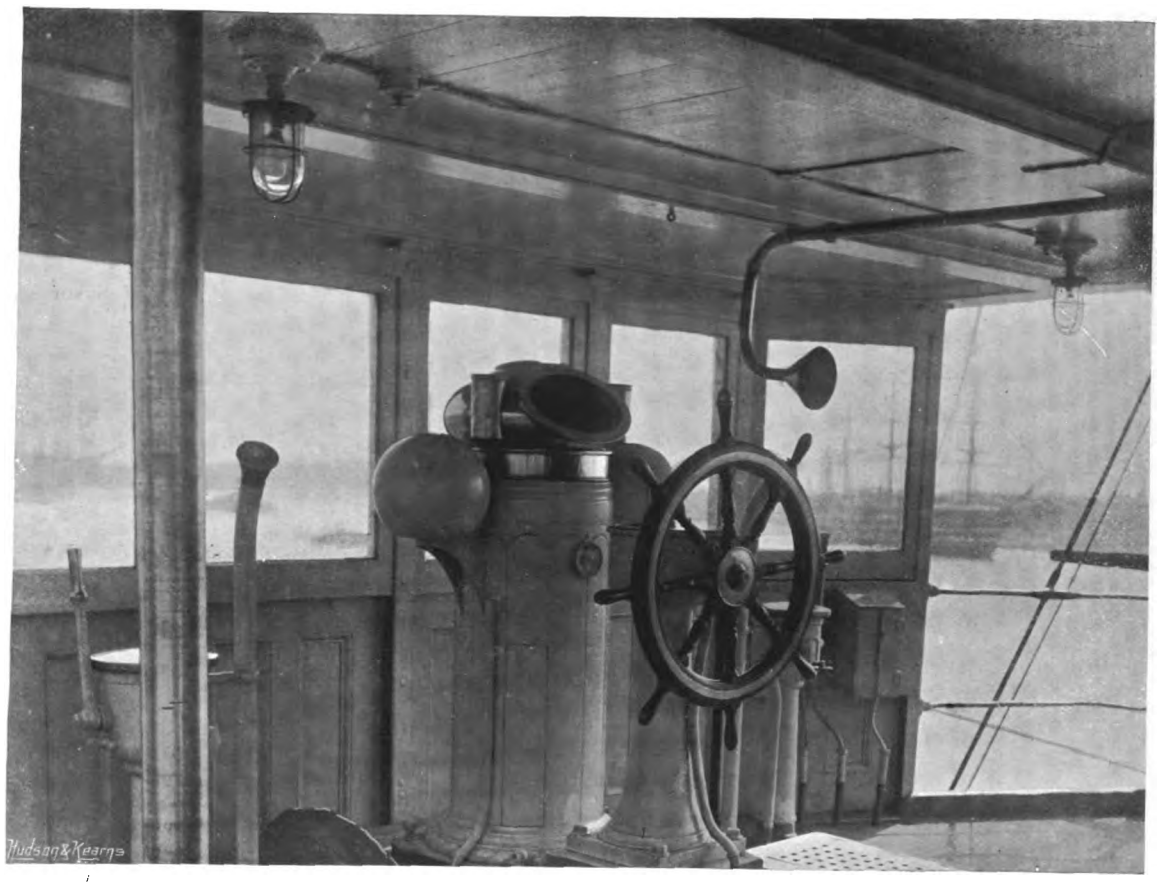
same range perforate 10-in., and at muzzle 16-in.). These 6-in. guns can fire six shots in the same time that it would take the 9·2-in. to fire one. The picture shows the rear of the gun and the mechanism for opening the breech for loading. The steel casing or screen for the protection of the gun's crew, and which moves with the piece, is known technically as "the shield."

The next illustration gives us a very typical view of Portsmouth Harbour, showing the south railway jetty, where Royalty usually embark, and also some of those old hulks which, thrilling mementoes of Britain's Naval glory as they are, offer a striking contrast to the up-to-date style of craft of which the ship His Royal Highness has just commissioned is typical. The quarter-deck, shown below, is that place in a war-ship which is consecrated to authority, and on putting foot on which, every soul on board, be he seaman or civilian, salutes. Seamen love their ships as men love their sweethearts, and decorate them as far as is possible within the regulations of the Service. This is frequently done by inscribing in some prominent position mottoes of a patriotic or historic character, as in our picture will be seen that which is most appropriate to the place, "Fear God and honor the Queen." The neatness and orderliness which prevails in a man-of-war is also well shown by the way in which the ropes are flaked and flemished down, while the natty little gratings round the capstan are evidence of the seaman's love of ornament



IN THE DECK-HOUSE ON THE FORE-BRIDGE.

Another picture shows the deck-house from which the ship is navigated. This is situated forward in the centre of the fore-bridge.

Finally we see the forecastle of the "Crescent," with the two 6-in. bow chasers already referred to, the fore-bridge with light quick-firers mounted on each side of the deck-house, and below the latter, the steel structure known as the conning-tower, in which the Duke of York would command his ship if he were called upon to take her into action.

Photos. Russell & Sons. *THE FORECASTLE OF THE "CRESCENT."* Copyright.

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—*The* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *has now been registered by the Post Office authorities as a newspaper, and can therefore be sent through the post under the special conditions and with all the advantages which follow from such registration. It may be pointed out to subscribers that this will mean a considerable reduction in their subscription. The net result is that they will obtain the weekly paper at a cost which but slightly exceeds that which they were in the habit of incurring when they subscribed for the fortnightly issues with supplements. The registration of the paper will also confer a benefit on those who are desirous of sending the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *to their friends. In making this announcement, we desire also to direct the attention of advertisers and others to the alteration which has been made in the scope and purpose of the journal. In it are described and illustrated for the general public all current events and topics connected with the Naval and Military Services the wide world over.*

* * * *

THE WAR.—Our readers will also be interested to know that the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is fully represented by a corps of photographers at every likely scene of action, who will supply illustrations of all the important incidents which happen during hostilities. A special steamer has been chartered to accompany the blockading squadron off Cuba, and the representatives of the paper, men of great experience as artist photographers, will furnish scenes of life on board the vessels of the United States Squadron as well as on shore in the blockaded cities. The material thus supplied by our correspondents should form a unique pictorial history of the war.*

* * * *

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM F. GATACRE, C.B., D.S.O., who is in command of the British brigade in the Soudan, only went to Aldershot a few months ago to succeed Major-General Kelly-Kenny in command of the 3rd Infantry Brigade. General Gatacre received his first commission in 1862. He served with the Hazara Expedition in 1888 as deputy-adjutant and quartermaster-general (D.S.O., and medal with clasp). He came into prominent notice by his services in connection with the operations of the Chitral Relief Force in 1895, when he commanded a flying column. The gallant passage of the Lowarai Pass by the troops under his command was rewarded by a particularly honourable mention in Sir R. C. Low's final despatch. Major-General Gatacre won special mention in the Sirdar's recent despatch on the battle of the Atbara, in which "by the careful training and gallant leading of his brigade he fully sustained his former high reputation." Again the Sirdar says, "The high state of efficiency to which the British brigade was brought is, I consider, in a large measure due to the untiring energy and devotion to duty of Major-General Gatacre. . . . During the engagement General Gatacre showed a fine example of gallant leading." *(See illustration on front page.)*

* * * *

SOME day the steering-wheel which we illustrate this week will assuredly be treasured up as one of our most interesting Naval relics. It is the identical steering-wheel which saved the cruiser "Calliope" on that terrible morning of March 15, 1889, in Apia Bay, Samoa. Captain Kane, who then commanded the "Calliope," in his report thus speaks of his ship's escape:—"I called on the staff-engineer for every pound of speed he could give us, and slipped the remaining cable. The engines worked admirably, and little by little we gathered way and went out, flooding the upper deck with green seas which came in over the bows, and which would have sunk many a ship. *My fear was that she would not steer, and would go on the reef in the passage out,* especially as the 'Trenton,' the American flag-ship, was right in the fairway; but we went under her stern, and came up head to wind most beautifully. Once outside her, it was nothing but hard steaming." Mr. Goschen, commenting on Captain Kane's report, said:—"So splendid, so heart-stirring was the sight of the ship as she steamed out into safety, that the brave men who were manning the drifting and sinking ships around her cheered her as she passed. They lost the sense of their own danger, and paid a tribute to the finest piece of seamanship they had seen." The "Calliope" is now on recruiting service for the Navy. *(See illustration on page 357.)*

* * * *

"A. F."—There is in the Indian Army at present only one regiment with the official title of Guides. That is the famous Queen's Own Corps of Guides, of which the Prince of Wales is colonel. The corps consists of both cavalry and infantry. The cavalry comprises three squadrons:—Sikhs, Pathans, and Dogras and Punjabi Mahomedans, numbering 469 natives of all ranks, with seven British officers. The infantry comprises a battalion of eight companies:—Sikhs, Dogras, Ghoorkas, Pathans, and Punjabi Mahomedans, and numbers 912 natives of all ranks, with ten British officers. Their uniform is drab, or khaki, with red facings. Until a few months ago there was in existence what was known as the Madras Corps of Guides. Originally raised in 1774 from picked men among the Sepoy battalions of the old Madras "Coast" Army for military intelligence work and surveying, they did good service against Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sahib, being specially charged with the preparation of maps and plans for our various campaigns in the Carnatic. After the fall of Seringapatam and the final establishment of peace in Southern India, the *raison d'etre* of the Madras Corps of Guides ceased, and they dwindled away until, when formally disbanded the other day, all that remained of the once notable corps were some fifteen men employed on survey work, with nothing military about them.

* * * *

WHICH is correct, loadstone or lodestone? This question was asked only a few days ago in the ward-room of one of Her Majesty's ships, and as it has often been asked before, this note may prove of interest. Although the spelling *loadstone* is more common than *lodestone*, it is, nevertheless, the less correct one of the two. The word, as is too often assumed, has no connection whatever with the verb to *load*, but it comes from the Anglo-Saxon lâdu, meaning course, direction. It is connected with the old Saxon word *ladman*, a leader, and as such lodestone is preferable to the other form. Curiously enough the old language of France has the word *lotman*, meaning a pilot or the man with the sounding lead. This word occurs also in Chaucer, as *lodemenage*, for pilotage, and to this day the French word *lamanage* also means pilotage. In all those forms there is always the idea of direction, as also in loadstar, found in Chaucer as lodestere (Prol. v. 403, and "Troylus and Cryseyde," 232—1392), meaning pole star or directing star.

* * * *

A GREAT deal has been said of late, and a good deal more will be said in the immediate future, as to the weakness of our native regiments in India in British officers. The present establishment, which has been condemned as too weak by authorities on the subject, from Lord Roberts downwards, is composed, taking a Bengal regiment of cavalry and infantry as typical for each arm of the Service, on the following lines. Each regiment of Bengal cavalry is organised in four squadrons, distributed into eight troops or half squadrons, and has for British officers a commandant, four squadron commanders, four squadron officers, and one medical officer. The native establishment comprises four rissaldars, four rissaidars, and one wordie-major, or native adjutant, all of whom are commissioned officers. There are eight jemadars, eight kote-duffadars, fifty-six duffadars, including a farrier-major and salootrie (veterinary non-commissioned officer), who are the native non-commissioned officers, and eight trumpeters, with 536 sowars (including an assistant salootrie, sixteen farriers, and eight camel sowars). The regiment thus comprises 625 natives of all ranks to ten Englishmen, counting in the medical officer and one of the squadron officers who acts as adjutant.

* * * *

EACH regiment of Bengal infantry consists of eight companies (except the 27th and 28th, which have each an extra company composed of Afridis). The British officers are the commandant, two wing commanders, five wing officers (two of whom are taken up for duty as adjutant and quartermaster respectively), and one medical officer. Under these are eight subadars and eight jemadars, the native commissioned officers of the regiment or battalion; forty havildars and forty naicks, the native sergeants and corporals; sixteen drummers and 800 Sepoys. The whole make up a total of 912 natives of all ranks to nine British officers, including the adjutant, quartermaster, and medical officer. Out of the staff of British officers there are, in the order of things, always some absent on sick leave or for private affairs. The places of these are as a rule temporarily filled by young officers, as probationers for the staff corps, temporarily attached to the regiments, but the system plainly leaves very much to be desired.

* * * *

THE "Soveraign of the Seas," built at "Woolwitch in Kent in 1637," must have been a most awe-inspiring craft, judging by the description given of her in a MS. preserved in the Bodleian Library. According to this authority, "Upon the beak-head sitteth royall King Edgar on horse backe trampling upon seven kings. Upon the stemmehead there is a Cupid, or a child resembling him, bestriding and bridling a Lyon. On the bulk-head right forward stand six severall statues in sundry postures. Upon the other six other allegorical figures, *e.g.*, Virtue, Victory, etc. Upon the hances of the waiste are foure figures (Jupiters, Mars, Neptune, and Æolus). On the stearne—upon the upright of the upper counter standeth Victory with the motto, 'Validis incumbite remis.' One tree or oake made foure of the principall beames, forty-foure foote in length, three foote diameter at top and ten foote at the stubbe. One peece which made the kelson was so great and weighty that 28 oxen and 4 horses with much difficulty drew it whence it was cut doune unto the water-side." Of the same ship it is noted as a happy augury that she was of just as many tons burthen (1637) as "there have been yeeres since our Blessed Saviour's incarnation." She is further described as having two galleries on each side of most delicate carved work, the sides being carved also with trophies of artillery and badges and types of honour, the whole richly covered with gold. Among other details she carried five lanthorns, the biggest of which could hold ten persons standing upright. She had three flush decks, a forecastle, half-deck, quarter-deck, and a round-house; her armament consisted of "demi-cannon," "whole cannon," demi-culverins, whole culverins, and "murdering peeces," while the contingency of fighting at close quarters was provided against by numerous loopholes for muskets being cut in the cabins. For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be well to state that the "whole cannon" was an 8-inch 60-pounder, 8-ft. 6-in. long; the "demi-cannon," 6·4-inch 32-pounder, 11-ft. long; a culverin, 5·2-inch 16-pounder, also 11-ft. long; a demi-culverin, 4-inch 9½-pounder; while a "murdering peece," otherwise called a "fowler," appears to have been a sort of swivel gun mounted upon the after part of the forecastle with the muzzle so raised as to command the decks with the view of repelling boarders.

* * * *

"L. L. A."—Squadron sergeants-major and colour-sergeants in infantry battalions wear three chevrons and a crown. A quartermaster-sergeant farrier wears a horseshoe and four chevrons, a staff-sergeant farrier three chevrons, a crown, and a horseshoe. A sergeant farrier wears the same badge minus the crown. A horseshoe is of course the distinguishing badge of a farrier. All are non-commissioned and not warrant officers. The first ranks with a colour-sergeant of infantry. The second (quartermaster-sergeant farrier) is higher in rank than the first, and is on the same footing as a company sergeant-major—Army Service Corps. A sergeant farrier ranks with the ordinary sergeant. The latter wears three chevrons only. A squadron sergeant-major rough-rider wears a crown, spur, and three chevrons. He ranks with a colour-sergeant. A spur is the badge of a rough-rider. The sergeant-instructor of musketry wears crossed rifles and crown as well as three chevrons. A sergeant who is an assistant instructor in signalling wears in addition to his chevrons crossed flags. A pioneer is known by his crossed hatchets.

THE EDITOR.

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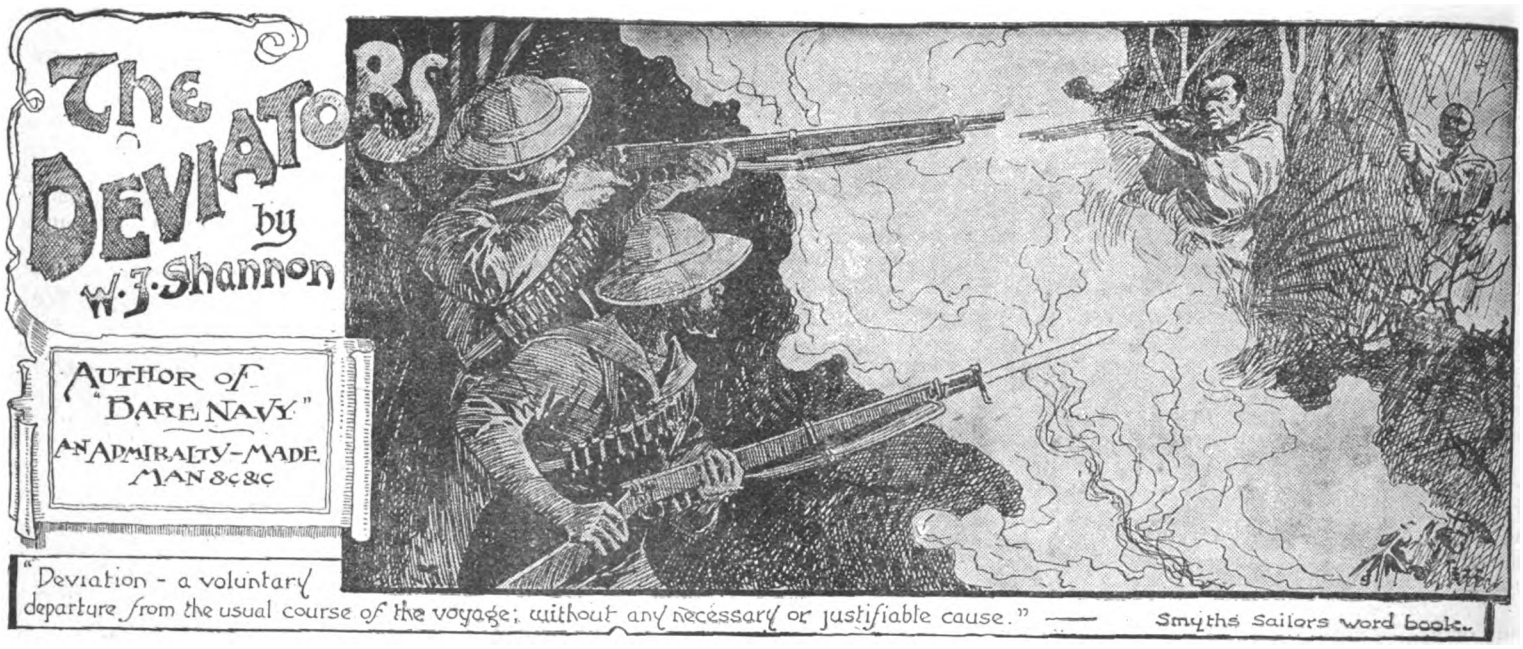
The Deviators
by
W. J. Shannon
Author of "Bare Navy"
An Admiralty-Made Man &c&c
"Deviation - a voluntary departure from the usual course of the voyage; without any necessary or justifiable cause." —— Smyths Sailors word book.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

A landing party from H.M.S. "Pimpernel" meets with a reverse in East Africa and re-embarks, leaving a sub-lieutenant in the hands of the enemy. Two bluejackets left behind, through their own fault, rescue him, but he is taken from them. They, with the assistance of a trader, track him, and one night capture the canoe in which he lies bound, and paddle away with it. In the morning they find they have got the first lieutenant. They are keenly disappointed. They deposit him in the trader's cave, however, and start afresh to search for the sub-lieutenant, although Twelves, one of the seamen, wishes first to help their friend to find his wife or her murderers, his house having been burnt down during their absence

CHAPTER VII. *(continued.)*

"COME on, chum," said Twelves. "You didn't ought to want persuadin' like this. You'll go in the sick list unless you rouse yourself. You mus'n't go daft, though it's bad enough to make anyone."

Miss Angel took her brother's arm and led him to the open air, and then left him with the bluejackets. Mechanically he went with them to the canoe, and ordered the servant up to the cave. The three men then crossed the river, hid the canoe, and pushed warily across the plantations towards the house.

Wadi had told his master that the house had been attacked at dawn, and taken, looted, and fired within half-an-hour. The party, in which he recognised several carriers—Mombasa men—had gone off in the direction of the ford, taking some prisoners and leaving many dead servants behind. His mistress had been slain, and her body had been cast back into the fire.

The house was smouldering still, and round it were the dead, as Wadi had described. In the ashes was a charred body. Angel turned his head and tried to say, "Come away," but could not. He took up the track of the marauders, and walked swiftly across his devastated garden and amongst his cocoanut palms, the bluejackets following. Twelves himself had a choking at his throat, and when Eaves said, "Goin' to walk it then?" he simply nodded.

Presently Angel stopped, and explained, almost calmly, what had happened, and that he was going to kill the leader of the party, and one or two more whom he knew, but he said the two seamen need not come, because there might be a trial afterwards.

"We may's well see you as fur as the ford," said Twelves, "because that's our way up to there. That's where they was makin' for, I understand, and that's the party we coincided wid, I s'pose. We'll take the canoe, wid your permit."

Angel acquiesced in the arrangement, but would not agree to report progress to his sister, as Twelves suggested. He had made up his mind, he said, and he was late already.

"Look here, Angel," said Twelves, when they were once more paddling up stream, "I don't like this idea of separatin' our forces."

"No," said Angel, impersonally, as it were.

"No. And I think wives ought to come fust on any list of people to be rescued—at any rate, much before sub-lootenants."

"There's no wife to be rescued."

"You don't know. I believe——"

"It really doesn't matter, Jim, what you believe. You want to go with me, and I don't want you to, that's all."

The three men paddled hard for a space. Eaves was moody, and had no wish to accompany Angel, whom he still distrusted. And Angel wanted to be left alone.

Twelves was thinking, and after a while spoke again:

"Angel, what's the good of you goin' alone?"

"No good," said Angel.

"Then why can't we go wid ye? I'll give in about the rescue touch, chum; about believin' her to be in their hands. Swelt me! I'll go wid ye in any capacity, and believe anythink you like."

"Jim, I really don't want you; thanks all the same."

"I don't think it's right, Angel, for a caravan ever to consist of on'y one man. I don't think it's possible, in fact, in Africa. It's all very well for them trappers and pink-eyed scouts in the prairies, because that's the fashion. But here, you know as well as I do, you'll have to protect your front and rare and flanks by day, and stand sentry by night, and be your own commisserant apartment and ammunition waggon and fightin' line. Whereas if us three all goes, we can divide things up. I'll take on the fightin' line, and Mal can act provision carrier."

"Can he?" growled Eaves.

"Well, I'll give you a fair choice. You can be ammunition train if you care to."

"I don't."

"Very well, then. You can be the fightin' man of the expedition, and Angel and me'll carry loads."

"You haven't my consent yet," said Angel, half smiling.

"Nor you haven't consulted mine," said Eaves.

"Here, I say!" protested Twelves. "I have. I'm hoarse wid consultin'. I'm the on'y one what does any consultin', and you're the on'y people to be consulted, so I reckon some of us is mistook. Fust of all Mal said he agreed to fight."

"I never," said Eaves.

"What ye goin' to do, then—run away?"

"But I didn't agree to the expedition at all," said Angel.

"Headed off on every side," said Twelves. "I refuse to make any further remarks. Let x equal the confounded expedition. That mutinous scoundrel there—that Eaves—he promised to obey the Articles of War and me."

"When?" said Eaves.

"In the cave. 'I am the cap'n,' I says, and 'you are the crew,' I says. And you says, 'I will obey all commands, however foolish, jist as if you was a properly commissioned officer.' And I says, 'You better.'"

"One of us must have bin a little bit 'how came you so,' then," said Eaves, "because I don't remember a word about it."

"I ought to 'a' put it on paper," said Twelves. "If I'd chose the part of crew, as I could very well 'a' done, all this trouble wouldn't occurred. I'm sorry I didn't. But since I chose to be cap'n, takin' all the responsibility wid no extra pay, I think the least you could do, Mal, would be to act the crew wid meekness and goodwill."

"No doubt," said Eaves.

"And not act mutinous, like a fresh joined stoker. On an expedition you must admit that *someone's* got to do the thinkin'."

"Not on ours," said Eaves.

"Not on ours! Do you consider that so fur this search party has run itself?"

"I do."

"Wid the help of Angel. You'll admit that?"

"I admit nothink."

"Then I resign the cap'n's billet. For forty-eight hours I've hardly slept, considerin' bases and lines of communications, and lookin' out for the welfare of the crew—that's you.

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And now I chuck it. I'm goin' to take on crew, and the on'y place left open for you is commander. So give your orders, so's I can git some satisfaction in refusin' to obey 'em."

CHAPTER VIII.

Lost.

"THE fust command I should give would be to knock off chasin' up and down this river," said Eaves.

"And that's the very fust order I was surmisin' I wouldn't carry out," said Twelves. "Why, anyone 'ud think this perpetual motion was a pleasure, to hear the easy way you talk of stoppin'."

"Would they? Then I'd soon unpersuade 'em. And I wish, for your sake and mine, Jim Twelves, that sleepin' out wid no fixed abode was unlawful in Africa."

"Rags, you're gittin' tired, and I'm sorry my conscience won't allow me to sympathise wid you to the extent of obeyin' orders or wishin' the law was changed. If I was doin' all these excursions for my own pleasure, I should have knocked off some time ago for more restful pleasure, and you may lay to that."

"As there's on'y my pleasure to be considered besides your own, I s'pose it's for my sake you keep movin'. But please don't self-deny yourself because of me."

"Exertions like these, caused by the conscience——"

"You're sufferin' from fatty degeneration of the conscience, I believe," interrupted Eaves.

"It may be. But I'm kept up by the thought that conscientious dooties of a painful nature carried out for a week will afford me comfort for the rest of my natural."

"Then you *are* doin' it for pleasure," said Eaves.

"Look here, Mal, if you think because you're commandin' officer that you can take advantage of your position to aggravate me into answerin' back, and then luffin' me in for mut'ny, you're mistook. I refuse to argue. On and from this moment I've deserted. Angel, I am now a man wid no encumbrances, like they're always advertisin' for, and from my knowledge of African expeditions I should say it was madness for you to refuse to take me as a camp follower. And if you'll excuse my puttin' it so, I believe you have no plans excep' to go straight at the enemy."

"Precisely, Jim."

"Well, that style of warfare has died out, chum, and nowadays plans must be prepared and everythink thought out."

"I'm not making war on a large scale, Jim."

"Things equal to a large thing are equal to one another, and therefore war properly conducted is in large or small quantities, accordin' to the forces at your disposal. But that don't affect the plans. They must always be intellectual. Now my idea is this: We pretend we're after the sub-lootenant——"

"What *are* we after, then?" Eaves asked, with interest.

"We mix amongst the tribes and say, 'Has anyone seen a sub-lootenant?' Naturally they aint seen him, because they wouldn't know him if they did. Then we describe what he's like, and that description——"

"Tallies with Angel's wife," said Eaves. "Well, of all the——"

"Excuse me, Cap'n Eaves. You conduct your own explanations. That description is stuck up wid the other County Council notices on the head-chief's hut, and——"

"You make war a very troublesome affair, Jim," said Angel.

"Well, of course you can't do things well unless you take pains," said Jim, as if he knew.

"I can't be quite so elaborate as you would like, Jim. I've friends in the next village, and I'll soon run this fellow to earth. I would advise you to go straight back to the ship, or else join up with the landing party. It won't have moved far from where we left it."

"NO GRAVES—NO DEAD."

"Will you lend us the canoe, Angel?"

"Certainly."

"Thanks. And excuse me bein' silent till we come to the ford, because I'm disappointed in you, and Malachi, and everyone, and must mature my own plans."

"How do ye do that?" asked Eaves.

"Lay low and wait for information to drop in."

"But there's no scouts comin' in to tell you the movements of the War-Pokers. So how the devil are your plans goin' to mature?"

"That's what's troubling me. The great want on this campaign is fast cruisers to keep the enemy in touch. We can mobilise quick enough, and break the enemy's line if we find him, and——"

"But we know where these War-Pokers live. Angel told us it was further up the river, about eight or nine hours' paddlin' above where we was las' night, wasn't it, Angel?"

"Yes. But it will be useless for you to go there," said Angel, shortly.

"Now, don't git aggravated," said Twelves. "If I find it's no use to fight 'em, and I can't steal Charlie, like we done before, then I shall temporise."

"You'll what?" said Eaves, stolidly.

"I shall talk, Mal."

"The War-Pokers'll have to talk in English, then."

"That's as they please."

"Besides, what will you talk about? Offer to exchange Nutty for Charlie?"

"Brilliant notion," said Angel.

"Yes. When Mal gives over objections and throws in suggestions he's always good," said Twelves, thoughtfully. "O' course, I'll point out that a fust lootenant is much dearer than a sub-lootenant——"

"That he aint!" said Eaves.

"I don't mean that the mess-deck likes him better. That's agin nature. I mean a sub-lootenant is cheaper. I must lay it down that Charlie won't be missed, excep' by his mother, and they can't expect much ransom from her, because she's poor——"

"Is she?" said Eaves.

"She will be for this act. But if they'll hand him over in fair exchange for Number One, I'll explain that he *will* be missed, because fust lootenants is what the country is short of, and great rewards will be offered for him by Eevan and the Adm'als, and therefore we shall all be better off."

"Excep' Nutty. S'pose he objects?" said Eaves.

"I can easy put a section in the treaty that the reward will on'y be payable if he's alive and in good condition."

"Excep' for fair wear and tear from this boilin' climate, I s'pose," Eaves suggested.

"Yes. Oh, I should think he wouldn't object. Fust lootenants is always glad of a rest. I'll see to his comfort afore I sign the treaty."

"I should think he'd still object," said Angel.

"Not him," Twelves answered, confidently. "Since he's bin so religious he's always walkin' around and findin' out pleasures, so's he can deny them to himself; and if there's anythink disagreeable, he says, 'Allow me.' Now in that cave, attended to by the Swyhili and Miss Angel, he'll soon be well, and git quite miserable to find how comfortable and happy he is. So then I'll stroll in and mention that I bin exchangin' international courtships wid the War-Pokers in regard to Charlie, and wouldn't he like to fall in wid my arrangement? He'll be thankful, and say, 'Twelves, I see my lessons is not thrown away, and you do think a little for other people.'"

"You aint made this treaty yet," said Eaves.

"No. But I'm on the way to. O' course, I sha'n't make it at all if the War-Pokers don't throw in somethink wid Charlie for a make-weight, like a few elephant tusks or things like that."

"Twelves, take my advice and go back to your party," said Angel.

"Angel, take my advice and take me in your party," said Twelves.

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"Jim, take my advice and the fust lootenant, and return aboard," said Eaves.

"Dooty tells me to do all three," said Twelves. "But conscience inclines for Charlie. And when in doubt let conscience take the inishative, like Kruger said when he slapped down the noughts. Therefore, through doubt and sorrow, and disregardless of all kind fi.ends, I'm on for Charlie. I think this is your port, sir?"

"Yes. Here we are," said Angel. "I'd like you to preserve the canoe, if possible, Jim. But don't trouble if you get in a tight place."

"Angel, I'm still willin' to run off into side issues——"

"To wit. To come with me?"

"Yes."

"Good-bye. Good-bye, Eaves. I'm sorry I can't come to visit you aboard."

"Think they'd have you up for a deserter after all this while?"

"There's no doubt."

"What's to be done wid Miss Angel if you don't come back?"

"I shall come back."

"Will he?" said Eaves, watching Angel walking away along the rough caravan track. "Will he? I don't think it."

"No. If ever I seen madness in a man's right eye, it's in his," said Twelves.

"There's method in the other, Jim."

"How?"

"Why, he's fairly launched us into this uninhabited desert of soury-sour. And, 'I should advise, find your people,' says he. And, 'don't trouble about the canoe,' says he."

"And he means it," said Twelves.

"No doubt he do. Now it don't matter what we find—our own party, or Charlie, or the Pokers—he gits to the cave fust."

"What the devil did he come away for, then?"

"So as to git rid of us."

"Do you reckon he's the wicked uncle, then, and this is the wood? And do you surmise them vultures on that rock correctly represents the robins what's goin' to cover us up?"

"That's right—laugh. But attend to me, Jim Twelves. Did you observe how carefully he laid Number One on that box of our'n?"

"We laid Nutty on the diwan ourselves, as the softest and best place."

"Guided by him. And by there was the box. And Nutty overlaid it."

"Then it's perfectly safe, because he'll feel the corners when he wakes up."

"And chuck it out, and then she'll have it. And he'll be back to share."

"Nutty won't chuck it out. He'll be glad of the feel of it. That suits his style of religion. But why didn't you pick it up, or remind me?"

"Remind you! I couldn't git a word in edgeways. You was too much engaged in conversation to take any notice of a miserable blighter like me. *I* remembered why we went back to the cave. *I* don't forgit what I come for when I'm sent on an errant for a treasure chest."

"I'm sorry I disremembered about it, Mal, these two times. But if I'd seen it, like you did, I'd have done a good turn for a chum, and picked it up."

"I couldn't, I tell ye. Number One was plumped down on it as soon as I seen it. And I'd bin keepin' it in view in all our sufferin's. I can on'y see one thing to do, and that is to go down stream as hard as we can, and arrive before him and demand it from her."

"If this is a plant, Mal, the deed is done. But your mind's diseased over that money. I almost wish I never found it."

"I quite wish we'd stopped lookin' when we did find it. I b'lieve we shall keep on goin' and comin' to that cave, and havin' other people about and other things to do, and we shall be dished out of it altogether. Even if there's no cheatin' goin' on, I think we best go and git the box. Once git that, and I'm with you as fur as Uganda. I shan't complain about the weight."

"I shouldn't care for you if you didn't complain, though, chum. Don't deny yourself any privileges. Let's have dinner."

The canoe had remained beached by the ford while the bluejackets were conversing. Angel had refused to eat before he set out, but the seamen had appetites commensurate with their labours, and ate heartily.

"Now," said Twelves, finishing, "the question is whether we abandon the search until we secure the di'monds for the pleasure of livin' wid 'em always, or whether we fust let Number One secure the box to lay on for his own private misery for a few days; secoLd, find Charlie; and then, three, go and relieve Number One of the box."

"It aint," said Eaves, with some warmth. "It is whether, havin' come across treasure fust by our own exertions, and second, in our own spare moments, we're, three, to stand by from sheer forgetfulness and let rogues collar it."

"There is on'y one course open to us then, Mal, since we disagree on the fust three principles, and that is to submit to arbitration. If you will submit to come wid me as fur as the camp and inspect it, I'll arbitrate wid you to the cave."

"What for do you want to go to the camp?"

"I've bin uneasy since we left our party in the lurch last night, chum. I've bin dreamin' like a war correspondent. None of the natives pursued us, did they? S'pose they cut up our people?"

"My God, Jim! I never thought." And Eaves vigorously shoved off from the bank, headed the canoe up stream, and paddled breathlessly with Twelves for some time. "Jim," he again almost sobbed, "I never thought."

"Nor me," said Twelves, sobered at his own suggestion. "But then, it can't be. They was ambushed once, and they won't be twice. Oh, they beat off that lot all right, and them natives was too frightened to come after us. I reckon them Pokers is gone round home by that backwater, and is holdin' court-martials on the chiefs. But still, we'll go and see."

When, after a long paddle, the camping place was reached, the seamen went ashore to survey the ground. Not a soul was in sight. The English had apparently broken camp in the morning and marched orderly away. The two sailors looked about keenly for traces of freshly-turned earth, and were relieved to find none. "No graves—no dead," said Twelves.

"I'm not feelin' so bad, now," said Eaves. "There's a Swyhili, though, or one of them War-Pokers."

"A dead 'un?" Twelves asked, looking about.

"Here he is. Yes. That's jist where you and me was crawlin' last night. I guess that same sentry shot him."

"And yet every now and then you complain about Providence and me. Dick Deadeye might jist as easy have shot you."

"I observe another native or two is layin' about, by them horrible birds flappin' away there, and I think we've seen enough, don't you, Jim?"

"Yes. We now haul our wind for your part o' the programme. After securin' the precious stones, the glass alleys, and di'mond brooches to your heart's content, I understand that you will cease obstructin' the search for Charlie."

"I've helped all the time, Jim."

"That's what *you* say."

"But I have."

"You've bin cold-blooded about it. You want to do it, I admit; but you want to do it from a mess-stool, and you want me to direct operations from the mess-deck. You must give over that, chum. We will return to the peace and comfort of the lower-deck when we've done what we set out to do."

"We on'y set out to git a sleep off the line of march, Jim."

"You can't surely call *that* settin' out, Mal? That was fallin' out, breakin' out, sleepin' out, any other out; but settin' out is when the conscience comes into play, Mal. Now, when we broke out of the ranks, conscience didn't come into action, did it?"

"Yours didn't, I bet."

"No. Mine aint roused at insignificant occasions like a bushbaptist's or a teetotaller's, else it would never 'a' lasted so long as it have. But findin' Charlie done it, chum. That's when we really set out. And now I can understand them blessed Crusaders, and why they stood to all them inconveniences of goin' to Jerusalem. It was because their consciences wasn't tender, and their minds took a long time to set. But once they set, once the consciences was inflated, there was no stoppin' 'em. It would 'a' bin jist the same if it had bin to Jericho. Once set, a big conscience like mine can't be changed. That's why I was so disgusted over Number One. If we'd set out for him, and Charlie had turned up instead, we should 'a' bin jist as disappointed."

"Not me," said Eaves, stoutly. "I should 'a' bin quite satisfied."

"Ah! so you think. But you wouldn't find it so. At any rate, here's the landin' place. No it aint, though; I made sure this was it, but one of these little beaches is jist like another. Up stream or down stream shall we look?"

"I believe it was higher up," said Eaves.

Search was made higher and lower.

"Did you secure her, Mal?"

"'Course not. I shoved her out in the river to float about free till we wanted her. *Did* I secure her!"

"I ast you a civilised question, and you answer as if you was a commissioned officer and never made mistakes."

(To be continued.)

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THE STEERING WHEEL OF THE "CALLIOPE."

(See Page 353.)

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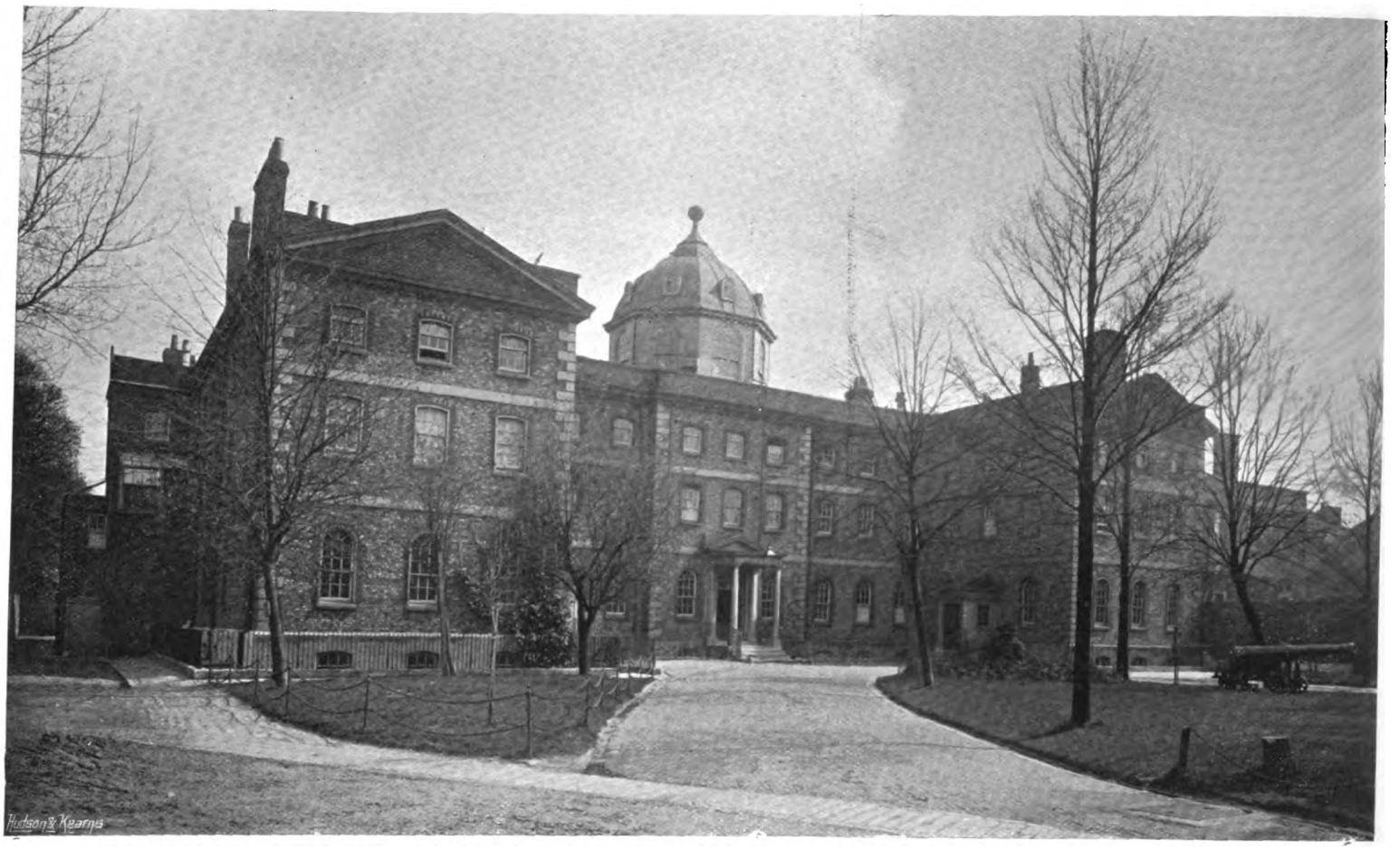
THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, PORTSMOUTH.

[FROM A NAVAL CORRESPONDENT.]

THE Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, is a somewhat ancient building, and in bygone days was quite large enough for the literary requirements of the Service. It was there that all the examinations were held for entry of officers, and also the final Navigation, or *x* examinations, of sub-lieutenants and second masters. Since the great strides made in the general education of the Service, the seat of learning has been transferred to Greenwich, where the final *x* examinations are held; while the entry examinations are now conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners.



THE COLLEGE, FROM THE FRONT.

The "dear" old college (I use the word "dear" in fond remembrance of the few happy days I spent there when, in 1872, by the aid of a "Clever Young Man," I managed to get my 3rd Class, with sixty-six marks to spare) is now the home of the acting sub-lieutenants under examination for gunnery, torpedo, and pilotage. The quarters are comfortable, and the "subs" have now plenty of time to work up their subjects carefully, and are not "rushed" as we were some twenty-five years ago.

The first picture is the frort of the college. The block on the right is the residence of the captain of the "Excellent," who is also captain of the college. Under the dome, or cupola, which used to be the old smoking-room, is the main entrance, which opens into a fine hall with handsomely-carved old black oak doors, etc., which are now covered with dockyard paint. In the hall, the wily porter has his office. He gives information, and notes the names of "subs" who come in late. To the right of the hall is the pilotage study, and to the left the mess-room, a fine room in which many a good old seadog has dined. Going up the mess-room and turning to the left we come to the ante-room, which is the left-hand block in the picture. Above the ante-room are the quarters of the lieutenant of the college. The upper storeys are cabins, bath-rooms, etc.

The next picture is a "sub's" cabin. These vary in size; the average is about 8-ft. square. Some of these are artistically decorated by the deft hands of a sister, not invariably the owner's. Many of our young "Nelsons" are just as clever at decoration as the fair sex. As the "subs" are

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A "SUB'S" CABIN AT THE COLLEGE.

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now longer at college than formerly, greater interest is taken in making these domiciles, as in the illustration, comfortable to the weary frame, and pleasing to the eye. The Government furniture consists of a bed and mattress, chest of drawers, washstand and gear, table and chair, the two latter articles being made strong enough to stand the wear and tear of a "sub." Another illustration shows us the library, which is off the pilotage study. It is not much frequented, on account of the dryness of the volumes and the "notice" over the fire-place. The last picture is the Quadrangle; over the covered doorway on the right may be seen the old sundial which has been there since the college was built. The door in the centre leads into the hall, and the one on the left to the billiard-room, which is fitted with two very good full-sized tables, and all requirements. This room is well patronised, especially after dinner on Fridays—guest-night—when the "Excellent's" band discourses sweet music. We also illustrate a group of officers—a very good sample of a pilotage class, under the tuition of Staff-Captain Charles Brent, R.N., who is quite an authority on "subs" and pilotage. He is much beloved by all who have had the good fortune to be under his guidance. It may interest our readers to know the daily routine of a "sub" at the college. It is as follows:—

Breakfast, 7.15 to 8.30 a.m.; boats for Whale Island and "Vernon" leave "Excellent" steps, 8.50 a.m.; pilotage class, 9.0 a.m. to 11.45 a.m., with a "stand easy" of fifteen minutes at 10.30 a.m.; lunch, noon to 1.0 p.m.; pilotage class, 1.0 p.m. to 3.0 p.m.—gunnery and torpedo classes lunch at Whale Island and "Vernon" respectively, and commence work again at 1.0 p.m. to 3.15 p.m., returning to college by 3.50 p.m.; dinner, 7.30 p.m.; lights out, midnight.

Every "sub" who has not special leave must be in college by midnight, otherwise he has to "toe pitch" the next morning.

In bygone days, anxious to ascertain the result of the examinations, it was the custom to repair to the college clerk; Sphinx-like he said nothing. If he presented a money-box, inscribed "For the Garden," you dropped in in a shilling—passed! No box—plucked!

IN THE LIBRARY—PEACE AND QUIETNESS.

A PILOTAGE CLASS.

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THE QUADRANGLE AT THE BACK OF THE COLLEGE.

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The French in Southern Seas.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

THE appearance of a foreign man-of-war in New Zealand waters is no new thing, but the recent visit of the small French cruiser "Eure" to Lyttelton caused a considerable amount of suppressed excitement, owing to the fact that the cables were at the time full of the critical state of affairs in the Far East, and many of the colonists regarded this visit of a foreign war-ship as an ominous sign.

The general aspect of the "Eure" as a man-of-war was certainly somewhat disappointing; she had not the trim and smart appearance which we are accustomed to associate with British vessels, and she is, moreover, of an obsolete type, being built of wood—quite a curiosity nowadays—and having the very moderate maximum speed of about 10 knots. Her armament consists of four quick-firing and four machine guns. One of our illustrations shows the manner in which the former are lashed to the deck—an entirely novel arrangement.

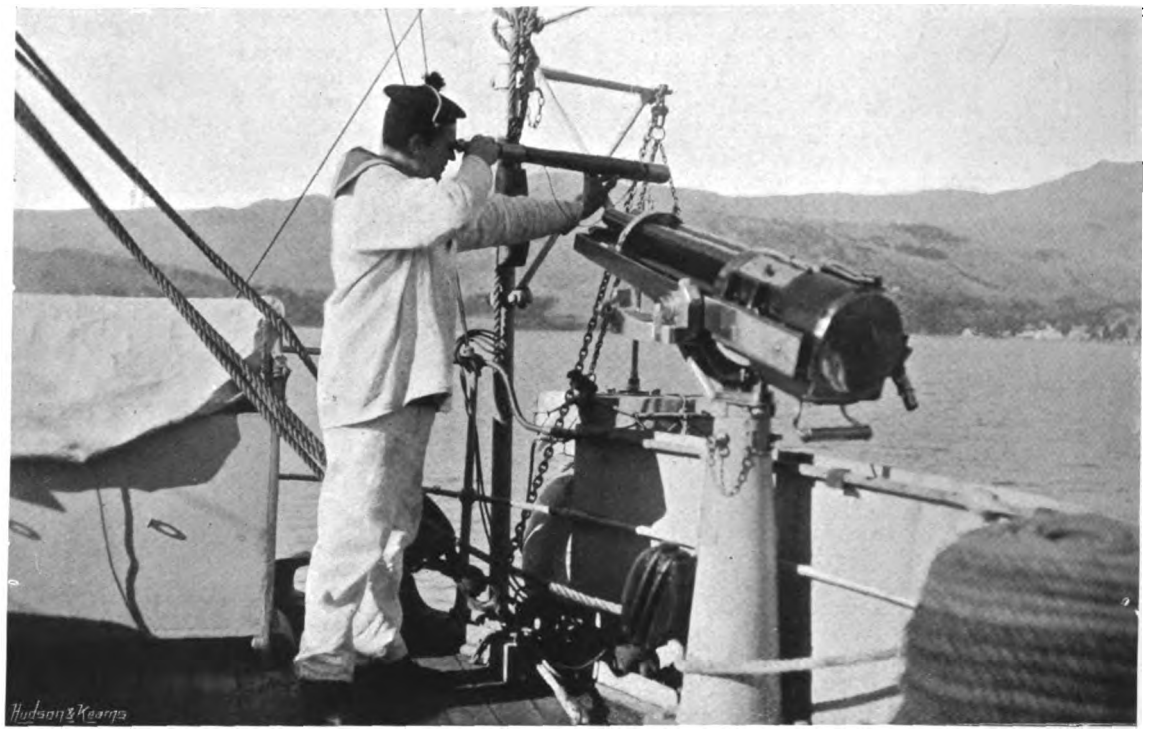
She is commanded by Captain Le Cure, and her complement is 130.

The "Eure" is attached to the French Pacific Squadron, and is chiefly employed between New Hebrides and New Caledonia, her recent trip to New Zealand being for the purpose of recruiting the health of the crew. After leaving Lyttelton she visited Akaroa, a settlement in which there are a number of French residents, proceeding thence to New Caledonia.

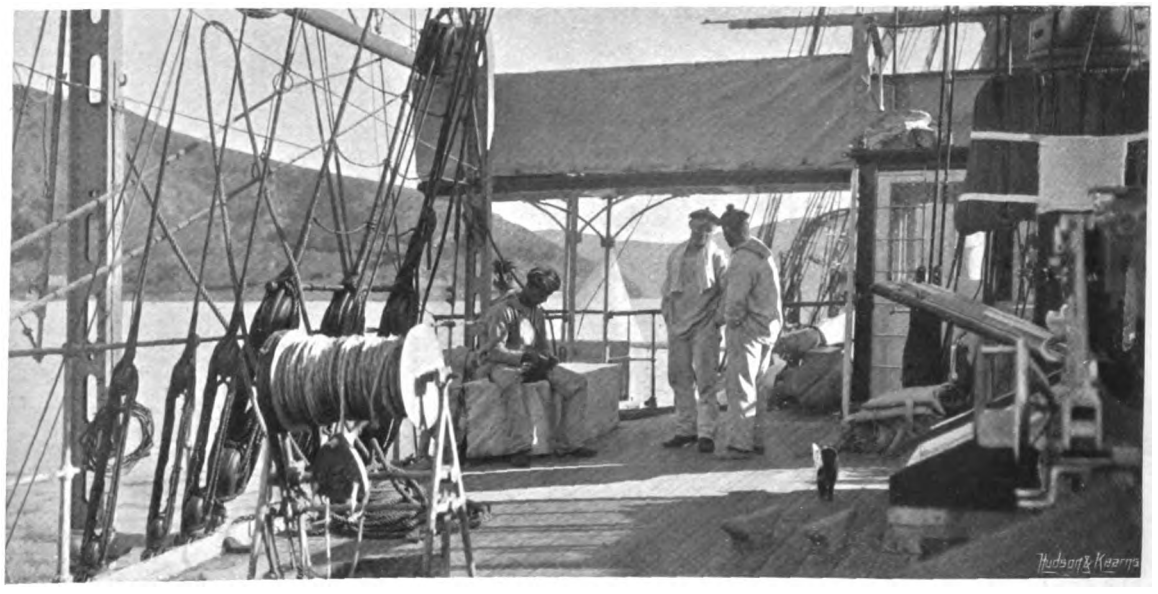
One of our illustrations shows a signalman on the look-out, taking a long and careful survey of some distant object, steadying his glass against a small davit. Possibly he is on the watch for the return of the captain, whose advent must be duly reported to the officer in charge, in order that he may be received with due observance of etiquette; if he arrives unannounced the signalman hears about it.

Another shows a half-holiday on board, or what is termed in the British Navy a "make-and-mend-clothes day," though in these days of Admiralty clothing contractors there is not so much needle-work done as formerly. The deck is silent, and almost deserted, the sunlight streaming across between hatches and ventilators.

The quick-firing gun detachment in the other picture form a good group—a decided contrast, both in dress and personality, to our own blue-jackets, especially as regards the former, which can scarcely be called smart.



WATCHING FOR THE CAPTAIN'S RETURN.



A "MAKE-AND-MEND-CLOTHES DAY."

THE "EURE'S" QUICK-FIRING GUN DETACHMENT.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 75.] SATURDAY, JULY 9th, 1898

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SIR ALBERT JOHN DURSTON, K.C.B.

(See Page 377.)

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The Royal Naval Engineering College.—I.

WE shall ever look back with fondness to the great days of wood, canvas, and hemp, to those lofty wooden walls, with their long lines of gun-ports, the huge bowsprit, the galleries at the stern, the swelling cloud of canvas above all, exemplifying, as it were, the golden age of the Navy, the great seamen, and their grand achievements. Here is the romance and poetry of the Navy, and, as Rudyard Kipling says, in his ballad of the Calvinistic engineer, now we need "a man like Rabbie Burns, to sing the song o' steam."

The day for that will come. There has been a momentous change, indeed, since the introduction of steel and steam. Look at the colossal vessels which are the Empire's safeguard to-day. What have we in place of the snowy cloud bellying to every breeze? Huge funnels in rows are there to tell of the mighty machinery below. Masts, sails, and rigging have almost passed away. With their departure, which marked a profound change in the material side of the Navy, a great transformation was made necessary in the complements of all ships of war.

The special officers, or masters, whose particular duty it was in the old Navy to see to the setting and trimming of sails, so that ships might have the greatest way through the water, are replaced by a special branch of officers, our Naval Engineers, whose function it is to take charge of the ships' engines, and to see to it that any desired rate of steaming may be assured and the highest possible speed be attained when required. The purpose of these articles upon the Royal Naval Engineering College at Devonport is to show where and how the engineer officers of the Navy are trained, and to suggest what are the duties of those in whose hands rest the care and responsibility of the powerful machinery to be found in our large battle-ships and cruisers. In earlier days, when steam was but an auxiliary to sail-power, useful during calms and contrary winds, the machinery was simple, and the engine-room was in charge of a skilled artificer, with a party of stokers and greasers under his orders. When steam usurped the place of sails, the conditions rapidly changed, and the engineers struggled into recognition. The complements were increased, and, when at length it became necessary to place a specially-trained commissioned officer in charge of engines and engine-room ratings, the rank of "engineer student" was created, corresponding to that of the cadet in the executive branch The students lived at that time in the old frigate "Marlborough," at Portsmouth, while undergoing their course of training in the dockyard.

THE OFFICERS OF THE COLLEGE.
COMMANDER HUGH TALBOT.
ENGINEER T. B. HUDDY. *ENGINEER A. P. DUPEN.*

The measure was merely temporary, and, in due course, the present Royal Naval Engineering College at Keyham, Devonport, was erected, where the engineer student undergoes a five years' course, this being the longest period of training provided for any officer in either of the Services. We illustrate the building externally and internally this week. It is a fine and even imposing edifice, of grey stone, in the Jacobean style, standing in dockyard ground some little way

Photos W. M. Crockett. *THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS, KEYHAM.* Copyright.—H. & K.

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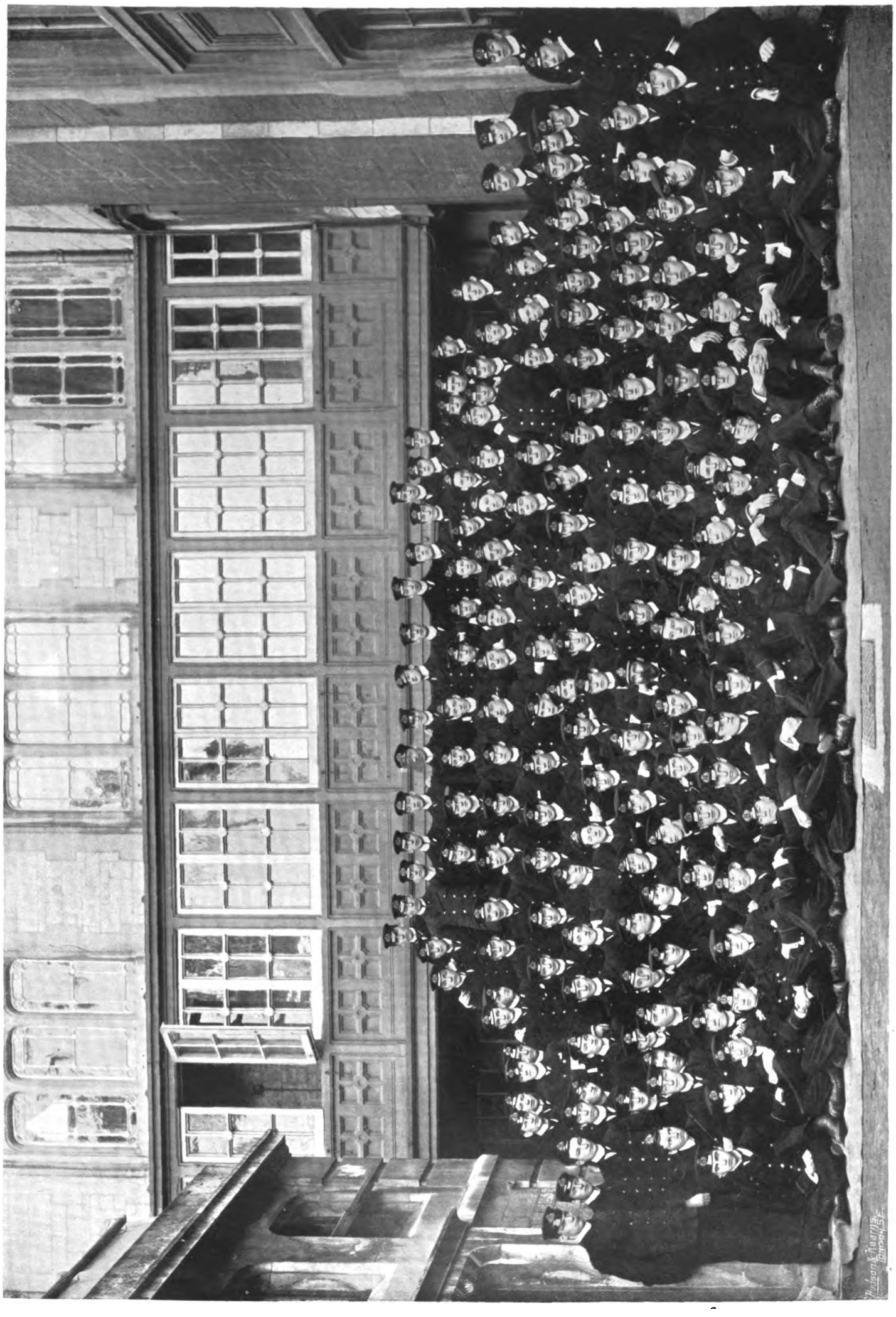

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THE ENGINEERING STUDENTS OF THE NAVY.

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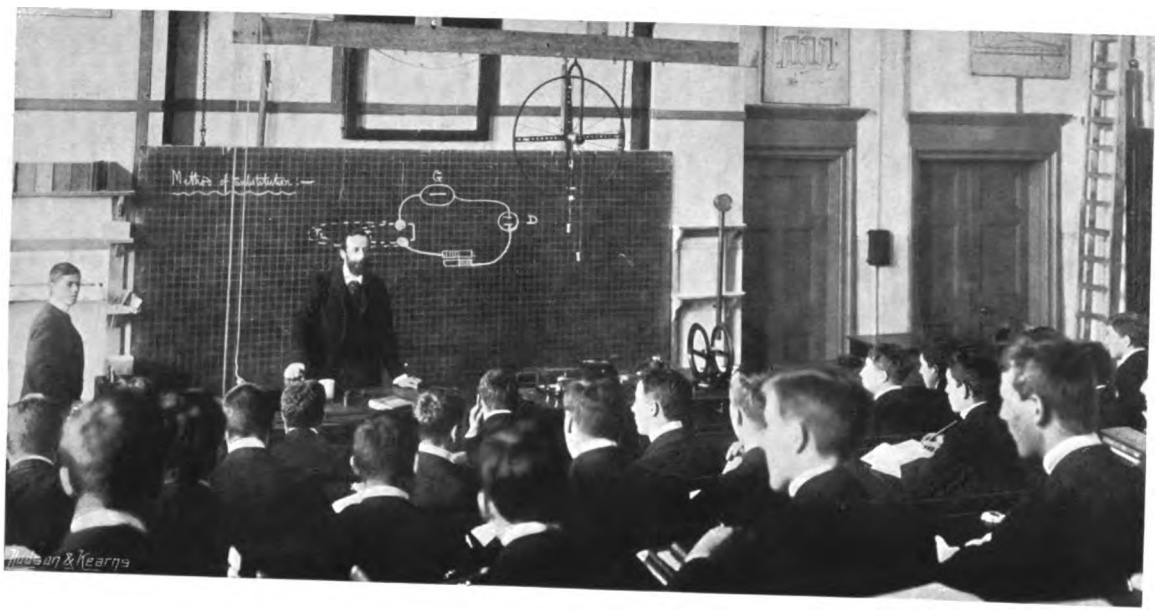
FLEET ENGINEER BENNETT'S CLASS.



THEORY AND PRACTICE.

out of Devonport, and facing the main road leading into the town. With the new wing lately added, it is capable of accommodating nearly 200 students. The college is presided over by a commander of the Navy, with two engineer officers under him, who are on duty on alternate days, and are responsible for carrying out his orders, and for the maintenance of order and discipline.

The conditions existing at Devonport for the training of engineer students are all that could be desired. In the dockyard they have opportunities of engaging in every branch of practical work, in dealing with the main and auxiliary engines of ships, and all the electric motors and appliances which are now universal in war-ships, alike for lighting and the transmission and application of power. The college at Keyham is fitted with everything necessary for the theoretical and general training of the youths, and has a staff of excellent teachers, and a system excellently organised. The class-rooms, with models and apparatus, as will be seen, are large and lofty, and the relaxation of the students is not neglected. We shall yet illustrate the gymnasium. The fine dining-hall of the college, with its lofty open-timbered roof, and appropriate adornments, is comparable to like halls at Oxford and Cambridge. It is highly gratifying that the engineer branch of the Navy has at length assumed the position its importance merits, and secured an admirable centre for the training of officers.

(To be continued.)

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THE DINING-HALL.

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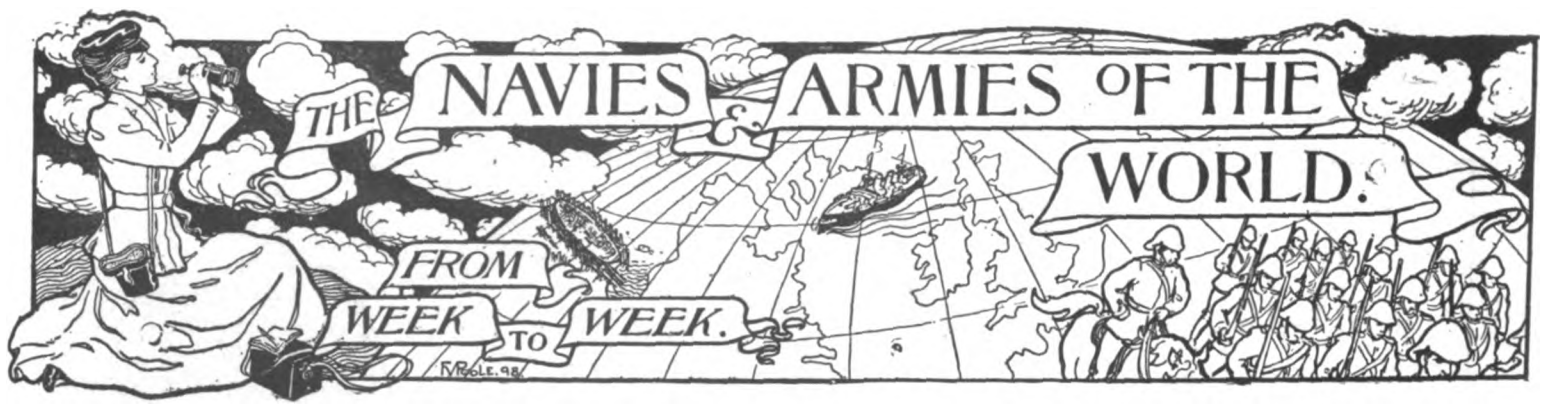

ONE can hardly do a better service to those interested in any subject than to recommend them a good book. So let everybody who cares for tales of martial adventure, buy, or get from the nearest circulating library, the "Life of Colonel Alexander Gardner," who was born in Mexico, and died at the eminent age of ninety-two, some twenty years ago, in the service of the Maharaja of Kashmir, after a career which Dumas himself could barely have imagined (William Blackwood and Sons). There is no doubt as to the Colonel. Not a few are still alive who saw him, and they may boast that they have looked on one whose fortunes justify the wildest romance. The Colonel, who was his own biographer, had a great advantage over many other men of his stamp. It is possible to have led a life full of strange experiences, and yet to be somewhat commonplace in yourself. Witness, for example, the Mr. George Thomas, "who by extraordinary talent and enterprise, rose from an obscure situation to the rank of a general in the service of the native princes in the North-West of India," and whose life was written by Captain Francklin. Beyond the facts that Thomas was brave, and was violent in his cups, there is not much to be made out about him. But Colonel Gardner was a most interesting man. By birth he was partly Scotch, partly English, and partly Spanish. In the early years of this century he wandered Eastward, and after wild adventures in Central Asia, settled down in the service of Ranjit Singh. He saw the fall of the Sikh Kingdom, and was an eye-witness of the great scene when the Rani Jindan threw her "petticoat" (there are those who say that it was another garment) into the middle of the hesitating council of war, and told the members they were only fit to wear that. Here, it will be allowed, was a noble field for the soldier of fortune.

* * * *

BUT as all readers of biographies, and autobiographers, know, the field is only half the battle. The other and the more important half is the adventurer, of whom one can not only say "he saw it," but also, "we see it." Now Colonel Gardner was an admirable writer for his purpose—he had the sharp vision, the tenacious memory, and the power of telling a tale, which are the virtues of the true author of memoirs. That the romance of his life got into his recollections; that he sometimes saw what he wanted to see rather than what was there; that now and again he confused a thing seen with a thing heard, are tenable propositions. But the main facts are sound enough. Besides, nobody with a sense of humour can help liking a man who gravely tells you that he "was invariably actuated . . . . by feelings at once honest and upright," and then goes on to record, without wincing, how he put himself in funds by robbing caravans, and how he helped to murder Cheyt Singh. It is not so absurd a way of thinking as it seems at first sight. The robbing of caravans, and the murder of political opponents, were "the game" in Central Asia and the Punjab. The Colonel played it manfully. His own ancestors in Scotland spoke of waiting for a man and knocking him on the head, as the "old Scots' way." He counted that whoever fought loyally for his side was "invariably" upright and honest. It was a simple faith, but a good working creed for Central Asia. Others of the strange brood of European adventurers who gathered round Ranjit Singh appear incidentally, and one of them, the American Harlan, who planted the star-spangled banner on "the highest pass of the frosty Caucasus" and consoled his leisure by singing "Yankee Doodle," is a very joyous figure. By way of serious instruction, the reader may learn from the Colonel's life what kind of happy freedom it was which our "aggressive policy" put a stop to in the Punjab.

* * * *

THE fighting round Santiago has very naturally set our French friends, among others, speculating on the great question of landings on hostile territory. M. Emile Duboc has made a survey of it in *Le Yacht* for June 25. He is hampered, as everybody must be, by ignorance of the real conditions of the Spanish forces, and the result he arrives at is inevitably rather vague, in so far as this particular operation is concerned. Neither is it quite easy to accept the reason which he gives, or appears to give, for the landing of General Shafter's force. M. Duboc seems to think that the United States Government has been influenced by the difficulty of keeping its squadrons continually at sea during the squalls of the wet season, which is surely not an acceptable explanation. His article is most interesting when he leaves the invasion of Cuba, and treats generally of the conditions which favour, or militate against, invasions conducted from the sea. M. Duboc says one thing which may help to reassure those who think that France, if she happened to be at war with us, would risk an invasion whenever circumstances seemed to give her an opportunity of rushing an army over the Channel. "There is," he says, "one point on which everybody is agreed, and it is that a landing of certain importance must not be undertaken before the hostile fleet has been disposed of, in the first place, in order that convoys may not run the risk of being attacked while on their way to the anchorage, and then because, in all cases of expeditions over sea, the fleet is the true basis of operations." From this one gathers that Frenchmen hold the sensible opinion that invasions "of a certain importance" must not be tried against Great Britain until the fleet is disposed of, which one trusts will be found to be a difficult business to carry through. As the trend of opinion in France is away from building battle-ships at present, and towards building cruisers for commerce-destroying, and as the new Minister of Marine, M. Lockroy, is known to be a partisan of that policy, we may perhaps count an attempt at invasion on the part of the French, in the very improbable case that war were to break out, as extremely unlikely. Whether that is an advantage for us or not is another question.

* * * *

M. DUBOC goes at some length into criticism of the opinions held by others who have written on the subject of invasions. He discusses the views of General Borgnis-Desbordes, who thinks the operation too rash in the case of a European country which has a complete system of telegraphs and railways, and of General von der Goltz, who considers that a hasty levy of "landsturm" would be enough in such a case. M. Duboc cannot agree with either of these authorities, and he would seem to have good reasons for his dissent. Telegraphs and railways can only shorten the time in which an army can be concentrated. They cannot make one, and it is to be presumed that nobody would invade a neighbour unless he felt capable of fighting any force he might meet when once on shore. General von der Goltz would seem to hold very wild views if he is accurately reported. Why should a hasty levy, even of "landsturm," that is, of men who have mostly, though not in all cases, passed through the Army, be better able to fight an enemy who comes from the sea than one who comes over land? It is the same enemy. If General von der Goltz, whose views, by the way, are treated by his countrymen as chiefly valuable for export, thinks that the mere presence of armed men on the beach will prevent a landing, he is much mistaken. M. Duboc shows him to be wrong by the example of Sir Ralph Abercrombie (by the way, he calls him Lord Abercrombie) landing at Aboukir in spite of General Friant in 1801. If soldiers can reach the shore, numbers and discipline will tell. The only effectual way of preventing this is to stop them before they get so far, which can only be done in particular places by fortifications, or in a general way by a fleet.

* * * *

THERE is a Russian comment on "England at War," by one Nicola Shishkoff, in this month's *Nineteenth Century*, which contains a curious passage. It has one grain of sense hidden in a bushel of condescending impudence. Here are the words of Mr. Shishkoff:—"*No* amount of money spent on armaments can really protect England, even for a month, if the continental Powers should ever decide that the time had come to make her a third-rate State. If even the quiet system of occupying strategical points by overwhelming forces did not lead to an unconditional surrender on the part of England, and brute force would have to be applied as a last resource, certainly that force would never be directed against Greater Britain's Metropolis. It would be thrown precisely against those frontiers of her vast domains where her powerful fleet would be a thousand miles away from the scene of action, and with such odds against her beautiful plaything of an Army that not a shot could be fired except in sheer madness." Now who would have thought that the continental Powers were so painfully moderate? They have it in their hands to reduce us to a third-rate State by a quiet system of occupying "strategical points," and they have never made use of such an easy resource. We really ought to express our gratitude with tears. And yet where are the "strategical points" which Mr. Nicola Shishkoff, writing at Simbirsk, had in his mind? Until we hear them named it is permissible to suspect that he is one of the many persons who think that the blessed word "strategical" "surprises by himself" all sorts of profound truths. The mention of our "beautiful plaything of an Army" ought to rejoice our alarmists. But it was not necessary to go all the way to Simbirsk, which is in the remoter south-eastern parts of Russia, to hear this kind of thing. Good Mr. Shishkoff is only echoing the solemn, vague, and head-wagging stuff which is audible in the more serious magazines every month. If we listened to it, we should be frightened to death very soon.

* * * *

WHERE then is the grain of sense in the bushel of solemn chaff? It lies hidden in the sentence which speaks of forces to be thrown against distant frontiers of our vast domains. Just at present, no doubt, one does not well see at what frontier the Powers engaged in reducing the British Empire to a third-rate State propose to direct their attack. It would be a strange spectacle to see them marching through Afghanistan. Our War Office need not envy the allied staff which had to bring soldiers over that sterile region in such numbers "that not a shot could be fired except in sheer madness" by the "beautiful plaything." A considerable manuring of the soil of Afghanistan would be one certain result of such a crusade. Our danger there, is not that we are likely to be attacked, but that the Russians by menacing Herat will put us in the dilemma of either breaking our word to the Ameer, or fighting far away from our frontier at a great disadvantage. That is part of the sense in Mr. Shishkoff's nonsense if he could only put his case properly. The rest is contained in his article, but not expressed at all in words. On the day on which we begin acquiring a great continental dominion, say in China, which has no Himalaya and Hindu Kush to shut it off, and is within striking distance of a great military Power, then the relative value of our Fleet will be reduced to about a quarter of what it now is—and that though we treble or quadruple its numbers. A fleet is a powerful protection only against an enemy who must reach you over sea. The French Fleet was an idle spectator of the invasion of 1870. When Russia can act at any domain of ours by land, the choice before us will lie between being driven out whenever she pleases to attack, or maintaining an army on the same scale as hers.

DAVID HANNAY.

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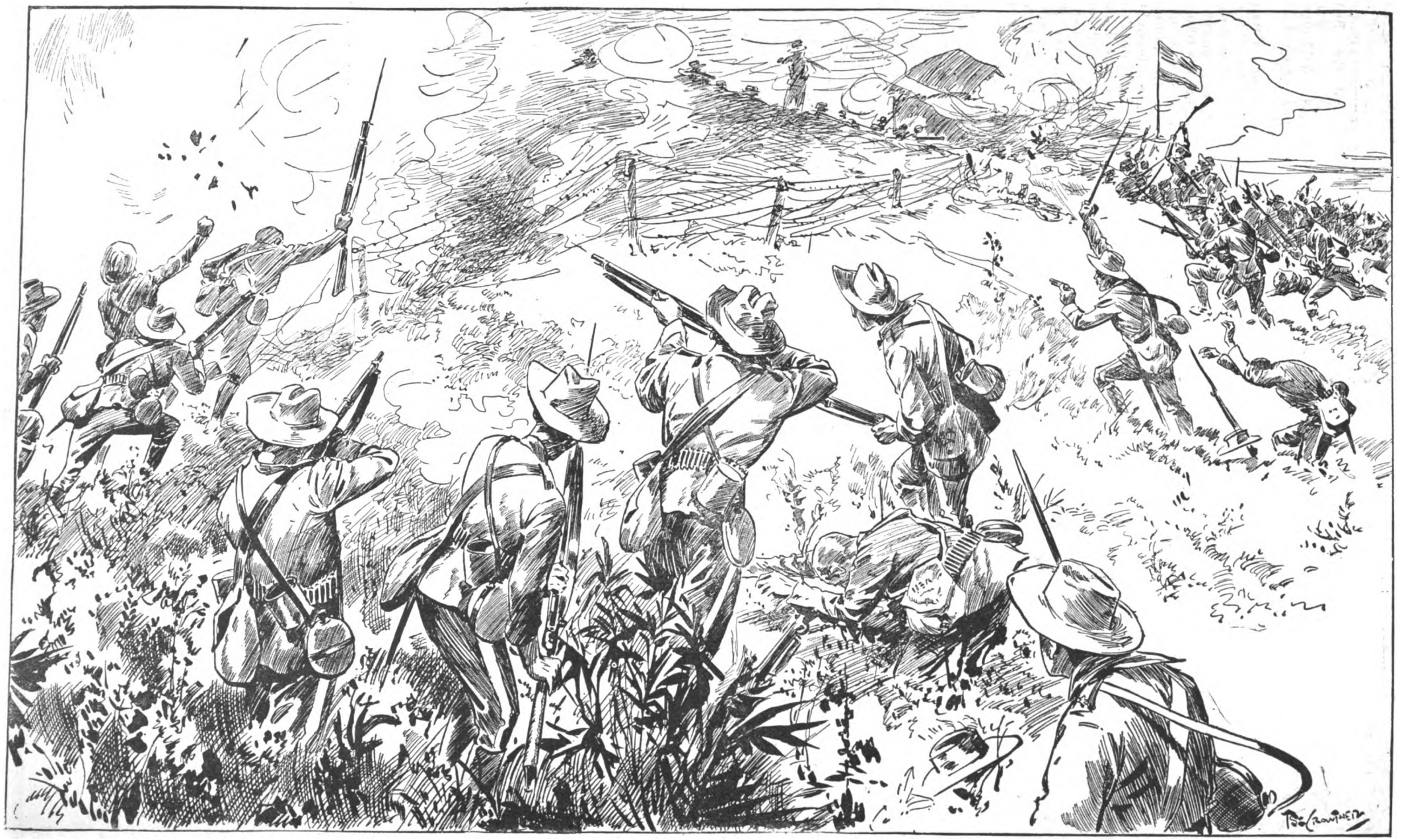

THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.

Last Friday General Shafter made his assault upon the entrenchments around Santiago. The fighting was furious wherever Spanish and American troops met, and the loss of life was disastrous, over 1,000 American soldiers losing their lives, including many officers, and, it is surmised, more than twice this number of Spanish. Our illustration depicts the capture of San Juan, an outlying stronghold, by the American troops. Just prior to the storming of this place they found their way blocked by a barbed wire fence about 8-ft. high, and during the time this was being cut through the losses of the United States' soldiers engaged in the work were terrible. However, a part of this barrier was finally removed, and the San Juan fortification was carried at the point of the bayonet, the Spanish retreating towards Santiago. The capture of San Juan is regarded as being one of the most brilliant pieces of fighting during the battle.

From a Description by an Eye-witness

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READERS of this paper will not, I think, require to be told of the good work done by the Navy Records Society. That energetic historical body, which has the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and the Duke of York for its patrons, Earl Spencer for its president, and Professor Laughton for its secretary, has now published eleven volumes. Professor Laughton's "Armada Papers," Mr. Hannay's "Letters of Lord Hood," and admirable biographies and journals of Captain Stephen Martin, 1666-1740, and of Rear-Admiral Bartholomew James, 1752-1828 (throwing a great deal of light on the Naval life of those days), are amongst the most valuable of these. The latest volume issued will rank with any of them. It is entitled "Papers Relating to the Navy during the Spanish War, 1585-1587," and is edited by Mr. Julian S. Corbett. Really, as the editor remarks, no state of war existed at the time. It was merely a condition of reprisals, which even the intelligent may be pardoned for being unable to discriminate from the state of belligerency. The real significance of the book is that it throws new light upon the character and aims of Drake, by embodying a number of documents, showing conclusively that the hard-hitting seaman was a sound and far-seeing strategist, and not merely a fighter. Before that time Naval strategy was almost a negative quantity. True, there was growing up in the minds of Raleigh, Howard, Monson, and others the broad idea that it was better to busy the Spaniards at home than to let them feed on our Kentish capons. But Drake went further. He recognised the power that was in his small fleet to paralyse the mobilisation of the Spaniards. It was a triumphant idea which he was not always allowed to push to its ultimate use.

The relations between England and Spain seemed to have somewhat improved by the year 1585, when Philip invited our corn ships to his ports. No sooner were they arrived than he laid an embargo upon them—it was merely an incident of the state of reprisals—and only one escaped. This was the "Primrose," of London, which brought back with her the Corregidor of Biscay, who, after plotting the seizure, was thrown overboard, but clung ignominiously to the ship's side. His papers revealed the fact that our ships were seized for the creation of an armament against ourselves, and very soon thereafter Drake was let loose. The Indies voyage in 1585, with the attack on San Domingo and Cartagena, was a surprising success, and "El Draque," as the Spaniards called him, with his ships full of brass ordnance, gold, silver, jewels, and private loot, almost broke the financial credit of the Dons, and, as Burghley said, became "a fearful man to the King of Spain." The papers Mr. Corbett has collected show very clearly that this was no haphazard raid, but a thoroughly organised plan to shatter the enemy's Transatlantic commerce and destroy his colonial empire.

Once more Drake was set free for that operation which is always known as his "singeing of the King of Spain's beard." He was to "impeach the joining together of the King of Spain's fleets," cut off their provisions, harass them as much as possible, follow them if they came toward England, and set upon any ships coming from or bound to the Indies. Nothing could have been better; but timid counsels prevailed, as Drake expected, and he wisely slipped out of Plymouth Sound before the restricting Royal messenger could arrive. His achievement was much more than the mere destruction of shipping at Cadiz, which he described as "singeing the King of Spain's beard." By seizing Cape St. Vincent—against which cautious Borough, the vice-admiral, protested, and was placed under arrest for his pains—Drake secured a base for his further operations. He could now interfere with the Spaniards' concentration, and interrupt all coastwise communication between the headquarters at Lisbon and the Andalucian and Mediterranean ports, and he commenced other operations by checking the salt-fish supply of the Armada, and ended by thwarting all the purposes of Philip. Four times did the King change his plans before Drake left for the Azores.

The object of that voyage was the capture of the richest prize that ever fell to Elizabethan seamen. The "San Felipe" was the King of Spain's own East Indiaman. "In her hold were hundreds of tons of spices and precious gums, chests upon chests of costly china, bales of silks and velvets, and coffers of bullion and jewels. With her guns, furniture, and cargo, she was valued eventually at 114,000*l.*, or not far short of a million of our money, and besides, beyond all value, were the whole of her papers disclosing the long-kept secrets of the East India trade." And all this time was Philip unable to move, lest Drake should return. Instead of invading England, the King was straining every nerve to save Spain. Here was a triumphant exposition of the value of a mobile force in the presence of a divided, encumbered, and unwieldy adversary. I cannot but think, in this connection, of Admiral Cervera, to suggest how different might have been his achievement if he had not been limited by considerations of coal and defective boilers. But Mr. Corbett truly says that to this day the campaign of 1587 may serve as the finest example of how a small, well-handled fleet, carrying a compact landing party, may paralyse the mobilisation of an overwhelming force.

Such is the finely historic character and dramatic interest of the book. All the *pieces justificatives* of the story I have attempted to sketch are found in the papers Mr. Corbett has collected. While the Navy Records Society continues to turn out sterling work like this, it will deserve wide support from all who are interested in the Navy and its achievements. There is a promising programme for this year, too, in the initial volumes of Professor S. R. Gardiner's "First Dutch War," Sir Vesey Hamilton's "Journals of Sir T. Byam Martin," and Mr. John Leyland's "Blockade of Brest, 1803-5."

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Royal Princes and Our Navy.

By EDWARD FRASER.

THE commissioning of the "Crescent" by the Duke of York, on June 8, was an event that should be of particular interest to all citizens of the British Empire. It is a matter, indeed, of threefold interest—personal, national, and historical.

First of all, on its personal side, the Duke of York's commissioning of the "Crescent" means His Royal Highness's return to the active service of his country in the profession in which he was brought up. Our "younger Sailor Prince" is of course the Duke of York's actual position, for Her Majesty's second son, best known as the Duke of Edinburgh, is still an officer of the Royal Navy, holding, as he does to this day, the rank of Admiral of the Fleet on the active list. And, indeed, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha's services to the nation as a Naval officer deserve a far higher meed of recognition than they are accustomed to receive.

Everybody will welcome the return of the Duke of York to the Royal Navy in an active capacity, after an absence from duty of some six years, particularly as it is generally supposed that he is taking this cruise partly at least for the benefit of his health. Since he, as Prince George of Wales, last hauled down his pennant as acting-captain of the cruiser "Melampus," at the close of the Summer Manœuvres of 1892, the Navy has had but few opportunities of seeing him, although in regard to matters of Naval interest and the well-being of our sailors, it is common knowledge that these have at all times more than a corner in the Duke of York's thoughts.

That the Duke of York for the last six years has been unable to take more than a passive part in Naval matters is of course accidental, and, as a fact, only because the Duke could not well help himself. As is universally known among Naval men, the Duke of York from the very first day of his entry into the Royal Navy has been one of the keenest and most thorough-going of seamen. Of the truth of this statement there is plenty of evidence.

I may quote two instances in point, given on the authority of Naval officers under whom the Duke served. Admiral Sir F. Bedford told at a public banquet some little time ago that, one day when his ship was off Salonica or Smyrna, a rather stout and very comfortable-looking Turkish Pasha came on board to pay his respects to the Duke, then Prince George of Wales and one of the lieutenants of the ship. The vessel was coaling at the time, and when the Pasha, after being received in due form, asked where His Royal Highness was to be found, he had pointed out to him an officer who was superintending the coaling operations, and who was as black as the picture of Dr. Nansen before he had used soap. He should never forget, said Sir Frederick Bedford, the look of incredulity and indignation on the face of the Turkish Pasha, who evidently thought he was being chaffed.

The other story was first told by Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Commerell. In the year 1888, said the gallant officer, when Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, he one day had the honour of receiving a message from the Prince of Wales saying that he wished to see his son, Prince George, at Goodwood. Sir John Commerell gave the Duke the message, but the Duke preferred to think of his duty first. His answer, although he could perfectly well have been spared on the occasion, was, "Well, sir, but what is to become of my torpedo-boat?" He (Sir John Commerell) replied, "I think, Prince George, we can spare you for the day, and the Prince of Wales would like to see you at Goodwood" The Duke's answer to that was, "No, sir, I have got orders to go out in my torpedo-boat to Spithead, and go I must"—and thereupon he steamed out to sea in the teeth of an easterly gale.

In this particular trait of devotion to duty in face of natural preference and attractions, the Duke of York is, after all, only following in the footsteps of other members of his family. Similar stories, which can be vouched for, are told of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha in his younger days, when Prince Alfred. As, for instance, that of an incident when the Duke was serving in the "Euryalus." The ship was at the time touching at a South African port. Some of the native chiefs were invited to visit the "Euryalus," and coming on board at sunrise they found Prince Alfred, bare-

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footed, superintending the washing of the decks. They watched with amazement, and then, retiring, dictated of their own accord a sort of manifesto to the captain of the "Euryalus": "Up to this time we had not ceased to be amazed at the wonderful things we have witnessed, which are beyond our comprehension. But one thing we understand: the reason of England's greatness, when the son of her great Queen becomes subject to a subject that he may learn wisdom; when the sons of England's chiefs and nobles leave the homes and wealth of their fathers, and with their young Prince endure hardships and sufferings in order that they may be wise and become a defence to their country. When we behold these things we see why the English are a great and mighty nation. What we have now learnt shall be transmitted to our wondering countrymen and handed down to our children, who will be wiser than their fathers, and your mighty Queen shall be their Sovereign and ours in all time coming."

There is a curious parallel to this manifesto, if one may so call it, of these South African native chiefs in another historic incident recorded in the annals of our Royal Family. A yet earlier sailor Prince of ours, who afterwards became King as William IV., when a midshipman in 1780, is the hero of the tale. Rodney's Squadron, after relieving Gibraltar, was lying in the Bay refitting, when a Spanish admiral came under flag of truce on board the ship in which Prince William was a midshipman to pay a business visit to Admiral Digby, who had his flag on board the ship in question. The Spanish admiral was introduced to Prince William, and bowed before him with all the extreme deference that etiquette would have demanded had the meeting taken place in the Presence Chamber of His Catholic Majesty himself. Then the admirals began to talk on matters of business, and the Royal youngster forthwith left the cabin. He came back again a little later on, word being passed that the visitor wished to leave, and entering the cabin in his capacity as midshipman of the watch, saluted and reported the barge ready alongside. The Spanish admiral was hugely astonished at seeing the son of the King of England performing the duty of a petty officer, and expressed himself thus:—"Well does Great Britain merit the Sovereignty of the Seas, when her Princes of the Royal Blood are content to learn their duty in the humbler stations of her Navy." The intimate association of the Duke of York with the Royal Navy is an historical event. It has, indeed, on that side an interest of its own, for the Prince is following in the footsteps of a long line of distinguished ancestors. The way is led by James I.'s grandson, Prince Rupert, through whose mother, the Princess Elizabeth, wife of the Prince Palatine of the Rhine, Her Majesty Queen Victoria herself becomes directly related to the older reigning families of our monarchy. Prince Rupert, who, during the great Civil War, had done his best to uphold the fortunes of the exiled Royal Family at sea in the only way open to him, was at the Restoration brought into the Royal Navy as an admiral, holding which rank he commanded British fleets in the Dutch War of 1666 and in that of 1673. At the same time, Charles II.'s brother, James, Duke of York, was similarly brought into the Navy. The Duke of York in 1660 had already, indeed, for two-and-twenty years been nominal Lord High Admiral of England—ever since in 1638 his father, Charles I., appointed him, a tiny boy of five, to the high office. At the Restoration he was again formally brought on to the active list of the Fleet.

THEY EXPRESSED THEIR AMAZEMENT BY CHARACTERISTIC GESTURES.

In the two successful battles of the second and third Dutch Wars, fought off Lowestoft on June 3, 1665, and off Solebay on May 28, 1672, the English fleet was under the direct command and leadership of the Duke of York. This connection of an earlier Duke of York with the Navy is interesting to remember at this moment; and it is a somewhat curious coincidence that our present Duke of York's birthday, June 3, 1865, was, to a day, the two hundredth anniversary of his Naval ancestor's first great battle at sea, the victory off Lowestoft of June 3, 1665.

Two grandsons of King George II. served in the Royal Navy. One was Prince Edward, Duke of York and Albany, King George III.'s next immediate brother; and the other, Prince Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, son of the "Butcher" of Culloden. Of these the Duke of York saw active service with the Channel Fleet in the Seven Years' War, being present as midshipman with Lord Howe at the capture of Cherbourg in 1758, and in the next year with Hawke in the long blockade of Brest. The Duke of York—note the title—only just missed taking part in the historic victory of Quiberon Bay by the accident that his ship had to put into port for a refit immediately before the battle came off.

Better known is Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, the youngster who afterwards became our Sailor King, William IV. As a young officer he served for a time under Nelson, and also saw war service at Rodney's battle off Finisterre in 1780, being present in addition at two out of the three reliefs of Gibraltar which the Navy carried out during the great siege. As Admiral of the Fleet in 1814 the Duke of Clarence commanded at the great Naval Review at Spithead before the Allied Monarchs, and in 1827 he became Lord High Admiral, being the last holder of that historic office.

Finally, there is the immediate predecessor of our Duke of York, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who entered the Navy in 1858, and whose services are too well known to need particular mention here.

In one point particularly our Duke of York's Naval career differs entirely from that of any of his predecessors. When the Prince of Wales first announced his intention of sending Prince George into the Navy, His Royal Highness said that, his son having adopted the Navy as his calling, he should expect him as far as possible to take his chances of promotion on the same footing as his brother officers, and to gain experience in the Service in the ordinary way. This procedure has been followed throughout the Duke's career. Joining the Navy in 1878, he now takes his first command as a captain after twenty years' service, beginning with two years in the "Britannia," then service as a Naval cadet and midshipman in the "Bacchante," then service as midshipman and lieutenant in the "Dreadnought" and "Alexandra," and later, service in command of torpedo-boat No. 79, of the gun-boat "Thrush," and of the cruiser "Melampus."

Here, finally, in tabular form, is a comparative statement of the ages at which the various Princes mentioned, during the last two centuries, received their promotions:—

	Mid.	*Lieut.*	*Com.*	*Capt.*	*R.-Ad.*	*V.-Ad.*	*Ad.*
Edward, Duke of York	19	—	—	20	22	23	27
Henry, Duke of Cumberland	23	—	—	23	—	—	38
The Duke of Clarence	14	20	—	21	25	29	34
The Duke of Edinburgh	14	19	—	22	34	38	45
The Duke of York	15	20	26	28	—	—	—

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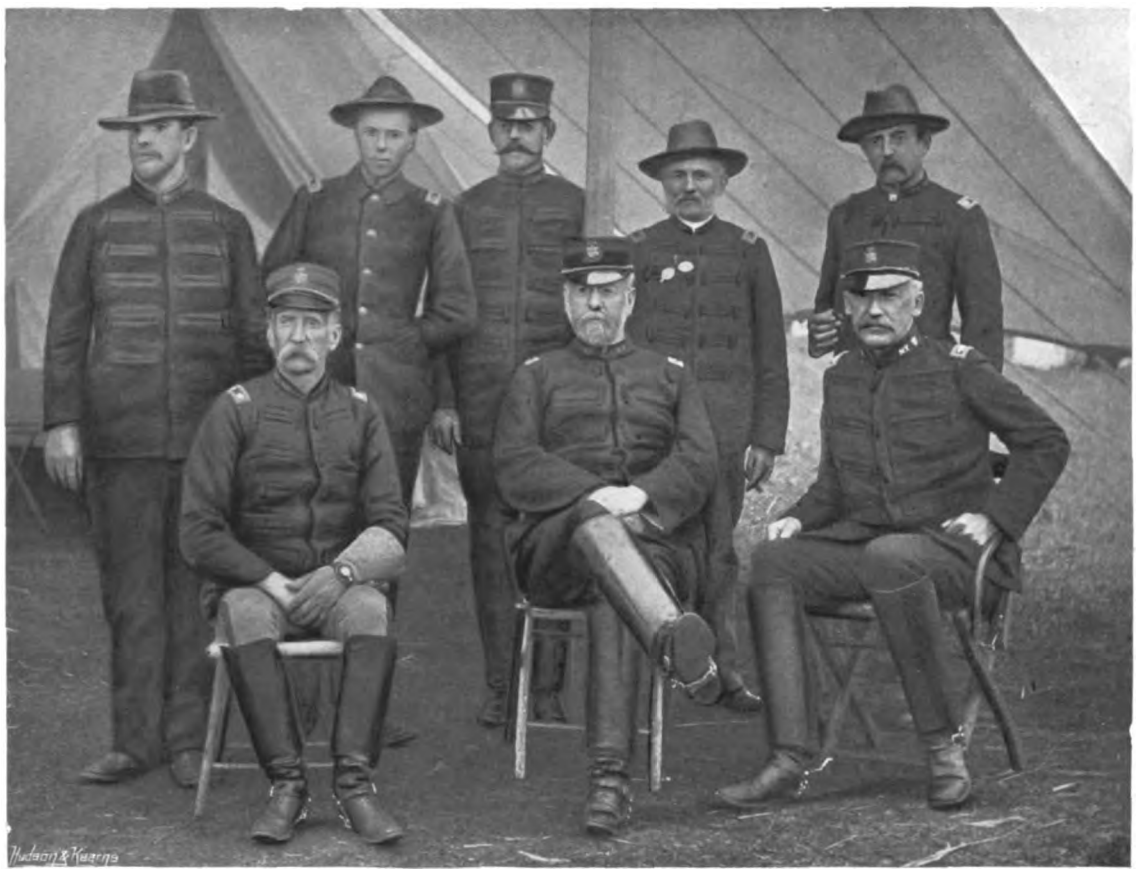
IN A YANKEE CAMP.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

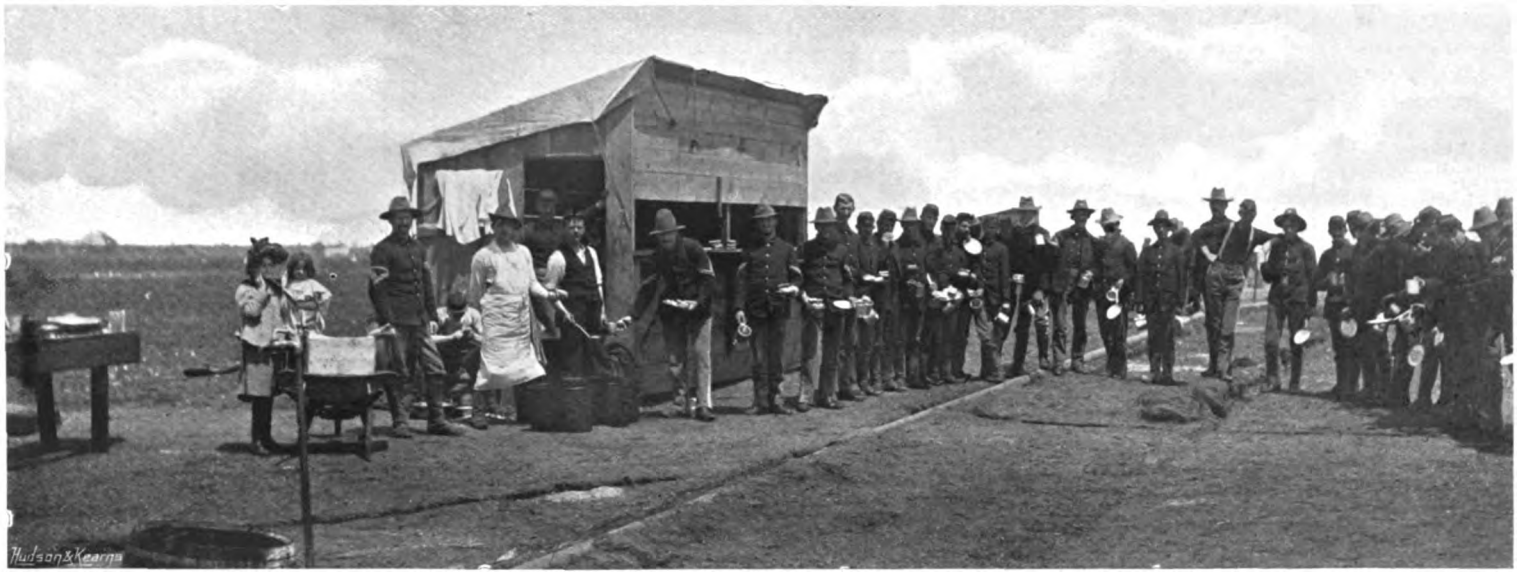
IT will be inferred from the pictures we give to-day that Uncle Sam's army is not an ornamental institution. It is composed of long-legged wiry fellows, hard faced and well tanned, who smoke always, and spit often, but men with the slouch of athletes, hard as nails, with muscles like whip-cord, and square jaws indicative of strong character. Discipline, as European nations understand it, they do not possess, and it has been for years their lot to be spread abroad through the States in small bodies, without opportunities of gaining cohesion, but they will go straight for their object, and their intelligence will make up for a good deal. These were the men, clad in ill-fitting blue serge, with brown leggings, and soft grey felt hats, pinched in to a fore-and-aft shape, and rather greasy at the brim, who wearily lined the bars, and sat under verandahs grilling at Tampa.

Their officers are of the same mould, not with the stamp of Sandhurst, or Saint Cyr, or Potsdam, but of the West Point pattern, downright soldiers, indeed, though looking like police sergeants or gas inspectors. Such is the character of the force which went to Cuba with General Shafter, and landed so successfully at Baiquiri.



THE COMMANDANT AND STAFF, CAMP BLACK.

The volunteers, mostly drawn from the "durned malisher," as the regular calls them, are a motley crowd, with officers who are generally lawyers, but with a sprinkling of millionaires among them. There are some of the latter in "Teddy's Terrors," or "Roosevelt's Rough Riders," as the extraordinary corps raised by the late Secretary of the Navy



EAGER AT THE CALL—CANTEEN OF THE 47th REGIMENT.

A ROUTE MARCH OF THE 22nd REGIMENT.

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THE CAMP, FORT BLACK, STATE OF NEW YORK.

is called, with Society leaders, Indian scouts, Anglophile coach-drivers, buck-jumping cowboys, and college dons in its ranks. These are muscular patriots, but short of military experience, as their falling into the ambush at Sevilla showed.

After the men with flat chests, crooked backs, and bent knees had been eliminated from the enthusiastic crowd of the general volunteers, the rest, when they had been knocked into shape at the various camps, were soon found to be a soldier-like set, though indifferently clothed and armed, and in most cases in great want of experienced officers.

men of a company of the 47th Regiment whom the mess bugle has brought to the rough canteen, with pans, plates, and pannikins ready for the midday meal. Another picture shows the work of drill going on at the well-chosen exercise ground, where the battalion of the 22nd Regiment had ample room to march. It may be useful here to note that the infantry regiments of the regular army are twenty-five in number, the 25th being the "Black Devils," as that notable "coloured" corps is called by the "boys" of the white regiments who despise it. We illustrate the same 22nd Regiment in another

THE RED CROSS HOSPITAL AT FORT BLACK.

Our illustrations are of the men brought together at Camp Black, mostly from New York State, with a camp commandant and his staff, of experience and greatly to be depended on. The officer in question is Major-General Charles T. Roe, who is to be seen in the centre of our group, Colonel S. H. Olin being on his left, and Lieutenant-Colonel John J. Holly on his right. Standing behind, and taking them from left to right, we have Major John B. Holland, Major Louis M. Green, Colonel William Cary Sanger, Major D. P. Arnold, and Lieutenant-Colonel G. Hurry.

All the other pictures are of life at the camp. Here are

picture, drawn up for morning inspection, preparatory to the work of the day. They seem all stalwart fellows, approaching 6-ft. of bone and muscle, and as good as soldiers can be.

Nothing that could be accomplished to promote the efficiency of the troops encamped was omitted, and the sanitary and medical arrangements were particularly good. Another picture shows the Red Cross Hospital at Camp Black. Many nurses have undergone their training at the Dixie Hospital, Fort Monroe, and a party landed at Baiquiri. It is interesting to know that the daughters of "Fighting Bob Evans," of the "Iowa," have tendered their generous services to accompany the army in the field.

A MORNING INSPECTION—THE 22nd REGIMENT OF INFANTRY.

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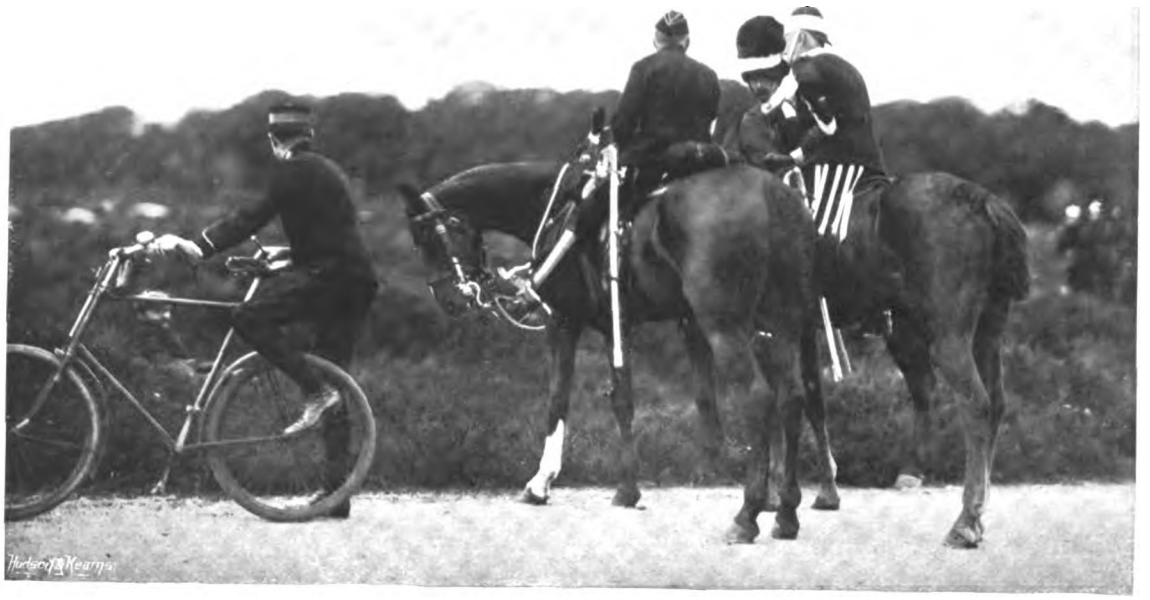
A Field Day with the Hants Brigade.

THE Brigade System, as part of the national mobilisation system, introduced a few years ago, for volunteers, permanently groups regimental units within more or less widespread areas. The brigades are set forth in the Army List—the battalions and the brigadiers. In order to teach all concerned how the system is to work, the authorities have in recent years specially favoured brigade camps, and have discouraged the regimental camps that were formerly in vogue. The brigade camps bring together those who would serve together in actual war, under their own leaders. On these occasions, by means of continuous field days and manœuvres, the men receive valuable training in camp, learn to know what life on the march means, and in general are taught to become soldiers. The volunteer brigade camps are usually formed at Whitsuntide or August, and generally last a week. One great disadvantage of volunteer field days is usually the absence of cavalry and artillery. The place of the former is, however, often taken for the occasion by the cyclist companies, which are now such a feature in volunteer regiments, and in a few cases by mounted infantry; while artillery is represented by a few Maxim guns. With all its make-believe, a field day in a piece of country like the New Forest affords invaluable training. Our illustrations of a field day of the Hants Brigade show the men engaged in a sham fight—which is, by the way, the invariable occupation of a brigade on a field day. Here we see the men lying in ambush, fighting under cover in broken ground, and other-



A COUNCIL OF WAR.

CAPTAIN LEE, R.E. *COLONEL MIDDLETON.* *MAJOR FRIEND, N.F.* *COLONEL VANDELEUR, C.B.*

CYCLISTS, 2nd V.B. HANTS, IN ACTION.

Photos. Gregory.

THE FIELD ARTILLERY PREPARE TO ADVANCE.

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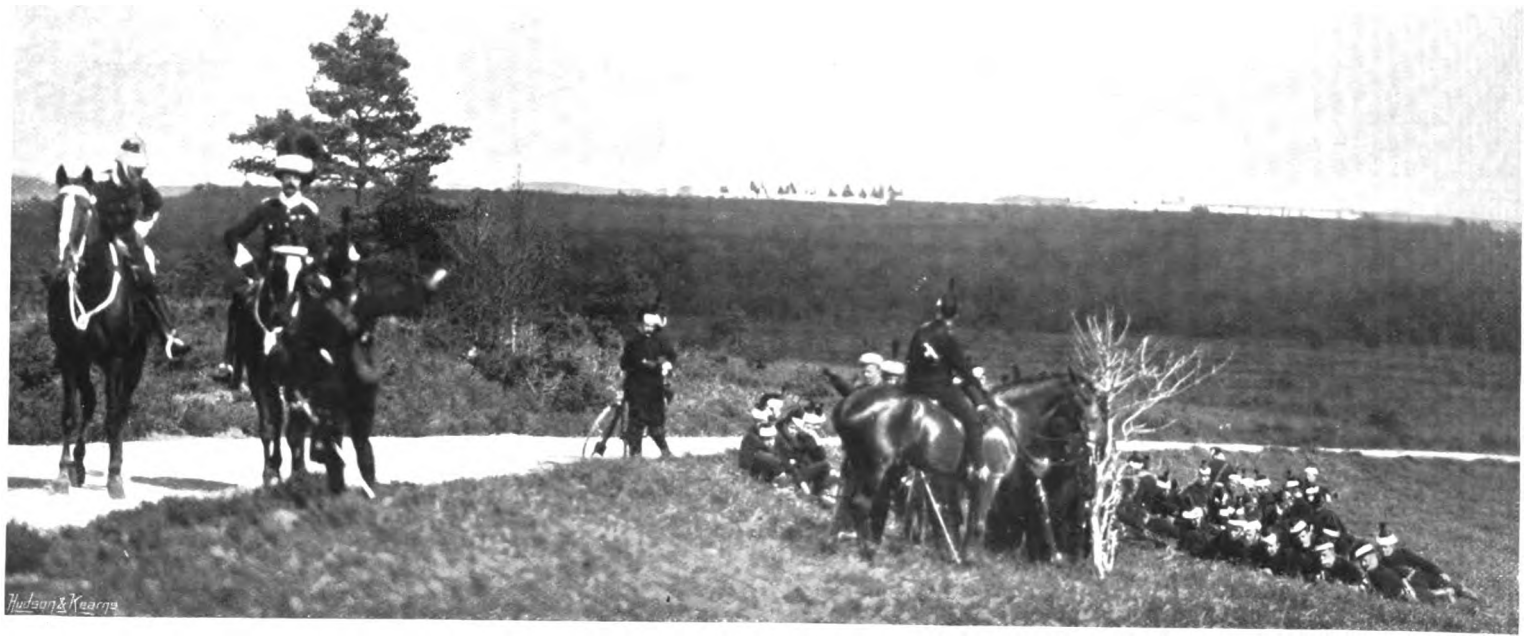


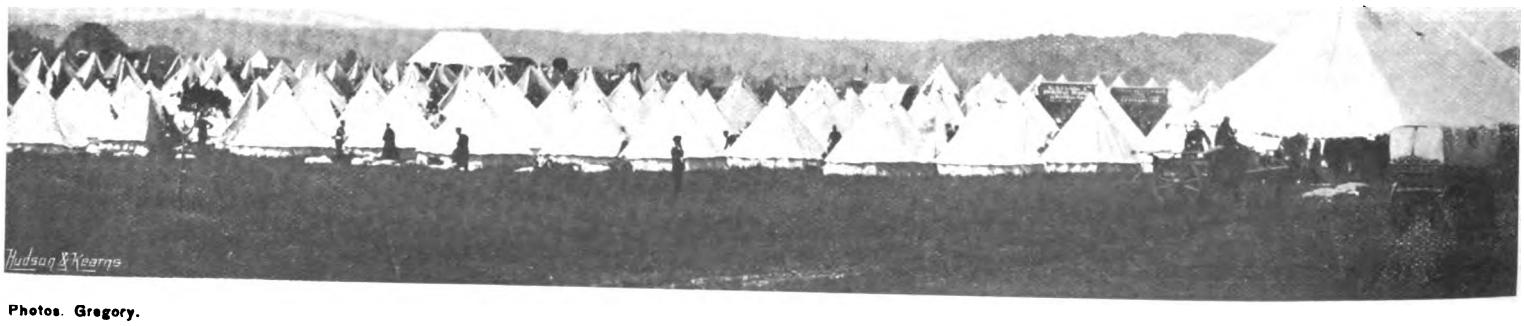
WAITING FOR NEWS FROM THE SIGNALLERS.

wise taking advantage of the open country—learning, in fact, what cannot be taught on a parade ground.

Military authorities complain sometimes that volunteer regiments occupy themselves at brigade camps too much with regimental drill, which can be equally well taught on their own parade grounds. The men, of course, ought to be practically perfect at drill before they are brought to a brigade camp, where there is much to learn and little time to learn it, and where the ignorance of drill in one regiment will spoil the work of a whole brigade, and waste for the other regiments the opportunity of acquiring much necessary knowledge.

Lately we have heard words of strong commendation on the work done by volunteers in brigade camps. Lord Wolseley, who recently witnessed two field days of the Hants Brigade, expressed himself as being pleased with what he had seen. He regretted that the forces engaged had not been larger. A small muster at brigade camps cannot always be helped in the case of battalions of non-professional soldiers, who cannot get leave of absence from business all at the same time. The Commander-in-Chief went on to say that the operations had, in his opinion, been well carried out, and he was glad to see that the men defending positions took up good cover. He thought that the commanding officers did not look sufficiently well after their men sighting their rifles—a most important matter even in mimic warfare. He concluded by saying that the men had kept well together, and he was pleased to see that the officers exercised so much authority over the men.

THE MAXIMS—GETTING READY.



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THE BEAULIEU ROAD CAMP.

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Home from the Australian Station.

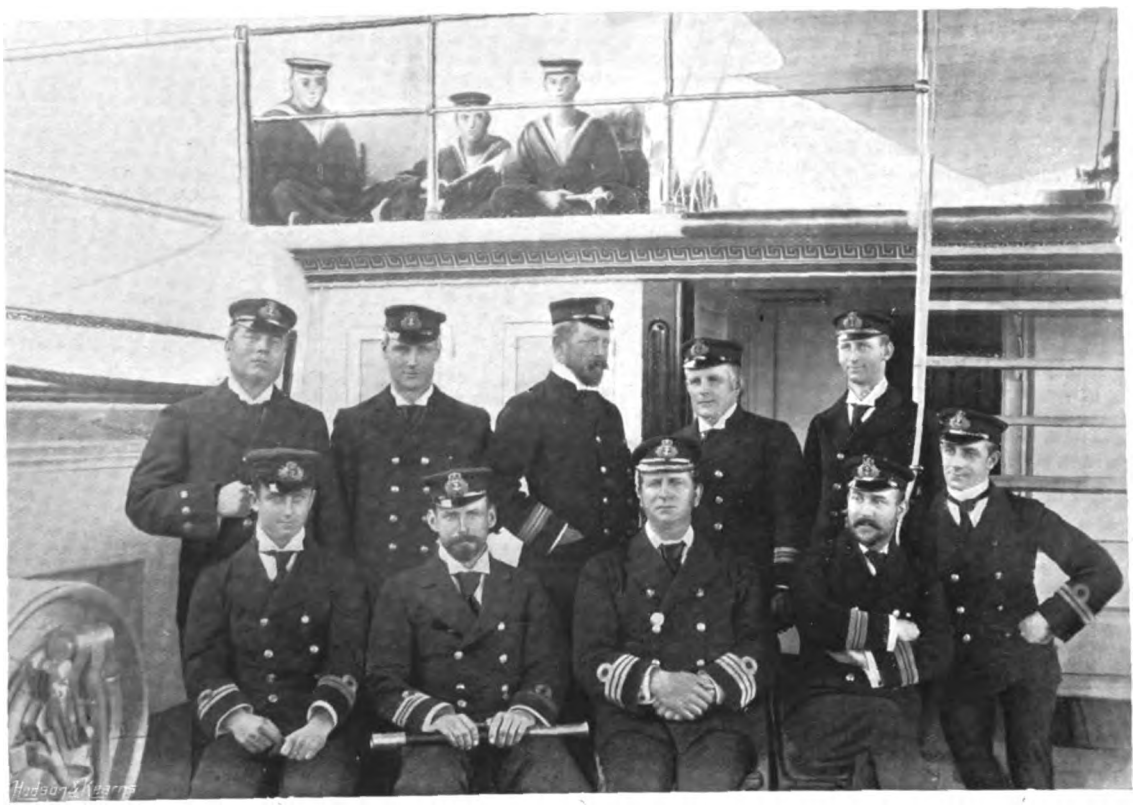
THE little third-class cruiser "Rapid" has gained for herself this year the distinction of being for five days the most talked about ship in the Navy. The occasion was during the last stage of her passage home from Australia, when between Gibraltar and Plymouth, at the end of March.

It was just at the time of a heavy north-easterly gale over the South of England and in the Channel, which commenced just as the "Rapid" became due. Leaving Gibraltar on Saturday, March 19, the "Rapid" was timed to arrive at Plymouth on the following Saturday, March 26. But there were no signs of her on that or the following day. Then relatives of the officers who had journeyed to meet the ship got anxious, and made enquiries at the Admiral's Office, Devonport.

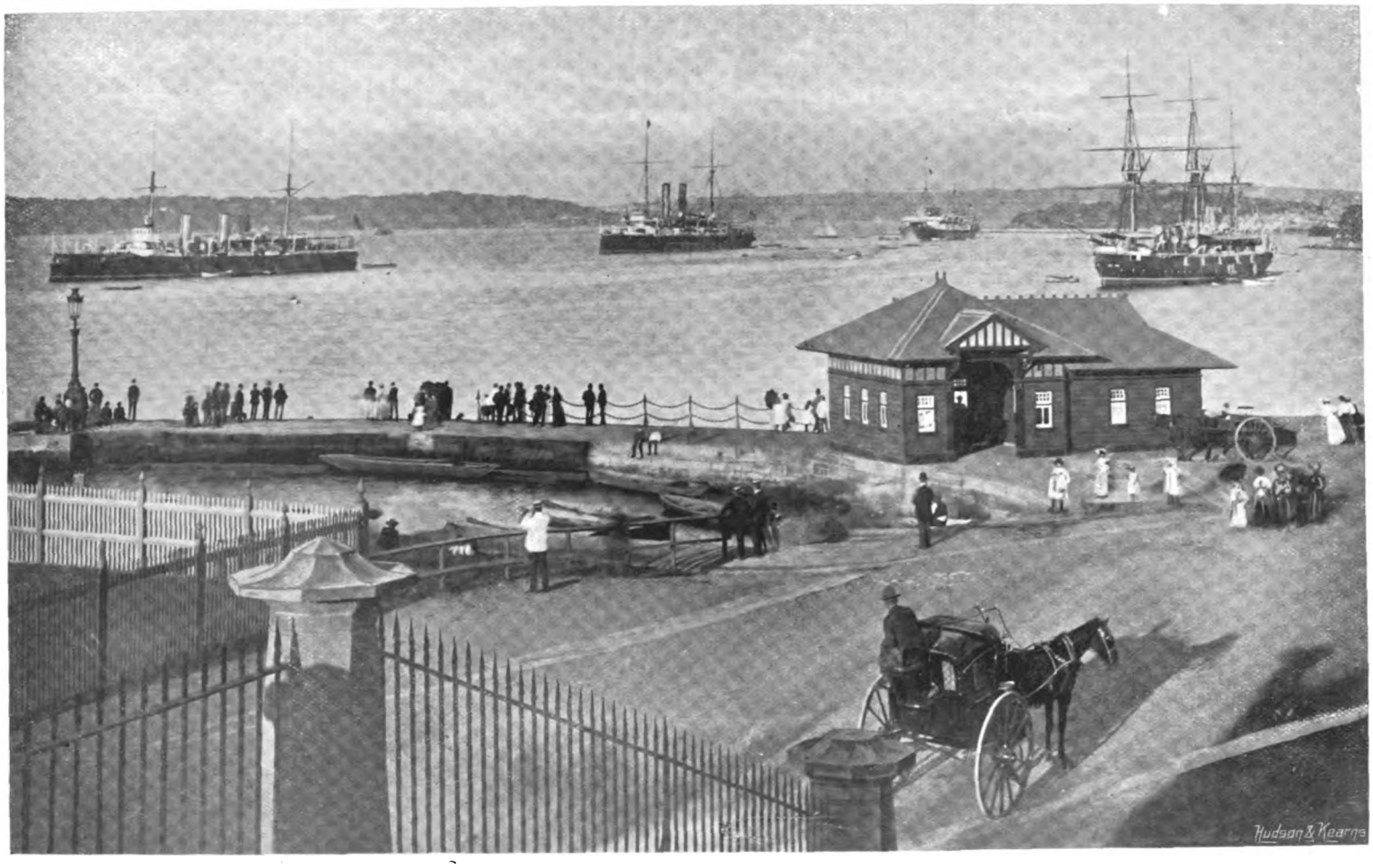
On the Monday there was again no news, and telegrams began to arrive from all over the country. Tuesday came, and still no "Rapid," and then a flood of enquiries came in, verbal and by letter and telegram, all expressing grave concern for the ship. The authorities, however, consoled all enquirers by showing no uneasiness. They would not, they said, think anything was wrong even if the ship was ten days at sea. The "Rapid" was old, and at her best never did more than 10 knots, while it was hardly probable now that she could do more than eight, which, in the most favourable conditions of weather, meant six days from Gibraltar to Plymouth. The gale she must be facing would, they added, unavoidably delay her.

The event justified the authorities, for the "Rapid" eventually turned up all safe at Devonport. She had met the storm, those on board said, off Finisterre, and had to heave-to for some time, the gale being accompanied by seas which swept the ship during three days, and forced her several miles off her course. In spite of it, though, the ship rode the storm out well, and, when the weather moderated, resumed her passage as before. Additional delay was caused in the Bay by defects in the ship's old engines, but beyond that little happened.

As the "Rapid" left Sydney on December 1, the journey home—which usually takes a man-of-war six or eight weeks



COMMANDER JOHN CASEMENT AND OFFICERS OF THE "RAPID."



From Photos

MAN-OF-WAR ANCHORAGE, FARM COVE, SYDNEY HARBOUR.

By a Naval Officer.

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at most—took four months, with a few days' intermission for coaling. Our illustrations show Commander Casement, of the "Rapid," and his officers, and the lower deck ratings of the ship's company, and also a scene in Farm Cove in Sydney Harbour, the man-of-war anchorage when the "Rapid" was on the station. The ships shown are, on the left of the reader, the cruiser "Wallaroo"; the first-class cruiser "Crescent," then visiting Sydney with relief crews; the flag-ship "Orlando"; and the "Rapid" herself, on the right—a three-masted barque-rigged vessel, as it was customary to rig cruisers in 1884, when the "Rapid" was first sent to sea.

The "Rapid" was built at Devonport, and launched in March, 1883. Her first commission, from July, 1884, to July, 1886, was on the Cape station. She was transferred without coming home to the Australian station, where she remained, with two re-commissionings at Sydney, until she finally came home the other day.

From a Photo. By a Naval Officer

THE COMPANY OF THE "RAPID."

Bluejackets as Skirmishers.

THE only possible means of attack by small-arm men, at any rate in the earlier stages, is by the method known as skirmishing. This may not convey much to the uninitiated, as there is a comprehensive use of the term which just now often appears in Press telegrams, describing a "sharp skirmish" with the enemy's advanced guard, while it may easily happen that such an engagement may not have been conducted in "skirmishing order."

The technical meaning of the word is that an adequate number of men, according to the judgment of the officer in command, are sent to the front in a single line, with intervals of two or three yards between individuals, and commence the attack by alternately firing and making short rushes forward. They are supposed to avail themselves of every possible cover, however small, by lying down, and thus only exposing the head and part of the arms and shoulders while firing—a small enough object to hit.

At the Gunnery School on Whale Island, these tactics are, of course, duly inculcated, and our three illustrations show the progress of the operation.

First we have a view of a double line of skirmishers; those in front are firing, and the others are ready to rush up and reinforce the front line, by filling up the gaps, when ordered.

The men, it will be observed, are kneeling, and offer a very considerable target, but this is merely a precautionary measure against damage to clothing, for the greater part of Whale Island consists of barely reclaimed mud,

Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

SKIRMISHERS ADVANCING, AND FIRING FROM THE LEFT.

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ON THE RIDGE—A GOOD POSITION.

which only hardens gradually. No commanding officer would permit his men to advance in this fashion under fire.

In the next picture the first line has reached a ridge, above which the men may just show their caps and little more; a machine gun accompanies them, and the supports and reserves await their turn on the lower ground out of range. Finally, the line has been reinforced, and awaits the order to fix bayonets and carry the position, this being always included in the programme as a standing rule, and a recognised termination to all preliminary skirmishing.

Photos. Gregory. Copyright.

AWAITING THE ORDER FOR A FINAL RUSH.

The New Spanish Minister of Marine.

CAPTAIN RAMON AUNON Y VILLALON.

CAPT. RAMON AUNON y VILLALON, the new holder of the Spanish Naval portfolio, has in some senses an easier, and in some a more difficult, task than his predecessor, Admiral Bermejo. At least gallant Admiral Montojo will not reproach him for not having supplied Manila with torpedoes. On the other hand, to carry on this war is a stupendous work, and the direction of that much-vaunted Reserve Fleet must be a difficult thing indeed. But Captain Auñon brought vigour and experience to his duties. He will not accomplish the impossible, but he may be depended upon to exercise equal energy and zeal in his work. He has the advantage of being in the prime of life, for he is yet only fifty-three, and it is believed that a certain youthful alertness makes him younger than his years. It has been customary to select the Naval Ministers from the list of flag-officers, and Admirals Cervera, Pasquin, Beranger, and Bermejo, not to go back further, succeeded one another rather too rapidly for the welfare of the Navy. Captain Auñon entered the Navy as a guardia marina, or midshipman, in 1859, and became a sub-lieutenant five years later. He was promoted a lieutenant in 1869, a commander in 1884, and a captain in 1892.

His professional career has been a distinguished one. More than once he has been called to the Admiralty in Madrid to take charge of the preparation of regulations and orders for the Navy. In 1879 he took an active part in the operations against the Cuban insurgents, and was in command in the province of Santiago. Upon his return he entered into literary life, and gained a reputation as a speaker, a keen thinker, debater, and writer for the press. He was on the South American station in the "Infanta Isabel" in 1888, and was senior officer of the foreign ships at the outbreak of the revolution at Buenos Ayres. On leaving Monte Video his popularity made him the object of a great spontaneous demonstration on the part of the Spanish colony. He has since been Inspector of Ordnance at Cadiz.

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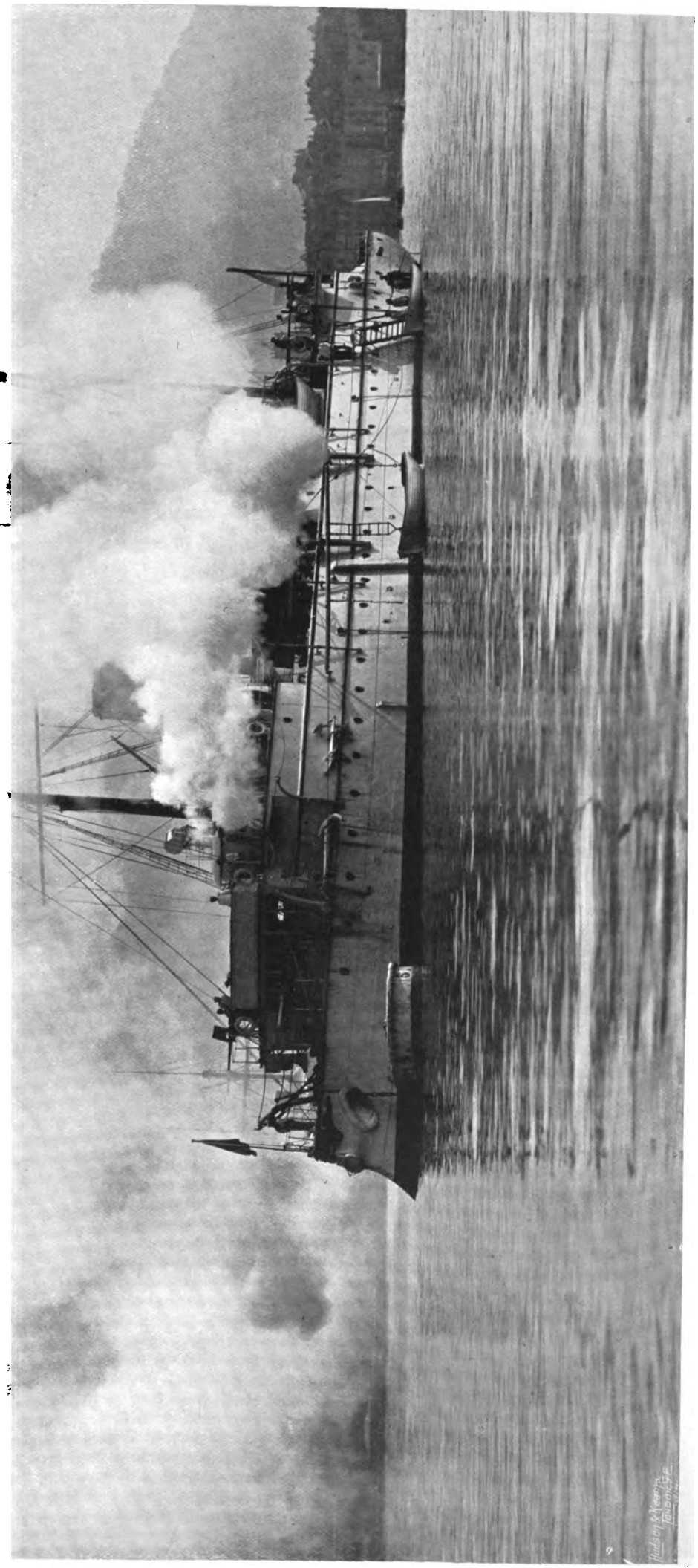

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THE FRANCO-RUSSIAN ENTENTE—SALUTING THE FRENCH FLAG.

(See next Page.)

Photo. Bal.

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SIR ALBERT JOHN DURSTON, K.C.B., Engineer-in-Chief of the Navy, holds a most important office, and has rendered yeoman's service to the country. It would have been so easy for him and his department to let things go on as they were, but it needed a bold man, with equal competence, and confidence in himself, to recommend the introduction of water-tube boilers for the larger vessels of the Navy. How great has been the success and the advantage all the world knows. The Engineer-in-Chief, who is directly responsible to the Controller of the Navy for all that concerns the steam and electric machinery of war-ships, and for gun-mountings and torpedo apparatus, as well as otherwise, for engineer training establishments and such-like matters, is the head of a branch of the Admiralty which collaborates with the Director of Naval Construction and the Director of Naval Ordnance in the design and construction of war-ships. The business is conspicuously vast, complex, and important, and certainly Sir John Durston has done a great deal to invigorate the Department. He was born in October, 1846, in the Naval atmosphere of Devonport, and studied at the Royal School of Naval Architecture, South Kensington, where he passed a special course. In 1866 he entered the Naval Service as an assistant-engineer, and became a chief engineer in 1877, a fleet engineer in 1886, an inspector of machinery in 1888, and a chief inspector of machinery in 1893. He was chief engineer of Sheerness and Portsmouth Dockyards from 1881 to 1888, and in November of the latter year received his present appointment at the Admiralty. He has been president of the Institute of Marine Engineers, and is a vice-president of the Institution of Naval Architects. *(See illustration on front page.)*

* * * *

A PARTICULARLY successful photograph, taken at Toulon, enables us to illustrate a recent episode at that port, when the Russian armoured gun-boat "Grozjastchy" saluted the French admiral's flag. The alliance of the two Powers was cemented at Toulon, when Admiral Avellan took his fleet there, and was feted by enthusiastic crowds. Never since that day has an opportunity been lost of exchanging greetings between the Powers, and more especially between their Naval and Military Services. If French and Russian regiments do but bear the same number, a bond is created between them, and their officers, who have rarely met, exchange good wishes over the telegraph wires whenever a regimental anniversary is celebrated. The salute of the "Grozjastchy"—and the particularly beautiful effect of the smoke from her guns will be observed—is therefore more interesting than the routine exchange of international courtesies. The "Threatener," for this is the meaning of her name—she has a sister at Port Arthur, the "Gremjastchy," or "Thunderer"—is of a special class, an armoured gun-boat of 1,492 tons, with a 5-in. belt and an armoured deck, carrying one 9-in. and one 6-in. gun, with eight smaller quick-firers, and two torpedo-tubes. She steams at 15 knots, and has a complement of 120 officers and men. *(See illustration on opposite page.)*

* * * *

THE substitution of an antique battle-axe for a club in performing what is known as the outer and inner circles, shows not only great strength in the man who does it, but also perfect skill and absolute self-confidence. The skill will be appreciated by those who know what wielding heavy clubs means, and how easy it is to knock oneself about if the clubs are really heavy. Moreover, their shape makes them the harder to wield as clubs. Yet, when once proficiency has been arrived at, very little is made of what seems to ordinary eyes a wonderful feat. The battle-axe is a rare sight nowadays. In the old crusading days it was part and parcel of a mounted man's equipment. North of the Tweed the battle-axe was called a sperthe. Scott, in "The Eve of St. John," in describing the accoutrements of the Baron of Smaylho'me, says:

"At his saddle gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten-pound weight and more."

(See illustration on page 384.)

* * * *

WE have had three five-masted ships in the Navy—the still existing "Minotaur," "Northumberland," and "Agincourt," three of our older broadside ironclads, built in 1865. They are 10,600-ton vessels, 400-ft. long, and were in 1865 the longest ships up to that time ever built. As sail power was in the sixties still considered necessary for steam-propelled men-of-war, the three great ships were each given five masts, with the result that their unusual appearance often greatly puzzled the nautical world. On one occasion, indeed, a merchant ship at night all but ran bows into the "Minotaur" when at anchor, taking the great length of the ship and the five masts to be two ships lying nearly abreast of one another, and supposing that there would be room to pass between. The three ships some years ago served together in the Channel Squadron, and the correspondent who doubts that two of them could have been seen together at Queensferry has certainly made a mistake on the point in consequence.

* * * *

SORE backs cause much destruction of horses on service, and form one of the greatest difficulties with which mounted men have to contend. They arise principally from the excessive weight placed on the animals, as well as from its unequal distribution, and from the faulty construction of the saddles. Pack horses suffer even more than riding horses. The latter carry between 19-st. and 20-st. weight, including man, arms, impedimenta, and saddlery—a load which prohibits anything like quick and sustained motion, and which cannot but produce injury to the skin if the slightest inequality exists on the inner surface of the saddle. To reduce this load has long been the hope of cavalry and veterinary officers, because they recognise the superior power and mobility that would result; but the question is, what portions of the burden can be dispensed with? It would appear that a lighter cavalry saddle is required, which can be readily fitted to horses of different shapes, and that all the impedimenta must be carried in waggons.

* * * *

A "RETIRED Flag Officer" writes:—"I joined the Service in February of 1831, but I do not think we had any 'preserved meat' on board, unless the doctor had some. I have a lively remembrance of salt junk and pork, three-quarters of a pound alternate days; peasoup made of whole peas, the skins forming a considerable proportion; duff on beef days, made of flour, *best seconds*, rancid suet, raisins, the worst that it was possible to find on the market. Tea, best old hay; sugar, sweepings of sugar stores; cocoa, good, being the beans; rum, best Jamaica. No mustard, pepper, or pickles allowed. Lime juice, same as at present. Qualification for ship's cook, the loss of a limb in action or by accident. Biscuit good, same taste as now, but free from the flinty middle of most biscuits. I speak of many years ago; I believe the flint was due to over-quick baking. The present bill of fare is very different. I was serving in the Pacific in 1852, and was on a survey on our 'preserved meat,' between two and three hundred cases of which we threw overboard—some tins contained *parts of intestines* in place of meat. I cannot remember the regular issue of 'preserved meat' until about 1844, when serving in China. The men did not like it; they said they could make good *kettle snipes* out of salt junk, but not out of the 'bully,' as they called it. In 1831 was the only time I ever saw beer issued when fitting out a ship at Portsmouth. I never saw or heard of it after that time. It was very harmless stuff."

* * * *

THE classification of all *heavy* guns in this country, whether for Naval or land service, is regulated by their "calibre"—a term denoting the size of their bore or internal diameter. This system of nomenclature holds good for all types of ordnance, muzzle-loading, breech-loading, or quick-firing; also for all natures, from the 12·5-inch muzzle-loaders mounted in Hurst Castle, and the 12-inch breech-loading wire guns of the "Majestic," down to the 4-inch quick-firers of the "Pelorus." There are four guns in our Services of larger calibre than the above—the 13·5-inch, the 16-inch, the 16·25-inch, and the 17·72-inch; but the first of these is known more familiarly as "the 70-ton gun," the second as "the 80-ton gun," the third as "the 110-ton gun," and the last-mentioned as "the 100-ton gun." Between the limits I have quoted, however, neither the weight of the gun nor the weight of the projectile is considered in classification. In point of fact these weights vary so widely with similar calibres, that they would afford no criterion of type. "Calibre" is, therefore, characteristic of type down to four inches. Below this limit the weight of the projectile indicates the nature for all types, exclusive of machine guns; such as the 12-pounder quick-firer and 12-pounder breech-loader, the 6-pounder or 3-pounder Hotchkiss. Machine guns proper, on the other hand, are classified, singularly enough, like the heavy ordnance, according to calibre of barrel; hence we have the Nordenfelt and Maxim of 0·45-inch, or the 1-inch Nordenfelt.

* * * *

IT has been suggested to me that it would be a very great change for the better if the men of the Royal Navy could have the option given them of whether they would prefer rum or whisky to be issued as their daily ration. It must not be forgotten that the British bluejacket nowadays is a totally different person to the bluejacket of thirty years back. The taste for rum has also, in a great measure, vanished. There is a large proportion of teetotallers in the Navy now, but an infinitely larger who look for their "tot" of spirit every day, and who are obliged to drink rum because it is Hobson's choice. It seems to my correspondent that, granted it is well to serve out half-a-gill at one bell, it would be better for those who like it to have their choice of whisky. There need be very little increased trouble incurred, and no extra expense, but I am much mistaken if considerably more than half do not choose whisky instead of rum.

* * * *

IT is said that cycles will be more largely employed than ever by Continental armies in their grand manœuvres this year. The invention of the "folding cycle" by Captain Gerard has given cyclists greater freedom in crossing country, and the increasing attention paid to the war-cycle by the younger and more active officers has developed its uses in a degree not formerly thought of. Companies of cyclists will not be merely employed in carrying despatches, or in traversing good roads in quest of information, but will be treated as a kind of mounted infantry, and take part in the combat. This latter duty will be assigned to them on a large scale in the present year. It is, of course, quite evident that a cycling corps has an advantage in a country where good roads abound. For instance, patrols mounted on cycles have, in these circumstances, been found preferable to any other troops for the protection of a camp or quarters, or for the duties of military police, owing both to their noiselessness and speed. Further improvements may soon be expected.

* * * *

MAJOR SIR ROBERT COLLETON of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers writes me: "Allow me to correct a mistake made by your paper in the issue of June 18. Among the illustrations to the article, 'How Marksmen are made in India,' there is a group described as 'Officers of the School of Musketry, Pachmarhi,' of which I am described as the Commandant. The group in question is 'The Officers of the Convalescent Depôt, Pachmarhi, 1896,' which is quite distinct from the School of Musketry. I have not been an instructor at the school since November, 1891. The instructors at the time spoken of in your article were Captain H. S. Mayhew, Border Regiment, and Captain R. O. Kellett, the Royal Irish, both Deputy-Adjutant-Assistant-Generals for Musketry, Bengal, while I was Commandant, not of the school, but of the depôt and station." The mistake was due to the original photograph being wrongly described, and I am much obliged to Sir Robert Colleton for his courteous correction. I may take this opportunity to remind those correspondents who so kindly send me photographs of Naval and Military scenes and incidents of the importance of enclosing at the same time full descriptions and dates, so that when, as often occurs, it is necessary to amplify the accompanying letter-press, errors which might otherwise creep in may be prevented. THE EDITOR.

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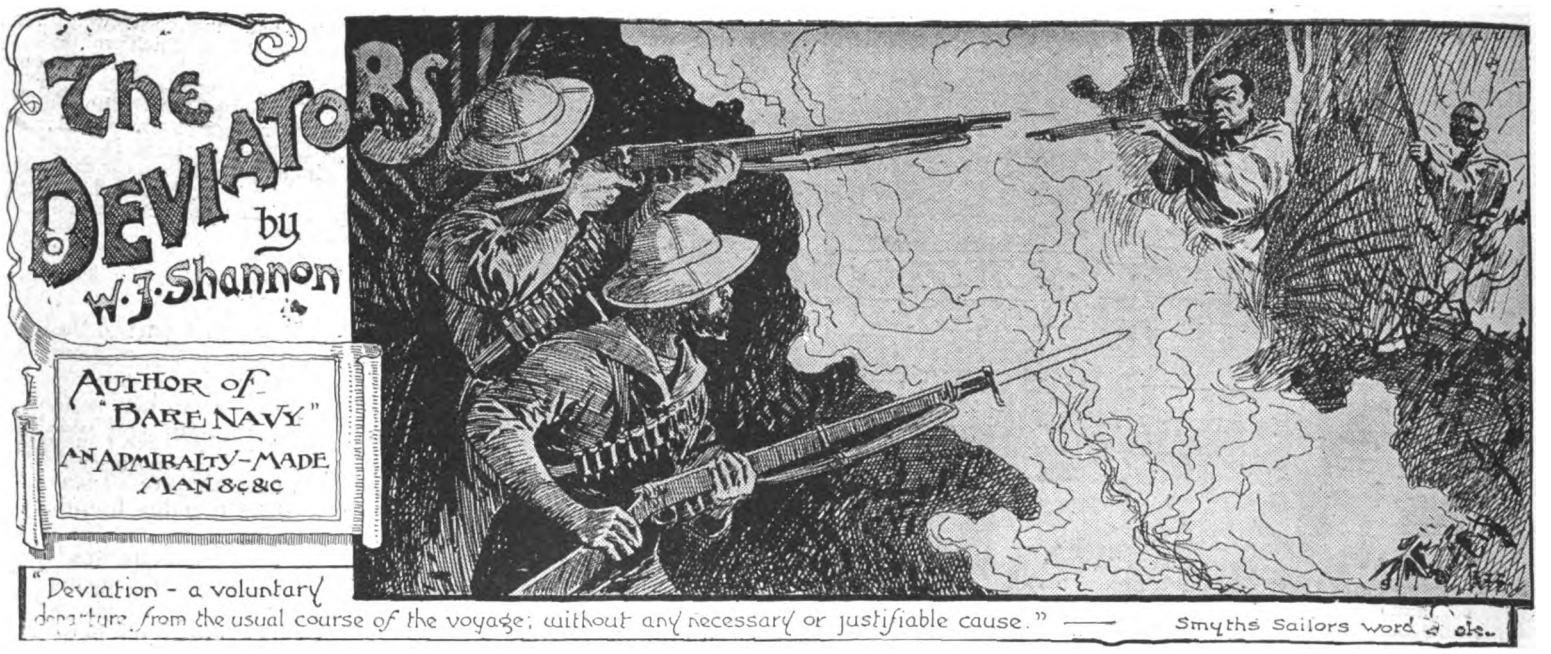
The Deviators
by
W. J. Shannon
Author of "Bare Navy"
An Admiralty-Made Man &c &c
"Deviation - a voluntary departure from the usual course of the voyage; without any necessary or justifiable cause." —— Smyths Sailors word book.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

A party from H.M.S. "Pimpernel" lands in East Africa. It is ambushed on re-embarking, and a sub-lieutenant and two men are left behind. The men, Twelves and Eaves, rescue the officer, but lose him while they are exploring a cave in which they have found what they suppose to be a box of treasure. They hurry to find the sub-lieutenant again, and forget the box. A further party from the ship has now landed, but the two seamen do not wish to rejoin till they can do so with their officer. They think they have him once, but it turns out to be the first lieutenant! They are keenly disappointed, place him in the cave, and set out on their quest again.

CHAPTER VIII. *(continued.)*

"ALL right, then, I did. I took a round turn and two half-hitches round a weepin' willow tree."

"A tree like this?" Twelves asked, indicating a particularly stiff acacia. Eaves nodded. "Why, there's hundreds like this, Mal," Twelves went on, reproachfully.

"She must be about, Jim. Let's try agin," said Eaves, hopefully.

"Yes. Let's mark each tree and each beach for miles, and, to make sure we don't miss any, call 'em all over agin. Let's be thorough this time. I shouldn't like to go back and say we missed our way for the second time."

"Shall we go up that bluff where the boat-keepers was, and look down the river?" said Eaves. "I reckon that boat's—what ye call it?"

"Usufructed."

"That's it. I knew that chap had some deep game. I wish I'd stopped boat-keeper."

"I wish you had," said Twelves.

"There it is," groaned Eaves, as they gained the top of the bluff. A long way down the stream a canoe was being paddled by one man.

CHAPTER IX.

FOUND.

THE bluejackets stood motionless, shading their eyes with their hands. They could not distinguish who was in the canoe, but Eaves said, decisively, "Him himself, there's no doubt."

"Unless he was telegraphed for, I don't see how it could be Angel, if that's what you mean," said Twelves. "But I thought you surmised he was going to rush off after the pearls."

"So I did. But he reckoned he hadn't exercised enough caution, and changed his mind. And now I should think he was satisfied. The treasure is his."

"Bah!" said Twelves. "It's simply a prowlin' War-Poker. I expect we snavelled his boat last night, and he's had to wait for the canoe of the fust passer-by. But I'm sorry it's ours. And I'm sorry the surroundin' country don't look fruitful."

"When we was marooned before we was in a better place," said Eaves, sadly.

"We was; and then we didn't think so, but got out of temper. Whereas now we take it philosophic."

"Yes, you do. You take it calm," said Eaves, with considerable heat.

"Calmer than anythink since Sunday. So when you've done strainin' your eyes down the river after that evaporatin' Arab we can hold a confab under the best conditions."

"My condition is that I've very near got brain fever."

"That's the sunshine soakin' through that turban, chum. Come under this tree. Now I think after all these days in boats we want a stretch, don't we? Very well, then, Providence takes away our floatin' home. It's clear to me that what we've got to do now is to walk."

"Any fool would know that."

"But it's these simple points that are overlooked, boyo. Now, let's call up the objections to this course of action. Fust, it'll take us a good two days to reach the coast."

"Second, we aint victualled," said Eaves.

"Nor we haven't any subsistence money."

"And we don't know the road."

"Then, finally, and in conclusion, it's a bad egg, and we shall be dead before we've finished it."

"If we ever do."

"Yes, there's that to consider, too. The substance of what we've arrived at is, that we're in a devilish bad way, then."

"We are," said Eaves.

"And just to imagine that three days ago I could have got excited over it. Two days ago I could have founded new oaths, and even last night I was liable to bust off like a low-flash lamp. But now?—I'm expended, chum."

"So'm I," said Eaves. "We're simply bein' played with."

"To-day, I understand, Mal, is Wednesday, and we was lost a' Sunday. By the end o' the week we'll have had losses in boats alone enough to stock a ship-yard, and surprises enough for a first-class conjurer, and what we find won't compensate in the least for what we don't find."

Eaves remained silent, and Twelves recommenced after a considerable interval.

"I liked this landin' party all right when it started, and I could understand the maroonin', but lately, Mal, it's too much like a fairy story, and I don't care to live it any longer."

"How 'r' ye goin' to stop it?"

"Join up."

"What?" exclaimed Eaves, astonished.

"Join up. Foller the party."

"I'm glad *I* didn't propose that this time," said Eaves.

"Mal, you brought that motion for'ard when there was always another move possible. But now there aint. Wid no supplies, not even our emergency rations, we can't reach the cave. And to impress the War-Pokers we must be full of meat and drink, wid a base, sich as that canoe was, to fall back upon. Besides, you don't care to go on to the 'Pokers, and never did, did ye?"

"Now, don't try to throw it off on to me, Jim Twelves, because I aint takin' any. I reckonise that this is the glorious endin' I was promised. That's enough for me. Let's git the glory over. Come on. Nice sunny afternoon for a walk, aint it?"

"Hang on a bit, Mal," shouted Twelves, rising and following Eaves, who had started to walk rapidly along the landing party's line of march. "Yes, it is sunny. But Providence has provided umbrella trees."

"Throwin' a graceful shade wherever the path aint," growled Eaves. "And what do they call these confounded spiky things stickin' up like bunches of cutlasses?"

"Some name which mus'n't be spoke in polite ears, I reckon, because I haven't heard it. But I'd like to find Charlie, so's to git my sun-bonnet from him."

"No doubt you would. You didn't consider *my* comfort when you made me put on this dishcloth and leave my helmet behind."

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"Why, Mal, that turban suits your complexion very well. Besides, you objected to the shade on the fust day when we had it, and didn't care for your helmet."

"Since then I've got wiser, that's all."

"You'll recollect you've bin wid me ever since then, and wisdom is contagious and comes under the Act."

"Whadje mean. What Act?"

"The Act of Grace. Whatever I give you is an Act of Grace."

"What have you give me?"

"A seventy-two hours' pleasure trip, besides this wisdom which you say you've contracted."

"My wisdom is my own."

"It's co-opted off me."

"Well, I should think I've took all you ever had, and it don't weigh heavy on me."

"It's the property of wisdom, chum, to spread itself out like yeast, in the line of least resistance. But it is not possible by so doin' to leave a vacum. Therefore I am as wise as ever."

"When I observe our present position, Jim, I believe ye. No one, trustin' to his instinks, would 'a' left a shady cave and that box for a burnin' fiery desert, all sand and prickles, like this. An' what's our party doin' in it, I should like to know."

"I surmise they're takin' a short cut for the War-Pokers. But I must say they don't appear to be so clear in their movements as is to be desired."

"It aint clear to me why they deliberately choose a scrubbly country like this to campaign in when there's plenty better and near the sea."

"Whale Island is what you want, Mal. You'd be all right on the lawn wid no bushes about, and Jack Harkaway drillin' ye."

"Whale Island *is* what I want. There isn't so much sun there as here."

"And you're pinin' for the comfort of the green grass drill. 'Extended order! Dig up dandelions!' That's the kind o' skirmishin' you really care for, I know."

"Yes. I should like to be on that lawn."

"So should I. It's so near Stamshaw, and bubbly. Let's see, though. It's Wednesday here, so it 'ud be about Sunday there, owin' to the world bein' round, so the houses would be shut if it's four in the afternoon like it is here."

"But we should be travellers, Jim."

"That we should. But it wouldn't be possible to get so thirsty there as here. It is one of the special blessin's of a desert like this that you do get properly dry in the way of nature. You don't have need to regulate your diet on to salt fish and kippers in order to be able to drink in comfort."

"No, you don't," said Eaves, shaking his water-bottle. "But to be able to drink in comfort we shall want water very soon. I've only got a little left, nearly boilin'."

"So've I," said Twelves.

"And talkin' is dry work, so I shall keep my mouth shut for the rest of to-day's march."

For the remaining two hours of daylight the two bluejackets marched along without much conversation. There was no difficulty whatever in following the track of their party, which led along a native path directly towards the country of the Wa-Pokas, and apparently touched the river again higher up. When darkness fell, however, they had not reached water, and their water-bottles were empty. They had no food, and their blankets were at the cave, so they passed a wretched night, cold and hungry and thirsty, and were glad to start again at earliest dawn. They tried to relieve their thirst by stopping to lick the dew from the leaves of the aloes and euphorbias, but Twelves ruefully observed that it was about as satisfactory as licking postage stamps, and advised moving on. Eaves agreed, more especially as the scrub was becoming thicker, and the grass tufts more frequent, and therefore the river probably was not far off.

At last from the top of a slight rise they saw the river, and their own people striking camp. They fired a shot and hurried on. In an hour they reached the river bank, and the remains of a camp. A rear guard under a petty officer was waiting to ascertain who they were. In their turbans and Arab rags they were unrecognisable, and were called upon to halt. They dropped their rifles, however, and pointing to their parched mouths, made for the water.

"A-ah!" said Twelves, breathlessly, raising his dripping face, and immediately plunging it into the water again.

The small party of seamen looked on compassionately.

"Here, I say, this Arab's got a pair o' pusser's crabs on," said one, after a moment or two.

"So he has. And his chum's got some navy serge pants on," said the petty officer. "Now, when you chaps have finished swilling at that *umlo*, p'r'aps you'll get up and explain where you got them things."

"I'm done," said Twelves, who heard the last part of the petty officer's remarks, "but to explain where I got these things is——"

"Jim Twelves!" exclaimed all the party, crowding up to shake hands with him and Eaves. "We thought you was dead, Jim."

"Yes, I understand my body was diskivered, and I was supposed to be drafted into hell. Was Mal's remains found, too?"

"No. On'y it was surmised that where you was he was."

"As if I aint got ways and means of my own," said Eaves. "It was a triflin' accident what led to me bein' in his company to-day."

"Well, we best move on to catch up the main body," said the petty officer. "You can explain as we're going on. Forward! I'll take the extreme rear."

"I'll take the extreme rear but one, then," said Twelves. "Got anythink to eat? An emergency ration or tack of that sort is what I want. Somethink concentrated, so as to make up for three or four meals."

Every man was anxious to give up his reserve food, and Twelves and his friend made an ample meal as they went along, and Jim told their tale, with reservations and amplifications, in the intervals of eating.

"And so here we are," said Twelves, finally. "Wid Number One safely stowed in the hold, wid Charlie very near rescued, and wid the main body found. Aint that a record of good work done?"

"It is," said the petty officer. "Except that you needn't have troubled about the main body, because it was never lost."

"Not?" said Jim. "Malachi, our last exerted movements is to a certain extent wasted. It appears this party aint lost."

"Then we're sold a fair dog," said Eaves. "Because we left our picnic on'y to undertake rescue work."

"On'y to look after the lost and fallen," agreed Twelves. "Are you sure you aint lost, Smith?"

"Quite," said the petty officer. "I'm not so certain about you, though. You seemed pretty hungry and thirsty when we found you."

"When we found *you*. Forced marches in this climate is bound to produce appetite and drinkitite. And we couldn't hire any porters at the place we landed so's to carry the commisserant. We was a flyin' column."

"And champagne, I think, you lived on?" said Smith.

"Champagne, wid extrys."

"And you thought Charlie was lost?"

"Thought! He *was* lost. He *is* lost."

"You don't seem to have any doubts about it."

"Well, have you?"

"Look for yourself."

The rear guard was approaching the main body, which was resting for a midday meal. In the midst of the porters and bluejackets stood an officer—Sub-Lieutenant Chater.

"I come back all I said," Twelves gasped to the petty officer. "I believe all I've told you is not true. I don't believe we've captured Number One. I don't believe we've done anythink but dreamt these last two or three days. Kindly punch me to see if I can feel." Several men near did this office. "Thank you. Yes. I'm awake now. Do I understand you that Number One was never lost, neither?"

"Look for yourself."

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"He's lost right enough," said Smith.

"I bet he aint," said Eaves.

"What, do you still hang on to a few remnants of certainties?" Twelves asked, despondingly. "You say that as if you're sure."

"So I am," said Eaves, stoutly.

"Well, we'll very soon find out," said Smith. "You wait here while I go and make my report to Lieutenant Chater."

"I should think you two would go in for being out o' uniform," said one of the rear guard. "This is the fust time Charlie's had independent command, and he's very strict."

"And your beards aint combed," said another. "Besides, you aint ast permission to wear 'em."

"Mal," said Twelves, unheeding, "should you think that cave is a real fact, or is that a dream, like Charlie?"

"It's all facts, Jim."

"But how can we prove it?"

"Here comes Smith for us. Let's take note of Charlie's helmet."

The petty officer marched the two men to the sub-lieutenant, who greeted them heartily, and asked them to sit down and tell their tale.

"Sir," began Twelves, "I've already telt it to Smith and the rare guard, and devil a bit of it is true——"

"It's all true, sir," said Eaves.

"Subsequent diskiveries has upset the whole thing, sir. We thought we was searchin' for you, whereas we was idlin' about and merely enjoyin' ourselfs."

"We was not, sir," Eaves interrupted. "We rescued Lootenant Cutwater."

"Yes, but that was simply a accident, sir, and didn't interfere wid the general pleasure of the trip."

"I'm sure Mr. Cutwater will be glad to hear that, Twelves," said the sub-lieutenant. "But, come now, start on Sunday night, when I was presumably near you."

"Is that true, sir?" Twelves asked, eagerly. "Was you really ashore, sir? How did you pick up the party?"

"At daybreak I came to, and found myself by a rock. I got up, and before I'd gone far I came across a company."

"Ah, then the fust part of our adventures is correct, sir. Smith persuaded me that we'd never found you. But we did. We laid you by that rock."

"Where was I before that? And how came you to find me?"

"Ah, there you go, sir. You speak sharp, jist as if you was a unbeliever, like Smith, and I'm sure I thought we did find you."

"We did, sir," Eaves put in.

"I'm not doubting you. I want to know. Were you bowled over when I was?"

"No, sir. We was among the missin' earlier than that."

"Same time, sir," corrected Eaves.

"Yes, we was missed at the same time, and——" Twelves then told the story of the sub-lieutenant's rescue.

"I'm very grateful, Twelves," said the young officer. "And to you, Eaves," shaking hands with both men. "That's how I got your helmet then, Twelves?"

"That's it, sir."

"You know we all thought after your sermon that you'd die rather than give it up, and therefore we thought you must be dead."

"But I didn't preach to you, sir."

"No, but I heard about it."

"You reasoned quite correct, sir. I on'y laid that hat down for a trifle of time whilst Eaves and me explored a cave."

"Why?"

"So as not to waste our time, and because it wanted explorin', sir, and knowledge is power, and always handy and useful. And there we found a man, a trader, what knew all about the War-Pokers, and we come out to see how you was succumbin', and behold you was gone, and the on'y trace left was the blank place where I left my caty. And I was very sore agin you, for I thought I could 'a' trusted you, sir."

"I'm sorry, Twelves. I was dazed. But I have a hazy recollection of picking it up, and also of you speaking to me in the darkness."

"I told you to rest and be thankful, sir, but the moment my back was turned you was off. If I'm ever court-martialled for bein' sunstroked, sir, I'll have you as a witness that my hat was stole widout my knowledge or consent by my superior officer."

"I'll certify to that, Twelves."

"Thankye, sir. Now we thought you was took off by the War-Pokers, because they fired on us as soon as we'd missed you. So after consultin' wid the tradesman—the trader, who also plays a trumpet—we three went in his canoe after the natives to recapture you. And it was extremely disappointin' to find, as we did after great exertions, that you wasn't there."

"I'm very sorry, Twelves. And I'm extremely grateful to you for your trouble. But wasn't it tempting Providence to venture against a whole tribe?"

"No, sir; Providence was on our side from the beginnin'."

"Excuse me, sir," said Eaves, "but Providence wasn't."

"Allow me to detail our manœuvres, and judge for yourself, sir," said Twelves, who thereupon gave an account of the first trip up the river as far as the Naval camp. "And so, seein' the fires, sir, we reckoned we was up wid the Pokers, and creepin' along the shore we come on their canoes, and there we found what we thought was you, and bitterly disappointed we was when we found it wasn't——"

"I'm sorry, again," said the officer.

"Oh, it wasn't your fault, sir. I don't mean to cast no reflections on you, excep' that you confiscated my shako. But to find later on that we'd on'y smuggled off Number One was most agitatin' to our moral emotions."

"Made you swear, eh?"

"Well, not so bad as that, sir. No, but very near. I very near expressed myself, sir. But how come you to change places wid him?"

"He was lost the first night. I haven't seen him since he landed."

"Well, he's safe enough now, sir."

"Tell me the rest of your adventures."

"Findin' it was him and not you, we started up stream agin, sir, formicatin' a theory to meet the new facts, and after you agin. But we never took into consideration that you was wid the party, sir."

"Then you fell across us by accident?"

"Not prezacly, sir. Seein' the party on our way to find you, we surmised they was lost, because everyone seemed lost but us, and we reckoned we best jist put it in the right road and then go on for you."

"Do you know the nearest way to the ship?"

"In a general way, yes, sir. But aint you goin' on to them Pokers?"

"You say you know where Lieutenant Cutwater is?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, lead us to him. By the way, Twelves, that night you say you rescued the first lieutenant——"

"We did, sir. That part's true."

"You appear to have been near our camp at the same moment as the enemy. Didn't you hear the noise of the attack?"

"We heard distant firin', sir. Did you beat 'em off?"

"Yes."

"Have you heard anythink about all East Africa bein' up, sir, like the lady in the caravan said? The Masai is raidin' nearly to Mombasa, she said, and the Swyhilis is murderin', under Barook; and the War-Pokers is all hot, and the caravan-carriers is rebellin', and I reckon this party of our'n is on'y about forty or fifty strong, and oughtn't to be so fur inland and out of touch wid the base, sir, if I may say so."

CHAPTER X.

BACK TO THE NAVY.

THE rumour was true. East Africa was "up." Detached rebellions on a small scale were chronic in the Sultan's dominions, but this time the whole littoral was disaffected at once. Barook was heading the Arabs and Swahilis, and the Wa-Poka were helping when they thought fit; the Masai were raiding to the coast; the very carriers were burning and slaying, after pillaging their own caravans.

But the sub-lieutenant knew Twelves, and did not take his news very seriously. Indeed, Twelves himself didn't attach much importance to it, not believing in the fighting powers of "natives."

"Why, you are becoming quite cautious, Twelves," said the officer. "I should have imagined facts like these ought to have driven you to the ship's boats before now."

"I never had time to think about 'em, sir, and that's a fact, till comin' along jist now over that desert, when I seen signs of the Masai, which reminded me of what the lady said."

"How did you know it was the Masai?"

"There was marks where their big shields was dragged along the ground, and deep digs in the paths where they'd stuck their spears. You crossed their track. Didn't the porters point 'em out, sir?"

"No."

"They must have seen 'em. I reckon they're in the rebellion. This is a great East African mut'ny, sir."

"There's not much fear of that, Twelves. However, we retrace our steps at once, as the first lieutenant is behind us. You must show us the cave. Near the landing place, I think you said?"

"That's it, sir, a mile or two from it."

"Very well, have your dinner now."

(To be continued.)

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A Public Schools' Field Day.

WE have no volunteers more thoroughly in earnest than the boys of the public school corps. The public sees little of these schoolboy soldiers, but when the Public Schools' Battalion is seen at Aldershot, there is no corps that excites more interest. It is impossible not to be struck by the intense keenness with which the boys throw themselves into everything they do. Fair weather or foul, it is all the same to them, their enthusiasm never flags. The school corps all have to contend against the disadvantages of want of time, lack of suitable ground, and small numbers. In order to give these young soldiers a wider view of the use of military training and an opportunity of acquiring it, the idea was started of a Public Schools' Battalion, and each school corps is now invited to spend the first week of the summer holidays at Aldershot.

LYING IN WAIT.

The value of field days is nowhere more appreciated than at Berkhamsted School, which organises an annual summer field day to which other schools are invited to send corps. The Berkhamsted corps, which came into existence in 1891, numbers about 100. The boys in their grey uniform with blue facings and brown belts and leggings always present a smart and soldierly appearance. This year the field day was a great success. The troops engaged comprised:—Uppingham, 150; Dulwich, 120; Berkhamsted, 110; Highgate, 40; Forest (Walthamstow), 59; Bedford, 180; Harrow, 230; Warwick, 36; Rugby, 220. Officers, 55; over 1,200 in all.

CREEPING UP UNDER COVER.

Photos. Newma Copyright.

THE "THIN RED LINE"—OPENING THE ATTACK.

The different corps arrived at Berkhamsted by midday, most of them coming by train, but the Harrow Cycle Corps, about two dozen in number, came by road. The programme was a sham fight on Berkhamsted Common. The corps were divided into a Grey force and a Red force. The Grey force consisted of Berkhamsted, Dulwich, Forest, Harrow, and Highgate, and were under the command of Major Hoare. The Reds were composed of Bedford, Rugby, Uppingham, and Warwick, and they were commanded by Captain Glünicke.

The general plan of the fight was that a Grey force, having been defeated near Chesham and having lost its guns, was retreating upon Luton pursued by a Red force. The Grey force, having crossed the main road between London and Aylesbury, was supposed to be retiring in two divisions, one by the new road from Berkhamsted (this force was purely imaginary), and the other by the road from Northchurch Common. The object of the Greys was to effect a junction at the east end of Frithsden Beeches. It was of course the business of the Reds to prevent this, and the task they set themselves was to break up the Grey Northchurch rear guard before it could join the Berkhamsted rear guard. It was also supposed that a reinforcement of four companies of infantry and two field guns was three miles behind the Red force, following with all speed but hampered by casualties among the horses, which prevented the guns proceeding at more than walking pace.

The fight began on high ground near Northchurch Farm. The first part of the operations was decidedly in favour of the Reds. They advanced steadily, while the Greys as steadily retreated, taking

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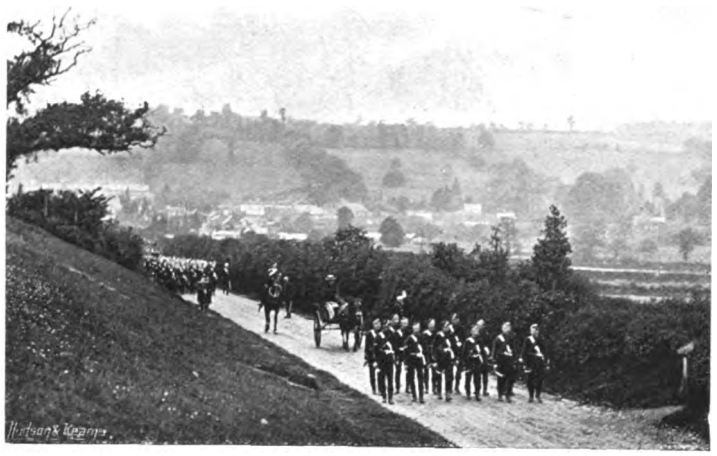
advantage of the ample cover afforded by the furze. The battle was stubbornly fought on both sides. Volley after volley they poured at each other. The Reds, who were extended in a wide front almost across the Common, showed very good form, and time after time flanked their opponents. The Greys had, of course, the more difficult task to perform in



ARRIVAL OF THE REDS.

Photos. Newman. Copyright.

HARROW CORPS IN ACTION.

A HOT CORNER.

IN AMBUSH.

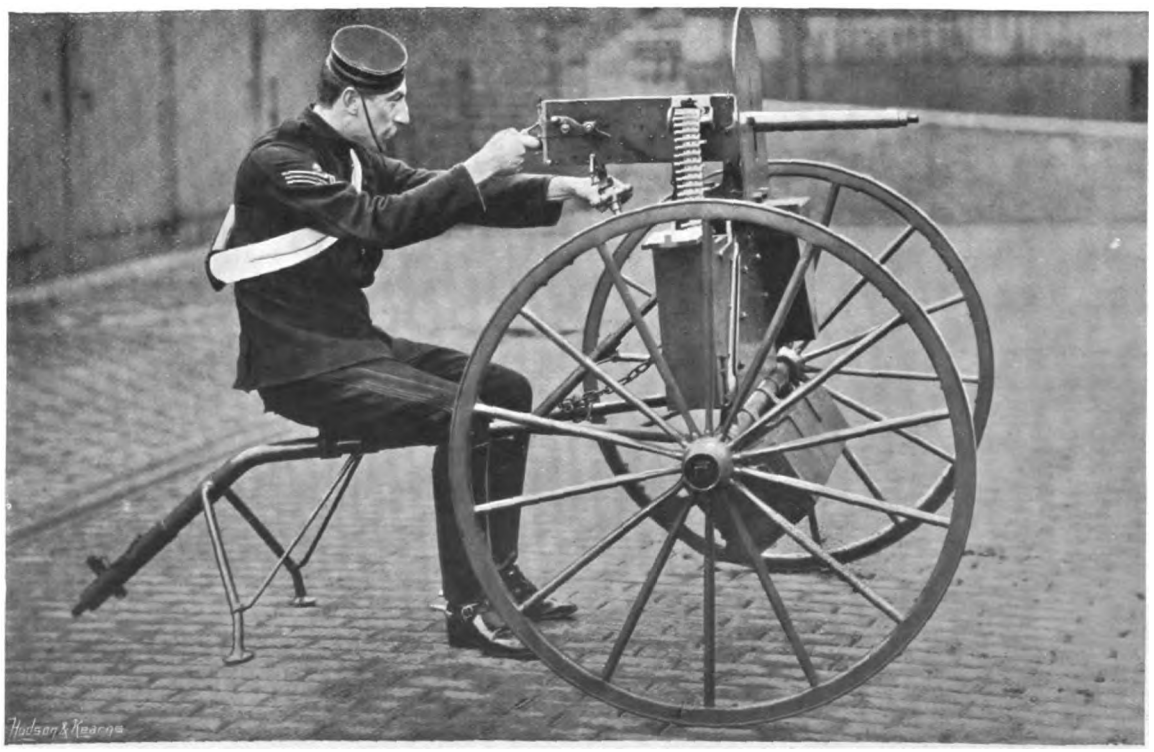
retreating, and though worsted in the end, did very creditable work. At the close of the fight the whole force marched from the Common along the new road to the castle grounds, accompanied by several bands. One had but to see them to feel that the question of the utility of public school corps was not one that needed to be debated.

Lord Dundonald's New Gun Carriage.

RECENTLY, on the Cavalry Drill Ground in Windsor Park, a new galloping gun carriage, invented by Colonel the Earl of Dundonald, commanding the 2nd Life Guards, was put to the test. The carriage, which is built of steel, weighs only 400-lb., including the Maxim gun and ammunition. It is thus some 600-lb. lighter than the Maxim carriage now in use.

The shafts are composed of hickory and steel, and can be easily and instantly detached. The gun is, of course, unlimbered when wanted to come into action, as we see it in the first picture, being worked by a non-commissioned officer of the 2nd Life Guards. After firing it can at once be limbered up at any angle, and in a few seconds is ready to gallop away to another part of the field. The ammunition is drawn from a rotary ammunition carrier capable of carrying 1,250 cartridges.

The wheels are composed of hickory and steel. The tyre is also of steel. The liability to capsize when one wheel is higher than another, as it might be on rough ground, is overcome in great measure by breaking the continuity between horse and carriage. Owing to the weight being so much less than that of the Service carriage it can be drawn by one horse instead of two, and the harness is made in such a way as to be easily shifted on to any other horse in case of a casualty. The



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THE DUNDONALD CARRIAGE—OLD PATTERN.

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carriage can be moved by one man for a considerable distance with ease. Two carriages were taken on to the field when the official trial was made, and these were accompanied by a troop of Life Guards.

The military authorities who witnessed the experiments regarded the result as eminently satisfactory. The drill ground, however, is not sufficiently rough to put the carriages to a very searching test, but previous to the official trials the new invention had been roughly handled, without any apparent damage. The inventor claims that if his idea be adopted a great saving of men will result. Lord Dundonald points out that two guns can be worked by three men—one to serve each gun and the third to hold the horses.

The pattern now in use has several disadvantages, among them great weight, which necessarily affects its mobility and entails the employment of two horses. The officer commanding the 2nd Life Guards has brought out other useful inventions, among them a light squadron cart, which was exhibited at Windsor when the gun carriages were tried.

Photo. Gregory. *THE DUNDONALD GALLOPING CARRIAGE.* Copyright.

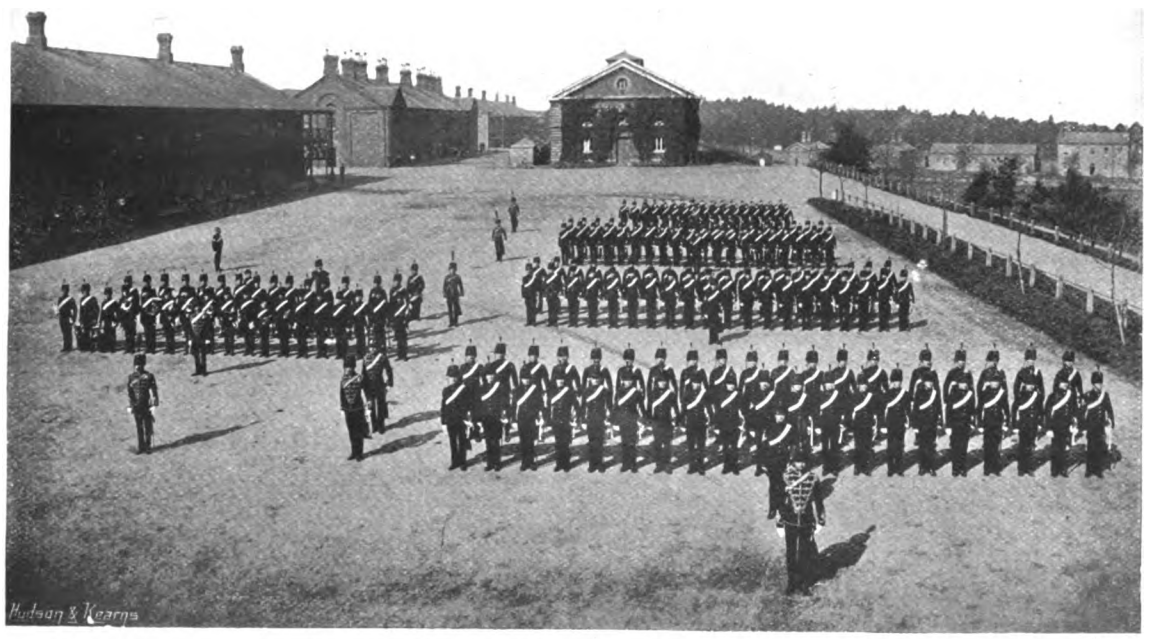
The 15th Hussars at Aldershot.

FEW cavalry regiments have such a reputation for smartness and efficiency in the field as the 15th Hussars.

The illustration below depicts the regiment drawn up for church parade, with the band on the right flank. This parade is always unpopular with Tommy Atkins, not because it is preliminary to attending church, but because he can see no reason why he should be compelled to attend Divine worship in his tunic, sword, and busby.

Possibly there is much to be said in favour of the soldier's argument, but civilians in a garrison town always look on the weekly church parade as a great event. Indeed, when the weather is favourable, the garrison churches are always filled, at the expense of other churches in the town. Needless to say the fair sex form a large proportion of the congregation, for at the close of the service the men are drawn up outside the church before being marched back to barracks headed by the band. "Forming up" necessarily occupies a few minutes, and this permits of the troopers being scrutinised by their lady friends. The whole congregation, practically, follows the regiment to its parade ground, but it is not until the parade is dismissed that Tommy is at liberty.

AN EXPERIMENTAL GUN CARRIAGE.



Photos. Evelyn. *CHURCH PARADE* Copyright.

As soon as opportunity offers, however, there is a general shaking of hands all round, the band plays, and gay dresses and uniforms promenade together.

The above illustration represents a carriage for the Maxim gun which for some time has been in charge of the 15th Hussars, with a view to its being tested. It is one of those which is purposed for use with cavalry. The gun can be unlimbered easily, and limbered up again with equal simplicity. The carriage is designed to carry fourteen boxes of ammunition, each box holding 250 rounds. The weight of the gun with two men on the limber is somewhat over 16-cwt.

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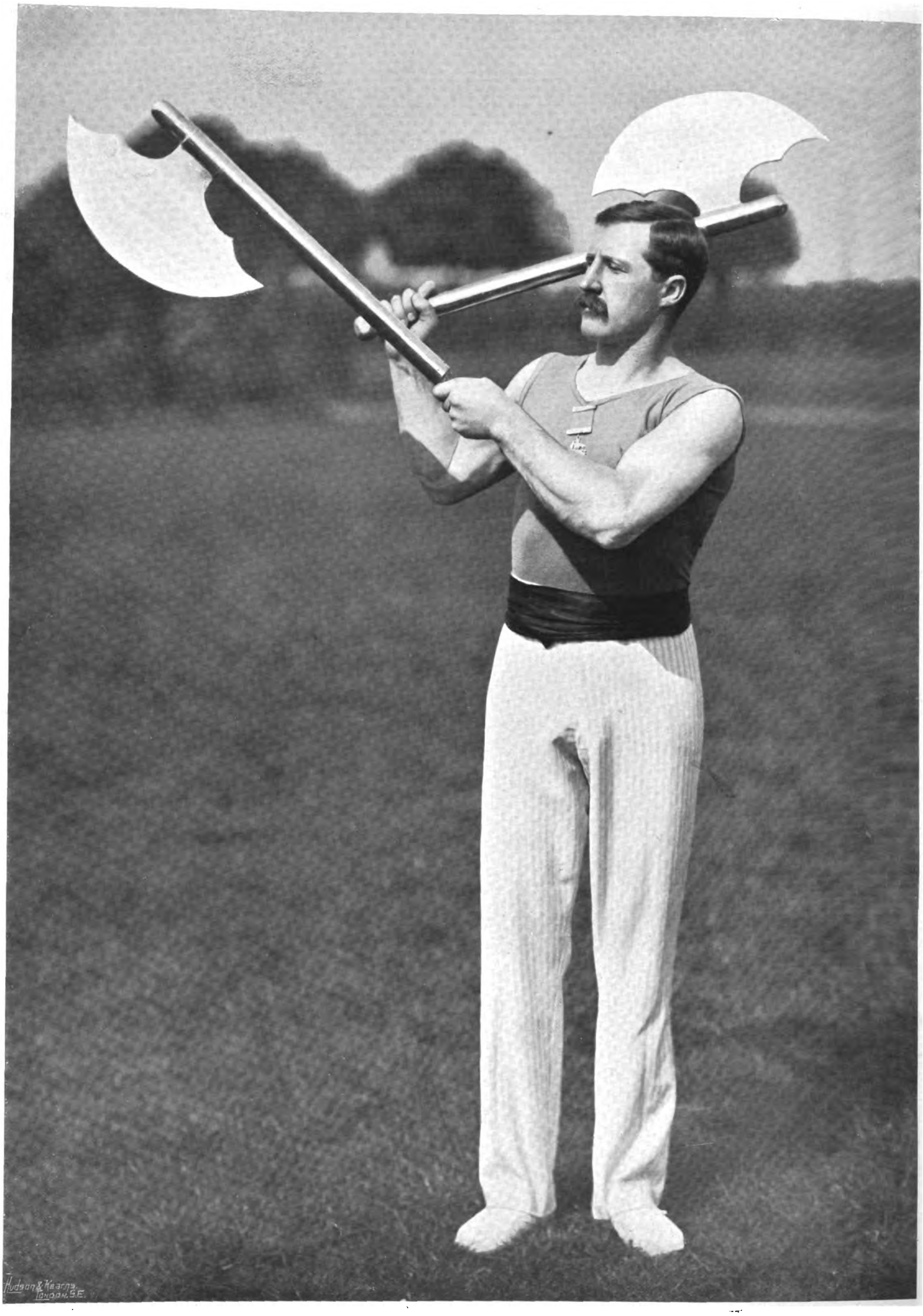

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A TRIUMPH OF STRENGTH AND SKILL.

(See Page 377.)

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo. Elliott & Fry. Copyright.

GENERAL SIR H. S. JONES, K.C.B., ROYAL MARINES.

(See Page 401.)

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A Novel Experience for Bluejackets.

[FROM A NAVAL CORRESPONDENT.]

THE vicissitudes of life as seen on the East Indian station are peculiar, and occasionally, even in such an "Inferno" as Aden is in June, pleasant and novel experiences fall to the lot of a British bluejacket. Outside the mass of fiery hot cinders which form Aden proper, there is a stretch of sand, like an isthmus, joining it on to the mainland; here are stationed the Aden Troop, a mixed body of light cavalry and camel corps, under Captain Wadeson, of the Poona Horse, who holds a very important post in the defence of Aden from marauding Arabs.

At this camp, which is luckily open to a refreshing sea breeze on either side, to temper the extreme heat of the sand, there is a long-distance rifle range, where a number

THE LANDING PARTY.

of the men of the "Cossack" went to finish their firing. Captain Wadeson, having sent down ponies for the officers and camels for the men, provided the experience which gave the subjects for the present set of illustrations.

The first shows some of the party on the jetty immediately after landing from the boat, with Billie, the "Cossack's" goat, well to the fore; he is a very fine animal, presented to the ship's company over a year ago by the Sultan of Muscat, and, like most of his species, very fond of tobacco and intoxicating drinks; however, always ready to march with the men. The hat covers worn by the men, though not ornamental, were a great protection from "Sol ferox." Another illustration shows the preparation

ABOARD A "SHIP OF THE DESERT."

for the start, each bluejacket being mounted behind a camel sowar, who controlled the wilful beast. The above illustration shows to perfection the brother men-at-arms in happy comradeship, prepared for any emergency, though after a few miles it is probable the man of the sea would be only too glad to leave the "ship of the desert" and take to the solid earth. The camels themselves are particularly fine animals, some of the best of their species, and the men are very proud of them

Photos P. W Bassett Smith. Copyright.

THE START FOR THE RIFLE RANGE.

Mine-Laying in the Canaries.

ALTHOUGH submarine mines have so far played no part in the war, and were absolutely despised by Admiral Dewey when he steamed into Manila Bay, they have entered largely into the calculations of both belligerents.

We are able to illustrate, from a photograph, the work of mine-laying actually going on in the Puerto La Luz, Las Palmas, Gran Canaria. The Spaniards have made every preparation for an attack upon the Canaries, and all the principal positions there have been made ready for defence.

The launch we depict is engaged in the work of dropping observation or electro-contact mines, with their mooring cables and sinkers. It is not likely that the Spanish mining organisation is as efficient as our own. The usual system is carefully to ascertain the intended positions, by means of mark-buoys, and to drop the mines overboard, with sinkers, at the allotted stations. They are attached to branch lines of a cable circuit, and at the right moment an observer ashore detonates them by touching the key of the firing battery; while, in the case of contact mines, the bump of a passing ship tilts the mercurial circuit-closer, and completes the work of the defenders.

The Canaries lie well within striking distance of the American seaboard, and defensive work in the islands is thus of great consequence.

Photo. H. Cutliffe Hyne. Copyright.

LOWERING THE MINE INTO PLACE.

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Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns.

A SEA-GOING TRAINING-SHIP—"TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA."

(See Page 401.)

Photo. W. M Crockett.

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On the Pacific Station.

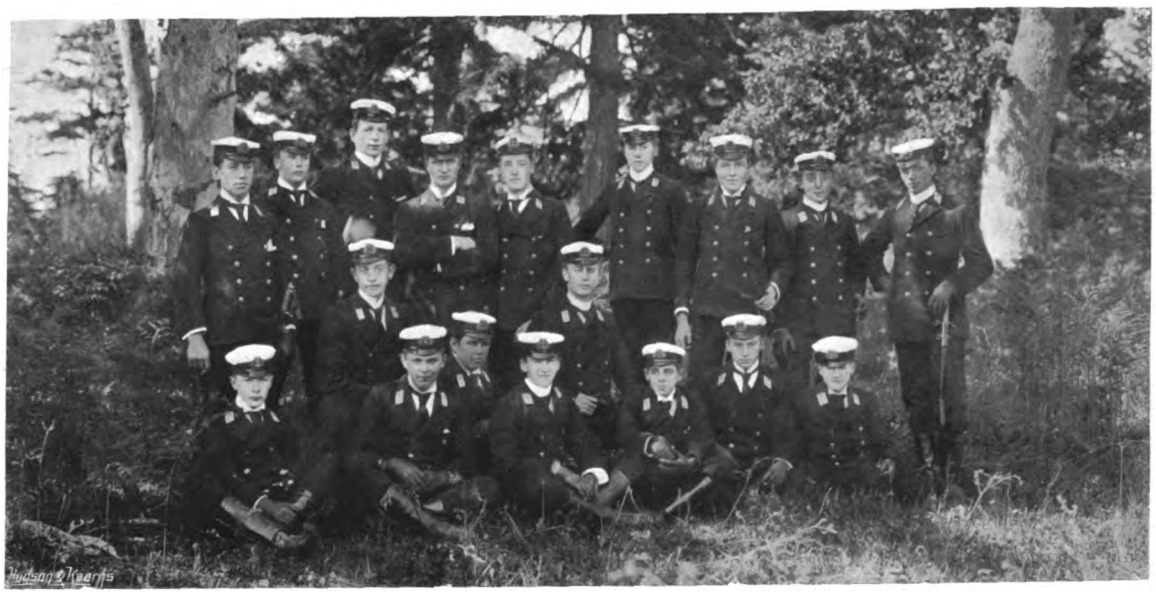
THE Pacific is a long way off; moreover it is, just now at all events, a quiet and peaceful station, fully justifying its title; and so we do not hear very much about it. We have, however, a squadron of eight or ten ships out there, under the command of Rear-Admiral Palliser, whose flag-ship is the "Imperieuse," an armoured cruiser of a formidable type, though, in these rapid times, a little behind the day as regards speed. She is armed with four 22-ton 9·2-in. and ten 6-in. quick-firing guns, besides smaller ones, one of the big guns being mounted at either end in a barbette, and the two others on projecting sponsons on the broadside. Her only sister ship is the "Warspite," not at present in commission.

The midshipmen of the flag-ship have, as will be noticed, a fancy for being photographed "under the greenwood tree," away from their nautical surroundings; and, being confident that they will look nice anywhere, are quite smiling and happy, as midshipmen ought to be. Their white cap covers and cloth continuations betoken that it is summer in the northern part of the station, where it is at times quite hot enough for semi-tropical attire.

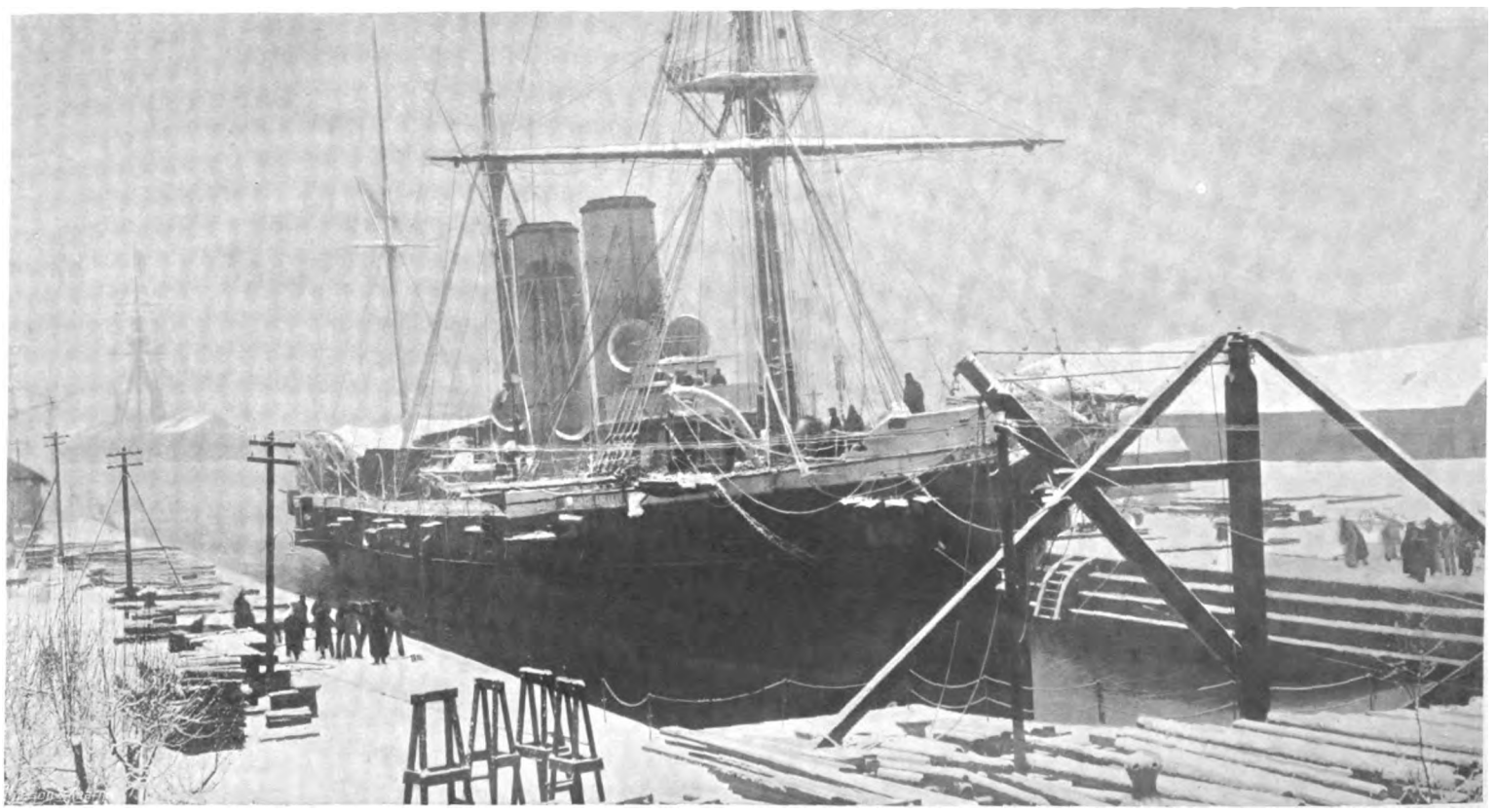
The winter, however, affords opportunities for the wearing of thick pilot cloth and shooting boots, as will be realised from the picture of the "Phaeton" undergoing the process of docking, under conditions which are far from being tropical. The flag-ship may be discerned at anchor in the distance, a glimmer of white showing up from her snow-covered awning. The scene is at Esquimault, Vancouver Island, where there is a dockyard and a victualling establishment.

Our other illustration shows a somewhat remarkable incident. A party of officers and men have taken the seining-net to get a haul of fish, a very favourite diversion in warm weather. Note the various fantastic dresses considered suitable to the occasion. They have, however, unexpectedly caught a veritable tartar, in the shape of a sea-devil, an enormous fish of the skate species measuring in this instance 23-ft. in length and 19-ft. in breadth. They have managed to land him; but it may be conjectured that the boatswain will have some repairs to execute on that seine, as the great fish the men have succeeded in capturing will certainly justify its name.

CATCHING A TARTAR.



MIDSHIPMEN OF THE "IMPERIEUSE."



From Photos

A WINTER DAY IN VANCOUVER ISLAND.

By a Naval Officer.

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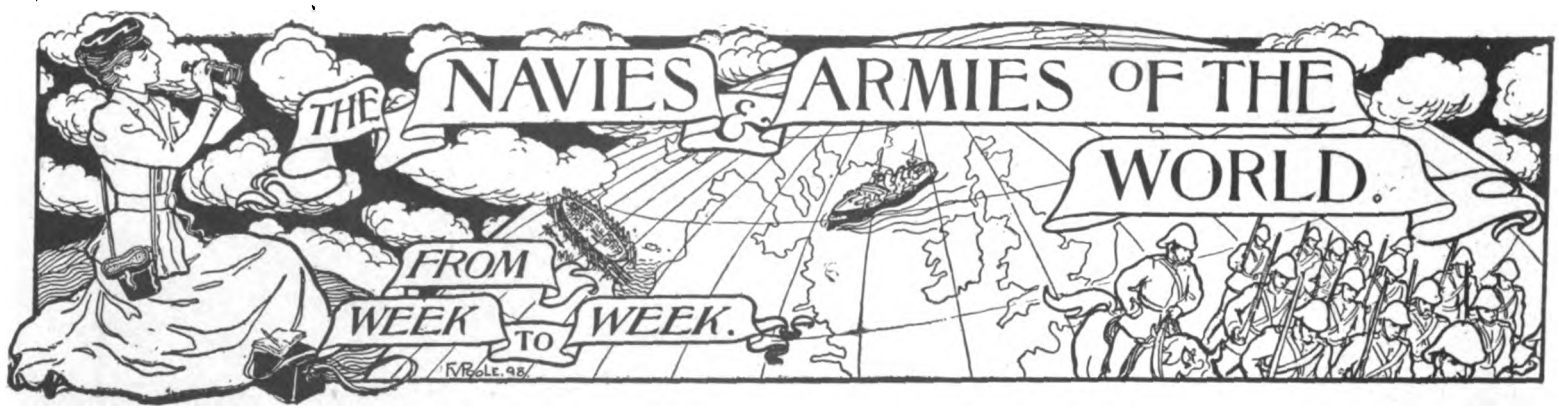

ALL observers who looked soberly at the facts must have begun to see long ago that nothing short of an almost miraculous combination of good fortune—blunders on the part of his opponent, and energy in himself—could save Admiral Cervera's squadron from destruction. Yet the exact manner of his ruin took everybody by surprise. It did not read like an operation of civilised war at all. A hunting man once told me that he had seen a fox which had been chased into a barn and had taken refuge in a corn crib do something which at first appears very like the action of the Spanish admiral. The poor animal looked at the pack which was barking at it from the floor, and then leaped down, and was, of course, at once torn to pieces. This sort of thing *n'est pas la guerre*, as civilised nations understand that business. You do your best, and when the game is up you surrender, knowing that you will be decently treated. In the Indian Mutiny, and in rows with pure savages, the rule does not hold good. Then men may fight it out to the end when all hope of success is gone, and may even kill themselves rather than fall alive into the hands of the enemy. But that is because they know they will certainly be massacred, and will in all probability be tortured if they survive the fight. Their action is comparable to the action of a shipwrecked man who, finding himself in the water with no possibility of rescue, throws his hands up, and drowns quickly to shorten the agony. But Admiral Cervera was in no such position. Why then did he rush out in broad daylight, as if it was his intention to seek immolation?

* * * *

TIME will probably give the explanation of a good deal which is still mysterious. If Admiral Cervera's alleged letter to Marshal Blanco, and his interview with the American journalist, are genuine, he went out in consequence of an order from the Captain-General of Cuba, whom he had been directed to obey, or from the Minister of Marine. In that case he would not be responsible. Nelson, who was ready enough to disobey an unwise order, would have steered a whole squadron to inevitable destruction if what had been asked from him was sacrifice, saying "that his life was at the service of his King and country." Duncan, when his ships deserted him in the North Sea, announced that he meant to steer the "Venerable" into the middle of the Dutch fleet if it came out of the Texel, and go down with his colours flying. He was the man to have kept his word. Critics would have been found to say that it was a useless sacrifice; but an example of heroism, even when it is not quite sane, is never wholly useless. At any rate, Admiral Cervera, his officers, and his men, have proved one thing among them, which is that the Spanish Navy has the root of the matter in it, namely—valour. Given timely and intelligent training, which they have not had, and there will be no risk that they will fail in future for want of spirit. Of course, there remains the question of the way of doing the thing. Many criticisms may be, and have been, passed on the admiral's management, but it is excedingly doubtful whether the end could have been materially different whatever he had done. Even the coming out in the day is not unintelligible since it was certain that the enemy's scouts would be on the watch, and that the search-light would have revealed his movements at once. It seems at any rate credible that, knowing the enterprise to be as good as hopeless, he acted in the spirit of the lines which Marryat admired so much:—

> "Lord of earth and air,
> O King! O Father! hear my humble prayer.
> Dispel this cloud, the light of Heaven restore;
> Give me to see—and Ajax asks no more.
> If Greece must perish—we thy will obey;
> But *let us perish in the face of day.*"

The story that the Spaniards put on their best uniforms because they believed themselves to be going to destruction, and wished to die with dignity, is probably true. It was very barbarian, very much like a Rajput, or the Spartans who adorned themselves before Thermopylæ, but it is not on that account the less like a Spaniard, when he is worked to the proper pitch. There is something in that spirit. If our unhappy Byng had had a little of it he would have fought La Galissionère a second time, and then he would not have been shot for failing to do his utmost. This, by the way, was his real offence, and not his management of the battle, which, though clumsy, was orthodox enough, according to the Fighting Instructions.

* * * *

THE conclusion of the whole matter is that negligence, stupidity, and the selfishness of politicians are abominably cruel. If the Spanish Government had seen that its men were properly taught, and had not conducted the war mainly with an eye to persuading the public at Madrid "that something was being done," this horrible butchery would never have taken place. But the Spanish Government is very plainly no wiser than it was in the seventeenth century. Poor Admiral Cervera has repeated pretty much the history of that Antonio de Oquendo who was destroyed by Tromp in the Straits of Dover in 1639. Oquendo was sent then with an insufficient fleet to help the Spanish troops which were cut off in the Low Countries, very much as Marshal Blanco is now isolated in Cuba. He was a man of considerable force of character and courage, who had fought well against the Dutch before, but he was sent to do an impossible thing. His fleet was overmatched by Tromp in the Channel, and took refuge at Deal. The Government of Charles I. behaved in an ignoble fashion, as may be read at length in Mr. Gardiner's History. Finally, the Spaniards were attacked at anchor while loading some gunpowder we had agreed to sell to them, were driven to sea, and almost wholly destroyed. History never quite repeats herself, and there are obvious differences between the destinies of these two unhappy officers. What does repeat itself, though, with differences in the details, but identity in the essentials, is the failure of people who will not prepare in time, and who will not act on rational principles. Marryat makes the quartermaster tell Peter Simple that the Spaniard would have fought better at St. Vincent if he had known how, and apparently that is all we can say to-day.

* * * *

FOR ourselves and the rest of the world the morals of the whole shocking story would seem to be simple enough. That the cannon remains "the queen of battles" at sea now as in the old days is one of them. The torpedo may, like the old fire-ship, be dreadfully effective when it can be employed, but the circumstances in which it can be used with effect seem (even when every allowance is made for the Spaniards' want of skill) to present themselves less commonly than the chances for the use of the artillery. But the great lesson of all is the value of skill. We shall probably hear a good deal about the mechanical causes of the success of the Americans—the size of their ships, the arrangement of their armour, their armament, and so forth; but the plain truth of the tale is that if they had aimed as badly as the Spaniards, if the Spaniards had aimed as straight as they do, then even if Admiral Sampson had escaped having his ships crippled at San Juan de Puerto Rico, Admiral Cervera would have got clean off at Santiago, leaving his signature very legible on every hostile vessel which came within range of his guns. Exactly how good the American fire was it is difficult to say. Their gunners were not disturbed by the enemy's shot, which is a very important consideration, and even so they took a fair time to dispose of their opponents. The difference between these two was as between something and nothing, which is infinite. How it would be where the difference is only in degree one cannot say with full confidence. Yet, after all, the greater skill, which means the power of giving more and better placed blows, must tell. In this particular case the Americans would have won quite as effectually if they had been armed with the despised Woolwich muzzle-loader. The most scientific weapons are useless when they are not properly aimed. Yet experts would have declared confidently beforehand that Admiral Sampson, having only muzzle-loaders, could not live for ten minutes under the fire of the Spaniards' breech-loaders and quick-firing guns. For us this much-needed reminder, that now, as always, it is the men and not the machines who win, is properly considered encouraging. With our long service it is our fault if our gunners have not, over every conscript Navy in the world, something of the advantage which the Americans had over the Spaniards.

* * * *

ONE curious, and withal pleasing, feature of the land operations about Santiago de Cuba has not received the notice it deserves. This is the extraordinary good nature—an old-world general would have said unmilitary laxity—shown by the Americans in receiving the civilian fugitives from the town. On the face of it what appears to have happened is that the Spanish commandant hastened to get rid of his "useless mouths," and that his enemy very kindly took them off his hands and undertook to feed them. No sensible man who has a town to defend can possibly want to be hampered by civil officials, bishops, women, and children. It is his clear interest that the other side should take charge of them all. In the fierce old days General Shafter would have been thought to have shown a most unsoldierly weakness. Everyone who has read histories of sixteenth century campaigns has come across cases in which the defenders of towns have driven the inhabitants into the trenches, and the besiegers having refused to receive them, they have perished miserably between the two. The civilised world has become too humane for such dreadful measures as these, yet in the Franco-German War of 1870-71 the Germans fired on a number of women who were endeavouring to escape from Metz and drove them back. In this same war some English people of more kindness of heart than hardness of head, collected food and comforts for the French wounded and applied to the Germans for leave to take them into a besieged town. The general to whom the application was made—Manteuffel, if the report is correct—pointed out that this was not business, since the supplies would enable the enemy to prolong the defence. Then the deputation said, "Oh, but we won't give anything to the soldiers." Manteuffel summoned an aide-de-camp and told him to take those people away. After all, sword, fire, and famine are the three daughters of war, and the mildest of these is famine. Least blood is spilt when a town is reduced by hunger; and by allowing part of the inhabitants to escape the besieger only prolongs the struggle, besides making bombardment and storm, which is always costly, more necessary. There is even some merit in the old rule that when a breach is made in the body of the place, a garrison which refuses to surrender is not entitled to quarter. At least the Duke of Wellington, who was a humane man, declared that if he had put the garrison of Ciudad Rodrigo to the sword, he would not have been compelled to lose 4,000 men in order to get Badajos. It is certain that Cromwell's terrible "execution" at Drogheda terrified the other Royalist garrisons in Ireland, and hastened their surrender, thereby proving humane in the long run; but that kind of measure requires a hardness of heart for which we are becoming too soft. The question is by which do we gain most—by the humanity which shrinks from inflicting torture in order to shorten war, or from the hardness of head which makes it the more terrible in order that it may be brief? The Americans have not always been so tender. In their Civil War the Federal general, Sheridan, boasted that he had so effectually desolated the Shenandoah valley, that a bird which wanted to cross it would have to carry its own food. Louis XIV. could have said no more after the burning of the Palatinate.

DAVID HANNAY.

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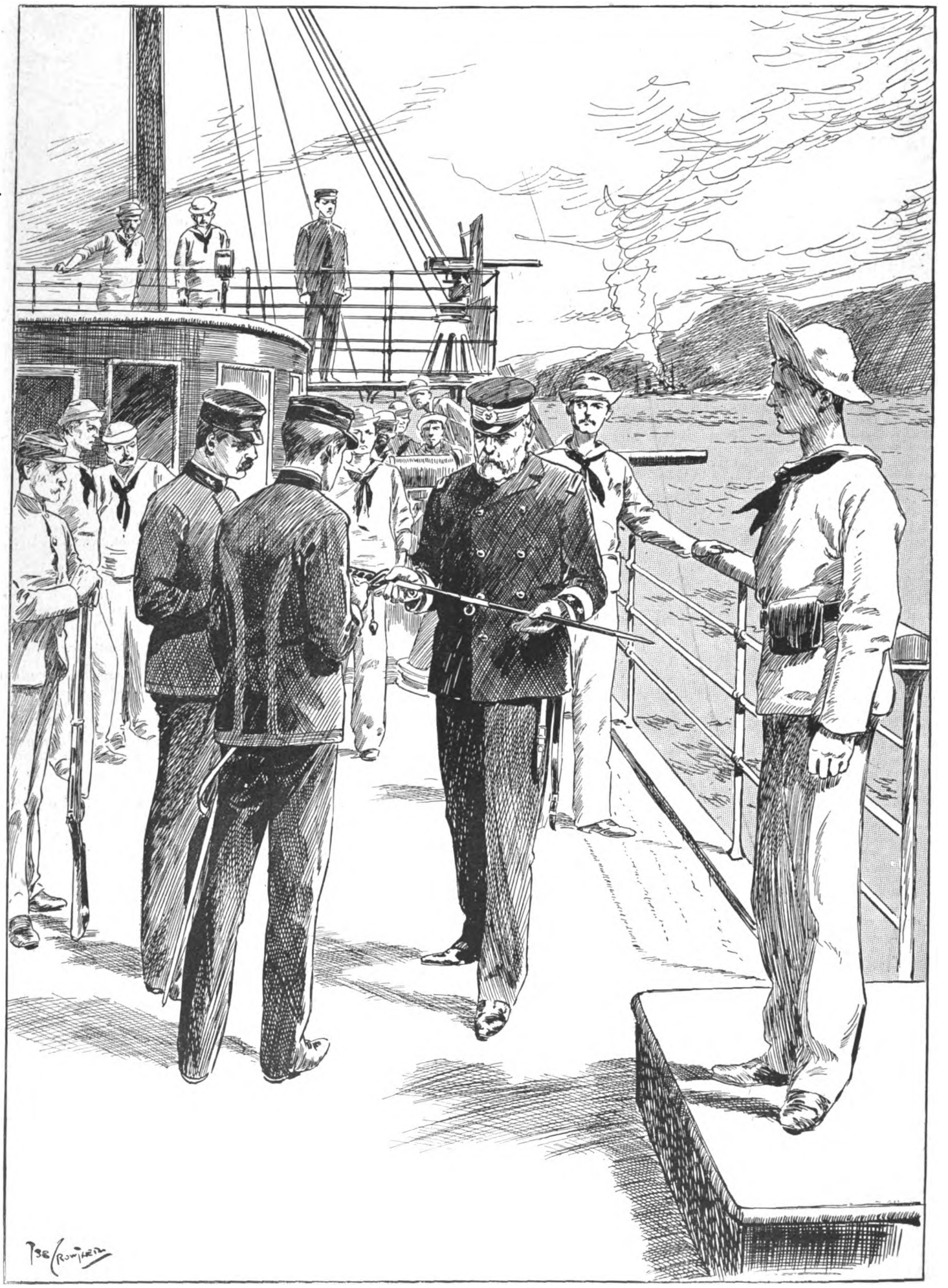

ADMIRAL CERVERA SURRENDERS HIS SWORD.

After his blind dash out of Santiago, Admiral Cervera was saved from the wreck of his flag-ship, the "Infanta Maria Teresa," by a boat from the United States' despatch vessel "Gloucester." He was taken on board that vessel, where, with tears in his eyes, he offered his sword to Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, who, however, refused to receive it, and accommodated the wounded admiral in his cabin until the arrival of the "New York" permitted the Spaniard to make his submission to Admiral Sampson.

From a Description by an Eye-witness.

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WITH rushlights more or less illuminative the tireless critics of these days are peering into the nooks and crannies of history. They are reversing our judgments, upsetting our theories, besmirching our friends, whitewashing those we have ostracised. I do not count Sir Hudson Lowe among these last, though the tactless and pedantic, but honest, soldier has sadly lacked a sympathetic Boswell. When he might have spoken, he stood stolidly silent, and in default of his appearance at the bar of public opinion, the case went against him. Now at length a writer has arisen to put Mr. Barry O'Meara in the stocks—

"And the stiff surgeon who maintained his cause
Hath lost his place,"

and lost with it "the world's applause," which Byron said had been his gain. In a certain sense Mr. R. C. Seaton, in his "Sir Hudson Lowe and Napoleon" (Nutt. 3s. 6d.), is slaying the slain. Mr. William Forsyth, some forty-five years ago, dealt the *coup de grace;* but his blows were administered in three such thick, weighty, dull volumes that the public were unaware of the belabouring, and only heard O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena," and the censures of Bertrand, Montholon, and Gourgaud, who, as someone caustically observes, were honourable men, according to the *Code Napoleon*. Sir Hudson Lowe was Napoleon's "gaoler," O'Meara his surgeon, and it was chiefly through the surgeon's joining in the Frenchmen's chorus that Sir Hudson Lowe was condemned for his harsh treatment of the man he delighted to call "General Bonaparte." Mr. Seaton abuses the plaintiff's attorney throughout his volume, but it is not for want of a case. O'Meara was guilty of such conduct that he was struck out of the list of Naval surgeons. The attitude of Napoleon's suite towards the officer selected for the difficult office of custodian appears to have arisen out of a settled plan, by which they hoped to secure the Emperor's recall. I do not think there is good reason to believe that O'Meara was a traitor. He naturally came into close relations with the narrow circle of Napoleon's suite, and fell under the great soldier's influence. This led him to transgress regulations, and to endeavour by specious means to bring others into sympathy with the exile. But in any case Sir Hudson Lowe is vindicated, and that is the important question. Those who are interested in the latter days of Napoleon cannot do better than read Mr. Seaton's book.

I have had sent to me certain minor volumes which well deserve mention here. Those who are puzzled by the mysteries and worried by the demands of that inevitable "Schedule D," will do well to study a little volume by Mr. S. W. Flint (Effingham Wilson, 1s.). Extreme clearness and brevity are its merits. In estimating values of any kind whatever they will find the "*Tit-Bits* Monster Table Book" (7, Southampton Street, 1d.) of inestimable value. Every imaginable kind of table has been included, though for the rendering of metric values I have never seen anything so good as the Pola "Marine Almanach." "Wrinkles for Cyclists," by G. Lacy Hillier (George Newnes, 1s.), is the very best book of the kind. The author is ready with a hint or advice for every possible occasion or emergency, and the cyclist who seeks his own comfort and satisfaction in riding, or the stability of his machine, will find the book most helpful. He will laugh with Mr. Hillier at many a page, as where he gravely implores manufacturers to produce a cyclometer marking at least twelve miles for every ten traversed. He assures them, from experience of cycling human nature, that it would be widely popular. I have found many merits in "The London Guide Book" compiled by Ethel Montague (*Court Circular*, 6d.). It is more suggestive than explanatory in regard to where to stay and buy, or what to see, do, and know. Country cousins should find it useful.

Some of the July magazines have articles to which I take particular pleasure in drawing attention. The Ghoorka soldier is known to us all as the bold, enduring, frank, self-reliant comrade of Tommy Atkins in Indian wars, but he will be better known after a perusal of Major Hugh Pearse's picture of him as an enemy and as a friend in *Macmillan's Magazine*. We tasted the quality of the brave little fellow in the Nepal War. He was an enemy then, but many a time since we have learned to appreciate him as a friend, and Major Pearse's narrative of the services of the Sirmoor battalion at Delhi is most welcome. The 2nd Battalion of the 2nd Ghoorkas (Prince of Wales's Own) was in action thirty times in the Tirah Campaign, and on eighteen of these occasions fought a rear-guard action. Well may we value the Ghoorkas. The same magazine contains an excellent account of Napoleon and Josephine at Bayonne, by Lieutenant-Colonel Hill James, an officer who has gained a reputation as an authority on the battles of the Pyrenees. Two most exciting chapters of Naval history may be read in the *Century*—the dash of the Confederate commerce-destroyer "Tallahassee," built at Millwall as the "Atlanta," into New York waters (by her commander, Colonel Wood, who was a lieutenant in the "Merrimac" when she fought the "Monitor"), and the eventful cruise of the "Florida," which, after inflicting enormous damage upon Federal shipping, was rammed by the "Wachusett," and taken by the enemy, on the treacherous or cowardly report of an engineer that she was sinking. *Cassell's Magazine* has a capital illustrated article on "Big Guns in Action." Many readers have learned to look with interest for Mr. Fitchett's "Fights for the Flag" in the *Cornhill*. They will not be disappointed with his "Salamanca." In a very readable number of the *Badminton*, too, I noticed a well-informed article on "The Recent Development of Polo." For an artistic magazine the *Artist* is hard to beat. This is the Burne-Jones memorial number, but the account of home arts is very interesting.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Transport of Troops by Sea.

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. GRAHAM.

NO nation has had so much practice as our own in transporting troops by sea, and it must be admitted that in our great troop-ships the business is done to perfection. A vast number of details have to be arranged, but the officers and petty officers of the ships are so habituated to the work that a hitch very seldom occurs. The manner in which over a thousand men and their belongings are embarked at our home ports is simply admirable, all being conducted to their places with an order and a rapidity that must be seen to be appreciated.

The rule is that on board ship tactical units should be kept together as much as possible. In this way the men have to look to their own officers for guidance in all circumstances, and the duties are more easily performed by all ranks. It is also laid down, for sanitary reasons, that where soldiers are berthed, there must be 52 cubic feet of air space per man, and there must be 126 cubic feet per horse. The number of soldiers and horses carried varies, of course, with the size of the ship, and with the length of the passage. For a long voyage, the ship should have a measurement of 2½ tons per man, and 7 tons per horse, which means, roughly, that it takes a ship of 2,500 tons to carry 1,000 men to India. If the same vessel embarks horses, requiring 7 tons each, the number of men must be reduced accordingly.

The above rules are not strictly adhered to on short passages of a week or under, when the proportion of tonnage to men may be as two to one, while for merely crossing the channel, 1½ tons per man and 2½ tons per horse are sufficent. These three cases of a long, a short, and a channel passage are thus illustrated in Lord Wolseley's "Soldier's Pocket-Book":—"A battalion of infantry, 1,097 of all ranks, 55 horses, 4 carts, and 8 waggons" require 3,000, 2,500, or 1,800 tons for a long, a short, or a channel passage respectively. For "one transport company, Army Service Corps, 146 of all ranks, 97 horses," the tonnage required is 1,100, 850, or 500. These figures may serve to supply the general reader with data for calculating the number of ships required to convey even a small force across the sea.

To embark troops in our own harbours, and transport them in large and well-appointed steamers, is a comparatively simple operation, but in time of war, when convoys are necessary, and when a landing has to be effected on an enemy's territory, the matter becomes more complicated. The troops, horses, guns, stores, and ammunition may have to be disembarked on a beach. The weather may be so bad as to delay the landing for many days, or surf-boats may be necessary, as they are on several coasts where British troops habitually land. Then the landing may be opposed, and although it can be covered by the guns of the fleet, it may be deemed prudent to select another landing-place.

In the Egyptian War of 1882, Sir Garnet Wolseley started from Alexandria with seventeen transports, convoyed by eight war-ships, and two despatch-boats, on August 19, and it was the 23rd before the 9,000 men whom the transports carried had been all landed on the shores of the Suez Canal. That was only a small part of his force, and his dispositions were successful, but the fact shows that embarkation and disembarkation are liable to an infinite number of delays, even in tolerably favourable circumstances. It may here be incidentally mentioned that the "Euphrates" on that occasion carried the 2nd Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry and the 3rd Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps, which may be regarded as an example of the numbers carried on the shortest or channel passage, when the greatest proportion of men to tonnage is allowed. Forty-four steam-ships were hired during that war for carrying troops, guns, horses, mules, and waggons, amounting in gross tonnage to 140,747, besides many other ships which were employed for hospital purposes and in the conveyance of stores.

Sir Ralph Abercromby's historical landing in Egypt, in the first year of this century, furnishes the most brilliant and extraordinary instance of disembarkation in the face of an enemy. He anchored in Aboukir Bay on March 2, but owing to stormy weather it was not till the 8th that he landed. His whole force consisted of 16,337 men and 627 horses, but he depended on his 1st Division of 5,000 soldiers to gain the first footing on the soil, and it was bravely done. No preparation was left unheeded by that careful commander. He had repeatedly practised his 1st Division in landing at Marmorice, and he saw there that everything was done in regular order. The consequence was that when the time for earnest work came every man knew his place. The division was pulled ashore in boats, each containing fifty men. They landed and formed up under a fire of artillery and musketry, advanced with resistless determination, and once more brought victory to our colours, in an enterprise which appeared well-nigh hopeless.

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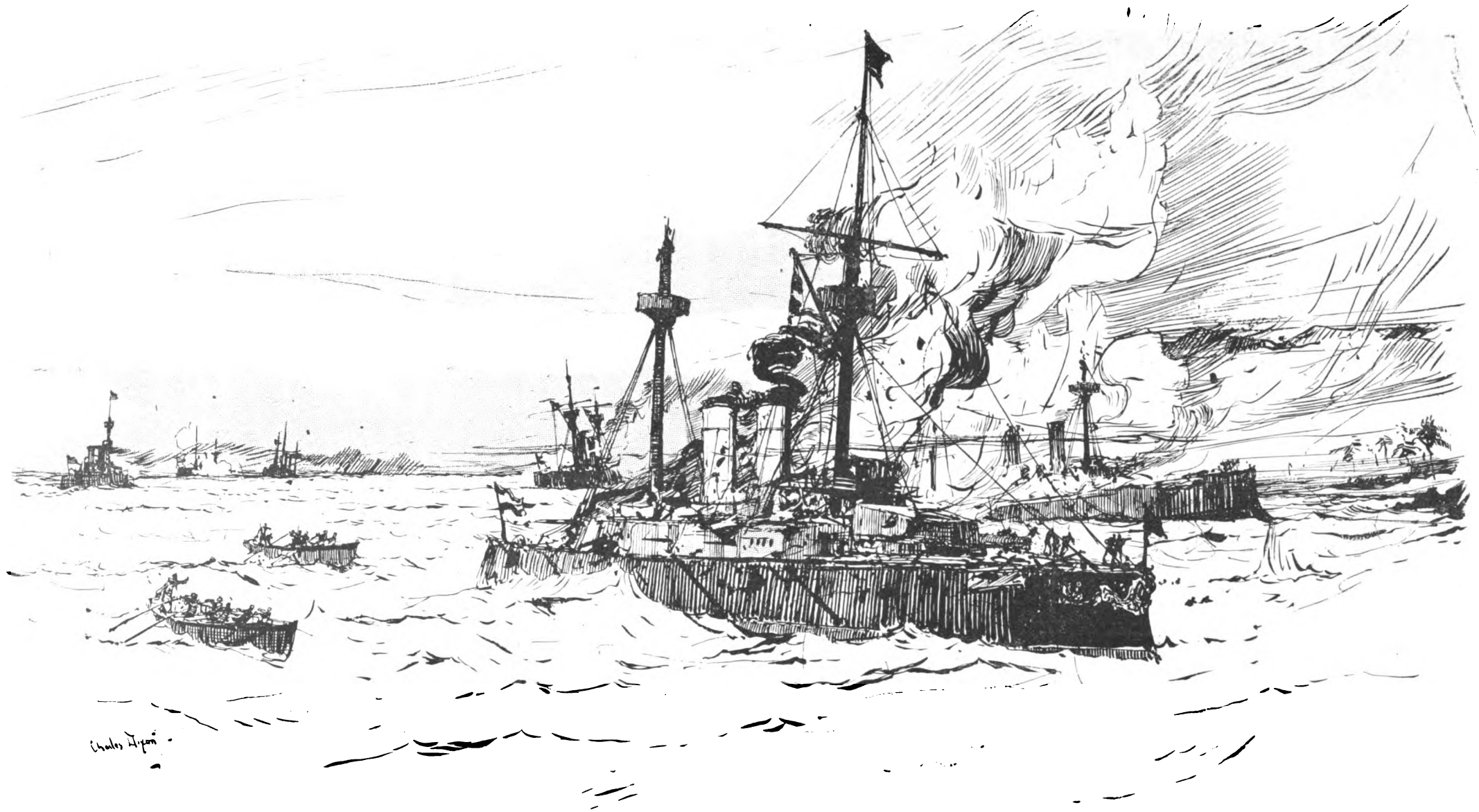

THE ANNIHILATION OF ADMIRAL CERVERA'S SQUADRON.

On Sunday, July 3, at half-past nine in the morning, the Spanish ships under Admiral Cervera made a mad-brained attempt to escape the United States' blockading force outside Santiago. The torpedo-boat destroyers, "Furor" and "Pluton," were driven ashore within four miles of the port. The cruisers, "Maria Teresa," "Oquendo," and "Vizcaya," were forced ashore, burnt, and blown up some fifteen miles further west, and at two in the afternoon the remaining cruiser, the "Cristobal Colon," was driven ashore sixty miles west of Santiago and there hauled down her colours Illustrations of all these vessels and of the American ships engaged will be found in previous issues of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

From a Description by an Eye-witness.

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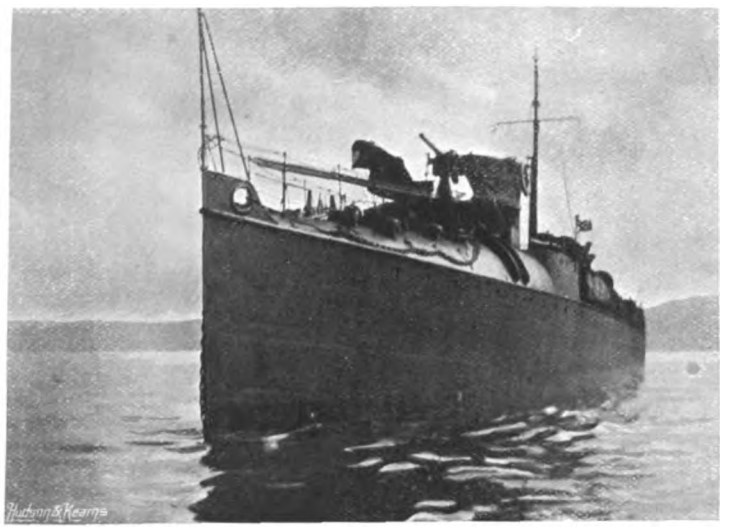
"CHOOSERS OF THE SLAIN."

"The line that holds the signalled course,
The hate that swings the whole;
The stripped hulls, slinking through the gloom,
Half guessed and gone again."

NO better move has been made by the Admiralty of late years than the establishment of the torpedo instructional flotillas of destroyers at the ports of Chatham, Portsmouth, and Plymouth. Each of these flotillas comprises half-a-dozen torpedo-boat destroyers, all in full commission. The senior boat is commanded by a commander, who is the commodore of the dainty little fleet, while each boat is under the command of a lieutenant.



THE T.B.D. "JANUS" AT REST.

In addition to the commanding officer, each boat carries a sub-lieutenant, an engineer, and a gunner, and the whole complement of the craft when in commission ranges from 45 to 60. Take, for example, the "Lightning," which is the commodore's ship of the Portsmouth flotilla. She has a length of 200-ft., a beam of 20-ft., and draws, on a displacement of 280 tons, a shade over 6-ft. of water. Her engines, which give her a speed of 28 knots, have an indicated horse-power of 4,000. Some of the later craft, however, are much more powerfully engined. In these the dainty little triple-expansion engines, which look almost like toys, can develop 6,000 horse-power, and give the craft they drive a speed of over 30 knots. For gun armament the "Lightning" carries one 12-pounder and five 6-pounder quick-firers, while her torpedo battery comprises two tubes for the discharge of 18-in. Whitehead torpedoes.

The pictures which illustrate these notes give an excellent idea of this the latest type of war craft. In one we are shown a destroyer bows on, while another gives us a view of the port quarter of the "Swordfish," steaming slowly away.

A third shows a boat's crew from the "Desperate" at the landing place at Scarborough. This boat is the flag-ship of the Chatham flotilla, and in a fourth illustration we are given an excellent picture of her. The remaining illustrations show the stern of the "Desperate" and a bow view of the "Janus," lying with her engines stopped.

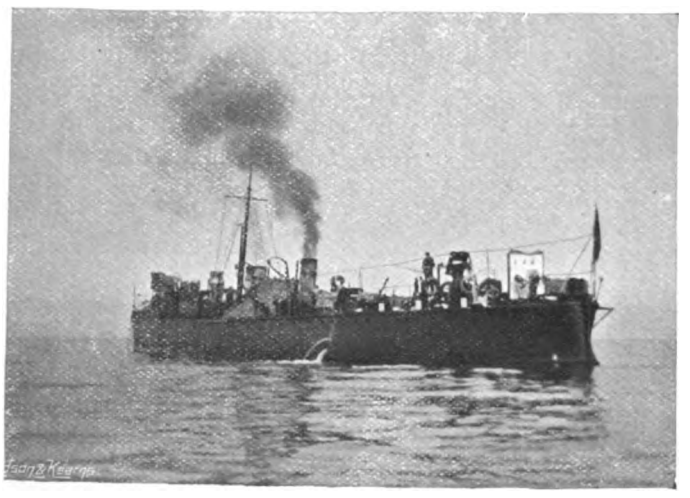
The object of keeping these boats in commission is in the main for the purpose of the instruction of stokers in the dealing with the water-tube boilers now so largely adopted in our Service, and with which all these boats are fitted. These men come to the boats for a month and are then replaced by a fresh detachment.

As illustrative of the training the men receive, we may quote the routine of the Portsmouth flotilla. The ships are always at sea for at least four hours daily, and one night a week there is a four hours' run after dark. For one week the boats run in and out independently from Portsmouth with half-boiler power. The second and third weeks they cruise as a squadron with all boilers, the second week at about 20 knots, the third week at full speed. The fourth week machinery is opened up and the boilers and engines cleaned and overhauled. Moreover the boats are largely used for instructional purposes in gunnery and torpedo work. They run their own torpedoes once a week, and have also their quarterly target practice, and at Portsmouth they are made use of in training the homing pigeons, a loft of these birds being instituted at Whale Island.

BOWS ON.

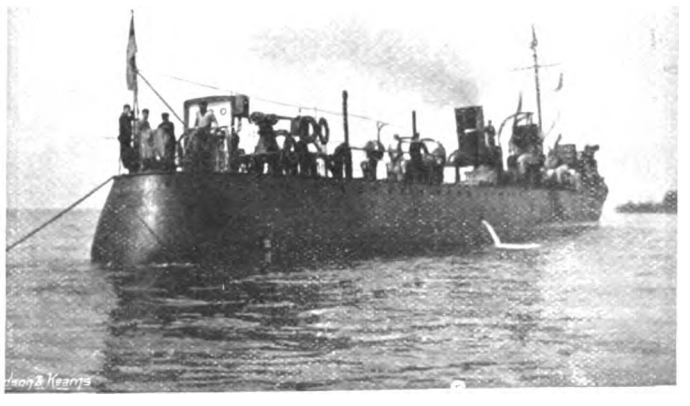
AT THE LANDING STEPS.

STERN ON.



Photos. W. Wood.

THE "SWORDFISH" UNDER WAY.



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THE "DESPERATE" AT ANCHOR.

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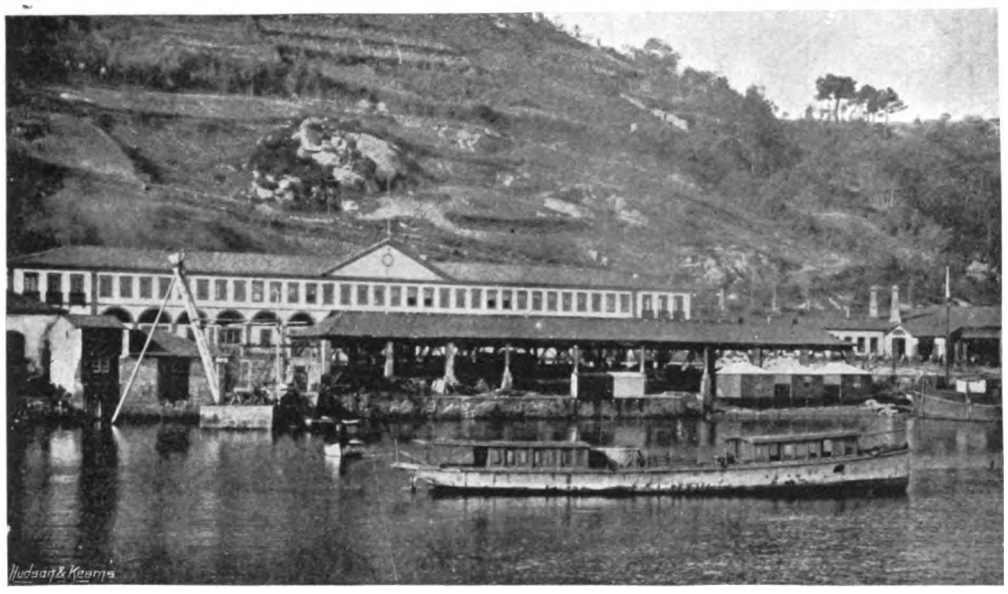
Ports Awaiting Bombardment.

THE departure of Admiral Camara on his romantic expedition to the Philippines left the coasts of Spain a prey to Yankee shells, and forthwith came the announcement that Commodore Watson was to cross the Atlantic with a strong bombarding force. The terrible events of Santiago have changed once more the course of the war, and quickened the Americans for their attack. The Spaniards, who have a curious compound of phlegmatic indifference and febrile excitability in their constitution, affected to despise, and probably did despise, the threat. Americans may have trembled in their shoes at the very thought that perchance Admiral Cervera might bombard the coast; but not so the Dons. Their pride, it was said, was not to be humbled by any such means. And then there were practical difficulties to be overcome in making the threatened attack—difficulties of coal and ammunition supply, but many more in approaching the places to be shelled.

THE VIZCAYA BRIDGE; BILBAO.

Until the plan of Commodore Watson is declared, we can only speculate as to his operations. Will he proceed to the extremity of attacking open towns, or devote his destructive efforts to the Naval ports? Our illustrations are of some of the places that might attract his attention, if they do not invite his attack. There is the old Basque town of Bilbao on the north, where three of Admiral Cervera's unfortunate cruisers were built. It is a thriving place, busy with iron and steel foundries, exporting iron, zinc, and lead ore, with grain and other produce, and dealing, besides, in leather, ropes, and sail-cloth. But to make a Naval attack on the place would be a tough business, for it lies some six miles from the mouth of the Nervion, which is a river well defended, and not easy to navigate. Ships, indeed, of size are accustomed to discharge at Portugalete, at the mouth. Bilbao lies on both sides of the Nervion, the old town on the left, and the new one, rising in fine terraces, on the right. There is a very old stone bridge, with others built during this century, and, lower down, the splendid iron suspension structure, which is of unusual character, as will be seen.



THE DOCKYARD AT FERROL.

THE ARSENAL AT CARTAGENA.

Ferrol, at that bold north-western buttress of Spain, is a port we have blockaded, and off the place Calder fought his famous but abortive action, in which he failed to cripple the French, before Trafalgar. But to take Ferrol from the sea is probably impossible. The Spaniards, at any rate, consider it impregnable.

They have an important arsenal at this port, begun by Ferdinand VI. about the year 1752, and many ships of the Spanish Navy have issued through that narrow passage. The rocky channel, opening into Arez and Betanzos Bays, is about two miles long, defended chiefly by Forts Palma and San Felipe, and at the narrowest part only one vessel of any size can pass at a time. The picturesque old town itself cannot be seen from the sea. The dockyard covers about twenty-three acres, and has a very large rectangular fitting basin, with docks and building-slips outside on the Carranza cove, while, on the other hand, nearer to the channel, is the La Graña ship-building yard, lying at the foot of a wooded hill.

The town of Ferrol has a School of Naval Engineering, a nautical observatory, and barracks for the accommodation of 6,000 seamen.

Ferrol rivals in importance the more notable port of Cadiz, some of whose powerful defences we have already illustrated.

Our other pictures are of the Mediterranean ports. Cartagena, which has had a famous Naval history in classic and later times, lies upon a land-locked harbour, with its opening fortified on both sides, and further defended by the strong island of La Escombrera, about two and a-half miles from the narrow entrance. Sir John Leake, the defender

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of Gibraltar, occupied the place in the War of the Spanish Succession, and it has seen a great deal of warfare and civil brawl since. Admiral Lobos threw some shells into it during the struggle with the Intransigentes in 1873, and the dockyard, which had been created afresh by Naval-Engineer Tallerie between 1863 and 1866, was damaged. It still has something of a forlorn aspect. Our picture gives an excellent idea of it, and the entrance clock-tower, which is approached by broad, palm-fringed roads, will be discerned beyond the basins and stores.

Barcelona, the greatest commercial port and centre in Spain, where the peace movement is strongest, is more open to attack than any of the other places illustrated, but the difficulty of maintaining a fleet off the port will probably give it immunity. It is a great and busy town, with fine streets, imposing buildings, lofty columns, and all the evidences of prosperity. Barcelona is, in fact, the Manchester of Spain, and the emporium of all the business of Catalonia and the neighbouring provinces.

THE PORT OF BARCELONA.

Ships of the Eastern Bombarding Squadron.

THE doubtful enterprise of bombarding the Spanish ports having been confided to Commodore Watson, it must be of interest to depict some of the vessels of his squadron. It was ordered that this force should include the "Newark," flag, "Iowa," and "Oregon," with the cruisers "Yosemite," "Yankee," and "Dixie," and the colliers "Scendia," "Aberenda," and "Alexander." It seemed not unlikely that the "Vesuvius," that notable dynamite gun-boat which was reported by imaginative journalists to have caused a veritable earthquake at Santiago, might join the squadron, and we therefore illustrate her with the other important vessels.

It seems to be the preference of American admirals to hoist their flags in swift cruisers, and there is certainly some advantage. But the "Newark" is not well fitted, except by her speed of 19 knots and satisfactory coal capacity—she will stow over 800 tons—for such work. For her displacement of 4,098 tons she has a considerable medium armament, comprising twelve 6-in., four 6-pounder, four 3-pounder, and two 1-pounder quick-firers, but she is wholly unprotected, and might soon be put out of action.

The "Iowa" and "Oregon" are both battle-ships, and better could scarcely be for the business of bombarding. The former is under command of "Fighting Bob Evans," who showed such prowess in the land attack on Fort Fisher, and both were engaged in the tremendous running engagement near Santiago, which resulted in the total destruction of

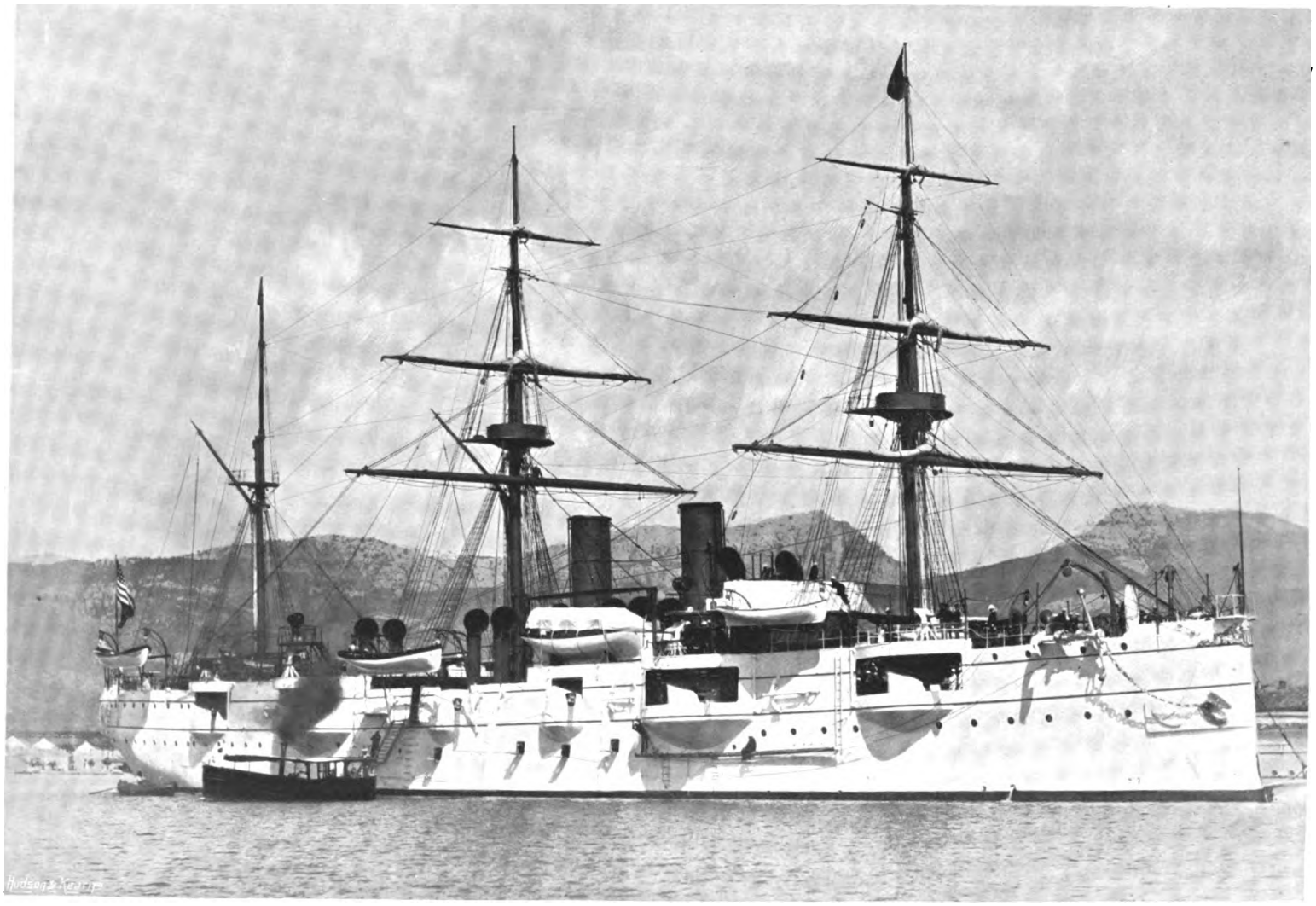

Photo. M. Bar. Copyright.

THE "NEWARK," FLAG-SHIP OF COMMODORE WATSON.

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Admiral Cervera's squadron as it took its fatal course along the coast. The "Iowa's" 11,410 tons of steel will stand a good deal of battering, even if the Spaniards can shoot straight, for there are 14-in. at the water-line, 15-in. on the great turrets, and 8-in. on the smaller ones. These big turrets are fore and aft, as in our ships, each with two 12-in. guns, but the secondary armament of eight 8-in. breech-loaders — a weapon the Americans value very highly—is disposed in four other turrets, and there are six 4-in. and twenty-four smaller quick-firers in advantageous positions. There is, however, a grave defect in the ship. Between the belt and the bases of all the turrets is an unprotected space, so that shells entering there would probably cause havoc, and put guns out of action. The "Iowa" steamed at 17 knots at her trials, and she can carry 1,795 tons of fuel as a maximum. Her complement is 505 officers and men.

The defect referred to does not exist in the "Oregon," which is a vessel somewhat smaller (10,288 tons), but better protected, there being 18-in. of Harvey steel at the water-line, with 5-in. over it, covering the bases of all the turrets. The main turrets are armoured with 17-in. plating, and the smaller ones with 8-in. The heavy guns are larger than in the "Iowa," being four of 13-in. calibre, but there is the same complement of 8-in. guns, similarly disposed, and the smaller armament is practically the same. Both ships have seven torpedo-tubes, but the "Oregon" carries 150 tons of coal less than the "Iowa," and in this way partly compensates for her superiority. This is the ship that came round from the Pacific, escaping the Spaniards, and the "Massachusetts" and "Indiana" are her sisters.

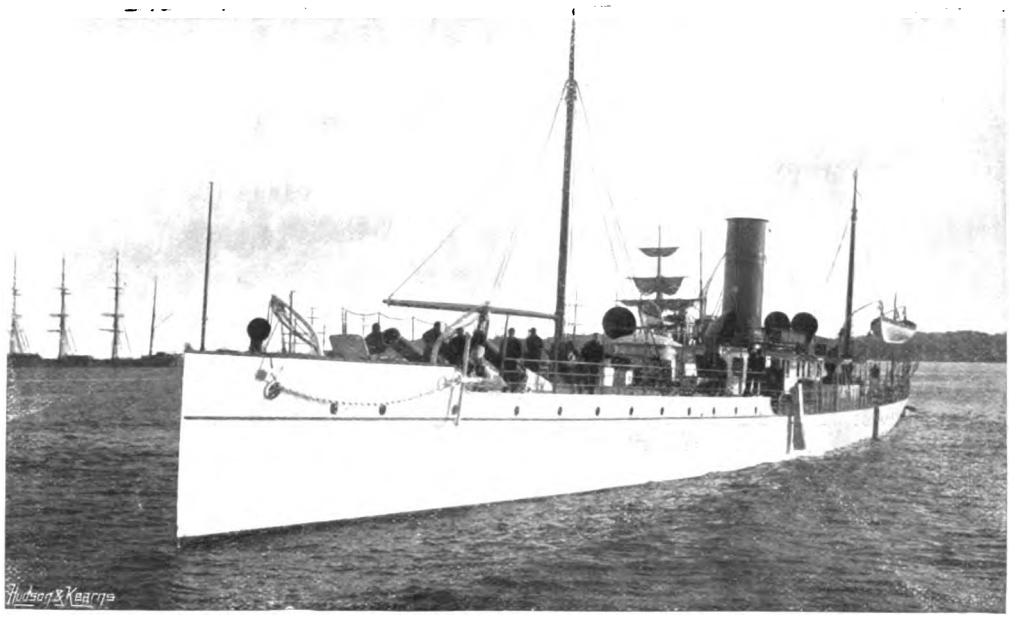


Photo. J. S. Johnson. Copyright.

THE DYNAMITE GUN-BOAT "VESUVIUS."

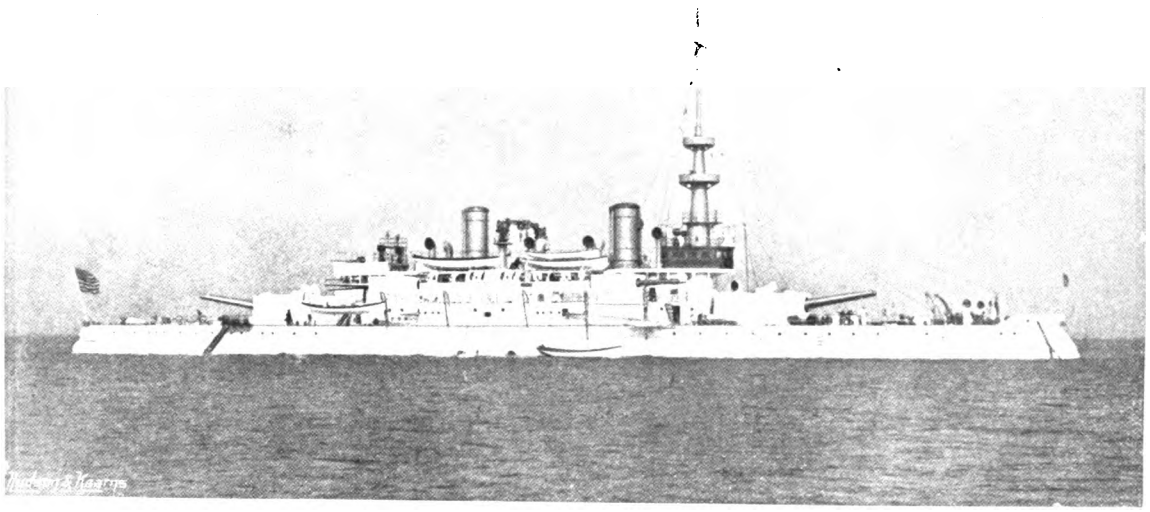


Photo. H. Rau. Copyright.

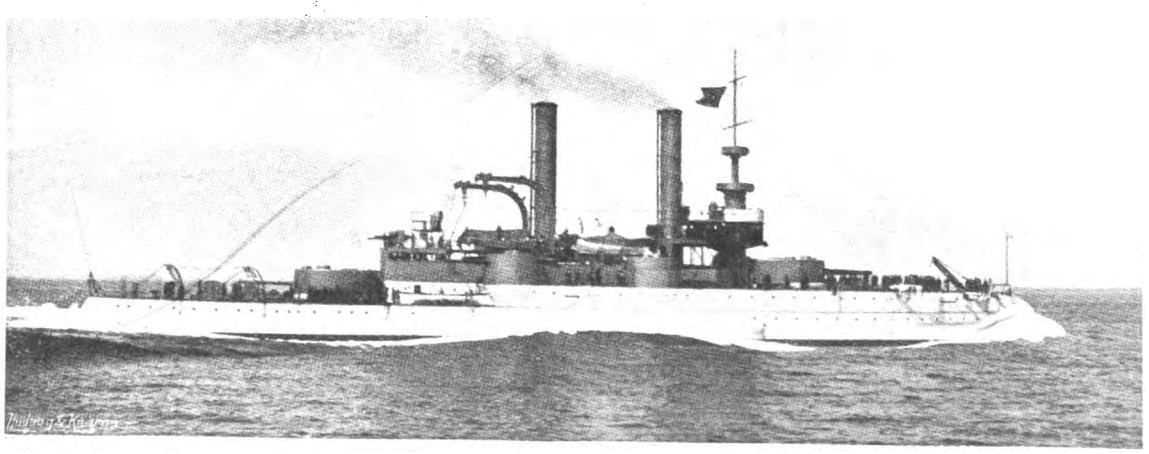
THE UNITED STATES' BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON."

The dynamite cruiser "Vesuvius" is a trim craft, with a wicked look in those three ugly mouths which peep up abreast at the bows. They are almost her sole armament, and, indeed, she would not carry much more upon her 930 tons.

Her speed of over 21 knots is, however, another weapon. It carries her swiftly to attack, and enables her to fly from pursuit. Her guns will throw shells containing from 200-lb. to 600-lb. of high explosive, and the "Vesuvius" herself is little more than the gun carriage, for they are aimed by her manœuvring, and by the pneumatic impulse in regard to range.

Thus it can be seen that the "dynamite guns" require very skilful management, and the result of the use of them against Cuban fortifications will be very instructive, when it is definitely ascertained. At the present time, in our Service, the weapon is considered as an experiment, and practical demonstration of its value is wanting. It is certainly not pleasant to contemplate the fate of the "Vesuvius," with her load of terrible explosive, if a shell should fairly strike her.

Bombardment has played a noisy part in the present war, but it is not yet evident that the return has been equal to the outlay of energy and resources. It is so very easy to raise a cloud of dust, or shatter old masonry fortifications, and yet to inflict little real damage, if the defending guns are well placed; and these, when "silenced," have often, in the course of the present war, opened their mouths again. We are rather inclined to think that no bombardment of the Spanish coast may, after all, take place. Such an operation would probably be useless. It would inflame the passions of the Spaniards, and nerve them to prolong the war, and it is not necessary for the work the Americans have undertaken, besides presenting many difficulties in its achievement.



THE UNITED STATES' BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA."

The tremendous amount of ammunition which warships expend in a fight is shown by the accounts of the expenditure of ammunition by the American Fleet at the fight in Manila Bay.

The "Baltimore" fired 73 8-in. shells, 175 6-in. shells, 410 shells from her 6-pounders, 169 from her 3-pounders, and 692 from her 1-pounders.

The "Boston" fired 48 8-in. shells, 162 6-in. shells, 220 from her 6-pounders, 256 from her 3-pounders, and 420 from her 1-pounders. The "Raleigh" fired 53 6-in. shells, 341 5-in. shells, 137 6-pounders, and 100 1-pounders. The flag-ship "Olympia" fired over 200 rounds of 8-in. shell.

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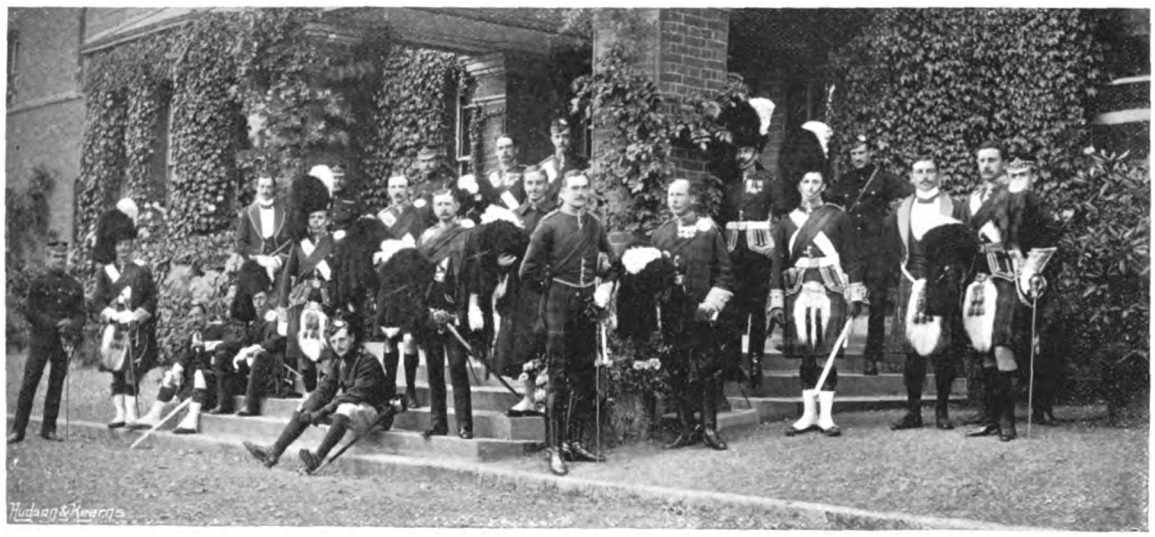
The Queen at Aldershot.

Photo. Wyrall. Copyright.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SOLDIERS' WIVES.

ALDERSHOT has once again been graced by the presence of the Queen. Her Majesty has always shown a keen interest in the doings of the Army. As early as 1854, when Aldershot Camp was first opened, she journeyed thither from London to review the troops. Not only did she inspect the ranks drawn up to receive her, accompanied by a brilliant staff, but she was attired in the uniform of a field-marshal, with the Star and Ribbon of the Garter. Thus at an early period did the Queen identify herself with the Army, and a pavilion was erected there for use by her when visiting the chief military centre of Great Britain. This year the pavilion was again used by Her Majesty, whose stay was necessarily extended over two days.



OFFICERS, GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

Photos. J. David. Copyright.

PIPERS, KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.

The Queen took part in an interesting ceremony during her stay, which is intimately connected with the recent increase in our Army. This was the presentation of new colours to the 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards, a young battalion lately formed. In view of this the colours were sent to Aldershot, where the 3rd Battalion Coldstreams received them at the hands of the Sovereign.

Her Majesty also opened the new hospital for soldiers' wives, which bears the name of the Duchess of Connaught—Margaret Louise. The Duke himself is president of the committee of the fund formed in connection with the hospital, and has taken a great interest in the erection of the building, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the Duchess on March 1, 1897. The fund has for its object the provision of extra articles of comfort for patients which are not provided by Government. The hospital is open to women and children on the strength of their regiments, who are treated free of charge, but the fund provides also for help being

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given to soldiers' wives not on the strength to the extent of 6d. per day, that is, half the sum which they must pay when under treatment. The new building contains twelve wards, and in all fifty-three beds, and is laid out with due regard to modern ideas of sanitation. A third important event connected with the Queen's visit to Aldershot last week was the review of the troops quartered in camp.

The accompanying illustrations represent some of the regiments quartered at Aldershot, and the work in which they were engaged in preparation for Her Majesty's visit. The second depicts a group of officers of the 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders forming part of the 2nd Infantry Brigade. The officer who appears in front on the right of the porch is Lieutenant-Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, V.C. As the letters denote, he is the possessor of that coveted distinction, which, as may be seen, is worn on the right of all other war decorations.

The third picture shows the pipers of the 1st Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers in full dress. The regiment was raised in Edinburgh, and the principal badge—the Castle of Edinburgh—may be seen engraved on the belts of the pipers. Aldershot is essentially the place where the young soldier is trained both in drill and manœuvre, and the picture below illustrates an every-day scene in camp.

A squad of recruits is here shown performing "physical drill." This part of the soldier's training is usually carried out to music. The drums and fifes under the sergeant-drummer here appear on the right of the squad, and the

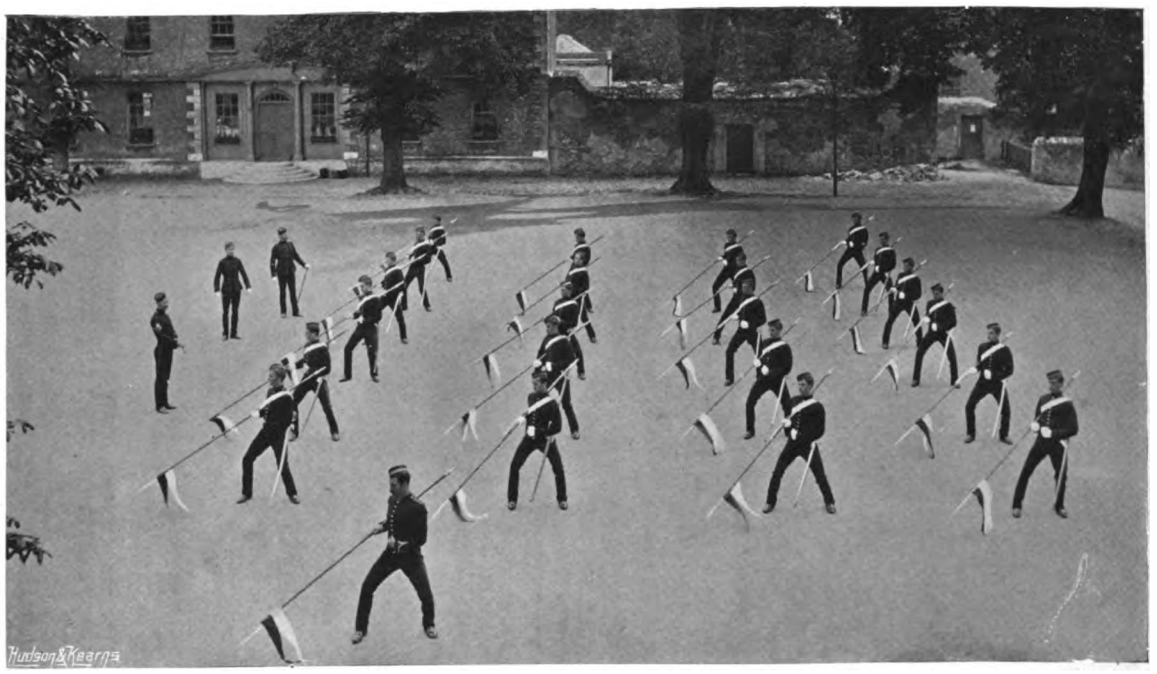

Photo. J. Thomson. Copyright.

LANCE DRILL, 12th LANCERS.

sergeant-major is seen on the left superintending the drill. The squad forms part of the 1st Battalion Welsh Regiment, at present in the 2nd Infantry Brigade at Aldershot.

The above illustration represents a squad of recruits belonging to the 12th (Prince of Wales's Royal) Lancers, now at Aldershot, learning the use of the lance, which is, of course, only an effective weapon when combined with the action of the horse. The lower picture on this page shows a portion of the Field Artillery at work.

Lastly is depicted the culinary staff of the 2nd Battalion (Prince Albert's) Somersetshire Light Infantry, now forming part of the 1st Infantry Brigade. In the foreground the master-cook is superintending the division of a joint.

Photo W M Crockett. Copyright.

PHYSICAL DRILL. WELSH REGIMENT.

Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

LIMBER OF THE FIELD ARTILLERY.

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Photo. W. M. Crockett. *COOKS, SOMERSETSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.* Copyright.

In Camp with the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Artillery.

THE Duke of Edinburgh's Own Edinburgh Artillery, which has just been undergoing its annual training at the station at which it would be quartered in the event of a mobilisation for defence, is a very fine regiment of Militia Artillery hailing from "Auld Reekie." Cliff End, in the Isle of Wight, is far away from the "Land o' cakes," but a very important portion of the kingdom in war time, as behind it our ships would often be at anchor at Spithead. Probably the branch of our auxiliary forces which would be most efficient at the outbreak of hostilities would be the Garrison Artillery.

It goes without saying that we are not in any way attempting to disparage our gallant volunteer and militia infantrymen; but whereas for them a certain amount of training as distinct from drill and the handling of their weapons would be necessary before they could take the field, the same limitation does not apply to the artillery who would man the big guns along our sea-coast fortifications. For them drill at and practice with their ponderous pieces should enable them to give a very good account of any stray cruiser which has the temerity to approach their batteries.

The present strength of the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Edinburgh Artillery is 22 officers and 702 non-commissioned officers and men—almost three times its numbers when first raised in September, 1854, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel W. Geddes, C.B.

Its present commanding officer is Colonel A. J. Colquhoun, C.B., who appears seated in the midst of his officers in our first illustration. The regiment shares with several others the honour of having as its honorary colonel the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the date of his appointment being January 24, 1874, and the year following the regiment was permitted to assume the title it still bears.

Among the officers who have held commissions in this regiment, perhaps the best known is Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Moncrieff, C.B., who was in command from January, 1878, to March, 1883. This officer achieved a world-wide reputation by the invention of a disappearing gun carriage, adopted for the armament of fortifications, and was the pioneer of many other systems of lowering guns under cover for the purpose of loading and elevating them to fire over the

THE OFFICERS OF THE CORPS.

Photos. C. Aldersiade. *CLIFF END CAMP, ISLE OF WIGHT.* Copyright.

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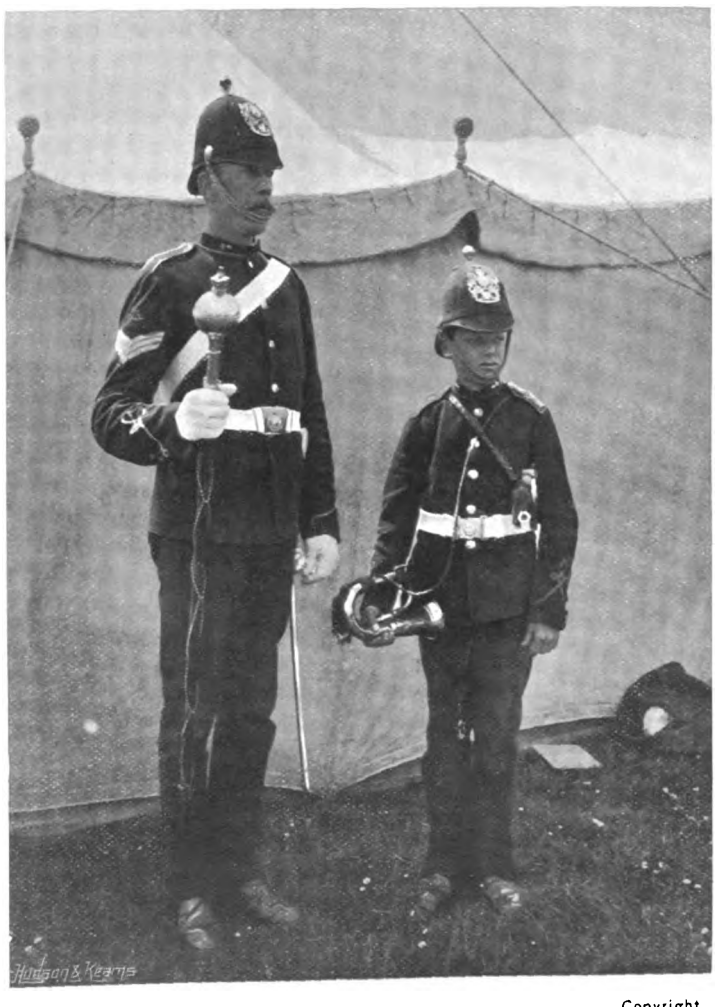
parapet behind which they are mounted.

Two officers who have since distinguished themselves and are now serving in the regular army formerly bore commissions in the Duke of Edinburgh's Own. These are Captain H. Bonner, of the Indian Staff Corps, now employed with the Pioneers of Thibet, and Captain H. D. Larrymore, C.M.G., who for war and other services rendered while in colonial employ was last year specially selected for a direct commission as captain in the Royal Artillery.

A regimental challenge shield, to be competed for yearly by the companies, for big-gun shooting, and which is held by the winning cap tain, each man of the company receiving a money prize, was instituted by the officers by a subscription which was headed by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh; it causes great emulation amongst the men, and has raised the standard of shooting and the handling of the guns to a high degree.

ISSUING RATIONS TO THE CAMP COOKS.

The camp at Cliff End which is shown in one of our illustrations would appear to have an ideal situation. It is placed on a sloping field which has been drained, making it peculiarly dry and healthy. In the rear stands the fort and in front are seen the guard and a squad at infantry drill. In another picture the barrack table in the background might reasonably "groan" under the weight of "good cheer" which loads it. The quartermaster and the subaltern of the day are seen to the right inspecting the issue of rations to the white-clad cooks of messes. Cooking is done in camp-kettles in trenches dug for the purpose, using wood as fuel. A Tortoise cooking-stove has been hired, which both bakes and boils for 400 men, thus giving a varied diet. The band evidently has the distinction of numbering the tallest and shortest of the regiment in its ranks; while last, but very far from least, appears Sergeant-Major J. Morley, R.A., a typical *vieux moustache.*



Photos. C. Alderslade. Copyright.

THE TALLEST AND THE SMALLEST OF THE CORPS.

A TYPICAL "VIEUX MOUSTACHE."

The men enjoy the change to the South very much, as every endeavour is made to make their stay a happy one; all sorts of outdoor games, such as cricket, quoits, and football, in which the men excel, are provided.

A recreation tent has been hired, in which all the papers of the day are provided, with indoor games for the men as well, and in which they can write their letters and where light refreshments can also be obtained at moderate prices.

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GENERAL HOWARD SUTTON JONES entered the Royal Marine Light Infantry in 1853, just a twelvemonth previous to the outbreak of the Russian War. In that war he had his first experience of active service, as a first lieutenant of Marines, in one of the ships of the Baltic Fleet during the expeditionary cruise of 1855. After the war he embarked in the "Satellite" for service on the Pacific station, where Lieutenant Jones (as the general then was) was employed for four years on special service duty in connection with the British North American boundary settlement in the Far West, and in restoring order, as officer in charge of a detachment of Marines, among the riotous gold miners on the Fraser River, British Columbia. For his services in the North-West, he was specially thanked by the Colonial Government. In 1882—after as lieutenant-colonel commanding a battalion of Royal Marines on special duty in the South of Ireland in connection with the Land League troubles—General Jones was ordered out to Egypt to command the Royal Marine force serving with Lord Wolseley's army. Lord Wolseley appointed General Jones a colonel on the staff, in which capacity he was present at the capture and occupation of Tel-el-Mahuta, took part in the two attacks on Kassassin (mentioned in despatches), and was at the final storming of the entrenchments of Tel-el-Kebir. General Jones, as major and lieutenant-general, was from 1888 to 1893 Deputy-Adjutant-General Royal Marines at the Admiralty. He became full general in May last year. *(See illustration on front page.)*

* * * *

WHEN Spain and the United States were bidding against one another for the purchase of foreign war-ships, their agents inspected the "Marshal Deodoro" and "Marshal Floriano" (3,162 tons), building at La Seyne, near Toulon. But these small armour-clads were not ready, and, besides, were unsuitable. They are essentially of the coast-defence type, of low speed (15 knots), heavily armoured, and carrying two 9·4-in. guns and two 5·9-in. howitzers, besides a fair quick-firing armament. The "Deodoro" was launched on June 18, and our illustrations depict the ceremony. Several Brazilian officers and engineers were present, with a great many representatives of the French Sea Service, and Captain Arzeouloff and other officers of the Russian gun-boat "Groziastchy," which was at Toulon. The launch was the occasion for a fine outburst of Franco-Russian enthusiasm, with a strong dash of Brazilian patriotism, and was marked by the *eclat* with which the French know so well how to invest festivities. Mlle. Jouve was the *marraine* of the vessel, but the ceremony is not quite like ours. When she touched an electric button, a cord was cut, and the bottle of champagne was broken by falling against the stem of the "Deodoro." This was the signal for knocking away the last dogshores, and a touch upon another button let loose the force that assisted her prosperously down the ways. *(See illustration on page* 405.*)*

* * * *

THE illustration on page 408 represents the quarter-deck of the "Calliope," now utilised as a sea-going training-ship for boys and young seamen. A gun's crew is at drill, the captain of the gun standing in rear in the orthodox attitude for laying the gun, while the lad on the near side trains the gun, by means of the wheel, in obedience to his orders. The vessel is armed with four 6-in. and twelve 5-in. breech-loading guns, and, together with the "Curacoa," is a tender to the "Northampton," specially employed, with considerable success, in enlisting young seamen round our coasts. On the front of the poop is blazoned Nelson's famous signal, recalling an incident in 1889 when the captain and crew of the "Calliope," though not engaging an enemy, did their duty so well that she was the only vessel which came unscathed out of a terrible hurricane at Samoa, getting clear out to sea in the teeth of it, a sailor's chief cause of anxiety under such circumstances being the proximity of land.

* * * *

THE epaulette was first introduced into the Royal Navy by an order issued in June, 1795. It is said, indeed, to have been introduced into the Service owing to an incident that occurred in France to some British Naval officers visiting that country in 1787, during the peace after the American War. The officers found that the French sentries did not carry arms to them, though they did so to some British Marine officers who accompanied them, and who at that time wore epaulettes. By the 1795 order, admirals were to wear two epaulettes, with one, two, or three silver stars on each, for rear, vice, and full admirals respectively. Captains over three years' post wore plain gold epaulettes, those under three years one on the right shoulder. Masters and commanders wore one epaulette on the left shoulder, but no other officers of junior rank wore them at all. At the next alteration of Naval uniform in 1812, all captains and commanders were given two epaulettes, captains of three years' post having a silver crown over a silver anchor on each, other captains a silver anchor only, and commanders plain epaulettes. Lieutenants were now, for the first time, given one epaulette to be worn on the right shoulder. This was the regulation until June, 1843, when two epaulettes as at present were ordered for lieutenants. In 1846, mates—the present sub-lieutenant grade—were given one epaulette on the right shoulder, altered in 1856 to scales on both shoulders, as now worn.

THE good conduct medal given to soldiers is intended as a reward for a long course of service with irreproachable character and conduct. Soldiers are not usually recommended for the distinction unless in possession of four good conduct badges. Even in the case of a soldier who has eighteen years—the requisite length—of service, commanding officers are instructed to consider his conduct throughout his career. This in great measure is gathered from the offences recorded in the company defaulter sheet of the applicant. A non-commissioned officer or soldier who has been entered twelve times in the *regimental* defaulter book, who has had ten cases of drunkenness recorded against him, who has been convicted by court-martial within the last eighteen years, or by civil power of felony, is ineligible for the good conduct medal under ordinary circumstances. This disability, however, may be removed if the soldier has greatly distinguished himself by his gallantry in the field. The good conduct medal, which is attached to a red ribbon and worn on the left breast, is usually presented on a commanding officer's parade.

* * * *

"A. F."—The reason of the recently-issued Admiralty order is very simple. As braces do not form part of a bluejacket's dress attachments, his nether garments are suspended in position, and made to "sit" well, by the edges of a small V-shaped separation in the back of the band being drawn together by a lace. And although, to the uninitiated, the new regulation seems to treat of a ridiculously minute matter, not warranting official interference, such is not by any means the case, as a moment's consideration will show. For it is plain that the former plan of lacing upwards is, mechanically speaking, incorrect, the last-taken stitches of the lacing possessing the greater amount of leverage, and consequently loosening the turns already passed. The reversing of the method and lacing downwards, therefore, necessarily produces a more uniformly tight and, what is the principle aimed at, more secure lacing. Mayhap the above remarks will recommend themselves to my readers of the fair sex also.

* * * *

THE annual inspection of a battalion by the general officer commanding is an important event. For several days previously the rank and file, under the superintendence of their non-commissioned officers, are employed in cleaning all the barrack-rooms, passages, and windows, that no fault may be found as to their cleanliness. The day immediately preceding the first day of inspection is marked by an eagerness on the part of the men to attend to their personal clothing and equipments. Pipe-clay and polishing brushes are greatly in evidence in the barrack-room, for everyone is determined to "turn-out" smartly. The inspection is divided into two parts (1) in quarters, (2) in the field. The first part is in the eyes of most critics the least important, though it secures no small share of attention from generals who advocate barrack-room soldiering. In the field the ability of all officers is put to the test. Captains are made to command the battalion, and subalterns to assume the charge of a company. The annual inspection is usually followed by complimentary remarks on the part of the inspecting officer, but sometimes this is the reverse. One general officer, for instance, is said to have been in the habit of prefacing his remarks with the observation:—"I am paid to come here and find fault, and I intend to do so." Doubtless he earned his pay.

* * * *

"D. J. V."—The phrases Court-martial and Mutiny Act, though generally coupled together, represent in reality very different things; and while the Mutiny Act is only in force for a year, and requires a yearly enactment from Parliament, courts-martial, on the other hand, continue to be held by virtue of an Act of Parliament dated 1749, and which since 1861 has been known under the name of "Naval Discipline Act." A court-martial must be composed of at least five members, and of not more than nine, and no member may be under age. The presiding officer must be at least of equal rank with the accused, so that an admiral can only be tried by a court-martial presided over by a flag-officer of his own or of superior rank. In the case of a captain or commander the president must be of higher rank. All officers below the rank of commander must be tried by a court-martial presided over by a captain, or by any other officer of higher rank, and among the members there must be at least two commanders or two officers of higher rank. Commissions are sometimes issued by the Admiralty to officers abroad to hold courts-martial, and flag-officers on foreign stations holding those commissions may authorise an officer detached to some other part to hold a court-martial. In former days all persons forming part of a court-martial, whether as judges or witnesses, were compelled to appear in full-dress uniform, but now the officers simply wear the frock-coat, cocked hat, and sword.

* * * *

"S. Y. B."—When Parliament is sitting, the Queen's Life Guard at Whitehall consists of three officers and some forty men with Standard, but if the Queen is not resident in London at the time two officers only mount guard. At other times the guard consists of twelve men, and is commanded by a non-commissioned officer. The Queen's Life Guard is relieved at 11 a.m. daily. The mounted sentries in the boxes are on duty for two hours at a time. The uniform of the 20th Hussars is of the usual hussar pattern—blue with yellow trimming. The busby-bag is crimson and the plume yellow. Officers' chargers carry a yellow throat ornament. The officers wear a crimson silk stripe on the pouch-belt, which is of gold, and in review order are distinguished by a crimson sabretasche. Conditions under which commissions in the volunteers can be obtained vary in different corps, but the fact of having served in a cadet corps or a public school would no doubt be in favour of an intending candidate.

* * * *

"F. K. G."—Tonnage by displacement is the method in use in the Navy for calculating or officially returning the size of a ship. In other words, it means that the ship's weight is obtained by stating the weight of the amount of water that she displaces when afloat. It is a known law that all bodies floating in water displace a weight of water equal to their own weight. If, therefore, we know the size of the hole set out in cubic feet that a ship makes in the water, we know the amount of water displaced. By finding the weight of one cubic foot of water we can easily find the weight of the total water displaced, and hence the weight in tons of the ship is accurately arrived at.

THE EDITOR.

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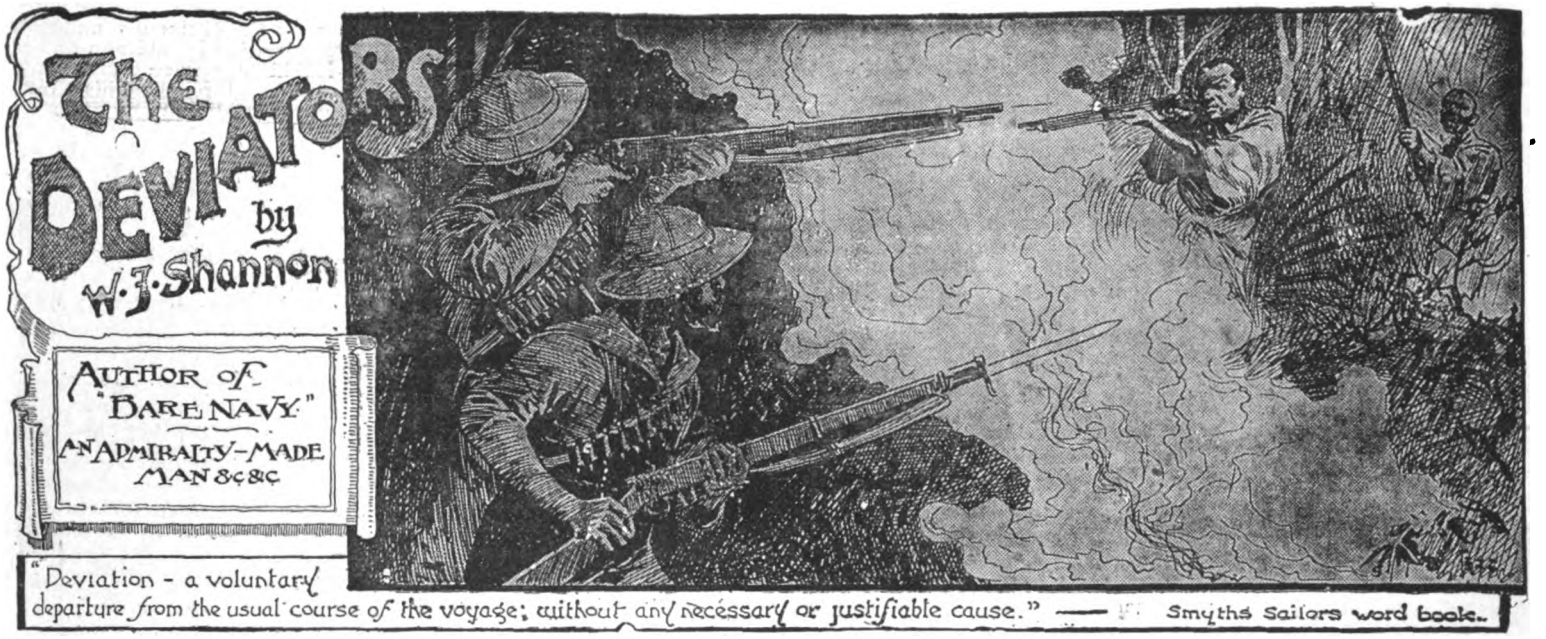
The Deviators
by
W. J. Shannon
Author of "Bare Navy."
An Admiralty-Made Man &c &c
"Deviation - a voluntary departure from the usual course of the voyage; without any necessary or justifiable cause." — Smyths Sailors word book.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

A party from H.M.S. "Pimpernel" lands in East Africa. It is ambushed on re-embarking, and a sub-lieutenant and two men are left behind. The men, Twelves and Eaves, rescue the officer, but lose him while they are exploring a cave in which they have found what they suppose to be a box of treasure. They hurry to find the sub-lieutenant again, and forget the box. A further party from the ship has now landed, but the two seamen do not wish to rejoin till they can do so with their officer. They think they have him once, but it turns out to be the first lieutenant. They are keenly disappointed, place him in the cave, and set out on their quest again. Finally hunger and thirst and general misfortune drive them back to their own people, and there they find the sub-lieutenant.

CHAPTER X. *(continued.)*

"AND about time," said Eaves, as they joined a group proceeding with their meal.

"What's this buzz goin' round?" said one of the men, after greetings had passed. "Number One picked up?"

"So they tell me," said Twelves, calmly.

"Thought he was koofered" (killed) "or took."

"Well, he aint, Bowser."

"I can't see what call you had to disturb him when he *was* quiet, Jim."

"You're as short-sighted as we was," said Twelves. "There *was* no call. But we've said all there is to say on that subject, I can assure ye. Said it at the time."

"But they say you mistook him for Charlie," persisted Bowser.

"Fleet some of them condiments along this way—that's right. Now sling in your questions as fast as you like, and I'll answer 'em at such other times as I hereinafter think fit."

"A plain question, Jim. Did you mix up Charlie with Nutty?"

"A soft answer, Bill. We did not. It was them War-Pokers. But it was excusable, because they're on'y half civilised, and in sich a very low frame of mind that they can't count. So that three rings on a sleeve is jist the same to them as one."

"Here, we aint marines, Jim," said a man.

"Very well, then, explain it how you like. You've got to remember, though, that I've bin tryin' to understand the way the natives looks at things these last few days. You've got to remember that *I* know the difference between fust lootenants and subs, and Mal does. Which on'y leaves the natives to make the mistake. P'r'aps you don't think there *was* a mistake."

"But I don't see how——"

"Well, I can't help the defects in your superstructure. You oughta go into dockyard hands. Everyone what was there can certify that there was a mistake. Everyone what knows me can certify that in my most glorious moments I'm sober enough to distinguish Charlie from Nutty."

"But——"

"There's no 'but.' Do I have doubts thrown upon the most reliable fact what has occurred widin my own knowledge? You sit tight and mind your own interference."

"Still——"

"Waters runs deep. I know that. But am I conversin' to this mob or are you? Have I conducted cruises to danger and back, or have you? I'm entitled to work in proverbs, and not you. It's very aggravatin' to be in silent deserts for very near a week, and then to come across a man what has saved up all his words so as to contradict wid."

"Wouldn't Malachi allow you to talk to him, Jim?" asked Bowser.

"Not him. He said he was all on for silent meditation and prayer."

"So what with Mal's insubordination and havin' the officers changed at birth, you was a bit disappointed," said Bowser.

"It must have been like general leave with no rupees or bubbly," said Smith.

"No bubbly!" exclaimed Twelves. "No rupees! How many more times must I repeat that we was revellin' in all goodness, as if we was ship's stooards, from the fust day to the last. Comfort and happiness all day, and happiness and comfort all night. The sort o' life you dream of. Champagne, rice puddin', red herrin's, dutch cheese; soft tack of all kinds."

"You seem to be making a hole in this pot-mess, at any rate," said Smith.

"That's the fresh air wid the sunshine, Smithie, added to forced marches in the desert. That's enough to make anyone hungry, as I said before. And, after all, aint hunger a sign of health? And wouldn't you like to be healthy? But you can't expect in these crowded camps to work up the same appetite which rovin' free and leadin' a natural life gives."

"No. I suppose not," said Smith.

"No. Look at Malachi Eaves, gathered round that dish, tuckin' in. Aint that a satisfactory sight? That shows rude health. That's under my leadership. Yet he complains at every step."

"But I foller, all the same," said Eaves, pausing for a second.

"Yes, or goes ahead. But then I'm a born leader, excep' when I'm in the rare guard, so that's no virtue. And so, if you still require to go on stuffin', p'r'aps you'll oblige wid the pipe. Me and Mal is reduced to one pipe betwixt us, and that's a cutty."

"Then you and Mal is very well off," said a seaman, "for we've on'y got about four bowls in the brigade."

"Well, I think there's great want of care and forethought," said Twelves, lighting his pipe. "It seems to me that the canteen ought to supply briars, armour-plated and unbreakable, for campaigns. Clays is no good. I often wonder what them pore pongos would do in the Soudan if Sir Herbert didn't organise so well. 'Do my miserable men want pipes?' says he. 'Do I understand whole reg'ments is unprovided for? Hang me a couple of quartermasters then, and telegraph for pipes.' But the Navy suffers from want of system——"

"Pipes," said Smith.

"I forgot you was waitin'," said Twelves. "Try mine," and the pipe was passed. There really were only about a dozen pipes left amongst the half-a-hundred men. It always happened so on landing parties.

"S'pose we had a system," said Eaves. "There's no one to hang excep' ship's corp'rals, and they aint anythink near so good as quartermasters, for example."

"Oh, they'd do, right enough. But, we'd have an elastic system, so that if a man was elected to be chief piper——"

"His name would be Findlater," said Smith.

"I mean if you, for example, Mal——"

"Don't example me," said Eaves.

"If you, Malachi Eaves, had to lay in a stock of pipes and keep 'em in goin' order for us, and you neglected to do it, then by martial law you'd be shot, and the Lord have mercy on your soul, by drum-head court-martial."

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"Yes, well, let's have a whiff, Smith, afore Jim sets the law in motion," said Eaves. "Thanks."

"Well, someone's got to do it," said Twelves. "We can't go on in this miserable way time after time. I'll set any law in motion which will ensure pipes."

"I thought you said you was perfectly happy and comfortable in every respect, includin' smokin', while you was away, Jim," said Bowser.

"Cigars, chum, cigars. Mornin', noon, and night you called for what you wanted, and had it. But now, to join up, and find no care at all for our comfort, it's disgustin'."

"Servants were carried, I suppose, on your expedition?" said Smith.

"Well, they was and they wasn't," said Twelves.

"How do you mean?"

"We could have 'em if we wanted to. There they was, on order, so to speak. Therefore we didn't want. But we had all the comfort of it."

"So I should think," said Smith. "I should point out to the Admiralty all these little hints, Jim."

"It's all very well scawffin', Smith, but when you think of the unthoughtfulness of officers," said Twelves, "it cert'n'y looks as if the lower deck will have to speak up. The cap'ns knows quite well how happy we are to come ashore and how careless we are about pipes, and yet they never trouble to keep us supplied. It's already enacted by the authority of Eevan that the feelin's of the lower deck is to be considered on all matters relatin' to their comfort on the high seas, or any place subject to this Act, and it aint done."

"S'pose the officers don'tsmoke?" said Smith.

"It don't matter; they must learn to. Every flag-officer and cap'n must encourage his men to fight courageously, and the on'y way to do that is to see to their comfort, and to see to that is to lay in pipes. Otherwise he has acted from negligence and shall suffer death, or such other punishment as is hereinafter mentioned, whether he smokes or not."

"Talking about the Articles, Jim, reminds me," said Smith, "that whoso shall improperly forsake his station shall be hereinafter mentioned too."

"What's that to do wid me?" said Twelves, in an innocent tone.

"Or whoso shall sleep upon his watch," said Bowser, "he shall be severely mentioned too."

"We never done it," said Eaves.

"Don't you trouble for yourself, Malachi. They'll bear lightly on *you*," said Smith. "You were seduced from your duty and allegiance to Her Majesty by this person"—pointing at Twelves—"and will only get five years or so, but this person——"

"Look here, Smith," exclaimed Twelves. "Every person subject to this Act who shall use reproachful speeches to such other person, he shall come in for it, too. So you best shut up. And the Act also says that if you're absent from the place where your duty requires you to be you shall be deemed to have deserted."

"That's what you'll swing for, then, Jim."

"No. The place where we was required to be was clearly where Charlie was a Sunday night, and where Number One was Monday night. So I reckon this whole party has deserted."

"Oh, good on ye, Jim! Good on ye! There's no doubt they have," shouted Eaves, admiringly. "Say that over ag'in, Jim, will ye? Impress it on 'em."

"WHEN THE WHOLE CAMP STOOD TO ARMS."

"I'll write it down, chum. We shall have to write out our defence, if we're charged wid desertin', wid all convenient speed, and that'll do for our fust point, namely, that we didn't desert, but acted up to the highest motives as laid down by Nelson. 'You can't do wrong,' he says, 'if you break out o' the line wid powerful reasons, so long as the court-martial will listen to them reasons.' Very well, then, allowin' that to fall asleep while you're marchin' along, and to walk in your sleep to a soft place and to fall down is breakin' out o' the ranks, which I'm very fur from allowin', we still have reasons."

"Did you really enjoy yourselves?" interrupted Bowser.

"And if so, how much?" added Smith.

"We was deserted. We was cowardly abandoned and exposed to hazard, but we had a' unspeakable fine time, and don't you forget it, Smithie."

"But I reckon you'll be proceeded against now according to the laws used at sea, both of you, so say your prayers."

"We have done the things hereinafter specified, me and Malachi Eaves, and we don't deny it, but our miscellaneous offences will be commuted, or else I shall object to the constitution of the court-martial till they are. And it's time I had a smoke, so pass along that doodee, deputy-judge-advocate Smith, and behave yourself well, or else I shall point out that you no bisness to be here, and in proof of that you'll find we're goin' to countermarch."

"There goes 'fall in,'" said Smith. "I should surmise you two will have to join the native contingent and carry loads. We can't have you with us in those clothes."

"I'm goin' to be a skirmisher, I should surmise, wid all the privileges of independent command," said Twelves. "I know the country and I'm full of prickles."

"No more of this dropping to sleep, though," said Smith.

"No fear," answered Twelves. "If you see me drop to sleep you may depend upon it you're mistook. These splinters will prevent me layin' down to do it, and I can't do it standin' up."

"I thought you said you had done it, Jim, while you've been away," said a friend.

"Company! 'Shun!" shouted Smith. "Number!—All present, sir."

"Take the guide and go with the advance guard, Smith," said Sub-Lieutenant Chater. "You'd perhaps better include Twelves. We must reach Monday's camp to-night if possible. Eaves, march by me for the present."

The bluejackets and porters were soon under way, and, by marching hard, reached the camp where the attack of two nights before had taken place just as darkness settled down. The sub-lieutenant was anxious to reach the ship the next night, and told the men so before they turned in.

"*T'morra* night?" said Eaves to Twelves. "Didn't we calculate it out to be a *two* days' walkin' tower from here, Jim?"

"We did," said Twelves. "But appairiently we was workin' in unknown quantities and didn't allow for the windiness of this river."

"Then we should 'a' reached the sea right enough, by the smell of it even if we didn't know the way. I'm gittin' anxious about them jools."

"You're wearin' yourself out over them, Mal. We'll have 'em t'morra night, and we can sit up and gloat over 'em till further orders. Not that I shall want to sit up. Here's the very fust time since Sunday when I've bin ready to sleep, and I'm told off for sentry, twelve to two. That irritatin'

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Smith done it. He said if we'd bin havin' that soft luxurious life we swore to, it was approachin' the time we did some work. Aint you told off?"

"Not yet. But I see him comin'. I'll git. Tell him I've took on fire-builder."

CHAPTER XI.

FURTHER IN THE NAVY.

"LET'S see, I told you off," said the petty officer, coming up to Twelves.

"You did so," said that bluejacket, reproachfully. "Although you knoo very well I wanted rest."

Smith laughed. "Rest, Jim! Rest?"

"Yes, rest. I thought a man of your intelligence could see through me. I was on'y encouragin' the young 'uns jist now."

"Jim, you took me in. I'll take me davy I was envying you your fine easy boating party, with ladies and champagne. And now you speak as if you'd had hard labour. Where's Eaves?"

"Fillin' the kettle, or washing his face. Doin' somethink important, at any rate."

"Oh, is he? Didn't he find time to wash when he was with you?"

"Wash! Crikey! There was the water, chum, jist over the side every day, and plenty of it; and there was we that busy we hardly knoo it was there. What wid confiscatin' lootenants, and explorin' caves through all our workin' time, besides rescuin' ladies and doin' other breathless things, we couldn't attend to luxuries like that—excep' in our spare time, and then we had other things to do."

"I see; well, break it to Eaves, when he's filled the kettle or washed, that he's to relieve you at two o'clock."

"Won't he be glad! I'll tell him you misunderstood his feelin's too in the matter, shall I? Poor Mal, poor me! It's hard to return to your friends what admits that they wept and thought you was dead, and find 'em so ready to pounce on ye."

"Don't pipe *your* eye, Jim. To-morrow night, old man, you shall have a hammock and sleep undisturbed."

"Ah, there's some men could draw comfort from thoughts like that; but not me, not me. I look ahead, and all is gloom. I look astarn, and all is darkness——"

"Well, confound it all, Jim, it's night-time."

"I'm speakin' in parables, chum, which has a Heavenly meanin'; and, to come to the point, couldn't you—I don't want ye to put yourself about, ye know—but couldn't you tell off some younger and more active man than me?"

"No, Jim. There's no younger or more active man than you to be had."

"But I'm short-sighted at night, Smith. I couldn't see a stranger at night not if you was to throw a search-light on him."

"You must hear him."

"No. If a nigger was to play a tom-tom against my earhole I couldn't hear him—not at night, and if I was determined not to."

"Midnight's the time," said Smith, moving off.

"Now, Jim," said a bluejacket, "if you want any supper you'd better come and get it."

"Chum, I'm dejected and cast down; but in justice to myself, and as you're so pressin', I'll eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

"What the devil! Don't join us if you're goin' to talk sky-pilot language."

"Friends, brother sufferers," said Twelves, sitting down and helping himself to some supper, "do not mistake me. I am no sky-pilot. I am a shoalwater-pilot like yourselves, and one of the deepest dye, although sometimes I'm afraid I'm a composition of him and a cockler, and therefore don't know anythink whatsoever."

"You're right there, Jim," said Eaves, coming up.

Twelves looked disdainfully at his friend, and was silent.

"Don't let me interrupt," Eaves went on; "if you've bin talkin' in that way about yourself I'm on'y too happy to sit quite still and say 'hear, hear.'"

"And that's the man what I've bin takin' for picnics!" said Twelves. "Pass some biscuit, Bowser, if it's all the same to you. Thanks. Let me drown my feelin's in sea-cake. No. I feel my limits, and the disgracious Malachi feels 'em even more, as you notice. I could take on cap'n, or Number One, or the navigator—I did navigate the canoe, in fact—but I feel strongly, brothers, that I am weak on the Heavens. I should make a rotten parzon. It would never do for me to come on deck and say the mornin' prayers, and then go below and straightaway, in me surplus, toss for drinks in the ward-room, would it?"

"I've seen 'em do it," said Bowser.

"No. You was deceived. It was at one time thought that a man threw light on an object from his eyes, but it is quite well known now, Bill, that it's the object what throws itself wid great force on to the optic nerves, and so we see confused, and a man don't know what he's lookin' at. There was no doubt it was the pusser or engineer you seen."

"No fear. They don't wear surpluses."

"There's no tellin'. Now, as a general rule, you'd say bluejackets don't. But look at me in this gownd. Goin' by appearances I'm a holy Joe, and it's a cert. that if any of you fall sick of a fever and die, or git *koofered* by the enemy, I shall be told off to bury you, and that's why I take this early opportunity to deny my capacities in that direction."

"That nice white shirt will show you up as a sentry, Jim, and I think we'll have to bury *you*."

"Yes, but what do Smith or Charlie care about that? 'Stick up Twelves, and let him draw the enemy's fire from twelve to two,' says Smith—oh, here he is. I was jist tellin' this mob that the great art of war is to draw the enemy's fire wid a conspicuous sentry from twelve to two, and then fall on that enemy and annihilate him. But I would prefer to be a sniper rather than a sentry."

"There's no fear of another attack, Jim."

"Ah, so you say. Simply because it aint advertised. Not that I'm afraid to stand and be attackted—I merely state the case. I know the theory of war, y'know, as well as you. It's the dooty of the general in command to soothe the rank and file when he sticks 'em up for targets, I quite understand that. But I think any man what's bin in important independent command for days and days ought to be treated wid consideration when he rejoins of his own free will. For the last time, Smith—Mister Smith—are you goin' to treat me wid consideration? Before you answer, think what it is to be marooned, and me an orphan. I've had to be my own sentry and go the rounds all night long every night this week. I——"

"I thought Eaves was with you, and a noble stranger," said Smith.

"Mal cast loose the bands of discipline the moment he diskivered we was on our own, so he was a' anxiety rather than a help."

"It's safe to talk like that now Malachi's asleep," said Smith.

"Is he asleep? Yes. Well, allow me to whisper to you, Smithie—there you have him. All the trip, at the faintest appearance of the night comin' on, or even of a cloud over the sun, he'd drop off. The noble stranger was willin', but you know these nobility—he was no seaman, chum. He done his best, but the thought and the work fell on me. I should say, on the slightest provocation, that I didn't have ten minits sound sleep in all that trip. So, speakin' as one responsible officer to another, I should advise tellin' me off for a sound rest to-night, wid a sentry over to keep me undisturbed."

"I wish you had spoken like this before, Jim. I should have been able to consider your feelings ever so much better. But—— Well, you know the difficulties, don't ye? You've been generalling it up and down the country for four days, and I've no doubt you've found it hard to arrange for your lower deck so that everyone was satisfied."

"Yes, there's no doubt it was a hard lower deck. Do what I would for his comfort, he wouldn't be grateful. You're quite right to stick *him* up for sentry. But this standin' sentry is a deregation of my honour, Smith, and that's the permanent reason why I want to go to sleep."

"And you shall do it to-morrow, Jim. I'm going to turn in now. Good-night." And Smith ensconced himself beneath his little shelter, which consisted of the usual four upright saplings, with a roof of twigs and leaves or grass, rapidly put up by the seamen for themselves.

"That's all very well," muttered Twelves, "but it aint in the argument."

Most of the men were already lying down when Twelves lay beside Eaves, and woke him.

"Did he tell you two to four, Mal?" he whispered.

"Comin'. Ay, ay," growled Eaves, starting to rise, still practically asleep.

"It's not two yet, Mal."

"What the—— What d'ye wake me up to tell me that for, Jim Twelves?" And Eaves shut the eyes that were opening.

"Ssh! Take a few of these crumbs. If you should see a' army of ants while you're standin' sentry, feed 'em. If I do, I will."

"Look here, you shut up and let me go to sleep."

"Hang on a minit, Mal. Listen." And as Twelves whispered Eaves nodded approval. "Give us some," said he.

"There you are," said Twelves. "And if you find two armies lead 'em both there, and make the curves of search meet on Smith. Goo'-night."

Twelves seemed hardly to have closed his eyes when he was awakened to keep his watch, which was unutterably long and cold. He was roused twice afterwards, once by hearing Smith swearing, not over loudly, but forcibly, at someone unknown, and again by an alarm, when the whole camp stood to arms.

(To be continued.)

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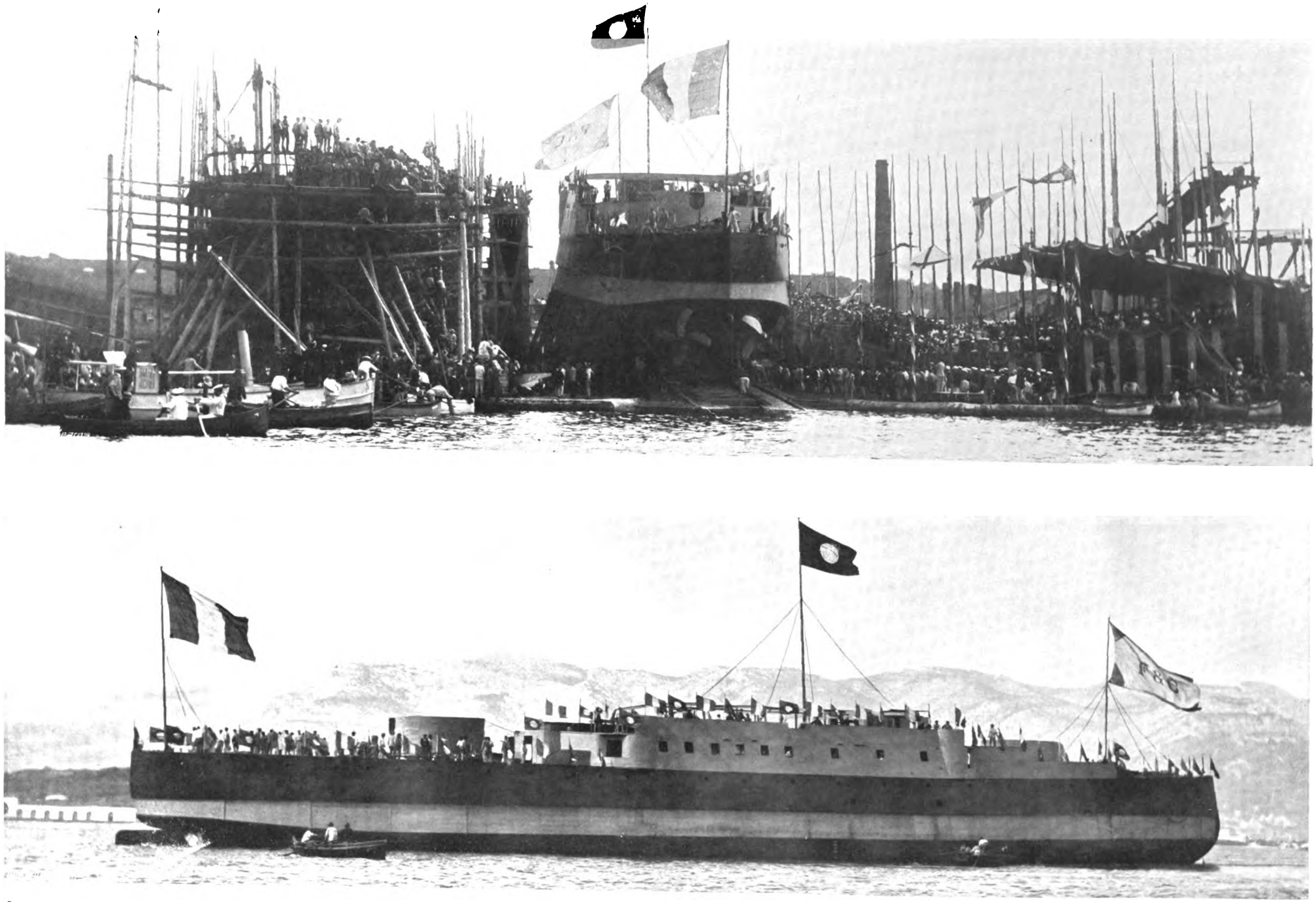

Photos. M. Bar. Copyright.

LAUNCH OF A BRAZILIAN BATTLE-SHIP AT LA SEYNE.

(See Page 401.)

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The Punjab Light Horse.

THIS flourishing little regiment is the latest addition to the Auxiliary Forces in India. It owes its existence to the efforts of a well-known barrister in Lahore, Major Arthur Grey, who in July, 1892, was asked by a number of gentlemen of that station to undertake the task of raising a volunteer cavalry corps in the Punjab. A good deal of opposition to the scheme was met with at the outset, mainly from the fear that the new movement would interfere with the efficiency of the then existing infantry battalion, and it was eighteen months before the final sanction was received from Government. The original scheme of a regiment, as forwarded, was pronounced by the authorities impracticable, but sanction was granted for raising a single troop in Lahore. Of the success of this troop there was never any doubt from the first. Commencing drill only at the close of the season in January, 1893, they paraded six weeks later for inspection, between forty and fifty men, well mounted and able to manœuvre to the satisfaction of the inspecting officer—a record performance for a volunteer cavalry troop.

COMING INTO CAMP.

Major Grey was, however, by no means satisfied with his success so far, and in the following year obtained sanction to carry out his original scheme of forming a regiment in the Punjab. Men were enrolled in other stations—Delhi, Umballa, and Rawal Pindi—while the Kangra Valley Tea Planters, who had previously formed a company of the infantry battalion, were transferred *en masse* to the mounted corps, and have since done good work with the Punjab Light Horse. The corps now numbers nearly 200 men, and is increasing daily.

The climax of the year's work is always found in the annual camp of exercise, of which we give herewith some illustrations. The corps has established a claim to a charming little camping ground not far from Lahore, where, under the shade of a grove of trees, it spends annually ten days or so under canvas. The members of the out-station troops are collected together, as far as possible, and thus once a year at least a large portion of the regiment is able to work together, while the duties of hospitality are by no means forgotten, and the Lahore ladies are tempted out to cheer the leisure hours of their gallant defenders, and tea and tent pegging are the order of the day.

This year the attendance in camp was larger than usual, and a spirit of rivalry between the troops kept things very lively. "A" Troop marched in at an early date, and was followed soon after by detachments from "B" and "C" Troops, "D" Troop (from the Kangra Valley) being unfortunately unable to attend. A most successful week's work was followed by inspection on a comprehensive scale, after which the corps took part in some manœuvres, in which the three volunteer regiments at the station were opposed to a brigade of regulars from Mian Mir, supported by the squadron of cavalry.

That the corps is capable of really efficient work was shown last year by a very successful forced march, undertaken by a detachment of "A" Troop at the close of the camp of exercise. Starting from Lahore in the morning, they marched in to Amritsar, a distance of thirty-five miles, in full marching order, and carrying all the necessary outfit for a campaign, including feed and picketing gear for their horses. The march was carried out under strict Service conditions, and neither men nor horses suffered in the least. General Sir George Wolseley, who commanded the district, was pleased to describe this march as an "excellent performance." It certainly showed that the men who took part in it, and who, to quote the general's remarks, "voluntarily subjected themselves to this practical and fatiguing trial of their efficiency," are something more than mere drawing-room soldiers.

Our illustrations, from photographs by Corporal Symes Scutt, Trooper W. H. Burke, and the wife of the commandant, Mrs. Grey, depict various incidents in the camp.

Our first picture illustrates a

A TROOP FALLING IN.

From Photos. *A FATIGUE PARTY.* By a Military Officer.

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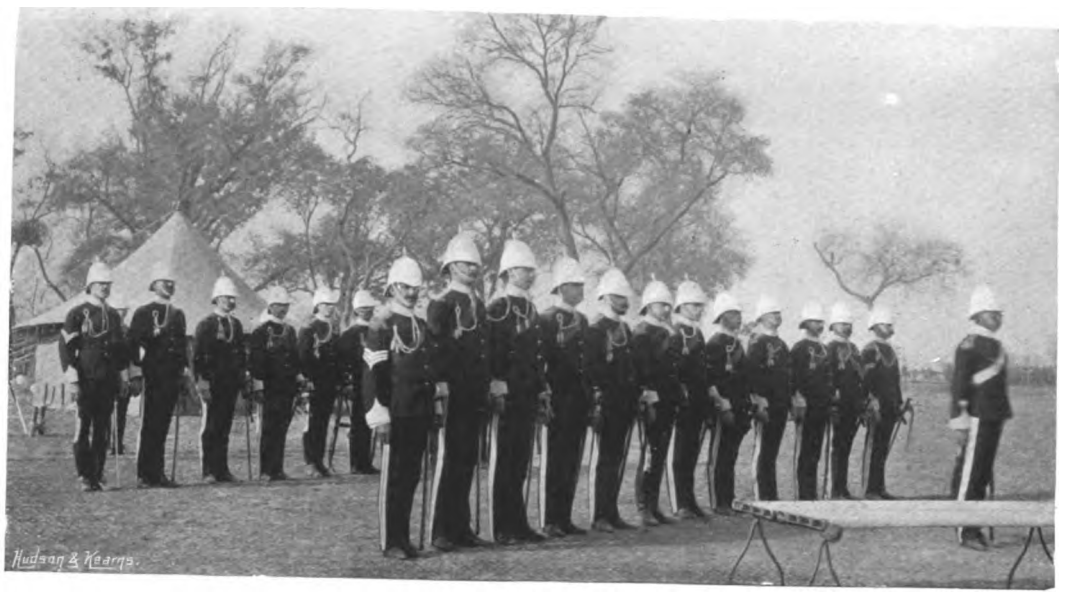


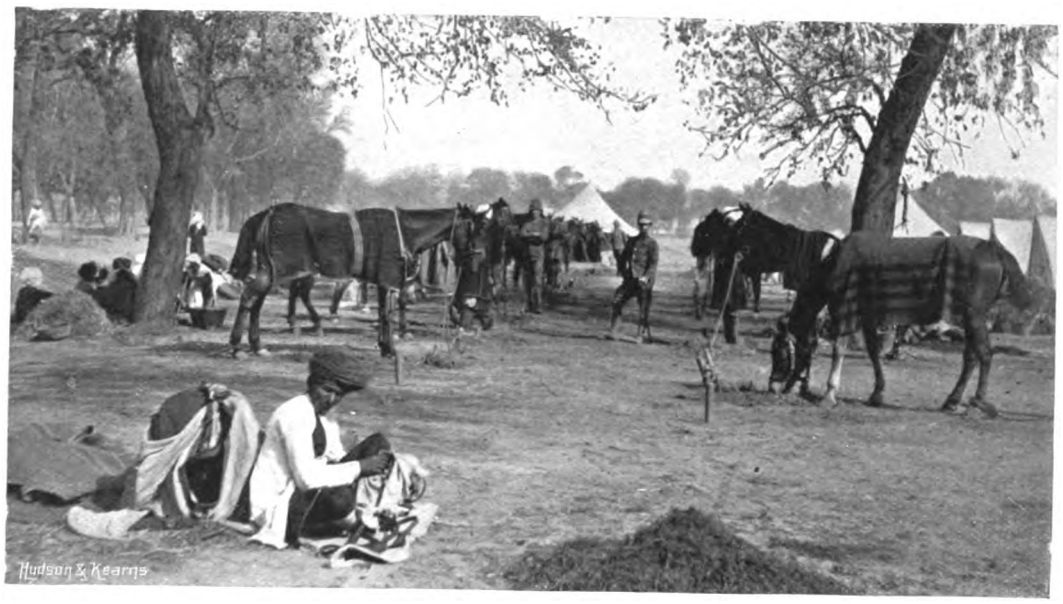
CHURCH PARADE.

column coming into camp after a hard day's work. Despite this the men do not look at all fatigued, which goes to show that they could, if necessary, go through the same work as regulars, whose training is being carried on day after day, with practically the same amount of ease.

Our next illustration represents one of the four troops composing the corps falling in in readiness for marching or for manœuvring on the adjacent plain. The troop is rather small compared to a troop of English regulars at Aldershot or elsewhere, but it must be borne in mind that the population in the Punjab is not English, being composed of more than three-quarters Indian, and that the men of the Light Horse are all Englishmen; and to get enough together to form a mounted volunteer corps in this remote place is a noteworthy feat.

In the next picture we have a fatigue party in front of the mess tent, who have just turned out ready to do whatever work is required of them. The men are dressed in the serviceable khaki uniform which is so much worn in India. In the fourth illustration the men are shown on church parade, dressed in full uniform, and their general smartness and efficiency can be seen at a glance. In the next we see the horses of the corps staked out and the Indian servants busy polishing and cleaning their harness. Native servants are exceedingly cheap in India, and residents with only moderate means can easily afford to keep one and even two. The sixth picture shows us the officers of the Punjab Light Horse on the outskirts of their camp, standing about in various easy attitudes. At one of the groups an officer is presumably giving orders, and the spot chosen for the camp is, to all appearances, an excellent one. Then we have Major Arthur Grey, the commandant of the corps, and to whom is due the credit of having raised it and brought it to its present state of efficiency. The motto of the corps is that of the Grey family (adopted in honour of their commandant), "De voulvoir servir le roy,' and they are deservedly proud of the "goodwill" with which they are all animated, whether for work or play. Though so young a corps, they are not without honour outside their own ranks. Last year, at the central meeting of the Bengal Rifle Association at Meerut, Sergeant Hind, of the Punjab Light Horse, carried off the 600 yards' match with the top score of the meeting, while the corps' rifle teams have this year secured the Dehra Dun Trophy, and the chief prizes in the joint rifle meeting held in conjunction with the local infantry battalion, the 1st Punjab Rifles (the oldest volunteer corps in India). The commandant at the last district assault-at-arms, too, won the Tent Pegging Competition, open to all officers of the Lahore District, against a large field.

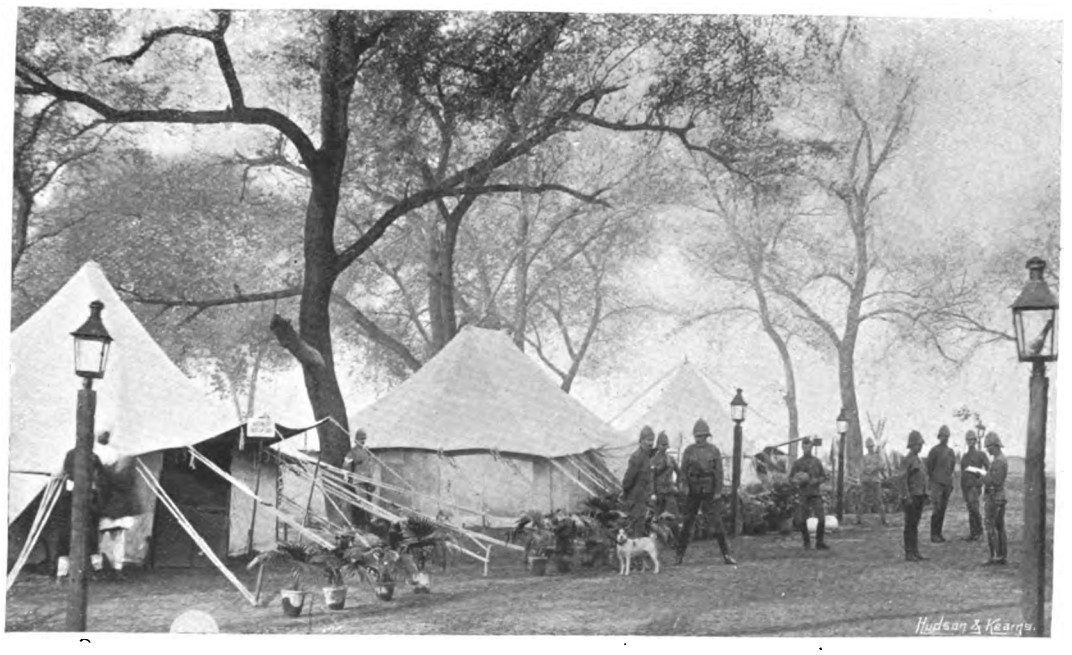
But, as we have said, the corps is still in its infancy. It was rumoured that a section would be invited to take part in the Jubilee Procession on the 22nd of June, in which case we should have had an opportunity of judging for ourselves of the blue and white uniforms, which have already become so well known in the Punjab from Simla to Peshawar.



IN THE HORSE LINES.

From Photos.

MAJOR ARTHUR GREY.



By a Military Officer.

REGIMENTAL OFFICE.

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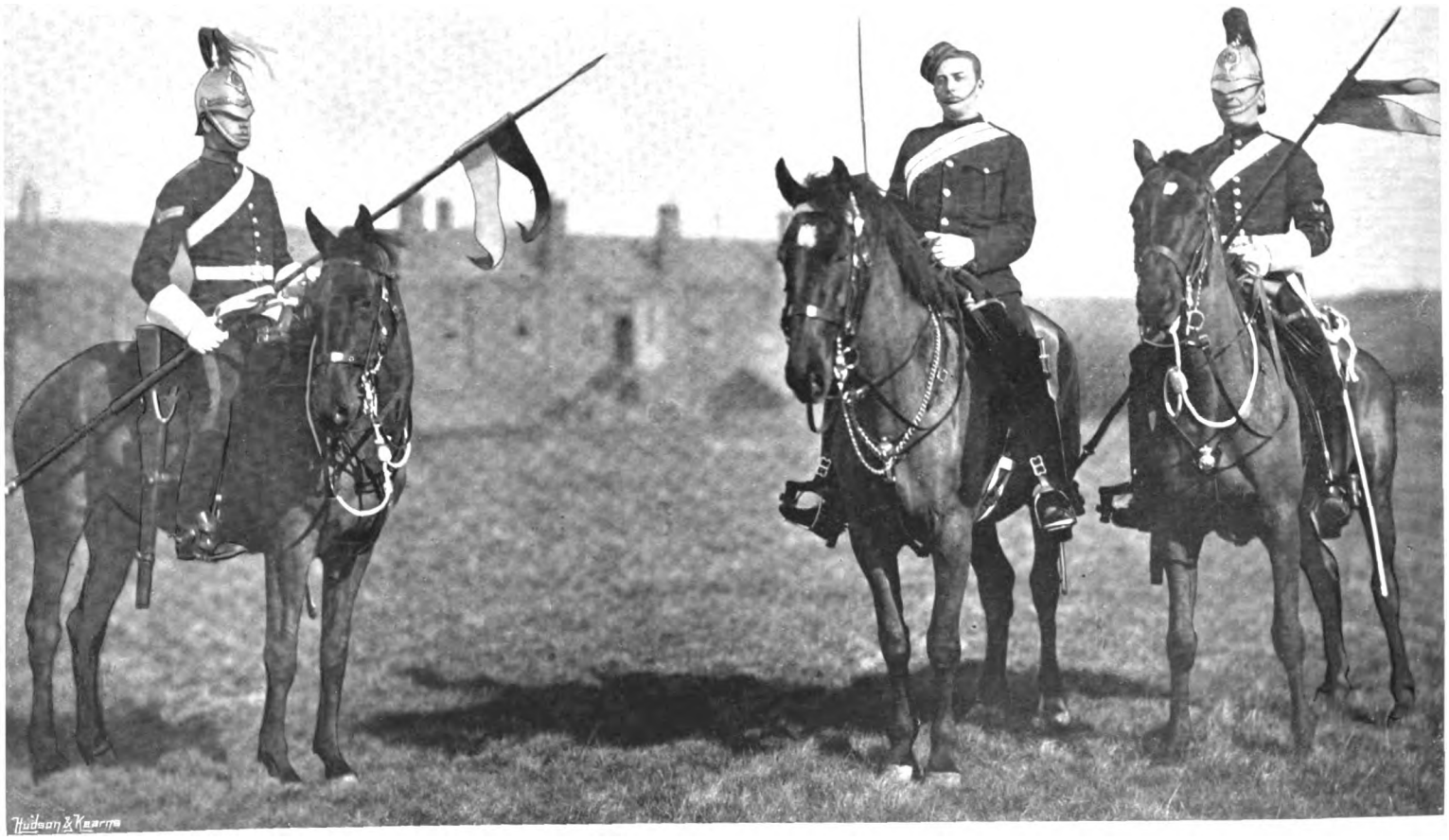
7th DRAGOON GUARDS. *ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.* *8th HUSSARS.*



Photos. Gregory. Copyright.

1st DRAGOON GUARDS. *2nd LIFE GUARDS.* *3rd DRAGOON GUARDS.*

THE men of the Household Cavalry on this page are dressed as they would appear, as a rule, when engaged in a field-day, the others are in review order. The "K.D.G.'s," as they are usually called, take their place in the "Army List" after the Household Cavalry, and were, in common with most of the regiments of dragoon guards, raised in 1685. The uniform is scarlet, the facings blue, and the plume red. The facings of the 3rd are yellow, and the plume is black and red. The 7th wear black facings and black and white plume. All regiments of dragoon guards wear gilt helmets with white ornaments, and all except the 6th (Carabiniers), scarlet tunics. The 8th Hussars were raised in 1693, and composed of Irish Protestants. Their uniform is blue, the busby bag scarlet, and the plume red and white.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 77.] SATURDAY, JULY 23rd, 1898.

Photo Symonds & Co. Copyright.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE COMMANDER OF THE "ILLUSTRIOUS."

(See Page 411.)

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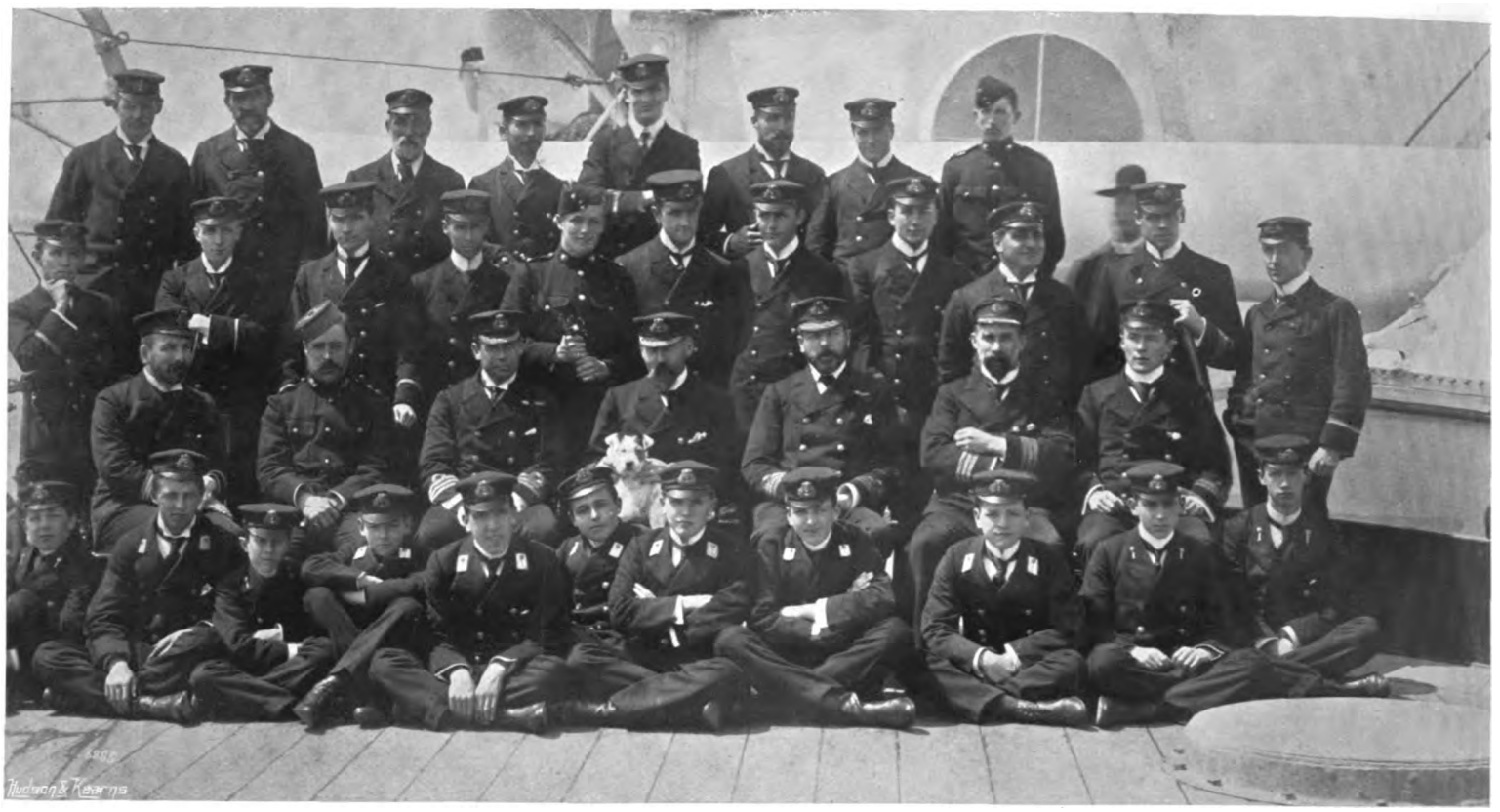
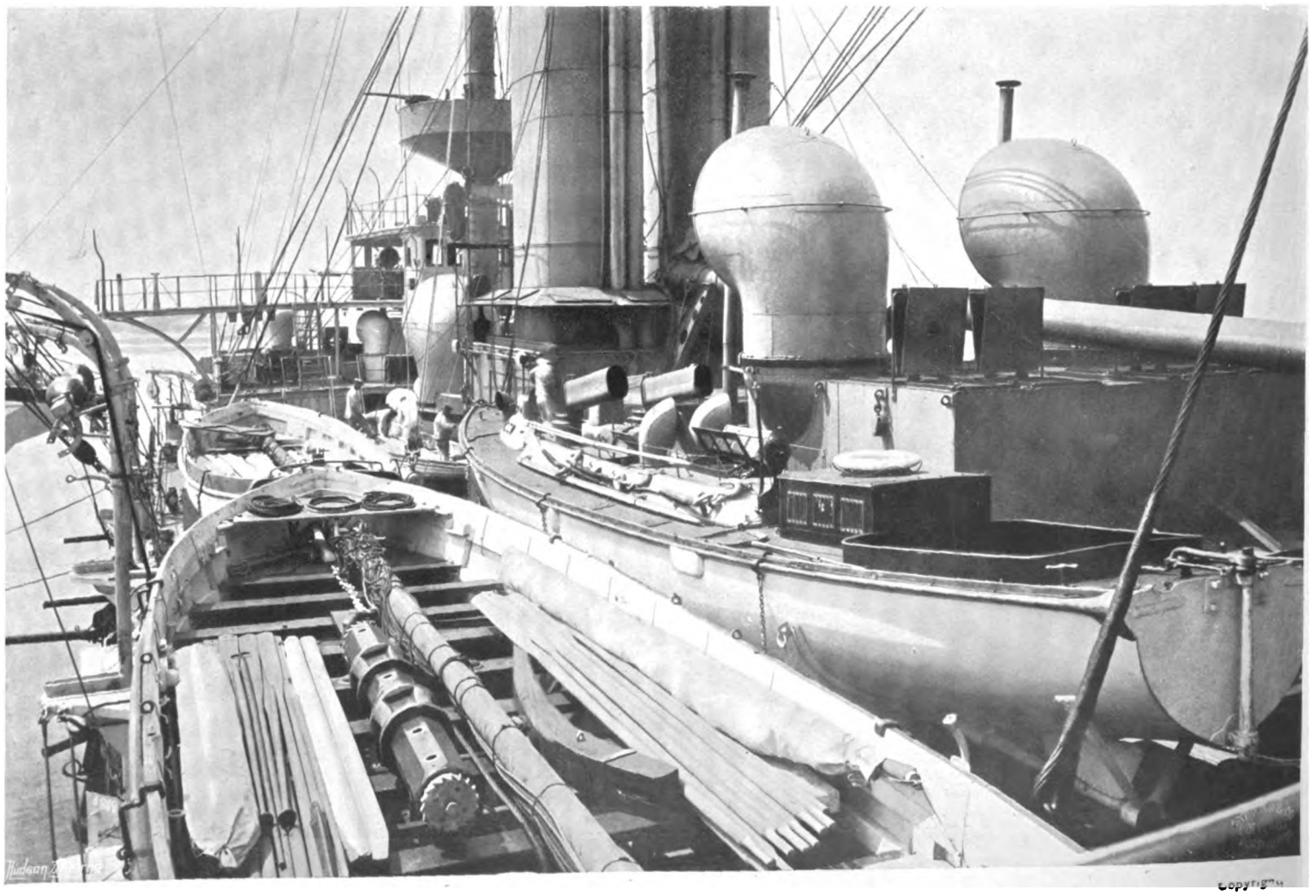
In a First-class Battle-ship.



THE OFFICERS OF THE "ILLUSTRIOUS."

THE "Illustrious," which has just been commissioned to take her place in the Mediterranean Squadron, is one of a group of the largest battle-ships in the world. A bare statement of her dimensions will give a very fair idea of the magnitude we have run to in the construction of battle-ships, for she has a length over all of 413-ft., a beam of 75-ft., draws 27½-ft. of water when in fighting trim, and displaces no less than 14,900 tons. Her engines are of 10,000 indicated horse-power, and give her a speed of 16½ knots under ordinary conditions, but by the use of induced draught, for which she is fitted, the engine-power can be increased by 2,000 horses, and an extra knot of speed given to her. As a fighting machine, she carries into action four 12-in. guns of the latest pattern as a main armament, and for a secondary and auxiliary battery mounts a host of quick-firers, comprising twelve 6-in., eighteen 12-pounders, twelve 3-pounders, and eight 0·45-in.



Photos. Symonds & Co. *ON THE SPAR DECK.*

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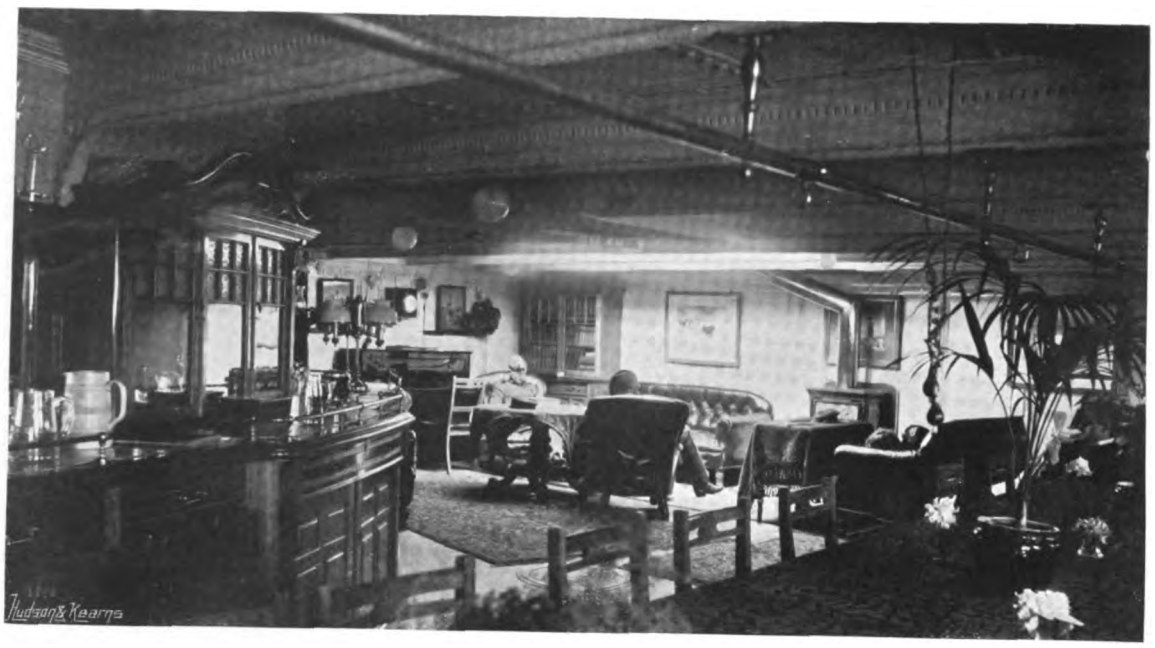
Maxims. She is protected as regards hull by a belt of Harveyed steel 9-in. in thickness, 16-ft. in breadth, and 220-ft. in length. The heavy guns are fought from within barbettes protected by 14-in. of armour, while the 12 guns in her secondary battery are ensconced within 6-in. casemates—a fighting machine that any captain might be proud to command.

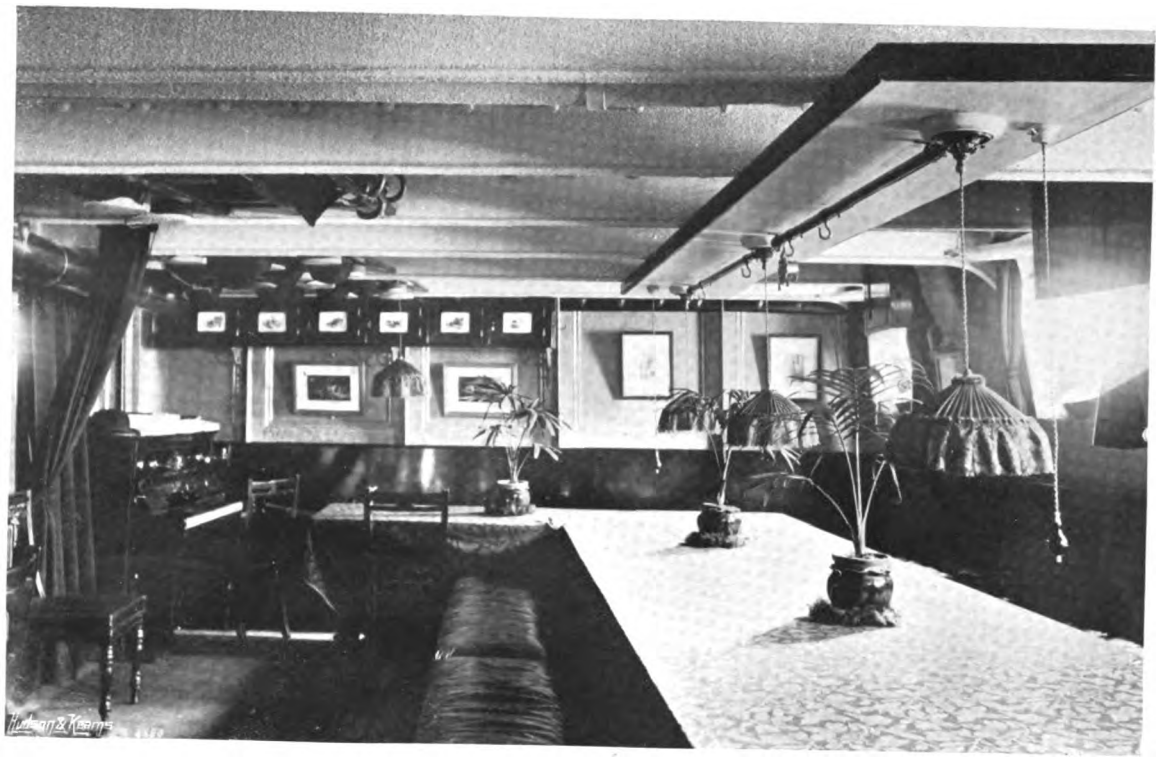
The distinction of commissioning the "Illustrious" belongs to Captain Sir Richard Poore, Bart., who, with his second in command, Commander Baker, is shown in our frontispiece. Both gallant officers have a very fine record of service. Sir Richard Poore was fighting Malays in the Straits of Malacca more than twenty years ago, his services then earning him the Indian general service medal with clasp for Perak. Since then he has seen a heap of hard service in Egypt, and there won the Egyptian medal and clasps, the Khedive's bronze star, and the Order of the Medjidie. Captain Baker also has the two Egyptian decorations, besides the African general service medal with a clasp for Vitu. This officer, moreover, when in the "Brisk," was specially selected to go on a special commission from the Pungwe River through Manicaland to Massi-Kessi and Umtali Camp in Mashonaland, to draw out a boundary line between the English South Africa Company and the Portuguese.

The group of officers shown includes all the branches, whether executive, engineer, marine, pay, or medical. Another picture gives us a peep at the spar deck, where the ship's boats and steam launches are stowed. Then come two pictures very illustrative of the inner life of a battle-ship. The one with the two marine officers lying back in armchairs reading represents the ward-room. The ward-room is the mess and general habitation of all officers on board, except the most junior, and that august personage the captain. Here, for the three years for which the big battle-ship is commissioned, is the home of the officers who belong to her.

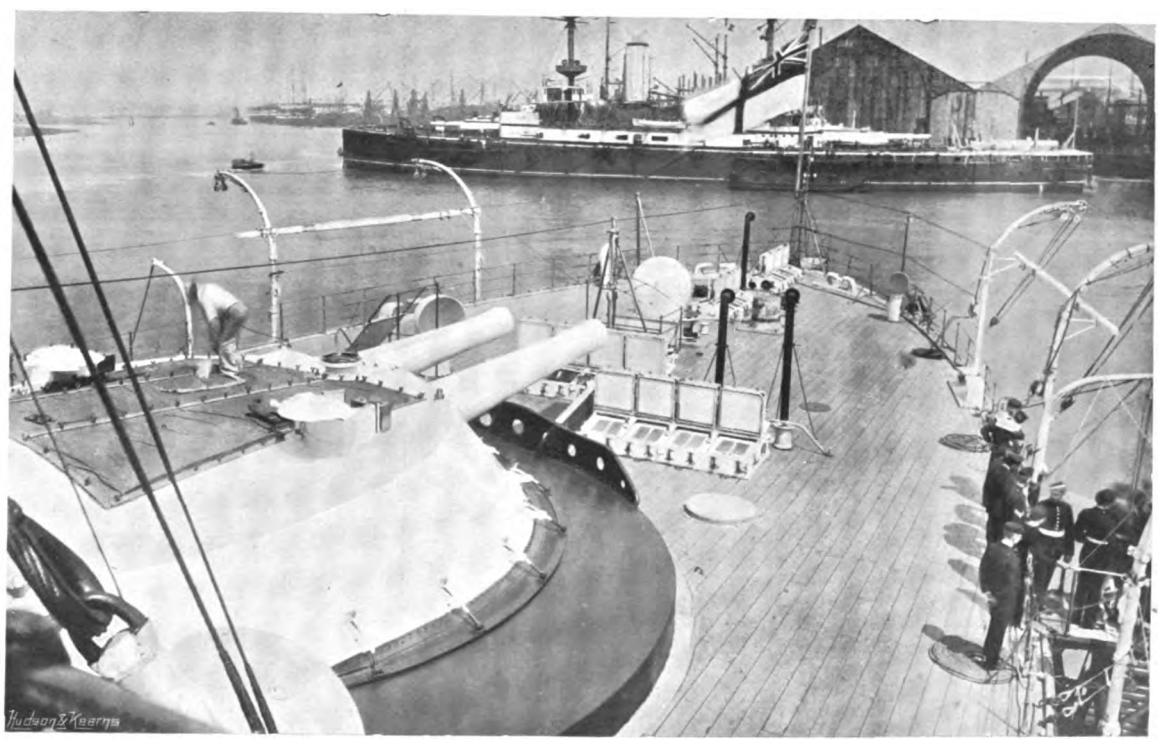
The junior officers, that is those below the rank of lieutenant, mess in the gun-room, shown in the next illustration. Finally, we see the quarter-deck, and are brought face to face with the big after barbette and its two mighty 12-in. guns. These monsters each throw a shot of 12-in. in diameter, and a weight of 850-lb. With a charge of 168-lb. of cordite (smokeless powder) they impart to this projectile an energy of 33,940 foot-tons, and a velocity of 2,400 foot-seconds, thus making it capable of penetrating 13½-in. of wrought iron.



IN THE WARD-ROOM.



THE MIDSHIPMAN'S HOME.



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A BRACE OF MONSTERS.

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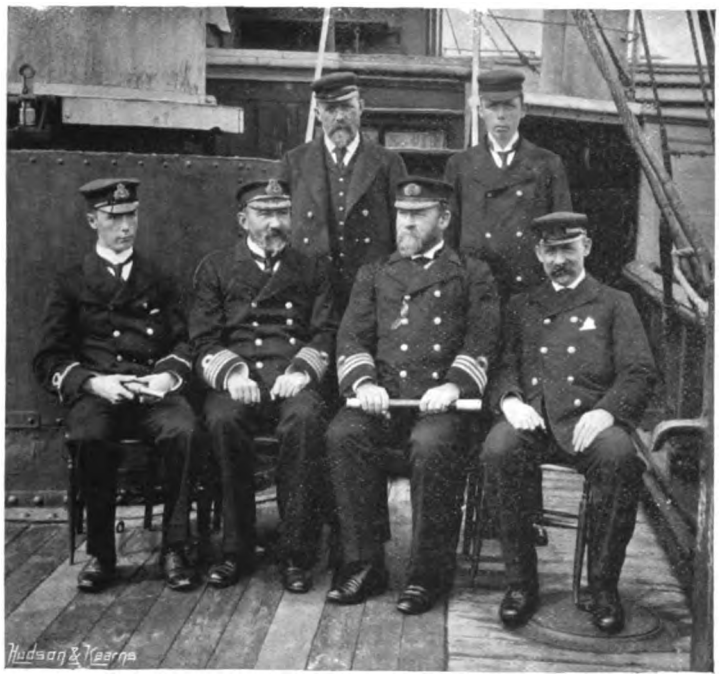
ON SURVEYING SERVICE.

IN the annual report of the Hydrographer of the Navy, just issued, attention is directed to the ever-increasing volume of work devolving upon the Surveying Service. The number of Naval seamen that can be spared for surveying work is about 600, and consequently it is found necessary to employ merchant seamen and fishermen to man some of the vessels. Officers, however, cannot be obtained in this fashion, and Staff-Captain W. F. Maxwell with his two assistants, as shown in our illustration, are regular officers of the Navy, though serving on board a vessel not to be found in the Navy List. The "Gladiator" has been thus employed for some years past on the survey of the western coasts of the United Kingdom. She is laid up during the worst months of winter, when the work cannot be carried on; but the same officers resume the surveys so soon as the summer begins again, and the interval they occupy in transferring to the charts the work of the summer months.



THE CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS OF THE "GLADIATOR."

Our next illustration shows a boat of the "Gladiator" engaged in sounding. The officer in the stern has his sextant in hand, ready to take angles to fix the position of the boat from time to time as she is propelled by the oarsmen over the area to be examined. The lead is cast as frequently as it can be thrown and drawn in again by the seaman thus employed. He calls the soundings aloud, which are duly noted by the officer in charge, whilst the position of the boat is fixed every few minutes by means of angles observed between prominent objects on the coast-line. These objects, such as houses, trees, hills, etc., have to be fixed by triangulation, an operation which precedes the work of sounding. In a strong tideway, sounding in rowing boats is a task of great difficulty, and, as a rule, steam-boats are supplied to all surveying ships. The parent ship undertakes the sounding in the deeper waters, but cannot, of course, approach the shore very closely, so that boats are indispensable for the work. As a general rule, the boats sound within the 5-fathom line, and the ship to seaward of it. Sometimes, though not often, the boat sounding can be carried on under sail, thus relieving the men of the necessity of using the oars.

THE "GLADIATOR'S" CREW.

The lines of soundings are separated according to the nature of the bottom. When very regular soundings are obtained, sunken rocks are less likely to be found than when the depth varies irregularly. With the exception of what are called "pinnacle" rocks, all such dangers to navigation may be suspected by sudden variation in the soundings.

The crew of the "Gladiator," it will be noticed, are permitted to wear moustaches, this licence being due to the fact that the men are not regular seamen of the Navy. They are not, in fact, subject to Naval discipline at all; but are liable to be discharged for misconduct. Such discharges are very rare, however, as the pay is good and the men specially selected. It may be of interest to note that from £10,000 to £12,000 a year is voted annually to defray the cost of hiring vessels and men to supplement the work of the ships of war engaged in marine surveying.

Photos. C. J. King. *SURVEYING FROM THE "GLADIATOR'S" BOAT.* Copyright.

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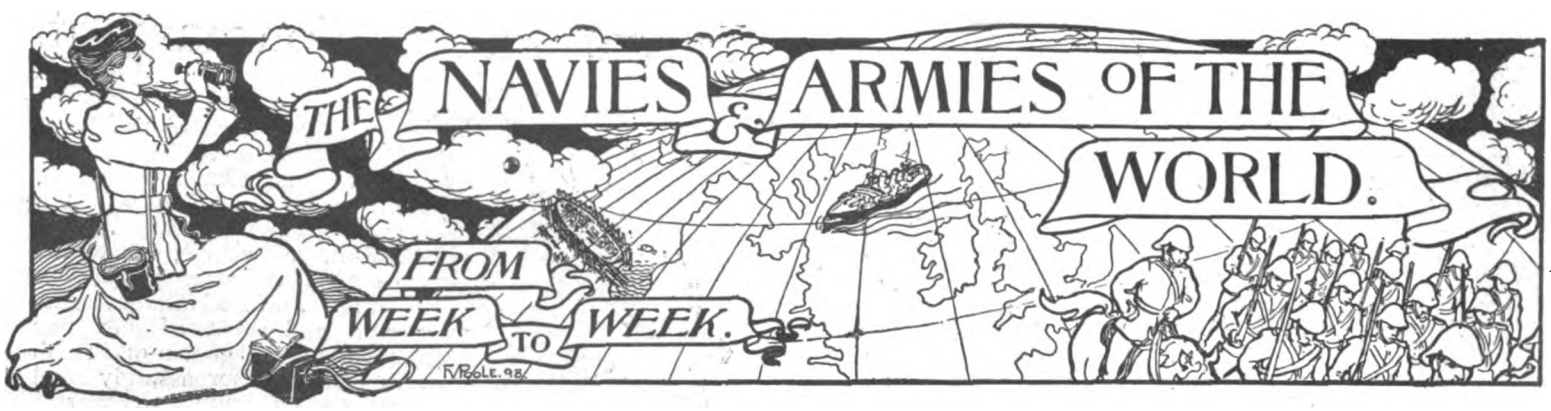

WHEN the correspondent of the *Daily Graphic* was told that he could not see Admiral Camara at nine in the morning, because this officer was still asleep, the excuse was no doubt a variation on our familiar "not at home." The Spaniard usually gets up early, and stays up late. He takes his "desayuno," the chota hazra of India, long before nine, and his "almuerzo" or tiffin at about midday, then he makes up his sleep by taking his siesta during the hot hours. Admiral Camara, we may be sure, was not anxious to be visited by unofficial persons, probably in want of information, and the excuse was common form. If it had been the siesta which the correspondent of the *Daily Graphic* threatened to disturb, the answer would certainly have represented the plain truth. There is a story that when the great Prince of Conde of the seventeenth century was an exile serving with the Spaniards in the Low Country Wars, he once saw that Turenne, who commanded the French army opposite, was preparing for an attack in the early afternoon. He hurried to alarm the Spanish general, the Marquis of Caracena, but was not allowed to enter the tent because his Excellency was taking his siesta, and must not be disturbed. The attack was made, and the Spaniards were beaten. It was, if my memory is not at fault, on this occasion that Conde made his prophecy to our own Duke of York, the James II. of later times, who was also an exile with the Spaniards. "Your Highness," said Conde, "has I believe never seen a battle." The Duke, who had been a mere boy during the Civil War, had not. "Very well," said Conde, "you are now going to see how a battle is lost," and lost it was. The occasion was that battle on the Dunes of Dunkirk when Turenne had a corps of Cromwell's red coats with him. There were Cavalier exiles with Caracena, and the two bodies of Englishmen fought one another with the utmost fury. It was then that the Duke of York first showed the personal courage which afterwards failed him so strangely when he had to fight for his crown.

* * * * *

ALL these stories are, in the French phrase, "subject to caution." They grow up in mysterious ways, and are difficult to verify. But there is one told of this same battle of the Dunes which is so creditable to the good sense of a countryman of our own that one cannot but hope it is true. The soldiers sent over by Cromwell were under the immediate command of Morgan, but under the general direction of Lockhart, who was also ambassador to France. The generals of the seventeenth century were as a rule very touchy about their dignity. Men holding important commands expected to be consulted before any important step was taken, and this was more especially the case when they were at the head of allied, and more or less independent, forces. Turenne was most anxious to avoid friction, and so when he had decided to attack he sent an officer to explain at full length to Lockhart why he had come to the decision to give battle. Lockhart cut the story short by saying that he had come there to co-operate with the French King's troops, and was perfectly ready to do his duty. If M. de Turenne would say what he wanted done, that would be enough for the present. His reasons for fighting now could wait till after the battle was won. It was the very perfection of common-sense. To be sure, Lockhart knew that he had to deal with a great general, who had every reason to wish to win. The same confidence could not safely have been reposed in the Marquis of Caracena. Yet it was a proof of manly good sense to subordinate show and personal dignity to the work in hand. There were not a few of Lockhart's contemporaries who would rather have lost the battle than sink their claim to be consulted.

* * * *

THE working of the point of honour and personal dignity in the history of war would be worth investigation. Mediæval times are full of it. At the battle of the Standard, in the reign of King Stephen, the Scots of Albyn upset all King David of Scotland's plans of battle by insisting on their hereditary right to lead the van. The French armies were constantly beaten because the nobles would not serve with the foot soldiers, or allow men of their own class to go in front of them. Therefore they would rush on a tumultuous mob, and therein lies the explanation of their many defeats, not only by the English, but by the Flemings, Turks, and Portuguese. Montrose had infinite difficulty with the Highland clans, which claimed this or the other position on the march, or in the line of battle. When Turenne was killed in front of Montecucule's lines, all the fruit of his generalship was lost because two of his subordinates next in rank insisted on quarrelling there and then as to which of them was entitled to give the next order. Though each of them knew what it ought to be, neither would allow the other to give it. Englishmen have generally been comparatively free from the form of foolishness which subordinates substance to forms of dignity. Yet we have our instances. I have seen it asserted that the Guards in the Crimea claimed that they were exempt by privilege from certain work in the trenches. The sea had its own version of this point of honour. Tourville declined to fire first at Ashby in the battle of Beachy Head because the admiral was not his equal in rank. Our admirals stood stiffly on their right to leave the fleet when their command was expired, or they had to go for any other reason, in a line of battle ship. Nelson, with his usual kindness of heart, and equally usual readiness to take risks, weakened his fleet before Trafalgar by allowing Calder to go home, in order to stand his court-martial, in a line of battle ship, because the unfortunate man could not bear the indignity of returning in a frigate. St. Vincent was very bitter once at the notion that the Admiralty should expect him to return home in a frigate like a convict. When ill-health forced him to resign the command to Keith during the pursuit of Bruix, he went in his flag-ship, thereby weakening the fleet, which he well knew to be already inferior to the enemy, by taking away a 100-gun ship. It was in order to pick her up again that Keith went out of his way later in the pursuit, and thereby gave Bruix the opportunity to escape. There is a great deal in every battle which does not appear in the general's despatch, and much in war which is neither tactics nor strategy—and unless it is taken into account there will be no history of that business written.

* * * *

SOME philosopher, Mr. Herbert Spencer I think, has remarked that you cannot get a five-fingered hand into a four-fingered glove. The illustration was meant to show how difficult it is to introduce some ideas into minds which will not assimilate them. It suggests itself at once when one reads the amazing scheme of national defence which has been elaborated by Sir H. Burdett, and Major-General Crease. They propose to defend this country by forming a corps of fencibles which is to fight on board "battle forts" and attendant "battle-ship exterminators," these last being craft wonderful to read of, which can go 35 to 40 knots an hour, cannot be sunk, will be able to sink any battle-ship, and are to cost very little. With a vessel of these qualities at hand, one does not see the need of the battle fort. It would be so simple to exterminate the foreign battle-ship at once. They are conscious that the scheme may not be easily accepted, since "those who control the Navy have always been chary of making the sweeping innovations which are necessary, because fresh innovation would mean the employment of men costing less money than they do at present, and the building of a class of ships on altogether new lines, probably also the formation of a new Navy on a basis less pleasant to those in it than exists at present." One of the innovations appears to be the almost total abolition of the sailor, and the replacing of him by marines and volunteers. One can make a guess at where all this comes from. But to return to the five-fingered hand and the four-fingered glove—Sir H. Burdett and General Crease reproduce the good old paradox of the British Navy, which is nobody knows where, doing nobody knows what, while the enemy is in the Channel. With it comes the sister paradox (they are regular argumentative Siamese twins) of the enemy who is attacking us at home, and is keeping the hands of the Navy full abroad. Yet that if the enemy comes here there is nothing to keep our fleet elsewhere, and that if we can keep his hands full abroad he will have to stay there, would appear to be self-evident propositions. It is a trifle surprising to find gentlemen who have invented a battle-ship exterminator (which by the way is to keep the sea in all weathers), and who do not appear to have reflected that she would be best employed in exterminating the foe outside of his port of departure. And yet again it is not. If you start by taking it for granted that the defence of England on the sea must needs be done on the four seas of Britain, the rest follows. The five-fingered hand, in fact, will not go into the four-fingered glove. All the logicians of Oxford cannot get it in.

* * * *

SPEAKING as an outsider—that is, as a mere subject of Her Majesty who is neither sailor nor soldier, but looks to be defended by both, and respects them—I cannot but deplore the discussion which appears to be raging over the grave of General Yeatman-Biggs. What does it all come to, when one looks at it coolly? An operation of war is performed, and ends successfully. Some think that it might have been done better. Very possibly. One of the greatest generals who ever lived said that a man who had made no mistakes in war was a man who had not made it for long. If we want generals who never err, we had better arrange for giving our commands to angels—and even then we shall not be quite safe, for it is matter of record that certain angels rebelled and fell from heaven. What makes the discussion especially irritating is that General Yeatman-Biggs is dead, and cannot answer. Defenders of his good name, not unnaturally, but unfortunately, fall back on blaming other people. We are told that "some of those sent to carry out his orders are utterly unfit for the position into which they have been placed, and certainly when the true story of Dargai is written, it will be recognised how impossible it is to conduct military operations successfully with scratch staffs." Well, the Duke of Wellington had a scratch staff at Waterloo, and was successful all the same. A statement of this kind is a species of torpedo launched at random, and it is a mere toss-up whom it hurts. Nothing can come of it but bad blood and Service quarrels. The done is done, there is no question of a court-martial on anybody, what good can result from insinuations of this nature? That officers will do well to think over the Dargai business is a sound proposition; but let them take the excellent advice which Howe gave to Codrington. "Always," said the old admiral, "make remarks on the orders of your superior." The signal lieutenant stared, for this was not the discipline of the Navy. "I do not mean," went on Howe, "that you ought to say anything, but turn over in your mind, and consider the why and the result of his orders." This is not a literal quotation, but it is the substance, and it is admirable. Make your reflections for yourself, and so prepare for doing the right thing, but do not discuss in public, because that weakens directly and indirectly the respect for authority, which is the very soul of discipline. Above all, do not launch accusations at large which may hurt the wrong man.

DAVID HANNAY.

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"SOLDIERS' Songs." Here is an inspiring theme. The blood is up and the heart begins its march almost at the name. These are "Soldiers' Songs for the March, the Camp, and the Barracks," edited by Mr. Charles Williams, the well-known war correspondent (Routledge, 1s.). Many a time it has occurred to him that we, too, want a "Soldatenliederbuch"—a volume in which our gallant soldiers might find their old favourites and some that are new. Unexpected difficulties arose. There was an ample largeness of material from which a selection had to be made. But modesty would say "Proh, pudor!" at some broad things that were sung loudly before the niceness or squeamishness of these times cried "Hold! enough!" Here is the "inherent defect" which has led to the exclusion of many. Then there were the political and religious elements to consider. Half our old songs come from Restoration and later times, and were used to inspire zeal and flout the adversary. It would never do, even in these days, to sing a song that would inflame an Orangeman. There might be wigs on the green in our times if, like Uncle Toby, one should hum "Lillibullero" within earshot of a hot-blooded member of the Jacobite stock. However, when Mr. Williams had weeded out the unfit, a plentiful supply of bright words and inspiring melodies remained. To fill any gap, as it were, he has thrown in some lines of his own, inspired by the idea of making our British soldier familiar with some of those simple and yet bright airs which cheer the toils and marches of his French and German comrades. There died not long ago an old French officer, the commander of an army corps, General de Saint Mars, who spent a good deal of the energy of his later years in the attempt to make soldiers sing. Mr. Williams is inspired by the same idea.

The present collection is dedicated to Lord Wolseley, and has something of official approval, and it is produced at such a price—hardly a remunerative one—that it should have a wide circulation in the Army. Colonel Farquhar Glennie, commandant of the Army School of Music at Hounslow, and Lieutenant Stretton, the director, as well as some of the advanced students, have rendered help, so that absolute confidence may be felt in the appropriateness and setting of the various pieces. The book is uniform with "Sailors' Songs" by the Rev. W. Guise Tucker and Mr. Charles H. Purday. Such old favourites as "Kate Kearney," "Oh, Dear! What can the Matter be?" "Hearts of Oak," "The Tight Little Island," and "The Lass I Left Behind Me," are here, of course. Healthy sentimental songs have also their place, such as "Annie Laurie," "The Cruiskeen Lawn," and "The Minstrel Boy," and there are modern patriotic songs, many of them by special permission, like "Hands Across the Sea," and "The Old Brigade." Again, there are old madrigals such as "Begone, Dull Care!" and a few songs of the nature of Scott's rendering of "Le Jeune et Beau Dunois." I will not refrain from quoting just a verse to show the sprightly vein of the editor himself. It is from a song called "Sentry Go," which is based upon an old Volkslied:—

"On sentry go, on sentry go,
It's not exactly jolly,
Yet ever near the beaten track
I think I see my Molly.
So when I'm put on sentry go,
It's not so very, very slow,
If I can think of Molly dear,
Alternate with a glass o' beer."

Such is the character of a very excellent selection of soldiers' songs which I heartily commend to the Army.

Although it is a little late to refer to July magazines, I will not omit the *Atlantic Monthly*, because it is a patriotic number, chiefly remarkable for an article by the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., on "The Essential Unity of Britain and America." Mr. Bryce sees the difficulties attending a formal alliance, but he utters the healthy sentiment that there should be a league of the heart, that the sympathy of each nation is a tower of strength to the other, and that the best and surest foundation of future policy is in relations of frank and cordial friendship. After reading this article, it will be instructive to turn to a critical paper on the same subject by "Diplomaticus" in the *Fortnightly*, and to another by Mr. James Greenwood in the *Nineteenth Century*. I wish Mr. Bryce had been able to show more clearly a practical basis for a working understanding. The same *Atlantic Monthly* contains articles on "The American Evolution" and "The Decadence of Spain."

In this summer season it will not be out of place to draw attention to three books devoted to the occupations of outdoor life, all published by Longmans. "Rowing," by R. P. P. Rowe and C. M. Pitman, with chapters on punting by P. W. Squire, is the latest volume added to the "Badminton Library" (10s. 6d.). This series has attained fame, and in the new volume all that concerns oarsmanship—the theoretical and practical departments of the art—will be found capably treated by most competent writers. You will never learn to handle an oar from books, but many difficulties and faults may be avoided by study of this volume, and application of its principles. Two new books have been added to the "Fur, Feather, and Fin Series" (5s. each). I think the word "Fin" has been added to the original title of the series to admit of books appealing to anglers being included, such as "The Trout," by the Marquis of Granby, and "The Salmon," by the Hon. A. E. Gathorne Hardy. An abundance of useful information as to the catching of the special fish is given by the authors, who have called in others to help in regard to particular points. Thus Colonel F. H. Custance deals very thoroughly with trout breeding. Both books are admirable in all respects. "SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

THE Crystal Palace Tournament.

By COLONEL J. GRAHAM.

THE remark of the great Duke of Wellington that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton was highly figurative. He meant, of course, that the physical training, pluck, endurance, love of outdoor exercise, and spirit of fair play promoted by the games of British youth formed a surpassingly good foundation on which to rear a victorious army. Eton was merely the representative place selected by the Duke—a place where rowing, swimming, cricket, and athletics generally were cultivated; but now there are, in that sense, many Etons. Every summer evening the grass fields around London are white with cricketers, and the same may be said of all our large towns, so that the heart of the thoughtful traveller rises in thankfulness at the sight.

It cannot be doubted that the Briton has a peculiar aptitude for sports requiring nerve and skill. This may be predicated of dwellers in the Colonies as well as of those in the home-lands. Within living memory the golf of Scotland has spread itself all over England, and the cricket of England has inundated Scotland, where it was unknown fifty or sixty years ago, while polo has taken root like a plant of our own climate and soil. Tournaments are, however, the highest development of athletic competition. The newest success on a large scale in this line, they are of the greatest practical value, and untainted by objectionable accompaniments.

The Volunteer Service should be proud that one of its own officers, Colonel Tully, was the originator of the great show at Islington, and was for many years its moving spirit. It is understood that he was aided in the inception of the scheme by a number of like-minded men, among whom was Mr. A. Savigear, of the Earl's Court Riding School; but there are few who will dispute the important part taken by Colonel Tully from the outset, and the unwearied zeal with which he managed the undertaking.

The Yeomanry and Volunteer Tournament at the Crystal Palace has already had two years of existence. When the Royal Military Tournament at Islington was placed more immediately under the military authorities of the Home District, Colonel Tully, with the help and concurrence of the Crystal Palace Company, established and directed an annual meeting for yeomanry and volunteers exclusively. The idea was supported, if not by every yeomanry and volunteer commanding officer, at least by a very large and influential number of the most public-spirited and best-known officers of these two Services, and the exhibitions of skill-at-arms, horsemanship, and athletics which were given at Sydenham would have been most creditable to any Army in the world.

In the present year, Colonel Tully having retired, after a long and arduous term of tournament work, a council of yeomanry and volunteer commanding officers has been formed for the purpose of continuing the annual meetings at the Crystal Palace. The patronage of the Commander-in-Chief, the Adjutant-General, and the Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces has been obtained, and an executive committee has been appointed, under the presidency of Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Hudson, V.D., 3rd Kent Artillery Volunteers. The secretary of the committee is Mr. C. Meadows Wood, of the Loyal Suffolk Hussars, to whose tact and industry in the preparatory stages the success of the meeting is principally due.

The tournament and camp are under Lieutenant-Colonel Hudson, chairman of committee, as commandant. The following announcement was officially made on the 12th inst.:—

"The arena this year will be in the central transept of the Crystal Palace, where accommodation has been provided for a tournament by the Auxiliary Forces on a huge scale never before attempted in connection with our citizen soldiers. The whole of the arrangements will be carried out under strict military discipline, and a feature of the tournament will be that the yeomanry and volunteer forces will be exclusively responsible for the whole display, thus enabling the public to judge of the standard of perfection attained. There will be a unique gathering of the yeomanry force, with 120 representatives from thirty out of the thirty-eight regiments. There will be a military camp in the grounds, which the public will be permitted to inspect at certain specified hours. The stables will also be open to the public at intervals."

The arena, which is prepared in the transept with a

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sufficient depth of tan, is both wider and longer than that of the Agricultural Hall, affording abundant scope for the performers; but those who attended last year's meeting were delighted with the pure air and *al fresco* arrangements, and will hardly appreciate the change if the weather be at all fine. It is, however, believed that the new situation is more fitted to attract the general public.

The directors of the Crystal Palace are to be congratulated on their enterprising policy, for they have taken on themselves the responsibility for all the outlay in connection with the tournament. They pay the travelling expenses of competitors, and allow free rations and camp accommodation from Monday, July 18, to Saturday, July 23; competitors from a distance may also, on application, have these privileges extended from the 16th to the 25th. It is to be sincerely hoped that a large measure of success will be the reward of the directors. They have taken a bold and liberal course which deserves to end in permanent prosperity, and in the firm and profitable establishment of a tournament for the Auxiliary Forces. Their vast building and grounds could hardly be employed for better purposes; they are extremely well adapted to the ends which the directors of the Palace and the council of the tournament have in view, and they are most appropriately used in the promotion of what may fairly be termed a national object.

A reasonable agreement has been come to with regard to the profits, if any, which may be made out of the week's business. After all expenses have been paid, the balance is to be equally divided between the Crystal Palace Company and the military charities which the committee of the tournament may select for assistance. Surely this is an arrangement under which all concerned can work with a will, and with which the most rigid of economists may be satisfied. The entrance fees for the mounted competitions are 5s. for each event in the case of the officers, and 2s. 6d. in that of the men, or 20s. for the series.

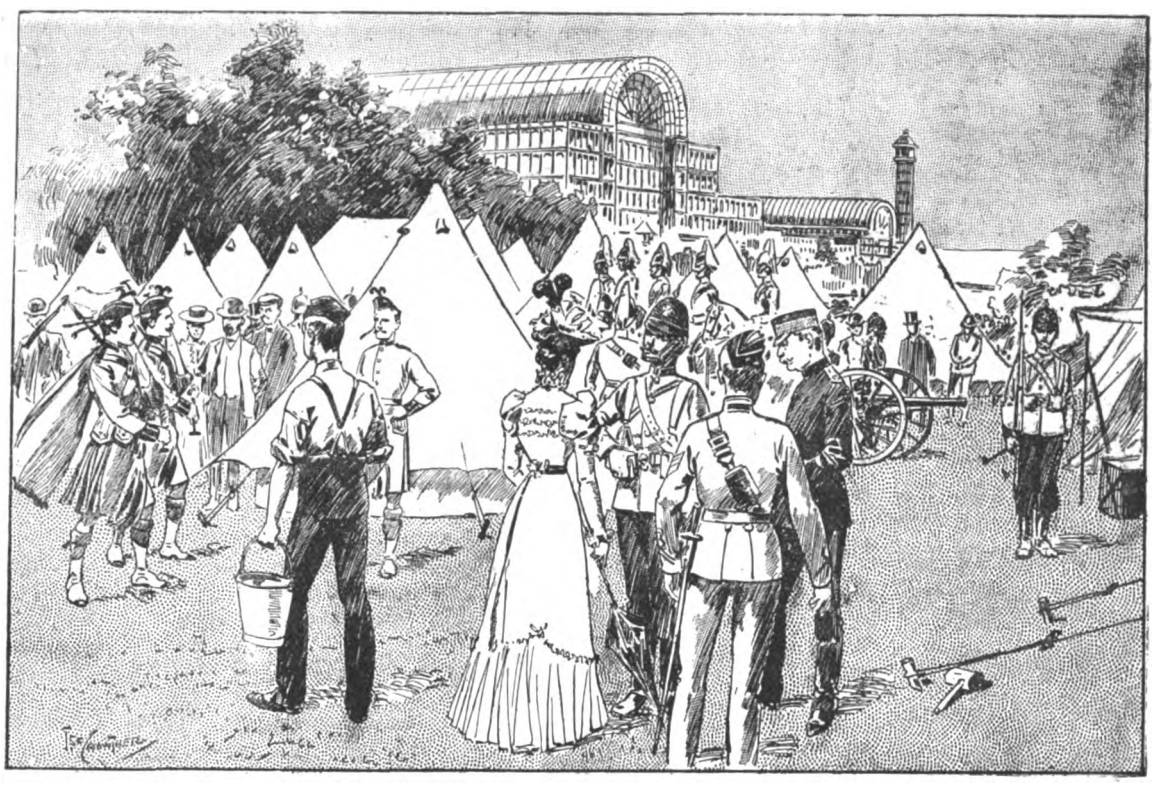
Yeomanry competitors have been invited to take part in thefollowing: Heads and posts, lemon cutting, tent pegging, sword *versus* sword, sword *versus* lance, sword *versus* bayonet, lance *versus* bayonet, riding and jumping, and Victoria Cross race. In most of these there are three prizes, the first being £5, the second £3, and the third £1. A gymkhana will be held on the afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday, and "the tournament will conclude each evening with a combined display, descriptive of some of the events of the Pathan Revolt in North-West India, and the punitive expedition undertaken to avenge the treacherous attack on the political officer and his escort in the Tochi Valley. Special scenery for this display, depicting the actual scene, has been painted by Mr. Pritchard Barrett."

A detachment of the Volunteer Medical Staff gives illustrations of "first aid to the wounded," and represents actual war with as much realism as is agreeable, while pipers and other Highlanders, who are nowadays on the crest of the wave, are supplied by the London Scottish Regiment, and form a picturesque and exhilarating feature of the gathering. It may truly be said that no efforts have been spared by the committee to render their show complete, and to place before the public a most interesting and varied succession of military scenes, from individual feats of swordsmanship to the tactical exercise of a Maxim battery. The assistant-commandant is Captain G. B. Guthrie, of the Middlesex Yeomanry, and the officer in charge of the combined display is Lieutenant W. C. B. Revill, of the Herts Yeomanry, who ably occupied a similar post at the last tournament, and whose feats as a horseman and man-at-arms must still be fresh in the memory of those who were present at that meeting.

On the last occasion the exhibitions were given on the Saturdays of four consecutive weeks, in order to suit the convenience of volunteers. The experiment now being made, of occupying a whole week, and one only, may prove to be sufficiently workable, and, if so, the new plan will probably be continued in coming years.

In all work of this kind the accuracy and excellence of the performance are of greater importance, and count for more in the way of raising the enthusiasm of lookers-on, than either novelty or brilliant setting. People would rather see an ordinary operation performed with the utmost smartness and precision than be treated to something new and striking if it had a suspicion of tawdriness or imperfection. Take, for instance, a well-mounted troop of horsemen, gay and gallant in aspect, but just a trifle faulty in dressing, or slack in bearing in some part of their work. Let them be succeeded in the arena by a small squad of dark grey or green coated volunteers, without a spot of bright colour among them, but only let them do the physical drill sharply, like one man, to the music of a good band, and the elementary exercise by the unattractive detachment will have carried all before it. In fact it is, in all soldiering, the extreme accuracy and smartness of the drill and training that make the difference between good and bad individual soldiers, and between good and bad regiments.

The extension of the tournament movement and all its advantages to the yeomanry and volunteers must be regarded as a sign of the strongest vitality. The enrolled forces of the Crown are not large when compared with those of other Powers, but what is their quality? This question can be answered, partly at least, by the continued existence of the Royal Military Tournament. It is not too much to say that, year by year, the standard of excellence is slowly but surely rising, and it cannot fail to do so when subsidiary tournaments are springing up at various points throughout the country, and sending up their best men to the grand yearly assemblage of all that is manliest and physically most excellent in the British Army.



The Camp in the Crystal Palace Grounds.

Now, taking the yeomanry and the volunteers man by man, there are nowhere any such troops to be found. In height, girth, intelligence, activity, patriotism, principle, and, above all, in the fact that they are a voluntary army, they stand alone and unapproached among the nations of the world.

This is the force with which the authorities of the Crystal Palace Tournament have to deal, and this the field which they have undertaken to cultivate. It is a grand task, and involves splendid possibilities. To influence these men, the backbone of the nation, the stalwart yeoman, the home-defending volunteer—so to educate them as to make them centres of light and leading in physical and military training—is an object worthy of the most sustained and strenuous efforts.

It will produce its effect not in our day only, but in generations yet to come, and the honour of guiding the young men of the land in manly and soldier-like ways will, if they wisely use their opportunities, be due in no small measure to the officers and gentlemen who started and have carried on the tournament which is at present attracting such crowds to the Crystal Palace, where it has been held since its inception two years ago.

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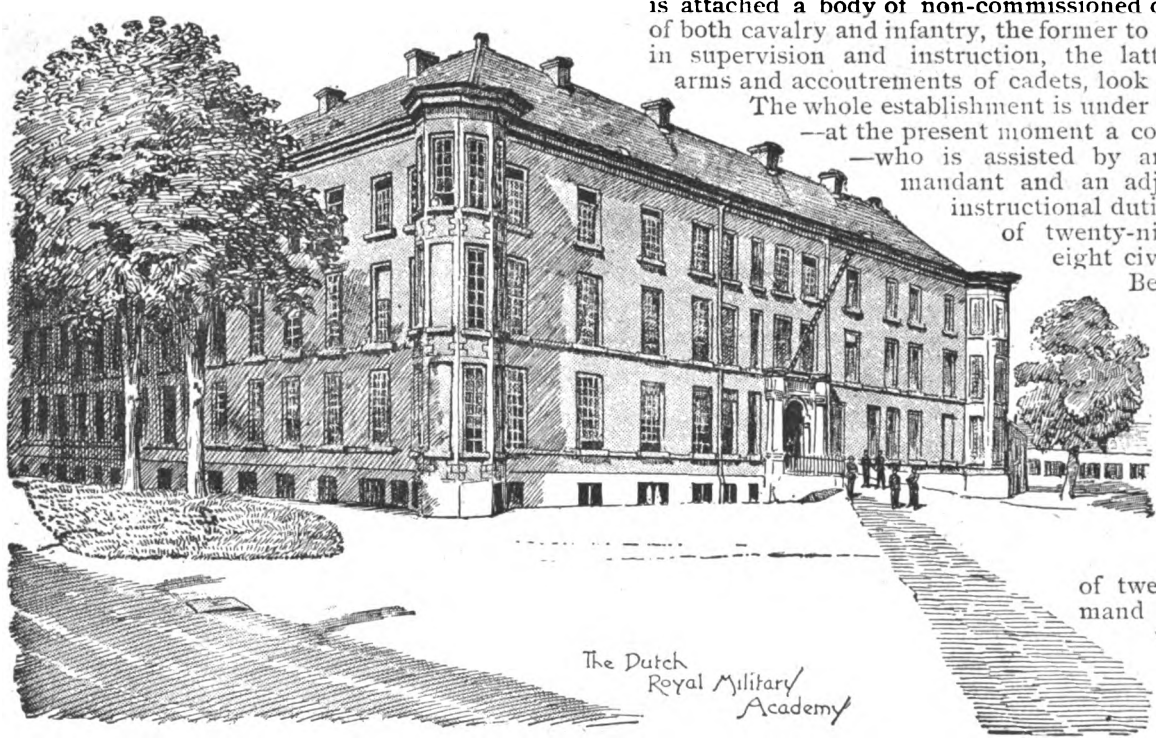
THE DUTCH ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY.

By H. LAWRENCE SWINBURNE.

IN the Army of the Netherlands, officers of all arms join the Service from the Royal Military Academy at Breda, but for entrance to this establishment they are first prepared at the Cadet School at Alkmaar; and of this institution it will be necessary to say a few words. Cadets enter the school at Alkmaar between the ages of fifteen and seventeen by competitive examination, which is fairly stiff, for the average is 250 candidates for fifty vacancies. Here they receive the ordinary school education, coupled, however, with a modicum of training in military exercises, which lasts for two years, at the expiration of which they have to pass a distinctively severe qualifying examination to join the Royal Military Academy. Before leaving Alkmaar, cadets are divided into two classes, (a) those intended for the Home Army, and (b) those intended for the Colonial Army. On going to the Academy the latter class contribute nothing to their expenses; the former, however, pay 400 guilders, a sum equivalent to some thirty-three pounds. This of course does not cover the cost of the cadet to the State, which allows for each cadet of the Home Army 1,200 guilders per annum, while the Colonies pay the whole 1,600 guilders to maintain each Colonial cadet. For this the cadets are clothed, boarded, supplied with books, etc., and receive in addition weekly pocket-money to the extent of two shillings for cadets of the first year, and slightly higher for those in their second and third years.



The Dutch Royal Military Academy

The course of study begins on the 1st of October and lasts until the 1st of June, with short breaks at Christmas and Easter; and, as will be seen later, the rest of the year is devoted to practical training with troops in barracks or camp.

The cadet's day commences at six, when he dons that uniform out of which he must never be seen either at Breda or when on leave. From half-past six to half-past seven there is study under the supervision of a third year cadet, succeeded by breakfast, and then the various classes follow from eight to twelve.

After the morning's study there is a roll call and inspection, followed by the midday meal, and then again work from one till four. The afternoon's work, however is not so much study as practical exercises, and especially with cadets intended for infantry and cavalry. Drill, fencing, gymnastics, field exercises, riding, in fact the acquirement of all the usual military accomplishments, occupy this time. For instruction in riding there is a stable of some hundred horses, and during their stay at the Academy, cadets go to riding school for one, two, or three years, according as to whether they are intended for engineers, infantry, artillery, or cavalry.

For the instruction of artillery cadets, there is a battery comprising the various types of guns used in the Dutch Service. By five o'clock the dinner bugle has sounded, after which the cadets are at liberty till seven. Study again from seven till eight, followed by supper, and to bed at nine.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the cadet's day is a fairly busy one, but every spare quarter of an hour that is available is used for recreation. Inside the building there are a large recreation hall, billiard-room, and canteen, while in the grounds there is every facility for cricket, football, lawn tennis, etc. The football team is indeed a specially good one, and has won many matches against some of the best teams in Holland.

On Sundays réveille is at seven, after which there is church, and the remainder of the day is then at the cadet's own disposal, with the proviso, however, that he cannot leave the Academy before noon. Third year cadets, however, are not obliged to conform to this rule, and these also have the much-prized privilege of being allowed to cycle on Sundays.

During the week, also, two hours' leave is granted once to first year cadets, twice to second year, and thrice to those in their third year. The full complement of cadets is 300, and these are divided into two companies, each under the command of a captain, and each of these again into three squads, each under the command of a lieutenant. On these lieutenants devolve in the main the maintenance and control of internal discipline, they being assisted in this duty by the cadets of the third year, who rank as sergeants. In a similar way cadets of the second year rank as corporals. To the Academy is attached a body of non-commissioned officers and men of both cavalry and infantry, the former to assist the officers in supervision and instruction, the latter to clean the arms and accoutrements of cadets, look after horses, etc. The whole establishment is under the commandant —at the present moment a colonel of artillery —who is assisted by an assistant-commandant and an adjutant, while for instructional duties there is a staff of twenty-nine officers and eight civilians.

Between the 1st of June and the 1st of October the really practical part of the cadets' training comes in, as during this period second and third year cadets are sent in detachments of twelve, under command of a lieutenant, to a regiment or battery of the particular branch of the Service to which they belong. During this period the cadets are not treated in any way as officers, but carry out precisely the duties of corporal or sergeant, according as to whether they belong to the first or second year. If artillery cadets, the second year men go to garrison, the third to field artillery.

At the expiration of the time, the officer commanding the regiment or battery sends in his report as to the efficiency and fitness of each cadet to the commandant at the Academy.

Thus the cadet gets for two years a thoroughly practical training, and by doing a soldier's work with soldiers, finds out much about his men that will come in useful to him as an officer.

Breda, where the Academy is situated, is one of the most interesting old historical places in Holland, and one of our pictures is an illustration of the Academy, which was founded in 1828.

Some photographs elsewhere illustrate the occupations of the cadets. In the group of three figures, that on the left shows the ordinary, in the centre the full uniform, while the great-coat worn is shown by the third figure. Another illustration shows on the left a cadet of cavalry in riding costume, and on the right a third year cadet of infantry in heavy marching order.

The Dutch Army is not very large, but it is well disciplined, principally owing to the good education the officers received when they were still cadets of the Royal Academy.

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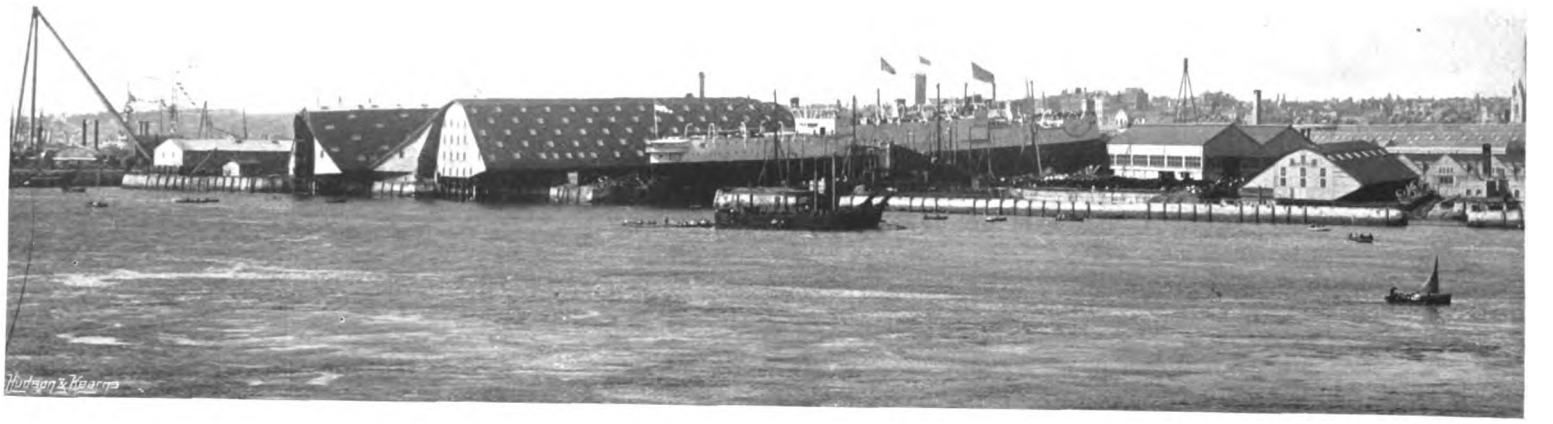
The Launch of the "Ocean."



ON THE SLIP—BEFORE LAUNCHING.

Photos. W. M. Crockett Copyright.

THE "OCEAN" TAKING THE WATER.

THE Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, named her third British battle-ship in the "Ocean," and the same brilliant success attended the ceremony that favoured the Princess on the previous occasions. The first of these was the launching of the "Inflexible" at Portsmouth in 1876, and the second the float-out of the "Majestic," also at Portsmouth, in 1895. The launch of the "Ocean" was a ceremony worthy to be classed with these in interest, not only for the ship herself as a fine first-class battle-ship of a new and improved type—as were in their years the "Inflexible" and the "Majestic"—but also as being the sending afloat of the first big armoured battle-ship ever built at our great West Country dockyard. The "Ocean" is not the first line-of-battle ship that Devonport has turned out, several of our old-time first-rates having been built there.

The launch of the "Ocean" was fixed for half-past five o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 5, and a few minutes before that time the dockyard chaplain, attended by a surpliced choir, began the simple but impressive religious service appointed for the launching of Her Majesty's ships of war. Then the Princess dashed the bottle of wine against the ram of the giant vessel and named her "Ocean." All that remained was to cut the cord holding the weights, which in falling knocked away the dogshores, and the vessel shot down the ways in fine form, taking the water in the most successful style, amid the re-echoing cheers of the thousands of spectators assembled on both sides of the Hamoaze.

The "Ocean," whose name was first placed on the Navy List by Anson in April, 1759, the year in which the "Victory's" keel was laid, is a vessel of 12,950 tons, a sister of the "Canopus" and the recently-launched "Albion."

Our first "Ocean" was a 90-gun three-decker that fought with Keppel and Rodney in the American War. Our second, a 98-gun three-decker, was Collingwood's flag-ship for four years after Trafalgar, manned by Nelson's old ship's company of the "Victory," who in January, 1806, turned over bodily into the "Ocean" on the "Victory" paying off at Chatham for her refit after the battle. Our third "Ocean," one of the original iron-plated, wooden-framed battle-ships of the sixties, was broken up some twelve years ago.

Photo. G. Short. Copyright.

IN THE HAMOAZE—WAITING FOR TUGS.

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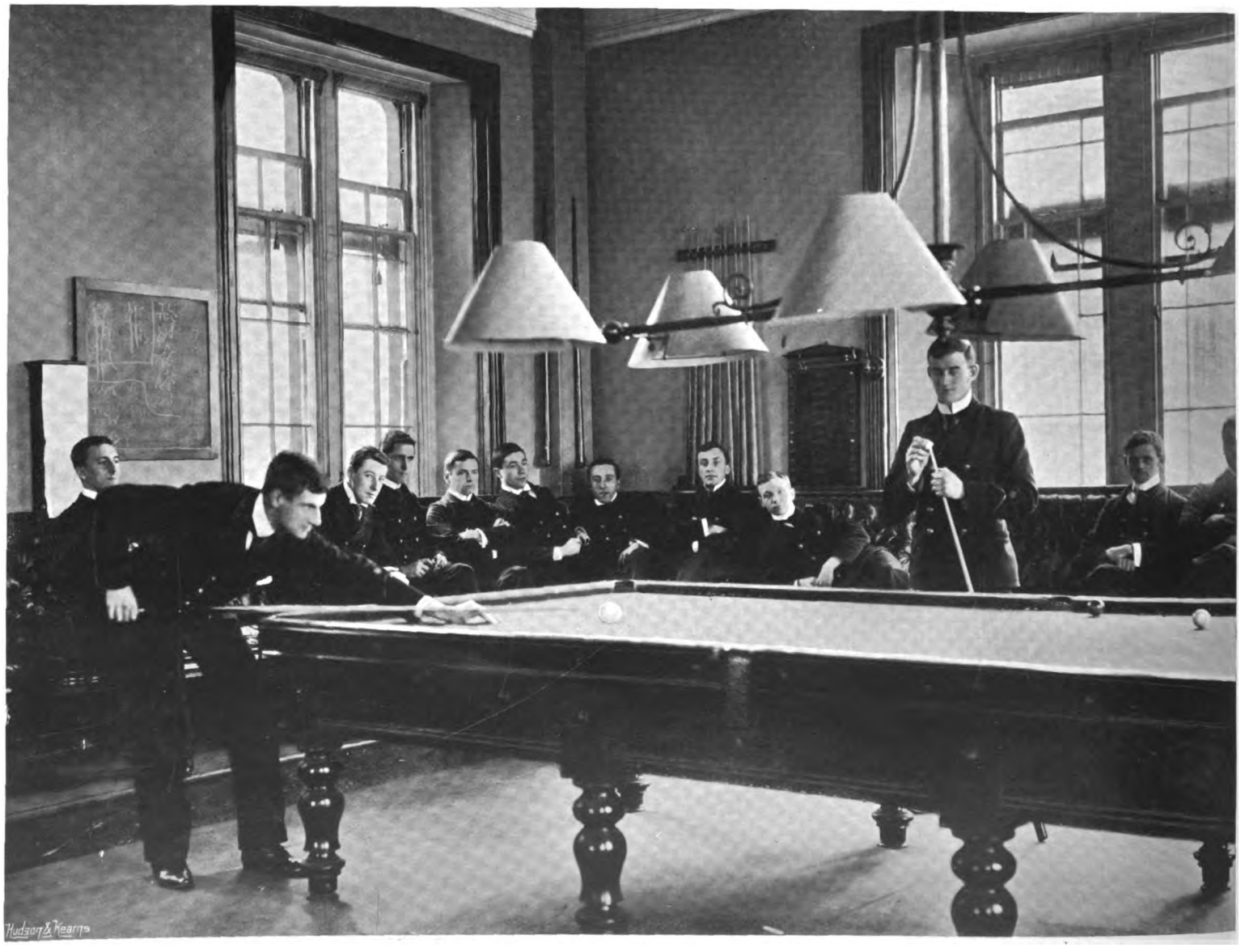
The Royal Naval Engineering College.—II.

ALTHOUGH speed is not the most essential feature in modern warships, it holds a place of high importance among their qualities, and is supremely necessary in all cruisers. The studies of the young Naval engineer at Keyham are both theoretical and practical. Everything that concerns thermo-dynamics, electricity, and hydraulics, even if only remotely, must be understood by him. He must know intimately the construction of extraordinarily complex and varied machinery, so that he may be able to maintain it in condition, to undertake necessary repairs, and to get out of it the extreme power which it is capable of giving; and into all this he gets an admirable insight, with practical experience, at the college.

Let anyone visit the engine-rooms of a battle-ship or large cruiser under full steam, and he will be bewildered at the scene before his eyes. Great cranks chase one another round at extraordinary speed, piston-rods rush to and fro with ceaseless energy, and connecting rods stride backward and forward; while all around, throughout the ship, auxiliary engines and appliances perform their

A STUDENT'S CUBICLE.



Photos. W. M. Crockett. *A GAME OF BILLIARDS.* Copyright.

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allotted tasks. At one end the engine-room telegraph indicates, perhaps, "full speed ahead," and above, in full view of the engineer officer of the watch, is a long row of gauges with pointers quivering and vibrating with the pressure behind. All around are numberless handles, levers, and valves, and at every point are men with oil cans and squirts to keep the bearings cool.

Then in the stokehold we find the huge circular or water-tube boilers, with their numberless fittings, while above great runs of steam-pipes are half-hidden in the gloom. Suddenly a furnace door is opened, and the ruddy glare reveals a crowd of grimy stokers, tending feed-pumps, or shovelling coal from the bunkers, or throwing it on the fire with skill born of long practice. Up against the bulkheads the feed-pumps are straining and groaning, and overhead we hear the whirr of the circulating fans as they create a forced draught for the furnaces. But all this enormous energy, both human and material, is organised and disciplined, each man having his place and his work, and all is supervised and directed by the engineer officers whose training is conducted at Keyham.

But the work of the engine-room staff does not end here.

THE SMOKING-ROOM

There is scarcely an operation of importance throughout the ship that is not now conducted or assisted by means of steam. It is steam that steers, that weighs the anchor and hoists the boats, that generates electricity for a multitude of purposes,

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CONVALESCENTS IN THE RECREATION-ROOM.

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that compresses air for discharging torpedoes, pumps up the hydraulic power for the working of heavy guns, and evaporates and distils drinking water for the ship. Without steam, indeed, a modern war-ship is almost a useless hulk, and her executive officers must depend largely for her efficiency as a weapon upon the engines and engineering staff.

It is time now to turn to the training of the young engineer at Keyham, and particularly to describe to-day how he enters the Service. Every year, in April, the Civil Service Commissioners hold an open competitive examination in London and the principal seaport towns, for the admission of "engineer students." Those are eligible who are British subjects, and who are not less than fourteen nor more than seventeen on May 1 in the particular year; and, as is the case in the executive branch, a certain number of Service and Colonial nominations are made yearly by the Admiralty. No candidate may stammer or have any physical defect, a sound constitution and power of endurance being essential in the Naval engineer. Upon entering upon his duties on July 1, the young student is provided by his parent or guardian with a regulation outfit, distinguished by a purple stripe round the cuff from the uniform of the cadet, and the sum of £40 a year is paid during his attendance at the college, the Admiralty providing board, lodging, and medical attendance.

The work at Keyham is carried on, under the supervision of the Admiral-Superintendent at Devonport, by a staff of specially-appointed officers. It is divided into two parts, the theoretical and the practical, and the utmost care is devoted to showing the bearing of one on the other, so that the fruit of the teaching in the lecture-room and laboratory is gathered in the workshop and engine-room.

There is every facility at Devonport and Keyham for acquiring the groundwork of the knowledge necessary for working marine engines and boilers, and of the repairs possible to be executed on board ship, as well as of the practical use of the various instruments employed in the engine-room, and of the application of electric light and gun and torpedo machinery. Thus in the lecture-rooms and the dockyard sound knowledge of theory, of construction, and of practice is imparted. Here is a most important point, for certainly the thoroughness of training acquired at Keyham is the foundation of success in the Service. The students themselves are divided into eight "subs," or sub-divisions, to each of which a "captain" is appointed from the ranks of the fifth

THE COLLEGE ENTRANCE.

year students, who is distinguished by a stripe and star on the left cuff, or, if he be one of the two senior "captains," on both cuffs. This is an honourable office, like that of the "cadet captains" in the "Britannia."

(To be continued.)

Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

THE "CAPTAINS" OF THE COLLEGE WITH THE ENGINEER OFFICER OF THE DAY.

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Some Types of the Spanish Army.

THE Spanish soldier and seaman are excellent fighting fellows. Better led—or rather better directed politically and strategically—the Army of Spain is a magnificent fighting force. Marching uncomplainingly along dusty roads, shod with a pair of those quaint country sandals, the *alpargatas;* lighting his fire where his company cook prepares his onion soup, or some savoury dish of macaroni, perhaps with a dash of oil; uncomplaining when tired or wet; comforted by his cigarette; covering sometimes extraordinary distances, the soldier is ready to shed his blood for his country, and in disaster, to use the words of Marshal Blanco, with his back against the wall, to show himself a true son of the defenders of Gerona and Saragossa. Stranger as the Spaniard is to us in race, lacking our organising power and restless energy, we recognise these admirable qualities in him, and his brave adversaries in this present war will never grudge him his well-earned meed of praise.

Our illustrations of Spanish Army types are fully representative of some of the best of the men. Officers we have shown before. Here is a youthful bandsman, ready with stirring pipe to enliven the march. The bands have suffered much in Spain, as in France, through the shortening of

A YOUTHFUL INFANTRY BANDSMAN.

service with the colours, and drums, except in some regiments, were suppressed in 1873. The boy belongs to the 5th Regiment, like some of our other infantry pictures. It is famous in the Spanish Service, and is known by the name of "Infante." All the regiments have special designations of the kind, the first four being the "Rey," "Reina," "Principe," and "Princesa," thus associated with the Royal Family, while others take their names from towns and provinces. The "Infante," honoured with a Royal title, too, has further been known as "El Augusto," as if to reflect honour upon the Royal person. The regiment was raised in May, 1808, and fought through the Peninsular War. We all know that Wellington did not always value his Spanish allies, but the pages of Napier record many an instance of true Iberian courage. This particular regiment distinguished itself in November, 1809, at Medina del Campo; it was in the lines at Torres Vedras, and carried positions with the bayonet at Valencia in 1811. It has since done a good deal of fighting in the Carlist wars, at the defence of Melilla in 1856, and against the Moors.

The next illustration is of a non-commissioned officer of Cazadores or chasseurs, in field service equipment. These are really light infantrymen, and are distinct from the Line.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER OF CHASSEURS.

There are, or lately were, twenty-six regiments of them, each formed in two battalions, but augmented by a third on mobilisation, giving each regiment a strength of 85 officers and

Photos. R. Rocafull. Copyright.

A LIGHT HORSEMAN.

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FULL DRESS UNIFORM, 28th CHASSEURS.

3,033 rank and file, with 19 waggons and 145 horses and mules. Two other pictures are of cavalry troopers. The thirty regiments comprise dragoons, lancers, hussars, and chasseurs, the first three (lancers) being known, as in the infantry, as the "Rey," "Reina," and "Principe," while the most considered, the 19th, "Princesa," and the 20th, "Pavia," whose officers we have illustrated, are hussars. One of our illustrations is of a light cavalryman in undress uniform, belonging to a regiment of late formation, and the other a sergeant of mounted chasseurs in gala rig. On a war footing each squadron has 16 officers, 175 men, and 158 horses, and each regiment 815 officers and men, 722 horses, and 16 waggons.

The other pictures are of a pioneer and a private of the 5th "Infante" Regiment, to which the little bandsman belongs. In one of them, the peculiar foot-gear of the *alpargatas* will be observed, and in both the special character of the equipment and uniform. This closely resembles the French pattern, but with greater likeness, perhaps, to its appearance before recent changes were introduced, and though sometimes frayed, it is often of fine material. It may not be uninteresting to add that each infantry battalion has its colour, carried by a specially detailed officer, the Alferez Abanderado. This colour is of silk, and in three horizontal bands, the middle one yellow, and those outside red, the arms of Spain and the name of the regiment embroidered in the centre. Each company, further, has a kind of bannerole of distinctive

Photos. R Rocafull *AN INFANTRY PIONEER.* Copyright.

THE "INFANTE" REGIMENT—FIELD SERVICE KIT.

colour, the first red, the second yellow, the third white, the fourth green, the fifth violet, the sixth light blue, the seventh red and white, and the eighth yellow and green.

Simple as is the life of the Spanish soldier, it has its reward in the esteem of the people, and its comfort in the spirit of camaraderie that prevails. Bread, of coarse but wholesome sort, is a great staple food. Fresh meat is little eaten, but hams and bacon are great favourites with the men. One of the most interesting sights in a Spanish barrack or camp is to witness the scene that follows the sounding of the "Rancho," generally at nine o'clock in the morning and at five in the afternoon. Then the cook of each company having brought out his huge cauldron of steaming soup, or some savoury pottage, an attendant appears with a spoon or plate and a serviette, and an officer tastes to see that all is well. Then the food is issued to the men, and they retire to squat on the ground in groups of five or six, and to laugh and gossip over the meal.

To the Spanish people the pride of arms is a tradition, and the "blood tax," which weighs so heavily upon some nations that have adopted universal service, is rendered with cheerfulness. The losses which have been sustained in the Cuban War and in the sanguinary course of the present struggle, have bound the Army still closer to the people, and honour at home must be the lot of the defeated soldiery. Long will the story of these horrors be told round their camp fires, and in the vast chambers of those Spanish barracks, many of which were convents and monasteries once, and still have often a character of stately though dilapidated grandeur.

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The Queen at Aldershot.

FROM its first formation Aldershot Camp has been intimately associated with Royalty, and here it may be noted that the first purchase of land for the purpose was in 1854, when the Government acquired 4,000 acres. Subsequently 11,000 acres of land and 2,000 acres of leasehold were added. The cost of the whole was £270,000. For many years the camp consisted principally of huts, but within recent years these have disappeared and given way to brick buildings.

The Queen visited Aldershot in the summer of 1854, when she was accompanied by the Prince Consort. After the troops had been reviewed by Her Majesty the Royal party proceeded to the Royal pavilion which was then being erected and sat down to luncheon in the dining-room. In April, 1856, the camp was formally opened by Her Majesty. A review was held to mark the event, and the Queen for the first time occupied the pavilion, the site of which was selected by the Prince Consort. In July of the same year the Queen, accompanied by the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, the King of the Belgians, the Comte de Flanders, Prince Oscar of Sweden, and the Duke of Cambridge, proceeded to Aldershot to review the troops on their return from the Russian War.

Photo. Wyrall. Copyright.

THE ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY.

After she had seen the regiments at drill, the officers, together with four men from every regiment, advanced to within hearing distance of the Royal carriage, when Her Majesty addressed them in the following terms:—

"Officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers,—I wish personally to convey through you to the regiments assembled here this day my hearty welcome on your return to England in health and full efficiency. Say to them that I have watched anxiously over the difficulties and hardships which they have borne so nobly, that I have mourned with deep sorrow for the brave men who have fallen for their country, and that I have felt proud of their valour which, with their gallant allies, they have displayed on every field. I thank God that your dangers are over, whilst the glory of your deeds remains. But I know that should your services be again required you will be animated with the same devotion which in the Crimea has rendered you invincible."

Her Majesty visited Aldershot for the Jubilee Review of 1887, when some 70,000 troops marched past. Again last year the Queen, to celebrate the longest reign in the annals of British history, reviewed on Laffan's Plain 25,000 troops, including those from every part of her dominions.

The Queen has visited Aldershot every year since H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught took over command of the Aldershot Division, except in 1896, but until this year Her Majesty has not occupied the pavilion since 1895. The review which was held a few days ago is probably the last which Her Majesty will witness during the Duke's tenure of office, which under ordinary circumstances expires this year.

The Queen on this occasion spent two days at Aldershot, arriving on Wednesday, July 6. The first picture depicts Her Majesty's arrival, and the second, the scene in which she took part the same evening—the presentation of new colours to the 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards. In the background is seen the whole regiment of Coldstream Guards, which consists of three battalions.

Photo. Wyrall. Copyright.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE 3rd BATT. COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

The third picture is intimately connected with the recent appointment of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to the colonelcy of the "gallant Gordons." The 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders is here shown being inspected by His Royal Highnessin the uniform of the regiment, accompanied by the

Fnoto. Cummings. Copyright.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES INSPECTS THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

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Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley.

The chief event, however, is represented in the next picture. In it the troops appear drawn up in front of the Queen. As usual, Her Majesty was received with a Royal salute, and the troops then passed in review before her. The Royal Horse Artillery were the first troops to pass the saluting base, and the cavalry followed. The following picture represents the 12th (Prince of Wales's) Lancers passing the Royal carriage. The Field Artillery followed the cavalry, and the Royal Engineers then marched past. Then came infantry in three brigades, and the Army Service Corps and Royal Medical Corps brought up the rear. There were on parade 13,095 of all ranks. At the conclusion of the review, Her Majesty proceeded to the Royal pavilion. The following day the Queen left for Windsor. The last picture shows the Royal carriage on its way to Farnham, *en route* for Windsor.

Photo. Wyrall. *THE 12th LANCERS MARCHING PAST.* Copyright.

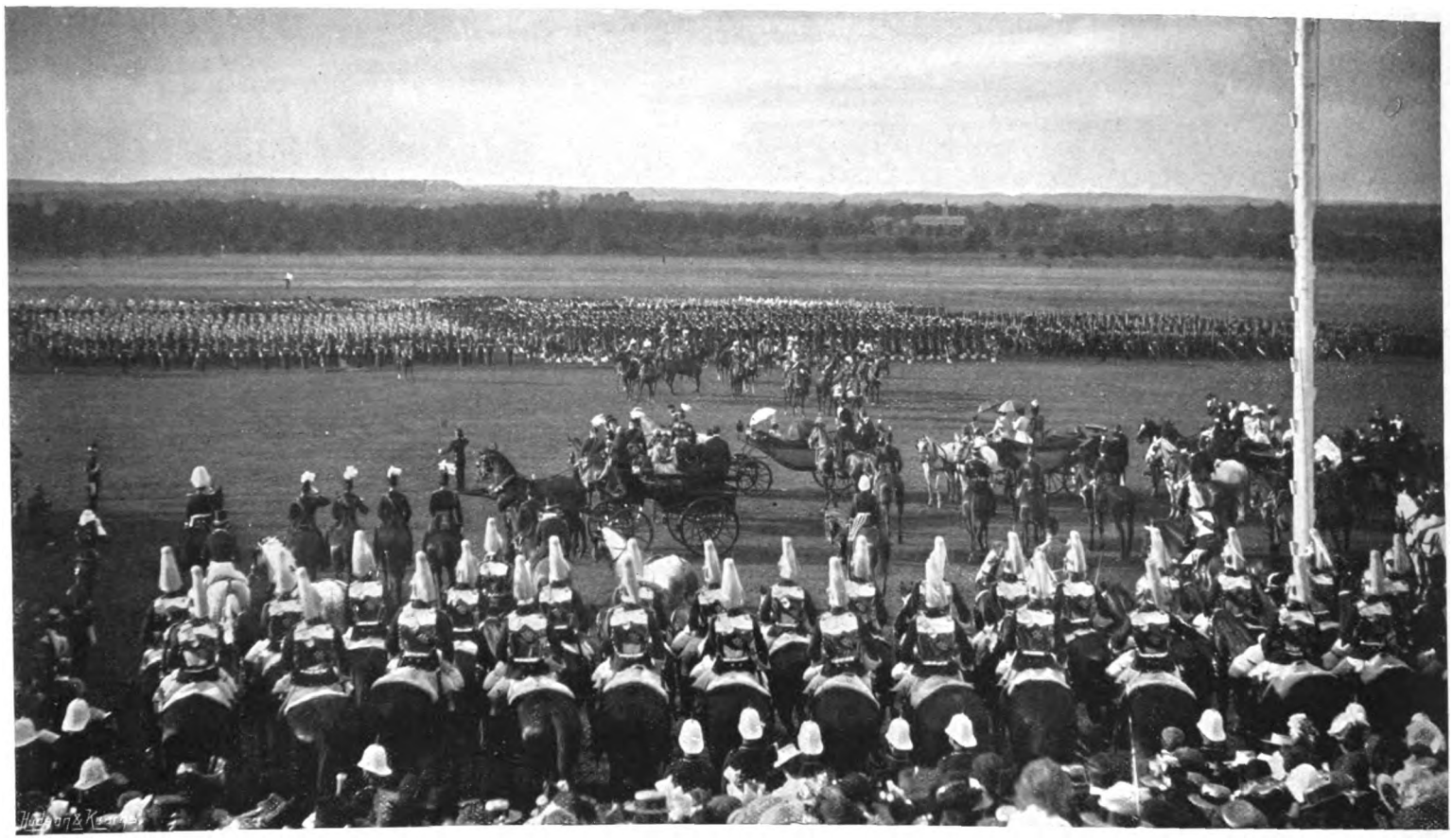

Photo. Cummings. *THE REVIEW BY HER MAJESTY.* Copyright.

Photo. Cummings. *THE QUEEN LEAVING ALDERSHOT.* Copyright.

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IN reply to a correspondent who makes some enquiries about the experiments of the Admiralty in reference to the burning of oil in the furnaces of men-of-war, I am able to tell him that the oil that it was proposed to burn in the boilers of the "Surly" was discovered to be of much too low a flashing point, and it is now suggested that some trials shall be made with a variety of Russian oil, to endeavour to find out if it is any better fitted for the purpose. But if we can only get oil suitable for burning from the subterranean sources of Russia or the United States, I think we may as well leave the subject alone. Even if it be absolutely true that oil is worth double its weight of coal for steaming purposes, it will not matter to us if we are unable to obtain it in sufficient quantity. A more important question underlies the matter of the "Turbinia's" enormous speed as developed at the Naval Review last year, when it was obvious to all. Russia, at all events, did not observe in vain. She has ordered two torpedo-boats on this principle which are guaranteed to have a speed of 38 knots. Imagine flying through the water at a rate equivalent to that of an express railway train! The "Turbinia" is propelled by what are called turbines, driven at a high speed by appropriate machinery designed by the Hon. C. A. Parsons, and was built at Wallsend by a company specially formed to carry out this invention. It will be a curious circumstance if the last years of the century, which have already seen the substitution of water-tube for cylindrical boilers in the Navy, also witness the installation of the turbine as a motor.

* * * *

DRUNKENNESS is by no means as common as it was formerly among the rank and file of the Army. To this fact is attributed by many the marked decrease in crime. When "Tommy" gives way to inebriety, he is placed in charge of the regimental or other guard, unless he can, as a temporary measure, "pull himself together," and go quietly to bed. Our young soldiers, unlike the veterans of years ago, are usually unable to do either, and it then becomes the duty of the sergeant of the guard to confine the drunkard in the prisoners' room or guard-room cells. He is carefully searched and deprived of knives and other dangerous weapons, and, if he gives way to violence, is incarcerated minus his boots. During his confinement he is visited at least every two hours by a non-commissioned officer of the guard, and is not brought before his commanding officer until he is perfectly sober. He is, therefore, as a general rule detained in custody at least for twenty-four hours before being "told off" by his superior.

* * * *

"J. G."—Cycling is as popular a pastime amongst the officers and men of the United States' Navy as in our own Navy. A bicycle which is attracting a considerable amount of attention in America at the present moment is that which belonged to Captain Sigsbee, of the ill-fated cruiser "Maine." The captain, who is an enthusiastic devotee of the wheel, had the bicycle shipped aboard shortly before the "Maine" left on her last voyage. The machine went down with the "Maine" when that vessel was destroyed, and, after lying for five days at the bottom of Havana Harbour, was recovered intact by the divers. Captain Sigsbee has presented the bicycle to the company who manufactured it, and it is now being exhibited by them as "An Historical Relic," and —an advertisement.

* * * *

I HAVE been asked how the custom originated of hanging armour on the interior walls of churches and cathedrals. The custom seems to date from prehistoric times, when a dead warrior's weapons were buried with him. In later days, when a knight was buried his armour was placed on the bier, exactly as is done to-day when a soldier is carried to his last resting-place with his helmet and sword on his coffin. After the interment the armour was hung on the wall of the church above the tablet upon which was inscribed the dead man's name and rank. But the armour was not always genuine in the sense of its being that which had actually been worn by the deceased knight. Very often it was supplied by the undertakers, and was quite roughly made and put together. The practice of undertakers supplying this "funeral" armour, as it was called, dates back certainly as far as, if not farther than, 1667. The prices charged were, for a helmet, gilt with silver or gold, £1; a crest carved and coloured cost 13s.; a sword with a velvet scabbard, 10s.; target carved and gilt, 16s.; gauntlet, 10s.; gilt spurs and velvet spur-leathers, 5s. Armour was last worn in the Civil War in England.

* * * *

A CURIOUS incident in the story of the name "Illustrious," which will be of interest in connection with the commissioning of the new battle-ship of that name, is told me by a correspondent. Our first "Illustrious" was laid down and named when Lord Howe was First Lord of the Admiralty, a hundred and twelve years ago, and built at Adams' old ship-yard at Buckler's Hard, on the Beaulieu River, in the New Forest. Just before she was launched, in the first week of July, 1789, King George and Queen Charlotte, then staying at the Duke of Gloucester's house at Lyndhurst, on their way from Windsor Castle to Weymouth, the favourite Royal watering-place, paid a State visit to Beaulieu Abbey, where they were right royally entertained by the Duke of Montagu, the lord of the manor. The "Illustrious" was still on the stocks at Buckler's Hard near by, and in honour of the occasion cannon were mounted on board her, with the ship still on dry land, from which a Royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired. This is an incident that I should say is without a parallel.

* * * *

RUSSIAN soldiers, who number about two and a-half millions, are characterised by stoical courage, patient endurance of hardship, and good marching capacity. Such an Army, if thoroughly trained and mobile, would be an instrument of enormous power in the hands of the Czar, but its quality is irregular, and the means by which it may be concentrated are defective. If we consider what vast tracts of country must be traversed before an army corps can take up any particular position, and how few railways there are as compared with the extent of the Empire, the slowness and difficulty of military movement will be apparent. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the influence of the Grand Duke Vladimir and of General Dragimiroff is making itself felt throughout the Russian Army, even in its remotest stations, and so an intelligent and practical war training is becoming more common. Russian railways, also, are extending their mileage every day, and as they are built on strategic principles, the mobility of the Army is gradually increasing.

* * * *

BOAT-RACING under oars is a most popular sport amongst men-of-war's men generally, whether British or foreign, though our men are certainly handicapped in their boats with most foreign men-of-war. The French are almost the only ones whose boats are built in the strong and substantial fashion that ours are, and this, though excellent for the service they have to perform, does not make them the best form for racing. A newly-commissioned ship has seldom been long on her station before a racing-boat's crew has been formed, usually for one of the twelve-oared cutters that most ships carry. These are picked men, who elect their own coxswain and practice vigorously when a race is approaching. In some cases, on a station like China, where many foreign men-of-war are met and there is a good deal of racing, a lighter-made boat, built on the station, has been procured for racing in, having first been appropriated as a ship's boat through loss of another, or in some way. Thus the "Ocean" in 1868 had a renowned boat built of Japanese pine which was never beaten, though several crack American boats had a try; the men had a pet cock, which always went in the boat and was generally very much in evidence at the finale.

* * * *

IT was not quite correct to say, as was stated in the newspapers, that the gallant Stoker Lynch, of the destroyer "Thrasher," is the only Naval man who has been granted the Albert medal of the first class. An officer of the Royal Naval Reserve, Sub-Lieutenant T. A. Whistler, shares with Stoker Lynch the distinction, the award in Lieutenant Whistler's case being made in July, 1889, for two special acts of daring thus recorded in the *Gazette:* "On December 17, 1885, soon after 5.30 a.m., as the 'Ennerdale' was rounding Cape Horn, an apprentice named Duncan M'Callum fell from aloft into the sea, striking the rigging in his fall. Immediately H. S. Pochin, an able seaman, leapt overboard after M'Callum, but the latter sank before Pochin could reach him. Pochin, afraid of being seized with cramp before a boat could come to his assistance, hailed the ship, asking for a lifebuoy to be thrown to him, and at the same moment the master called all hands to man a boat.

* * * *

"AT this time the first mate, Mr. Thomas Averett Whistler, twenty-four years old, who had been asleep in his berth, ran on deck and heard Pochin's hail. Calling to the boatswain to give him a lifebuoy, he at once sprang overboard, secured the lifebuoy which was thrown to him, and succeeded in reaching Pochin. The latter was already on the point of sinking, but with the help of the lifebuoy, Whistler was able to keep him up. The wind was bitterly cold, and a huge albatross hovered around the two men, preparing to attack them. Meanwhile considerable delay had occurred in the despatch of the boat. Her lashings had been secured extra firmly for the passage round Cape Horn, and when at last launched, so many men crowded into her that she capsized. When righted and re-launched, she finally succeeded in reaching and rescuing Whistler and Pochin, who were now entirely exhausted after an exposure of some forty minutes in the water. The albatross had to be driven off with a boathook. Directly they were lifted into the boat both men became insensible, and Whistler was delirious for some time afterwards."

* * * *

ABOUT a year later, this gallant young officer of the Reserve again attempted to save life under the following circumstances: "On September 13, 1886, while the 'Ennerdale' was in Sydney Harbour, an apprentice named James Beattie was taking the captain's gig from the starboard to the port side of the vessel, when the boat sheered off and he was thrown into the water. Mr. Whistler immediately dived, fully dressed, from the poop, but reached the water too close to the boy, who caught him from behind, put his arms round his waist, and locked his legs in his. They both sank, and whilst under water, Mr. Whistler cleared himself of Beattie's grasp, caught him by the shoulder, and struck out for a lifebuoy which had been thrown overboard. Before it could be reached, both sank a second time, and Whistler, who was by this time thoroughly exhausted, was obliged to let go of the boy, who never rose alive again to the surface, and whose body was afterwards found floating in another part of the harbour."

* * * *

FRANCE is not by nature a colonising country. She has no redundant population to send abroad, having only a sufficient number of inhabitants for home employment and for keeping up her Army. Indeed, she has hardly enough for the latter purpose, and finds herself distanced by Germany, whose male population capable of bearing arms exceeds that of France. Consequently as between two nations in arms the balance is against the French. Moreover, such colonists as she has rarely settle down to live and die in their colony, but keep ever before them the purpose and prospect of returning to France. In spite of these disadvantages, there is in France a strong party in favour of acquiring territory in various parts of the world. This idea is favoured by officers of the Army and gratifies the national feeling, but brings no benefit to the mother country, as none of her colonies are self-supporting. The following epigrams are from a military source, and indicate the present military bent: "C'est la géographie qui crée la patrie," "C'est l'armée qui fait la géographie."

THE EDITOR.

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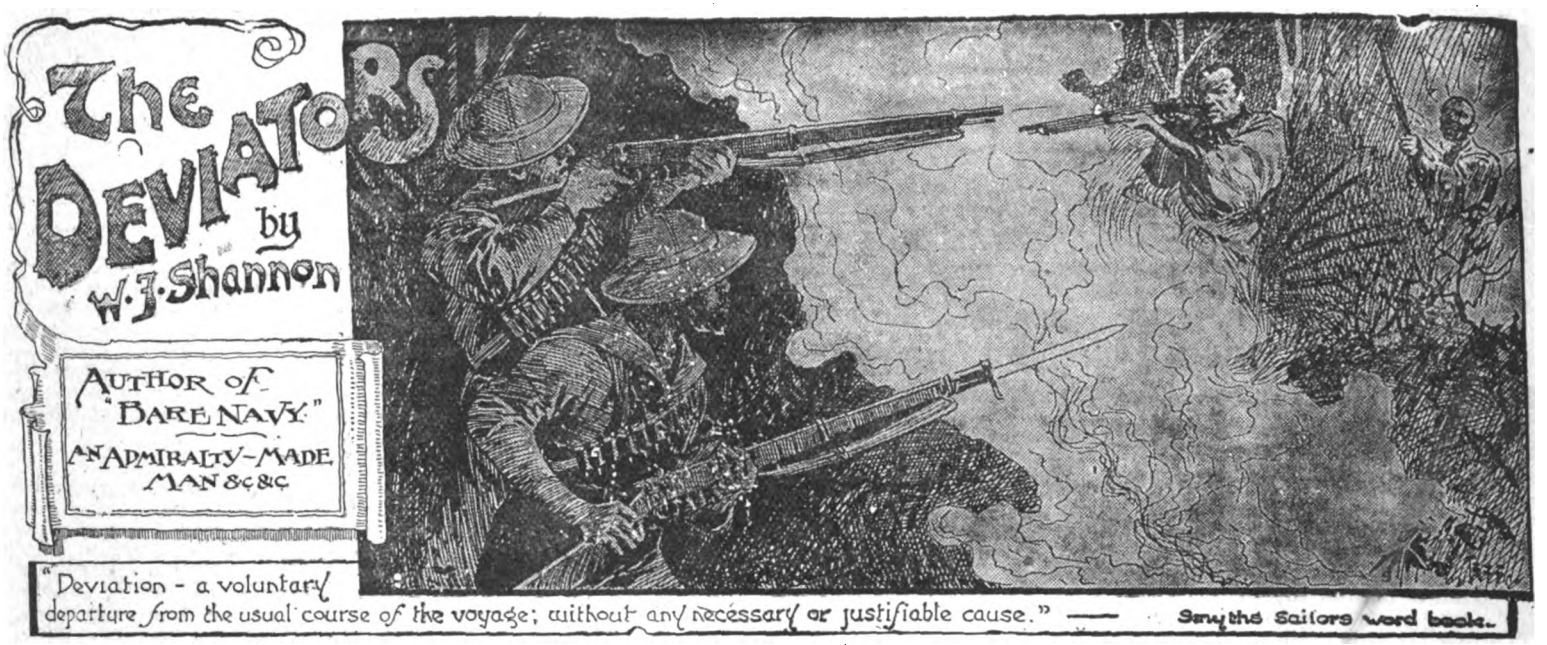
The DEVIATORS
by W. J. Shannon
Author of "Bare Navy."
An Admiralty-Made Man &c &c
"Deviation - a voluntary departure from the usual course of the voyage; without any necessary or justifiable cause." — Smyth's Sailors word book.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Two bluejackets, after having been separated from a landing party in East Africa for some days, and having been given up as dead, rejoin. They tell great tales of their adventures, of the fine, easy, luxurious time they have had with a trader and his sister. A sceptical petty officer, Smith, gets them told off as sentries on the very night of rejoining.

CHAPTER XI. *(continued.)*

"WHO'S been leaving beef and biscuit crumbs about?" said Smith, at breakfast.

"You know very well it aint me," said Twelves. "I'm too hungry. So's Mal. Look at him skirmishin' up to the sea-cake and bully-beef? But why do you ask these riddles, Smith?"

"Because someone dropped crumbs about last night, and I was woke up by an army of ants marching over my face and neck?"

"Yes? The great thing to do is to lay quite still on occasions like that till the army passes. Because the ants don't want to hurt you. Like when a tiger is lickin' your hand, or a snake is in the bed wid ye. Lay quite still, and then they don't bite. They're quite harmless. But I think I heard you waltzin' around?"

"You did."

"Yes, I thought so. That's the very way to aggravate animals like ants. Then they start bitin'."

"They start before."

"That's on'y a sort of browsin' as they pass; not fair nips, is it?"

"Yes, it is."

"O' course, it's hard for ants to resist the temptation to nip a lump out of a complexion like yours, Smith, even wid Fanny Adams" (tinned meat) "layin' about, but I think you must 'a' done somethink to offend the army. Ants aint unreasonable."

"Well, I'd like to know who left those crumbs of meat about, when Twelves has told us all he knows about the intelligence of ants," said Smith.

"Speak up, some of ye!" said Twelves. "Wasn't you told, on startin' these landin' parties, that you must not encourage these ants? Wasn't you all ordered to be very careful to throw your scraps outside the camp, so's the ants would remain in the enemy's country? But these scraps was near your sleepin'-booth, wasn't they, Smith? Don't you think you threw 'em there yourself?"

"I believe *you* did, Twelves."

"No. This is one of them times when I can speak the truth widout fear or favour, and I say you believe wrong. I'm glad them ants didn't come when I was sentry, else you'd say I *enticed* 'em in wid them crumbs, like as if they was swans."

"You'd be quite equal to it."

"Ah, yes. But I didn't think. I think it might be Provvy, though, reducin' your sleep to a minium because you was so thoughtless of mine. Still, ants is a cruel punishment for sich a mere piece of forgetfulness. Did you find it cold when you'd shed your clothes after the march past? Did you shake every one out?"

"You go on with your breakfast."

"There's no doubt ants is the very devil inside your flannel, but I think a fust-class P.O. oughta command his language even in them circumstances. Because, after all, ants aint centerpedes. They aint poisonous. I think if I was a P.O. I'd put up wid ants so as to set an example."

"Old Eaves had to put up with 'em," said a seaman.

"How? They didn't attack you last night, did they, Mal, and you standin' sentry wid a loaded gun? I thought ants was intellectual."

"They swarmed all over me by the time I was relieved. It was very well for Smith; he could undo hisself, and shake his ants off his clo'es, but I couldn't. I had to suffer for over a' hour, and there's very little of me what aint like raw beef."

"That's the man I trained, Smith," said Twelves, with admiration. "There's stren'th of mind for ye! And he never said a word."

"Didn't he?" said Bowser, the man who relieved him.

"Did he? Did you, Mal? I'm really surprised."

"You should 'a' heard him bust off," Bowser went on, "as soon as there was anyone near enough to pity him. So that that stranger who come up as we was changin' guard said he reckoned he was amongst friends, even in the dark."

"A stranger?" said the group.

"Yes. Thought you all knew. He's havin' breakfast with Charlie now. That chap over there. Him what's talkin'."

"What did he tell the corporal o' the guard?"

"Said he had important news to communicate, and must tell the sub-lootenant. And here comes the sub to tell us."

The officer had risen, and was walking towards his men. They stopped eating, and turned enquiringly as he came near.

"Make a good breakfast, men," said he, "there'll be blood for dinner."

"That's the talk," whispered Twelves. "That's old Nelson all over."

"Twelves," continued the sub-lieutenant, "come here a minute."

Twelves jumped up, and the sub-lieutenant led him aside.

"I understand that you've been contravening the Foreign Enlistment Act," said the officer, gravely.

"Then you understand wrong, sir," said Twelves, indignantly. "Contravening aint in my line, and I swear I never done anythink else subjec' to that Act. If that measly chum o' mine's bin contravening me to you yes'day, sir——"

"No, no, Eaves has said nothing about you except to confirm everything he heard you tell me. Unless he couldn't remember, when, of course, he had to fall back on what actually happened."

"P'r'aps he contravened widout knowin', sir, in which case I forgive him. But whatever he said, sir, he was on'y crew. I was cap'n all the time, and you know as well as me, sir, that any cap'n's word lays over all his crew, however hard they swear."

"But Eaves told me you resigned the post. You were crew at the end."

"Yes, that's right enough, sir. And see what a tame finish it was. All the time we was doin' great things I was cap'n, but his first act on promotion is to lose his ship and return me and himself to store."

"I thought that you were both agreed to return?"

"Well, sir, you wouldn't have me mut'ny. I had to agree. I know when the senior officer calls a council that it's the dooty of the council to agree wid him. But if Malachi contravenes me I shall contravene him. The Adm'alty don't supersede the council of war when the war goes wrong, but they shoot the adm'al."

"But I didn't call you aside to talk of Eaves."

"Not, sir? I was led away by that contravening, sir, because I know what he is, and I put the two and two together."

"I understand, Twelves, that you offered your services

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to another employer, although your duty was with the Navy."

"I don't remember that, sir. When was that?"

"While you were away."

"Ah, that's only hearsay evidence, sir. Bring me to anyone I offered to desert to and I will, wid your permission, knock down a liar."

"Do you know a Mr. Angel?"

"Course. He was the man I told you about yes'day, sir."

"He tells me you offered to go with him, and that he is afraid you are murdered by this time."

"Well, I'm ——. Excuse me, sir; is that him over there?"

"Yes."

"You see what dependence you can place on him, sir. He says I'm murdered. You know very well I aint murdered. Although if I'm reported dead many more times I shall think there's somethink in it. But wid regard to that enlistment, sir. In the fust place, I offered as a friend; in the second place, it was to rescue you; in the third, he aint a foreigner; fourth, I didn't go; fift'——"

"I'm quite satisfied, Twelves. But I wanted to ask you whether he is to be depended upon. Eaves seemed to think he's more native than English. And he has offered to lead us. Do you know the way?"

"Not perfectly, sir. But I should trust Angel Raphael anywhere. He won't contravene, sir. And remember, his sister is wid Mr. Cutwater. She's genuine, too."

"Well, I shall tell off a file of men to look after him. He has promised to lead us direct to the cave and then to the boats. But he says we shall almost certainly have to fight at the ford you spoke of."

"Yes, I believe he likes excitement, sir. He wouldn't lead you by any back ways if they was peaceful."

The sub-lieutenant subdued a smile, and dismissed the bluejacket, who hurried over to Angel.

Angel was genuinely pleased to see Twelves, who whispered, as if afraid of reopening the wound, "Find her?"

Angel shook his head.

"Nor him?"

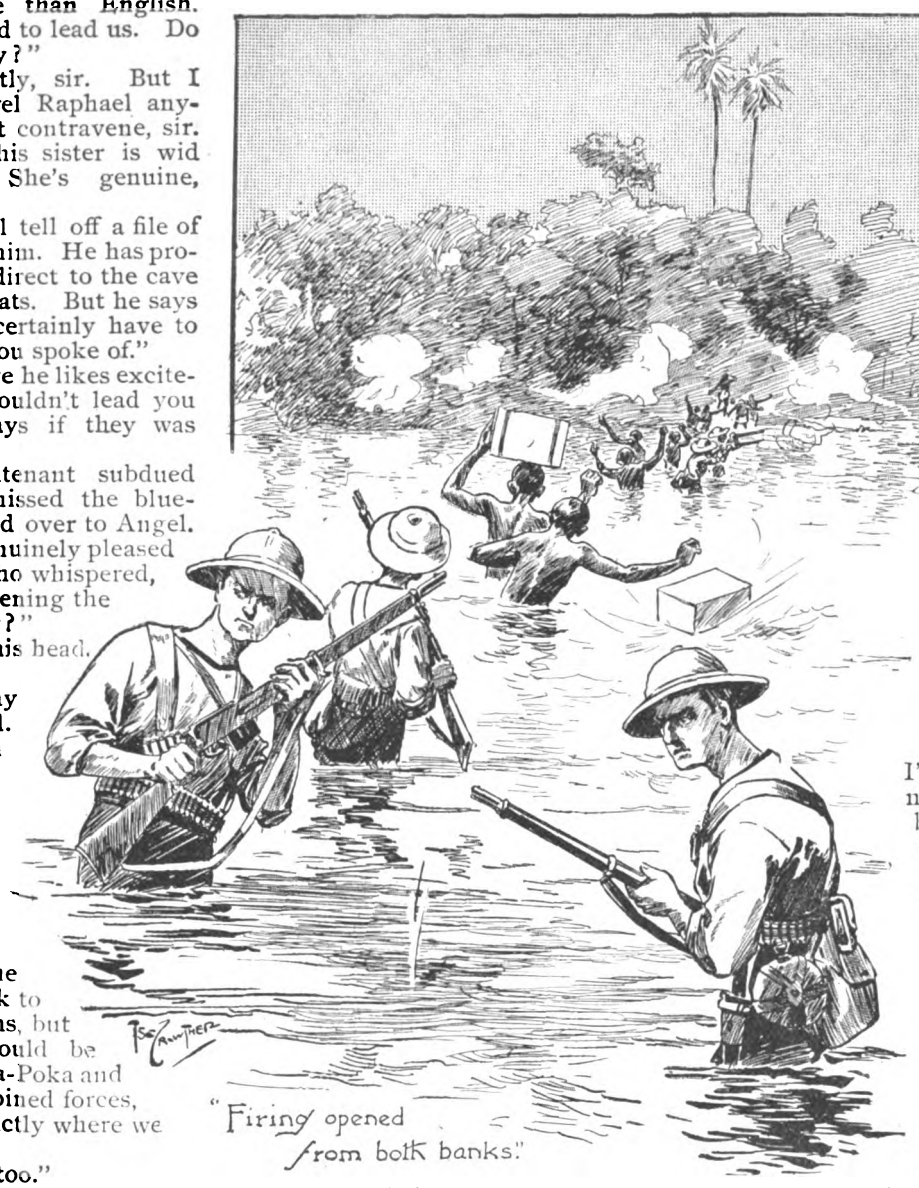
"I'm on my way to, now," said Angel.

"Is he down there at them shallows, then?"

"So I believe."

"Couldn't ye git your friends together?"

"The rising is too widespread. I offered to take the sub-lieutenant back to the ship by by-paths, but even then we should be ambushed. The Wa-Poka and the Swahili have joined forces, and they know exactly where we are."



"Firing opened from both banks."

"The Masais, too."

"Not that I know of. By going the main road they are sure to attack us among the defiles by the ford, and so we are saved a certain amount of anxiety."

"And did Charlie object to peacefully snivellin' round, avoidin' 'em?"

"At once. He said he was here to meet them. He seems a good man."

"Like all the rest, pritty near, of these sub-lootenants. You'd think they wanted to become adm'als. But no, they jist wants excitement. At home they stroll in the music-halls so's to kick up rows and git chucked, and here they cruise around catchin' fevers and medals. And if promotion comes they take it if they're alive, and if it don't they're jist as happy dead."

"You forget that I know the breed, Jim."

"Oh, ah. But I never said a whisper to him, y'know, about that. He thinks you're a merchant prince and was born so. I didn't contravene you, though you did me."

"How? But here comes the sub-lieutenant."

"And there goes 'fall in,'" said Twelves.

"Twelves," said the officer, "you'd better join up with the rear guard to-day."

Twelves' face fell. "I'd rather be in the advance, sir."

"The rear guard will be the most important place, eh, Mr. Angel?"

"It will so," said Angel.

"Where'll Eaves be, sir?" said Twelves.

"Oh, I'll tell him off for the rear guard, too, if you like," said the sub-lieutenant.

"I don't want him there, sir. I think we ought to be separated as fur as possible. So I should put him wid the skirmishers in advance, sir."

"Have you two quarrelled?"

"No, sir. But the fact of it is a few days in a boat wid a man makes you long for other company."

"You'll have to put up with him for one more day," said the sub-lieutenant, shortly.

CHAPTER XII.

Nearing the Cave.

"Well, Mal," said Twelves, as he and Eaves toiled along in the morning, "I argued it out as well as I could, but he wouldn't have it. He was set on the rare guard for us two."

"That's that Angel," said Eaves. "*He's* in the advance guard, o' course. He's the limit man, and he'll be in that cave fust."

"It seems likely," said Twelves.

"He got wind about us excapin' from the desert where he left us, and he worked out that this was the best remainin' way to head us off."

"It seems elaborate," said Twelves, "and full of trouble. There's easier ways to collar that box than this, surely."

"Yes. But there's some impediments that we can't see in all the other ways. He plays for safety."

"When we git near the cave, Mal, I'll go forrard wid a message, or you can, and we'll enter as soon as him, or sooner."

"With or without a message, I'll be there," said Eaves. "I'm not goin' to let a non-continuous bandsman deserter git to wind'ard of *me*."

"No, don't you, chum. But I don't believe he knows anythink about our treasure, for all that."

"You've got about the most massive faith that I ever heard tell of," said Eaves. "There's not a thing happened yet but what's bin suspicious."

"What's that? What's suspicious?" said Smith, the petty officer, who was stumbling along just behind.

"That this chap Angel should 'a' joined up with us," said Eaves. "He's half a native. He'll sell us a fair dog, if we aint careful. He promised us a fight here amongst these rocks, and the skirmishers must be at the ford by now, and nothink's happened."

"It's a lovely place, though," said Smith, looking anxiously at the cliffs on either side of the gloomy defile which the rear guard was just entering.

"Yes, they could roll a few rocks down on us if they liked," said Twelves, "even if they had no shootin' irons. But it's time they started. After you, Smith."

"I'll come last," said Smith. "Eaves, don't hurry, but don't leave any gaps between yourself and Bowser, all the same."

"These narrow gorges should be explored in peace time," said Twelves, entering between rocks which admitted the men in single file. "But this would be a good place to defend."

"They'd outflank ye," said Smith. "These hills can be climbed."

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"It's widenin' a bit now, chum," Twelves observed, after a while. "Let me take the behind end for a time. Your back must be very near shook to pieces wid shiverin' past these horrible dark places. I felt chilly meself, even wid you behind me, and no nerves to speak of."

"I'll stick it a bit longer," said Smith. "Keep well in touch, though, Jim. Tread on Eaves' heels if he feels tired."

"Look here, Smith," said Eaves, "you leave me alone. I'm close enough to the man in front to bump him every now and then, and I think we're too crowded. Let me come last if you aint satisfied."

"Smith! Pass the word for Smith!" came down the line. "Sub-lootenant wants to see Smith."

The petty officer pressed by the men, enjoining them to keep well up.

"Now, then, out wid that doodie," said Twelves. "Here's a whole glorious mornin' passin' by, and no smokin' in it, which is as much as to say it's as good as wasted."

"I s'pose Charlie thinks the enemy'll sight us sooner if we smokes," said Eaves, lighting up.

"Yes, that's it, I reckon. They ought to invent smokeless t'bacca for campaigns, to please Charlie. Mal, I aint had a chance to tell you before, but you acted very well when you said how them ants crawled over you."

"Acted very well, did I? I reckon I did. I swear Irvin' hisself couldn't 'a' done it more life-like."

"Well, I couldn't go so fur as to say that, Mal. You might have threw a bit more emphasis into——"

"But it was real. It was perfectly true."

"So it seemed to you, o' course. But I could see weak points. I——"

"You've got second sight, then, that's all I can say, for them ants bit and scratched and crawled all over me. Real ants."

"Then you wasn't actin'? My appreciation of you goes down, that's all I can say. Why, at the theayter they'd act more real than the real thing. But why did you wait to be attackted?"

"I sighted the army in the moonlight, Jim, strollin' along as if they had a purpose, like ants always do, so I dropped a bit o' beef on their starboard beam. The whole battalion turned from line ahead to line abreast, and went for that meat as if they was starvin'. I dropped more, and they broke out o' the ranks in their hurry. And so I led 'em right on to Smithie's roost, and laid a line o' crumbs right across him. And while I was removin' myself and tryin' to avoid his eye, I surmise I stepped on the rear guard, what was still hungry, and they come for me in millions."

"In that case, Mal, I hope you didn't mind the ants' bites, seein' how Smith was gittin' it, too."

"But I did."

"Well, lend's the pipe. You needn't think, because you've bin a martyr, that you're allowed to smoke all the time. Hello! here's the ford, and there's Smith and the sub-lootenant holdin' a council o' war wid Angel, and dinner's under way. But why the devil we want to cross the river for at all, I don't know, considerin' the cave's on this side."

"Hadn't we best point that out?" said Eaves. "That's more of Angel's manœuvrin'."

"We'll note it down," said Twelves. "And as I don't think you oughter smoke any more before dinner, and Charlie's got his eye on us, I'll disguise the pipe up me sleeve."

* * * * * * *

The sub-lieutenant was disappointed at missing the enemy. "If I had more time, or any good working reason," he said to Angel, "I would turn back and find this Sultan Barook."

"We may possibly find him yet by going straight on," said Angel. "This is not the only place suitable for an ambush. We soon enter the bush."

"Aren't we on the wrong side of the river for the ship?" the sub-lieutenant asked.

"We avoid a big bend by crossing here. We can re-cross near the mouth. I will guide you as far as there."

"But you can't remain ashore when we go, if what you tell me of a universal rising is true. You must come aboard with us."

"After I've settled my man."

"But——"

"I'm quite safe in the cave if necessary. But Barook hasn't all the country with him, and I'm native enough to live in ordinary security."

"Is Barook the man you want?"

"Oh, dear, no! My man is a head porter, Fundi. But there are many of that name about."

"Well, Smith," said the sub-lieutenant to the petty officer, "see anything of the enemy?"

"No, sir."

"I wanted to ask you," continued the sub-lieutenant, "whether you'd like a rest from the rear guard. The work in the bush will fall on the leading section, so I want you to take that section. I can't afford you time for a proper meal. Feel equal to going on at once?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's right. I'm throwing rather more than your share of the hardest work on you, but the exigencies of the Service don't allow me two Smiths who are first-class petty officers. You'd better sit down to dinner with Mr. Angel and me, and we can discuss probabilities."

"I can go on at once, if you like, sir."

"There's no such hurry as that, Smith. I only wanted to know that you could, if necessary. We now go on the assumption that the bush is full of the enemy. You'd better fire precautionary volleys with your leading files into the bush on either bow every few minutes."

"Very good, sir."

"You'll march as fast as circumstances will admit, and when you get to this cave that we are making for, signal to the ship for boats. And now eat away, and if you meet Barook, fight with such discretion that he doesn't run away before I and the rest of us come up."

"When we meet Barook we'll probably hear him before we see him," said Angel. "And he'll fight."

"We'll show him how the Navy fights," said Sub-Lieutenant Chater. "We aren't to be surprised and beaten to our boats every day."

"I shouldn't despise him and his Swahilis," said Angel. "He'll be beaten finally, no doubt, but yours is a small party."

"I'm almost doubting about this rebellion," said the petty officer. "We've been four days ashore now, nearly five, and beyond that one night attack we've seen no enemy."

Very soon Smith and his advance guard, headed by Angel, moved off, and plunged into the bush. The sub-lieutenant marched with the main body in the centre of the long line.

The rank smell of decaying vegetation and the twilight were depressing. Despite the volley-firing of the leading section the enemy might easily lurk unseen and undisturbed within striking distance of the path. The sub-lieutenant grew anxious whenever the trees and shrubs were thick, and the confined space oppressed him. Sometimes his head grew dizzy, a reminiscence of the blow of a few days before. But he kept a cheerful face and voice, and urged along his porters. The pace, however, could not be anything but slow.

The patch of forest was traversed without the enemy appearing, and the seamen and porters wound across Angel's plantations and by the ruins of his house. He had walked silently, first of all the line, through the bush, and he now led the way over the cultivated ground into the trees again. The path went parallel with the river for a time, and then turned sharply to the river-side at a ford. The river banks were densely clothed with vegetation, and the gaps where the path entered and left the water were hardly noticeable.

Angel paused, and looked across and up and down the stream. He then splashed across, followed by Smith and the bluejackets of the advance. After them came the first batch of porters, stiffened by a few bluejackets, and as they were well in the stream firing opened from both banks, and from bush and tree fire was opened on the whole line of bluejackets and porters. The porters dropped their loads and bolted. The seamen of the rear guard closed up towards the main body for a few minutes through a lane of fire. Fortunately, the Swahili, or Wa-Poka, or whoever the enemy were, fired high, without exposing themselves and without aim. But it was unpleasant for the bluejackets, all the same, and a man who had been on the West Coast recalled the cutting of the war-paths parallel to the main path by the natives there, and suggested that they might try for them here. The second-class petty officer in charge agreed, and paths were found. The rear guard then advanced without much trouble, driving the natives before it along the freshly-cut paths.

The main body had meanwhile cleared its own immediate neighbourhood, and with the rear guard now proceeded to drive the enemy from the whole of the one side of the river.

"Hear that, Jim?" shouted Eaves, amid the rifle fire and shouting.

"No. What?"

"Advance guard's cut off across the river. Angel's with 'em."

"Oh, old Smith and him's got level heads. They'll be all right."

"Yes, but how about our money-box? He's got a fair start for that. I was jist goin' to make a dive to git up to him when we was luffed in for this horrible firin' and ambushin'."

"*We're* cut off, then, not Angel."

"You bet your boots. He's detailed his men to keep us back, that's what it is. We're always at the wrong end of the stick. But they're passin' the word for you, Jim. Charlie wants ye."

(To be continued.)

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Holland's Military Cadets.

IN connection with the illustrated article on the Royal Military Academy at Breda which is given on another page, some interesting pictures are shown here of the 2nd Belgian Hussars at Venloo.

The first illustration depicts the hussars swimming. When the men are not on duty, as a means of recreation they are allowed to bathe in a piece of water near by. The swimming bath is also used for the horses, but it is divided in the

A COOLING SWIM.

middle by a wooden structure, the horses swimming in the one side, and the men on the other. In the illustration some of the men can be seen just jumping into the water.

The next picture represents the trumpeter of the regiment on duty. The photograph was taken at the moment the signal "appèl" wassounded. Some of the hussars can be seen hurrying up to the sound of the bugle.

SOUNDING THE "FALL IN."

In the third illustration, at the bottom of the page, one of the men can be seen teaching a horse to swim. In the hot weather the commander of the regiment orders swimming for all the horses, and each one has to swim from one side of the bath to the other, an hussar leading him by a rope.

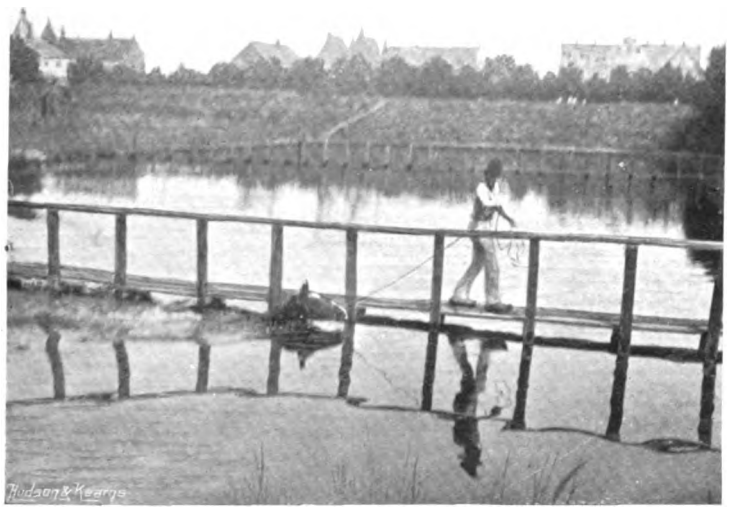
A SHADY SPOT FOR THE HORSES.

The next illustration shows another method which is adopted to keep the horses cool. They are taken out of stable, and fastened outside round a bivouac ring, in the shade of the large trees of the barrack grounds.

The illustration, "watering horses," is an interesting one. As in this country, horses are first watered and afterwards groomed. The cadets of the Breda Academy have to take care of their horses in the same way as ordinary private soldiers do. Twice a day "stables" is sounded, and the horses are fed.

The last illustration shows some of the cadets having a siesta after an arduous morning's work.

QUENCHING THEIR THIRST.



Photos. by a Dutch Officer.

SWIMMING HORSES.

AN AFTERNOON SIESTA.

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The Avenging of Gordon.

ALMOST as soon as these pictures are placed before our readers, the final advance on Khartoum will have commenced, and the magnificent force of combined British and Egyptian troops that the Sirdar has at his disposal will be on their way to avenge the death of one of the greatest Englishmen of the century, and to restore to civilisation the lost Egyptian provinces. The series of snap-shots we here reproduce bring home vividly to us the work that England is now doing in the Soudan. The first shows us a group of those Arabs who, once coerced into rebellion against the Khedive, are now our most faithful and trusty allies. The men here shown marching past the Sirdar at Berber are the representatives of those Arab tribes who have been of the most invaluable assistance to the Sirdar in his advance along the Nile. These are the men who have held the desert wells and controlled the caravan routes, and so prevented any

THE SIRDAR REVIEWING FRIENDLY ARABS.

flanking attack by the Dervishes on the advance of the force and the long line of communication to its base. In the second picture we have a snap-shot of the leading team of an Egyptian horse artillery battery marching past. The Crescent and Star fly over the canopy under which the Sirdar and his staff are seated, but it is to men born, bred, and trained under the Union Jack that the battery owes its smartness. In the next picture is shown one of the men who have done so much towards describing the scenes and incidents of war. The snap-shot was taken just before this gentleman started on a desert ride of seventy miles, a distance he covered in eighteen hours, and on the long road traversed there was neither food nor water for the rider and his sturdy little Arab charger. The next picture shows us the band that led the Sirdar's triumphant entry into Berber on April 13 this year.

SIRDAR REVIEWING EGYPTIAN HORSE ARTILLERY.

Like all negroes, the Soudanese are keen lovers of music—the more strident the better. One, if not more, of the Soudanese battalions have pipers trained and instructed by their British comrades of the Highland battalions. In truth the camaraderie between Highlanders and those natives with whom they are associated on service is always very strongly marked. The writer well remembers in Afghanistan the close friendship that prevailed between two Highland battalions and the Ghoorkas with whom they were brigaded. In the Soudan the same has been the case. Our next snap-shot shows one of the ten brass cannon captured at the Atbara, with on one side a Highlander of the Camerons, and on the other a soldier of one of the Soudanese battalions, and evidences the camaraderie that exists between them. This photograph was taken inside the zareeba, and is very typical of the scenery

A WELL-KNOWN WAR CORRESPONDENT.

of the country, with the low scrub and palms along the Nile. The remainder of our snap-shots give us some idea of how the Britisher in Egypt is using the raw but magnificent fighting material that the Soudan affords for the final crushing of the Khalifa. One picture shows us a group of Dervish deserters, enlisted for a Soudanese battalion, and starting in to master the intricacies of the goose step. Magnificent food for powder they will make when trained, for Kipling did not exaggerate a bit when he wrote of "Fuzzy-Wuzzy":—

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO BERBER.

"'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn
For a regiment of British infantree."

Rudyard, in fact, in his masterly way has summed him up very fairly. What he can be made into is shown in another picture, for it gives us a view of a line of Macdonald's Soudanese brigade marching up by the Atbara River the day before the great fight. Very fine battalions are the Soudanese, and those in Macdonald's brigade are the pick of the Egyptian Army.

Photos. R. Valentine Webster.

THE SPOIL OF ATBARA.

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And a grand commander they have, for this officer rose to the high position he now holds, by his own gallantry and soldierly qualities, from that of a private in the Gordon Highlanders. He won his commission for service in Afghanistan, having been with Roberts throughout, including the celebrated march from Cabul to Candahar. As a lieutenant of the Gordons he shared in the disastrous day at Majuba, and since then his service has been entirely African. He was up the Nile in

TEACHING DERVISH DESERTERS THE GOOSE STEP.

1885, and since then has earned the Distinguished Service Order and the Order of the Bath in Egyptian fighting. He is, indeed, a very typical specimen of the class of British officers that have created that marvellous little army with which Sir Herbert Kitchener is doing so much. In the next two illustrations we see the same batch of Dervish recruits stiffened into soldiers. One gives us a squad at musketry drill, the other a squad at bayonet exercise. Three months has effected the transformation, and the "pore benighted 'eathen" has been developed into "a first-class fighting man."

ON THE MARCH.

Our last picture gives an interesting Soudanese group. The woman is one of those plucky wives who followed their husbands into action. At the fight on the Atbara, in the attack on the zareeba, many of these poor creatures were shot. After the zareeba was captured every care and kindness was shown to them by their Soudanese compatriots who were fighting under the Khedive's flag.

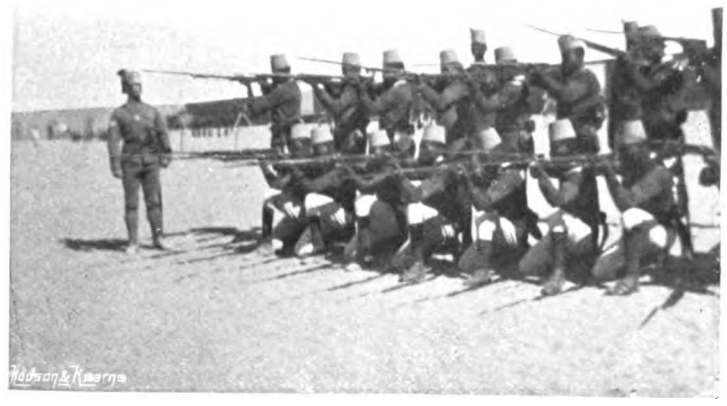
In short, the whole of the illustrations shown give the reader a very graphic idea of the life that will be led by, and the environment that will surround, those of the British Army who are detached to aid in the avenging of Gordon. By means of a handful of British and Egyptian troops, slowly and steadily for the last few years has the wedge been pushed forward, and to-day we are looking on to see consummated the great work for which the Egyptian Army came

Photos. R. Valentine Webster. Copyright.

"PORE BENIGHTED 'EATHEN."

THREE MONTHS LATER.

into being—the restoration to civilisation of the Upper Nile and the wide rich provinces that men like Baker and Gordon had opened up to the trade of this country and to the humanising and civilising influences that intercourse with white races brings in its train. It seems always to have been the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race to exploit and open up those portions of the globe where heathendom and savagery reigned supreme, and it has always, sooner or later, to be done



A STEP FURTHER—FIRING PRACTICE.

by force of arms. Never has it been better or more ably done than by Major-General Sir Herbert Kitchener in that brilliant campaign in the Soudan which is now approaching its climax. Throughout its whole course the operations have been planned in the most able manner. Careful, slow, but always enterprising, the ability of the general is only surpassed by the courage and discipline of the force that he has had at his disposal. When the British brigade marched to the Atbara it covered in six days 140 miles. This was done under a most trying climate and most difficult conditions. As a matter of fact, for one of these days the brigade was halted, so that practically the troops did something like twenty-eight miles a day. Those who know the Soudan will realise what the feat means. And the "Gippy" troops were worthy allies to fight shoulder to shoulder with our own lads in khaki. They gave magnificent proof of the quiet enduring work that British officers have been doing in the training of the Egyptian Army.

"It was wicked bad campaigning
(cheap and nasty from the first),
There was heat and dust and
coolie-work and sun,
There were vipers, flies, and sand-
storms, there was cholera and
thirst,
But Pharaoh done the best he ever
done.
Down the desert, down the railway,
down the river,
Like the Israelites from bondage
so he came,
'Tween the clouds o' dust and fire,
to the land of his desire,
And his Moses it was Sergeant
Whatisname!"

And it is Sergeant Whatisname and those who led him and the riflemen that he made "from mud" who will have accomplished what is perhaps the greatest work of the last decade of the nineteenth century.

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Photo. Gregory. Copyright

ARMY FARRIERS—EXPOUNDING A THEORY.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 78.] *SATURDAY, JULY 30th, 1898.*

Photo. Percy Caldecott Copyright.

COLONEL THE RIGHT HONOURABLE J. H. A. MACDONALD, C.B., V.D.,

COMMANDING FORTH VOLUNTEER INFANTRY BRIGADE.

(See Page 449.)

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A Cadet Corps Gymkhana.

Photo. Weston. Copyright.

THE WHEEL-BARROW RACE.

AFFILIATED to many of our volunteer corps are cadet corps, formed from the pupils of various large schools throughout the kingdom. As under the territorial organisation the volunteer battalions are now an integral portion of the Line regiments to which they are affiliated, our public schools have therefore a direct connection with one or other of the territorial regiments of the Line. Thus, for instance, the cadet corps at Charterhouse belongs to the Queen's (West Surrey) Regiment, Rugby to the Royal Warwickshire, Haileybury to the Bedfordshire, Uppingham to the Leicestershire, and so on. Eton, indeed, has the unique distinction of maintaining not merely a cadet corps attached to a volunteer battalion, but a complete battalion, and the Eton College Volunteers form the 4th Volunteer Battalion of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

The Eastbourne College Cadet Corps is affiliated to the 1st Cinque Ports Rifle Volunteers, and so forms part of the Royal Sussex Regiment, and the series of photographs we here reproduce were taken at the annual gymkhana of this cadet corps, held in the college field. Nearly a thousand visitors were present, and the illustrations evidence sufficiently that a considerable amount of entertainment was afforded to them. Colonel A. M. Brookfield, the commandant of the 1st Cinque Ports and member for the Rye division of Sussex, officiated as judge, he being aided in his duties by Colonel Goodchild and Surgeon-Major H. Colgate.

As will be seen from our pictures, the contests were of two kinds, some being in uniform and others in fancy dress costume, and we illustrate three of each character.

Of those in uniform we give illustrations of that most amusing contest, a thread and needle race, a tug-

THE TUG-OF-WAR.

Photos. Churchill. Copyright.

THE THREAD AND NEEDLE RACE.

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THE POTATO RACE.

TILTING AT THE RING.

of-war, and bicyclists tilting at the ring. Of sports in costume our illustrations show the wheel-barrow race, the potato race, and tilting at the bucket. The pictures sufficiently explain themselves and require no comment. Carried out by a committee presided over by Captain J. E. S. Tuckett, the commandant of the cadet corps, the whole of the day's proceedings were a thorough success, and if the Eastbourne College

THE RESULT OF TILTING AT THE BUCKET.

Cadet Corps are as smart at their military duties as they are in their sports, they hold their own with any cadet corps in England. That they are so we have no doubt, for the soldierly bearing of the competitors in uniform is particularly marked. They are, of course, at play, not at drill, but none the less can we see that they are smart, well-set-up lads, who have had plenty of physical training, and would do credit even to a battalion of regulars.

In Their Winter War Paint.

WE are now, in this country, so used to seeing the "Sons of the Empire" in every rig and costume, that the sight of a strange uniform only engenders some such exclamation as, "Ah! yes. British Bechuanaland Border Police," or perhaps, "By Jove! I didn't know the Malay Guides were sending over a team to compete at Bisley."

But the uniform we here show to our readers is even now one never seen by the British public, for it is the winter rig of the British officer in Canada, and the stalwart group here pictured are the officers of the 2nd Battalion of the Leinster Regiment. And the illustration is one of very great interest, for to those who know the Service it speaks of much that shows the immensity of our Empire. To start with, the regiment, here depicted, has only recently left the keen Canadian climate for a sojourn in a sub-tropical island, Bermuda.

Again it is the 2nd Battalion; that is to say, it is the living representative of the old 109th, one of the Honourable East India Company's regiments, incorporated into the Army after the Mutiny. To-day it is a battalion of the Royal Canadians, a title it derives from its 1st Battalion, raised in Canada by officers of Canadian volunteers for service in India at the time of the Mutiny. Finally, its 3rd, 4th, and 5th Battalions are Irish militia battalions. In short, the whole composite five-battalion regiment is extremely typical of how the various units of our great inheritance have been slowly and by degrees knit into "one Imperial whole." The badges of the Leinster Regiment are the "Prince of Wales's plume"—he having presented colours to the 1st Battalion on its embodiment and arrival in England—and the "maple leaf," the Canadian national emblem.

Photo. Notman Studio. Copyright.

THE OFFICERS OF THE LEINSTER REGIMENT IN WINTER RIG.

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IN THE HOME PORTS.

[By a Naval Correspondent.]

FLOODING THE DRY DOCK.

GETTING PROVISIONS ON BOARD.

From Photos.

CLEARING THE PROVISION LIGHTER.

THIS is a time that finds equal favour with officers and men, and the only time, perhaps, in a sailor's life that he finds all too short.

Every ship has her own home port, either Portsmouth, Plymouth, or Chatham, and when she commissions she draws her crew from its Naval Depôt, and her stores from the dockyard there. Here, again, she returns to pay off after her labours abroad are ended.

The ships of the Channel Squadron go to their home ports every six months for docking and refitting, also to complete their sea stores for the ensuing six months. Officers and men go on ten days' leave by watches, the ship is taken possession of by the dockyard people, and a time of comparative peace and idleness prevails.

Our illustrations show one or two scenes towards the close of this period, the first being that certain beginning of the end, viz., flooding the dock, preparatory to floating the ship out. The cascade of water that bursts into the dock at first is a fine sight, and generally attracts a small crowd of idlers to watch it. The big "shores" (one of which is to be seen in the illustration) that keep the ship in position are knocked away one by one as the water rises to them.

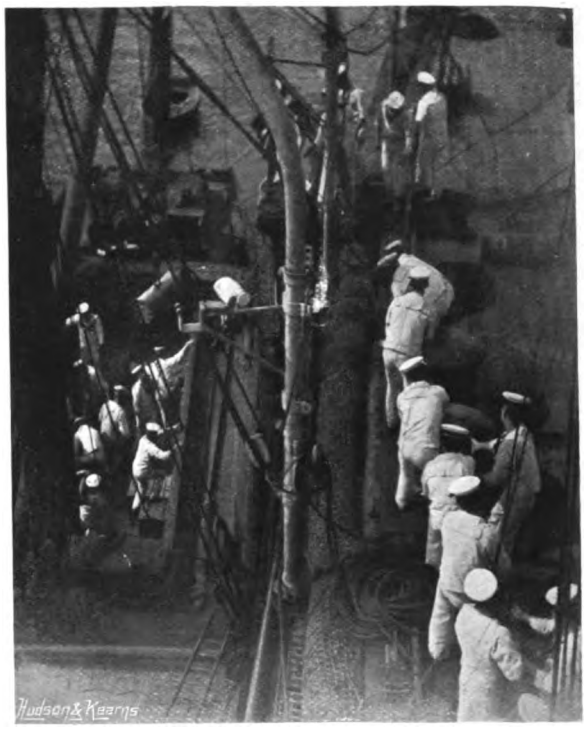
The next picture shows provisioning ship. The provisions on board a ship come under two headings, "wet" provisions comprising beef and pork, and "dry" covering bread, flour, tea, etc.

The provisions come in lighters from the Victualling Yard, and are stowed away in their appointed places under the direction of the navigating officer and paymaster. After the ship leaves the basin and gets out into the stream she receives her ammunition.

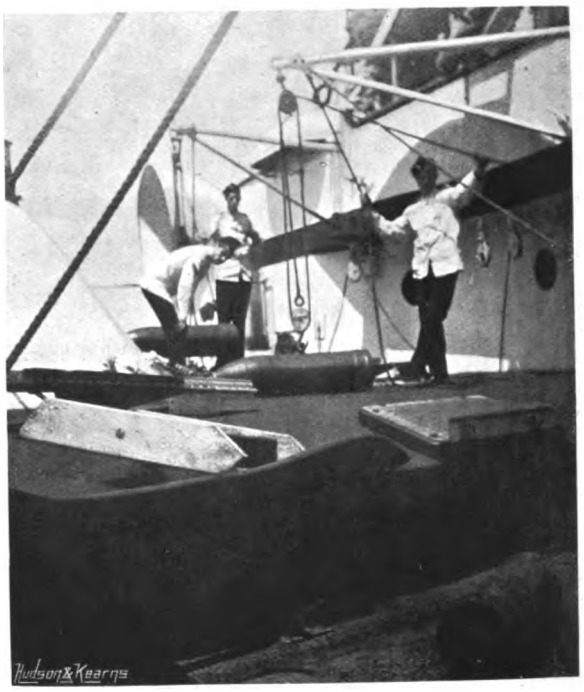
Getting in ammunition is seen in other illustrations, one of which shows two men handling the powder-case for one of the 12-in. guns.

Each of these cases contains two quarter charges of cordite, each weighing 42-lb. The charges are made up in quarters for convenience of handling.

The other picture shows some marines "striking down" 12-in. projectiles to the shell-room; as each projectile weighs 850-lb., a hydraulic lift is used for lowering them down below.



HOISTING IN POWDER AND SHELL.



STOWING AWAY 12-in. PROJECTILES.

By a Naval Officer.

PASSING THE POWDER BELOW.

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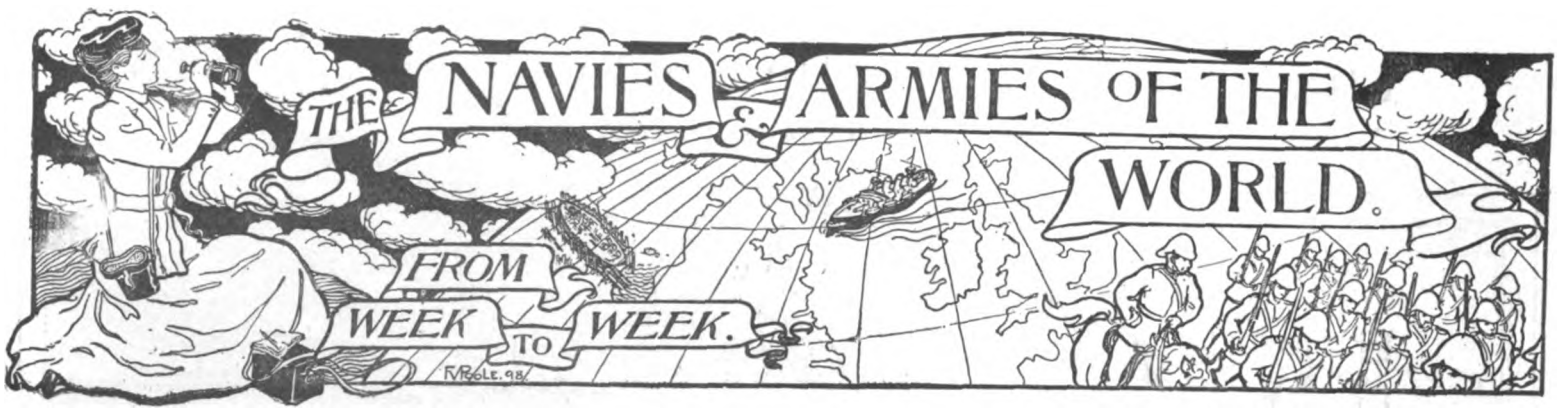

THE Dreyfus case has become a hopeless muddle, with which no sensible man would wish to have to deal if he could help it. Immense quantities of irrelevant matter have been dragged in on both sides, till the real point is becoming lost. Yet in itself that is very simple, and as there are some among ourselves who will not or cannot understand it, the plain issue may be stated once more, not unprofitably. Those Frenchmen who hold that the court-martial should be revised have maintained from the first that documents were shown to the officers who tried Captain Dreyfus, by which they were influenced, but which were not shown to the prisoner. Since the speech of M. Cavaignac and the letter of Dreyfus's counsel, Maitre Demange, it has become quite clear that this was the case. This being so, the court-martial was vitiated, because it acted irregularly and in disregard of common-sense and of the very law by which it was acting. It is—as it ought to be—provided that no evidence shall be put before the court which the prisoner is not allowed to see, and to upset if he can. To say that Captain Dreyfus had probably done something, that the officers composing the court were honourable men, and that M. Zola has lavished charges against all and sundry, is beside the question. That M. Zola has done wrong does not prove that certain military gentlemen have done right. That the said military gentlemen were the soul of honour does not prove that they did not commit an error. A judge may be the most upright of mankind, and yet might go wrong if put to command the Channel Squadron, even though he had a good deal of experience in yachting. So an admiral might well err if he were put to conduct a very difficult criminal case, even though he had taken part in a good many courts-martial of the usual kind.

* * * *

Now what happened is clearly this, that a body of French military gentlemen who were mere amateurs in judicial work were set to decide a very difficult case in very trying circumstances. Something was said to them, or read, or shown to them by a superior, whom all the habits of their life had trained them to obey without question. It convinced them that the man was guilty, and so they disregarded all forms and found against him. If anybody thinks that their honour justifies what they did, he may be an excellent cavalry officer, but he is utterly unfit to be entrusted with judicial work. The point is admirably handled in "The Merchant of Venice." Bassanio appeals to the Doge in the trial scene to

> "Wrest once the law to your authority:
> To do a great right, do a little wrong,
> And curb this cruel devil of his will."

It is a plausible appeal, but Portia disposes of it at once—

> "It must not be; there is no power in Venice
> Can alter a decree established;
> 'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
> *And many an error, by the same example,*
> *Will rush into the state;* it cannot be."

The words in italics contain all the law and the prophets on the matter. To condone the irregular conduct of a trial, for the sake of the "honour" of those who made the mistake, and because you believe that the prisoner deserves no sympathy, is to open the door to every abuse. If now, in the course of revolutionary changes in France, anyone of those who clamour against revision is brought before a tribunal which sits in secret, and is honestly convinced that he is a mischievous person, which thinks that to do a great right it may allow itself to do a little wrong, and therefore condemns him on evidence he is not allowed to see, what ground will he have for complaint? He has justified this very error by his own example. One would think that where the issue and the consequences are so simple, the most blunder-headed *sabreur* who ever lived would see how childish it is to shout about honour. He might as well stand bawling "great is Diana of the Ephesians."

* * * *

Is it true that an American correspondent has smitten General Shafter in the eye? Perhaps not. But if he has and has got off, then an American general commanding in the field must be singularly ill provided with muscular orderlies and the national cowhide. One does not find the story quite incredible. It is true that certain American newspapers carry the art of lying to an extreme point, and the tale may have been invented by one just to score a point off another. Yet this very rowdyism, and the amazing tolerance it receives, makes any excess appear at least possible on the part of the journalists who conduct some American newspapers. The pest of modern armies is likely to be seen in its very worst form where they are present. When one remembers that they are supposed to please the sovereign people, which is entitled to do what it likes, it does seem not impossible that some among them may insist on "bossing the show," and may feel quite outraged when a mere general packs them off. They made themselves a considerable nuisance in the Civil War. Grant is said to have had a method of dealing with them more effectual than polite. It consisted in smoking and saying nothing. A correspondent would accost him and wish him good-day. Grant smoked and said nothing. The correspondent asked questions, but Grant answered never a word, and puffed his cigar. The correspondent grew sarcastic, and then abusive, but the commander of the army of the Potomac smoked as before, and looked thoughtfully into the dim distance. Then the correspondent gave it up as a bad job, and went away swearing, but Ulysses S. Grant went on as if nothing had happened. The method had its merits, but it required a rare combination of patience and thickness of skin to carry it out.

SOME correspondents, not of the vulgar American order, are greatly irritated with the censors at Washington. The chief ground of complaint seems to be that these officials are erratic, and that the exasperated correspondent never knows where to have them, or rather never knows where they will have him, which is worse. It is annoying, no doubt, but the censors are entitled to no small sympathy, since they seem to be in a very trying position. They can to some extent prevent information reaching their own side, but are quite unable to prevent it from getting abroad. The news agencies collect information and send it off through Canada. When the duty you are told off to discharge is to see that water does not run through a sieve, something erratic in your behaviour is excusable. If the United States were dealing with a less feeble and inert enemy they might have excellent cause to curse their enterprising Press. Of all modern generals, few have been more fortunately placed in regard to the information he got and what was given to the enemy than the Duke of Wellington. He did, indeed, have to complain that letters written by his officers were published in the English newspapers and caused him trouble. But against this he had to set off the immense advantage that he had constant reports from within the French lines, while Napoleon's generals could learn nothing about him. The hatred of the French among the Spaniards and Portuguese was so intense that they would give no help to the invader. Thus the French generals could learn nothing except through their own scouts, who never could be many miles from their armies. Meanwhile every movement of the French was watched by patriotic Spaniards, who were in constant communication with Wellington. Some of these men played, indeed, an ugly part. They professed to support *el rey intruso*, the intruding King Joseph, entered his service, held places in his Government, and even in his household, but betrayed him to his enemies. Others were honest men who served their country only. One of these was a little jobbing tailor, who had a shop near the end of the bridge of Irun. From the board on which he worked he could see the French coming and going. He counted them regularly, and sent the figures to Wellington. As Irun was the only road of entry for the French at the western end of the Pyrenees, the English general had timely notice of all the reinforcements which reached his opponents. Most generals would compound cheerfully for the publication of a few grumbling letters from their officers, particularly when they went home by sailing packet, and could not be published for weeks, if they were sure of receiving steady information of all that was passing in their enemy's camp. Indeed, Wellington counted it among the advantages he enjoyed that no general was ever better informed than he was.

* * * *

ONE may, I trust, hold that Nelson was not a man in whom the reasoning faculty was predominant, as in Wellington and Marlborough. One may even find it credible that he was a man who could err when influenced by passion, like the vast majority of the sons of Adam. But one may hold these opinions and still revolt when asked to believe that he was capable of cold-blooded and deliberate infamy. Now this is what Mr. F. P. Badham, writing in the *Daily Chronicle* at the end of last week, asked us to accept as Neapolitan evidence. Evidence is the name he gives it. The story is that Ruffo, finding that Nelson would not allow the Republicans in the forts at Naples to escape by sea, offered to let them get away by land. Here I quote Mr. Badham:—"Thus Nelson saw his prey escaping, and the prospect drove him to an act of which in cooler moments he would have been utterly incapable. He made a feint of falling in with Ruffo's ideas, and in carefully-studied words, intended to deceive, he promised that he 'would not oppose' the execution of the capitulation. Once the garrisons were embarked Nelson laid hold of the vessels and made the Republicans prisoners." Now if Nelson did this on that one occasion in his life he behaved like an unmitigated scoundrel. He did an act of cold-blooded meanness which was against the whole code of honour of the profession of arms. One would like to have direct evidence before believing so much. And what evidence does Mr. Badham offer? He quotes an article "published just recently in the *English Historical Review*." Now this article was compiled by Mr. Badham, so that he quotes himself as his own authority. On reference to the said article, one finds that it contains very little about this particular transaction, and the said little consists of interpretations which Mr. Badham chooses to put on certain words used by Captain Foote and Sir William Hamilton, and on an assertion made by a biographer of Ruffo. A good deal is made of a note alleged to have been drawn up in Ruffo's camp, and published in fac-simile. But it appears that the officers representing Nelson refused to sign this precious document. We have therefore no guarantee that it was not a pure invention of the Cardinal's—or of his biographer's. Indeed the story that Ruffo offered to allow the Republicans to retire by land carries absurdity on the face of it. Where were they to retire to? The French were in retreat before the Austrians and Swarrow. If the Republicans had gone by land and had escaped massacre by the "Army of the Faith," they would only have fallen into the hands of the allies. Indeed the fact that they insisted on being allowed to go to Toulon by sea, shows that they were perfectly well aware of the danger that awaited them by land. That Nelson's anti-Jacobin zeal, and his devotion to the Queen and King of Naples, led him to interfere where Hawke or Keith would have refused to be entangled, is one proposition. That he acted in a manner hardly credible of Cæsar Borgia is another. Men and women will indeed do anything, but we are entitled to insist on clear evidence before believing that any particular man or woman, concerning whom we have evidence that they were honourable, did a very despicable action.

DAVID HANNAY.

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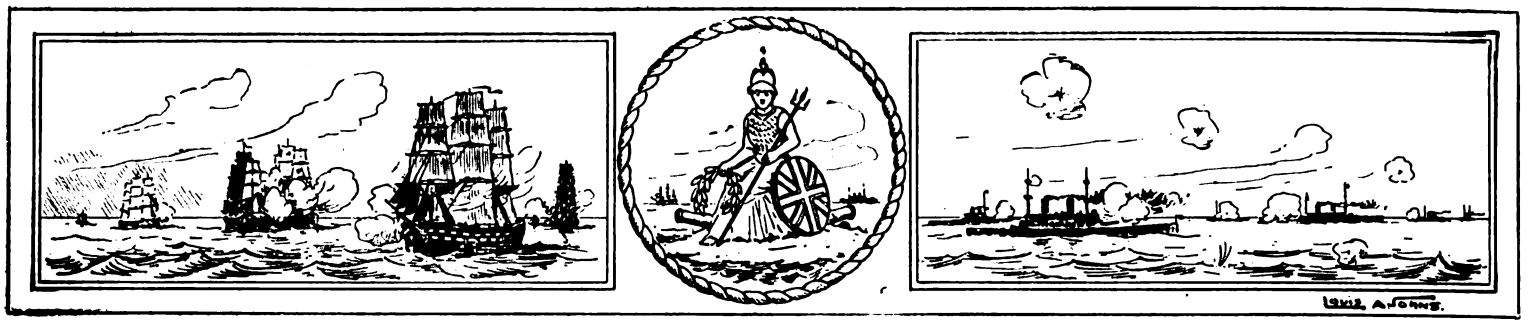
The Evolution of the Armoured Cruiser.

By L. CARR LAUGHTON.



THERE is nothing new under the sun, and the armoured cruiser, modern though she seems to be at first sight, is the lineal descendant of the old third-rate. Naval policy is in this country a wonderfully constant factor, and it follows that our Fleet, too, has not been radically altered in the last two and a-half centuries. There have been vicissitudes, of course. "Jemmy Twitcher" may stand for the worst of them, but since the days of Oliver Cromwell there has been no looking back. And the result is that the replacement of hemp and oak by steam and steel is an incident and nothing more. Nowadays we call a ship of the line a battle-ship, and we call a frigate a cruiser. But the armoured cruiser is neither a ship of the line nor yet a frigate. What then is her place in the Navy? Shall we say that "La Gloire" of 1747 was the prototype of the "Dupuy de Lôme," the "Serapis" of the "Shannon," the "Glorioso" of the "Vizcaya," the "Guillaume Tell" of the "Jeanne d'Arc" that is to be?

That is the conclusion that forces itself upon us. Just as the handy third-rate and the nimble frigate were reached after experiments with ships of the nature of the "Serapis," a forty-four on two decks, even so has the "Shannon" type, the type of our earliest departure from the iron ship of the line, split up into the two great classes of which the "Cressy" and "Diadem" are the best-known examples. The experience of long wars taught the belligerent Powers that for general purposes the third-rate was supreme; she was cheap, she was comparatively fast, and carried heavy metal, while from her stout scantling she could bear with a deal of pounding. She was thus fit to take her place in the line, from which in our Service during the great wars she almost ousted heavier vessels; she was suitable for the duty of a flag-ship on distant stations, and either for a *guerre de course* or against ships employed therein she proved an efficient cruiser. It is because the designing of armoured cruisers seems to be approaching finality that this comparison has seemed worth the making. So far, indeed, have we advanced that it is difficult to see how further progress on the same lines is possible, for already we have the "Cressy" showing less difference from the "Canopus" than did the "Zealous" from the "Victory" of 1765.

The armoured cruiser is, in fine, second in value only to the first-class battle-ship, as may best be seen from a rapid survey of her origin and growth. From the modern point of view, the "Warrior," though built as a battle-ship, was in 1860 what she is now officially styled—an armoured cruiser. Her length, for instance, 380-ft., is the same as that of the "Royal Sovereign," but her beam is but 58-ft. as against 75-ft., and her displacement 9,210 tons against 14,150. Her armament, muzzle-loading and placed on the broadside, was characteristic of the age; so, too, was her armour, 4½-in. of iron, which extended from below the water-line, for a distance of 240-ft., to above the gun positions. Her speed, 13 knots, sounds low enough now, but in 1860 marked an advance. Very similar ships were the "Achilles" and her sisters, the only true "ironclads." The extension of the armoured surface is the only change of any importance effected in them, and save for the improvements in guns that called for better protection they might have continued in the front rank. As it was, the concentrating of thick armour over the vitals of battle-ships came in, to be pushed to its utmost limits in the "Inflexible," and for cruising purposes lighter vessels, the "Northampton," "Nelson," and "Shannon," began to be built. Compared with the "Warrior" they are shorter for their beam, and though more heavily engined, they have no greater speed. The belt is cut down in length to two-thirds that of the ship, and in width to a mere water-line protection, so as to allow its thickness to be increased to 9-in. tapering away to 6-in. Transverse armoured bulkheads closed the ends of the belt, a 3-in. protective deck was added, and some of the most important gun positions were armoured. If a parallel be drawn between these ships and the "Superb" on the one hand and the "Raleigh" on the other, it will at once appear that they clung far more nearly to the battle-ship type than they approached to that of the cruiser.

In the "Warspite" and her sister ship the "Imperieuse,' built between 1881 and 1884, a great advance was made. They are armed with the 9·2-in. breech-loading gun, which has ever since maintained its place as the heaviest cruiser weapon, and for iron they substituted compound armour.

The abolition of a full equipment of masts and sails in favour of a single military mast, gives to these ships a somewhat un-British appearance.

The next move was made in 1885 by laying down the seven ships of the "Orlando" class, which differ from the "Warspite" chiefly in point of size. They displace only 5,600 tons as against 8,400, they have not the 9·2-in. guns on the beam, but with triple-expansion engines they have an extra knot of speed. Their belt is extended to two-thirds the length of the ship, and is of the same thickness and material, but is reduced to a mere strip 5-ft. 6-in. wide at the water-line. The falling off in this class as compared with the battle-ship is very great; the "Orlando," indeed, represents the cruiser proper rather than the cruising battle-ship; and to the feeling that such a ship could hardly take her place in the line—it is still convenient to speak of the "line of battle"—added to the rapid development at this period of the protected cruiser suitable for frigate duty, we owe the temporary abandonment of the type.

Since we built this class we have built no more armoured cruisers for the British Navy. But the type has elsewhere been constantly in favour, more especially in France; and our delay has enabled us to profit by the designs which have been added to foreign Navies.

Now, as the result of accumulated experience, we are laying down four ships of the "Cressy" class, and have others promised, while our neighbours across the Channel are building, besides the "Jeanne d'Arc," of 11,000 odd tons, two large classes of armoured cruisers, of which the "Gueydon" of 9,500 tons, and "Desaix" of 7,700 tons, are typical ships. Built with an eye to a possible *guerre de course*, these ships are still so powerful that they have, at any rate for the time being, almost ousted the battle-ship from French programmes of construction.

And the "Cressy"? Her armament is traditional—two 9·2-in. breech-loaders and twelve 6-in. quick-firers, besides smaller pieces; her protection is more effective than has hitherto been asked of any ship of the type. It is stated that this protection will be "as in the 'Canopus,'" a battle-ship of the first class, a broad belt of hardened steel 6-in. thick running two-thirds the length of the ship, and ending beyond the barbettes in heavy thwartship bulkheads; there will also be a 2·5-in. steel deck, and 5-in. casemates for the secondary armament. She will have, in all probability, the two sets of triple-expansion engines driving twin screws which have become almost universal, and we are told that her boilers will be of the Belleville type, which has sprung into existence since the "Orlando" was built. With a coal capacity of 1,600 tons and an I.H.P. of 16,000, she will steam both far and fast; on trial with forced draught the speed will be 21 knots, on service with natural draught she will be capable of 19½ knots. She will also be fitted with a submerged torpedo-tube on either beam. All told, her difference from the battle-ship is not great; she is as well protected as, though 1,000 tons lighter than, the "Canopus," she is 50-ft. longer and 3 knots faster, and her armament, though inferior, is formidable. She is, in fact, a somewhat lightly armed battle-ship of high speed; and this is what the third-rate was before her.

Many have asked whether the future does not lie with some such type as this, but the question will be better answered in a few months. The present Naval war will answer many long-standing questions, and none, perhaps, so readily as this.

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"VERY few people, probably," says Major J. H. Leslie, R.A., "except soldiers who have had the good fortune or misfortune to be quartered at Landguard Fort, have ever heard of the place." Let the uninformed read Major Leslie's "History of Landguard Fort in Suffolk" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 12s.), published with official sanction and dedicated to the Duke of Connaught, and they will find that this extreme south-eastern point of Suffolk, at the mouth of Harwich Harbour, is a place with a history well worth the telling. It has certainly not been a very eventful one, for since the year 1716, and apparently for some time before, the fort has never fired a shot in anger. Yet Landguard is one of the fortresses whose importance warrants the flying of the Union Jack every day, a privilege not accorded to all, and it is also one of the few flag-stations where the Royal Standard may be flown on Royal anniversaries and State occasions, besides being one of the twenty-three saluting stations of Great Britain. But Landguard was in its prime in the Dutch Wars. Major Leslie has discovered that fortifications existed in the middle of the sixteenth century, and further building was going on in 1588. The first fort proper was built, however, in 1626, and was square, with angle bastions, armed with forty-three pieces of brass ordnance—demi-cannons, demi-culverins, sakers, fort-pieces, and fowlers—and twenty-nine of iron—culverins and demi-culverins—to which a basilisk, the largest piece, throwing a 60-lb. shot, and six culverins out of the "Saint Esprit," captured from the French in the Texel, with other guns, were added in the next year.

In 1667, after De Ruyter had withdrawn from the Medway, he proceeded along the Suffolk coast, and landed about 2,000 or 3,000 men near Felixstowe, of whom a considerable body, advancing with scaling ladders and hand-grenades, made an attack on the fort at Landguard, and were gallantly repulsed in confusion by the garrison under Captain Darell. They left behind some of their apparatus, and Major Leslie is able in his handsome volume to depict a Dutch scaling ladder, abandoned on that memorable July 2, which is now at Colehill, near Ashford, in Kent, the seat of Mr. J. Darell-Blount. Major Leslie properly suggests that a "Darell" battery at Landguard would be a worthy commemoration of an almost forgotten victory at a time when our arms were under a cloud. During the whole of the Dutch Wars Landguard was the scene of great activity and readiness. A new fort was built in 1716, at the time when the Master-General of the Ordnance wisely reduced the armament of all forts throughout the kingdom. As I have said, the subsequent history of the fort has been uneventful, though there was what Major Leslie calls "civil war" about the year 1871, between the lord of the manor and the War Department, chiefly on the question of encroachments. This admirable book concludes with biographical sketches of the governors of the fort, among whom have been many famous men, and Major Leslie gives many portraits of them. His work deserves great commendation.

By no means must readers of this column fail to read "The Adventures of Louis de Rougemont," of which the first instalment has just appeared in the *Wide World Magazine*. That gentleman has been chief of warlike tribesmen in unexplored Australia for many years, and may be congratulated on having lived to narrate a most remarkable series of adventures. It is a far cry from Whitechapel to the Australian bush, but the touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin is discovered in the simple methods of personal warfare that prevail in both places. The conflict begins with a warfare of tongues. Hideous abuse is poured upon the foe; he is condemned to perdition. The various parts of his anatomy are reviled and, at length, when the breaking strain has been reached, the epithet "bandy-legged" among the cannibals precipitates the business, and in a frenzy of fury the first spear is thrown. There is no beating about the bush, no refinement of tactics, but only hard hitting or forcible hurling. Like the tail of the Irishman's coat at Donnybrook Fair, a smoke-signal has been the preliminary exasperating taunt of defiance. But M. de Rougemont does not give us the idea that his friends are first-rate fighters. They expend their bellicose energies in the killing of a few, and cannibal honours of war are rendered to the slain. By eating them, all their prodigious valour is believed to be compacted into the consumer's frame. It is a belief found in many parts of the cannibal world. Hence there is gruesome activity in the village when a column of smoke tells that the victors are returning. Women are busy scraping out with their hands shallow trenches like graves in the sand, wherein the dead are unceremoniously flung. Then over them are laid stones or sand, and huge fires are lighted on the top. Now the signs of pleasurable anticipation overspread every countenance, and when the cooking is done—"bake for two hours in a hot oven" is the cook's formula—the hideous meal begins, the whole nation falling upon the bodies and tearing them limb from limb. Of this fearsome repast, M. de Rougemont gives some horrible details.

The account of how the intrepid explorer rose to fame among the tribesmen promises to be most interesting. When his vessel was cast away he secured a bow and arrows, which were the symbols of his power, and, by a happy inspiration, he inspired terror in the foe by marching to battle on stilts. He contrived to turn away from cannibalism some of the tribesmen by convincing them that the spirit of the dead might be infused into themselves equally well by wearing plaited sandals or bracelets made out of the long hair of the slain. He appears also to have discovered gold-fields of incredible richness, but upon this matter experts will of course pronounce. Such a life was well worth telling, and it makes, perhaps, the most extraordinary narrative ever contributed to a magazine.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

WITHIN only a few short months Britain has been thrilled by the glorious deeds of her Highland regiments in the fastnesses of the grim Tirah mountains and in the sandy scrubs of the Soudan deserts. They are but a little handful of the British Army, these dozen Scotch regiments, but their record would be a difficult one to beat. Some of the glories the men of Dargai and the Atbara inherit may be read in the badges that illustrate this article. Out of the twelve Scotch regiments, all but three display national emblems in the form of the thistle, or various insignia of the Order of the Thistle, either on appointments or as colour badges; and the cross of St. Andrew will be found to figure prominently in most of the badges here represented. Curiously enough, however, territorial insignia is displayed by only one Scottish corps, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, who have as a colour badge, and display on their appointments, the Castle of Edinburgh.

One of the most celebrated corps in the Service, it was originally raised in Edinburgh in 1689 by certain Scottish adherents of William of Orange, when it assumed this badge with the motto "Nisi dominus frustra," the opening words of the 127th Psalm. To this day the regiment possesses the exclusive privilege of beating up for recruits in the streets of Edinburgh without asking the leave of the Lord Provost. Another badge of this corps is the Royal Crest which the regiment received from King George III. in 1805, the pious old monarch coupling with the badge the motto "In veritate religionis confido." The Royal Arms—which is by warrant the special device of the regiments of Household Cavalry, the Royal Artillery, and Royal Engineers—is allowed to be worn on appointments by two Scottish regiments, the Scots Greys and the Scots Fusiliers, for it will be found hidden in the grenade that forms the plume-socket of the head-dress of these two regiments. The gallant old Greys are the only cavalry regiment that wears the grenade and the bearskin head-dress, which distinction they earned at Ramillies, by charging and sweeping away three battalions of French grenadiers. Barely 100 years later, and only a few miles distant from the scene of their previous heroism, they won at Waterloo the "Eagle" badge. At this greatest of battles the Greys, together with the Royals and Inniskillings, formed the "Union Brigade," and in one of the charges made by the brigade the "Eagle" of the 45th French Infantry of the Line was captured by Sergeant Charles Ewart of the Greys, the incident being the subject of a well-known picture and engraving.

Two Scotch corps also wear the distinguishing mark of light infantry, "the bugle," these being the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) and the Highland Light Infantry. The former derive the honour from their 2nd Battalion, the old 90th, the Perthshire Light Infantry. This latter was raised in 1794, and was trained as light infantry from its inception. It is, in truth, the oldest light infantry corps in the Service, for it was not till three years later that a light infantry battalion was added to the 60th, then an ordinary regiment of foot. It will be noted that in the case of the Highland Light Infantry a badge of "a French horn" is substituted for the ordinary light infantry "bugle and strings." This the Highland Light Infantry derive from their 1st Battalion, the 71st Highland Light Infantry, and the distinction is almost unique, as they share it only with the 51st, now the 1st Yorkshire Light Infantry. Both regiments received the distinction for their services in the Corunna campaign, on their return from which they were made light infantry, and undoubtedly copied their form of the light infantry emblem

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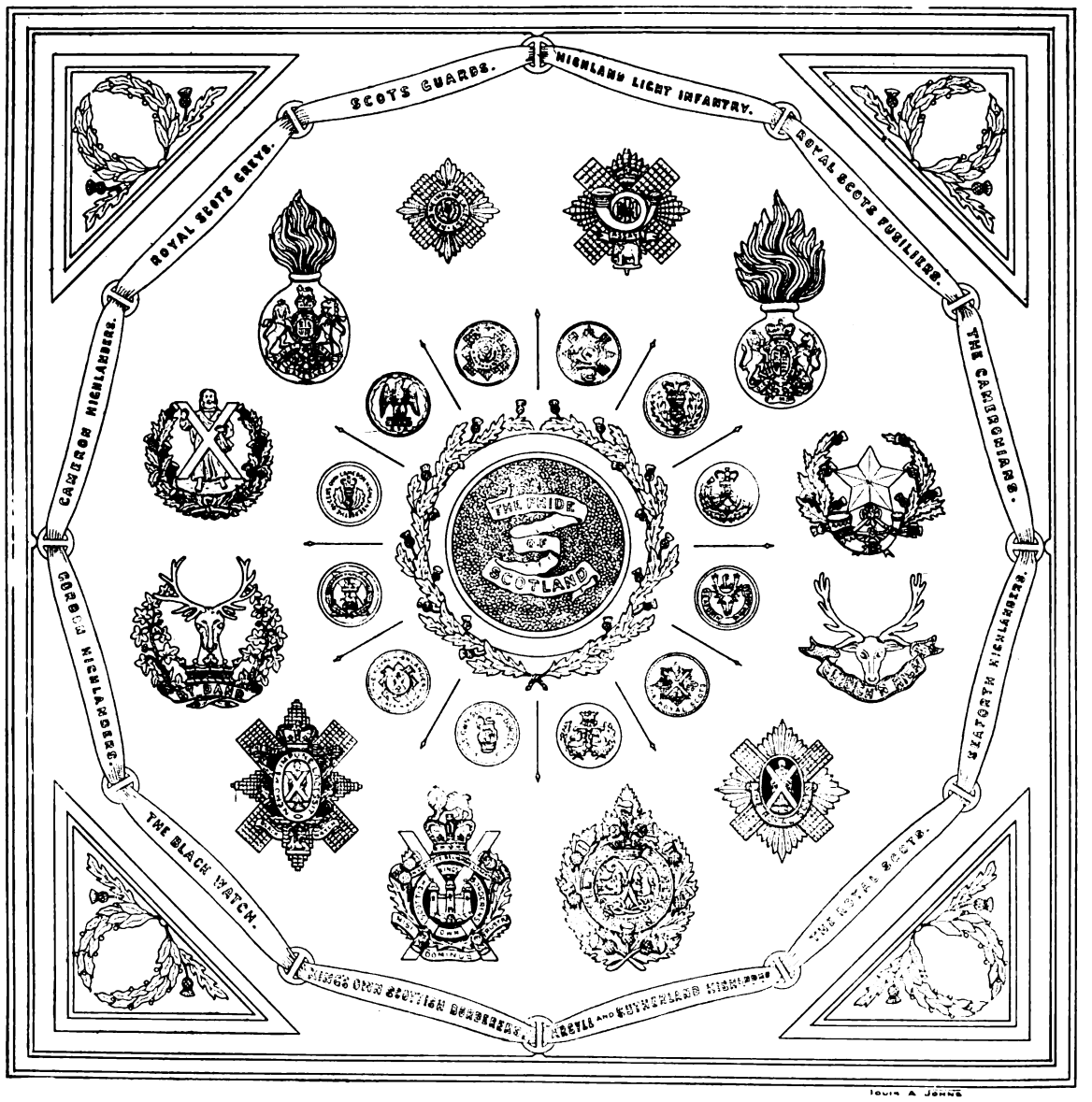
from that in vogue with our friends the enemy. Of badges conferred for special campaigns, the Scottish regiments can show the Sphinx, the Tiger, the Elephant, and the China Dragon. As regards the first—which, as I have mentioned in a previous article, was conferred for Abercromby's campaign in Egypt—the Cameronians share with the Gloucestershire the honour of deriving it from both their battalions. The old 42nd, now the 1st Black Watch, used to display the emblem on their colours on a "field gules," or red ground, to commemorate the fact that, at Alexandria, in successfully wiping out a French demi-brigade known as "the Invincibles"—they had not heretofore met kilted laddies—they lost, in killed and wounded, twenty-six out of thirty-one officers and more than half the rank and file. Besides the two regiments which I have named, the distinction is also possessed by the Scots Guards, Royal Scots, Gordons, and Camerons.

For assiduous service in India the Highland Light Infantry, the Seaforths, and the Gordons display, the two former the badge of the "Elephant," and the latter the "Tiger." The Highland Light Infantry derive their badge from their 2nd Battalion, the old 74th, and couple with it the legend Assaye, and they have moreover the proud distinction of being the only corps in the Service that can couple the legends Seringapatam and Assaye amongst their battle honours. For their distinguished conduct at the great battle where Wellington "against the myriads of Assaye clashed with his fiery few and won," the 74th received from the East India Company a third colour, in the shape of a white silken flag bearing in the centre the "Elephant" surrounded by a laurel wreath, and from this the badge is derived. The Seaforths also wear the badge with the legend Assaye in right of their 2nd Battalion, the 78th or Ross-shire Buffs, which regiment was also the recipient of a third colour from the East India Company, as above described. The Gordons derive their "Tiger" badge from their 1st Battalion, the old 75th Stirlingshire Regiment. This corps was one of the four extra regiments of foot provided at the cost of the East India Company in 1787, and they gained the badge by nineteen years' hard service in India. Only one Scotch regiment shows the China Dragon, the distinguishing badge of the corps that served in the China War of 1840-42. This is the Scottish Rifles or Cameronians, and they derive it from their 1st Battalion, the old 26th, which served with much distinction throughout that campaign.



Clan or family insignia figure largely amongst the regimental badges of the Scottish corps. The Scottish Rifles display the "mullet" or spur rowel, the cognisance of the Douglas family, and derive it from their 1st Battalion, the old 26th Cameronians, raised by a Douglas.

The cognisance of the Mackenzies, a stag's head and antlers with the Gaelic motto "Cuidichn Righ" (help to the King), is worn by the Seaforth Highlanders, both of the regiments which now form its two battalions having been raised by Earls of Seaforth, heads of the Clan Mackenzie. The story goes that the founder of the clan—who, by the way, was an Irishman—saved the then King of Scotland from the attack of an infuriated stag. They also wear on some of their appointments the mottoes "Caber Feidh" (antlers of the deer), the slogan or war cry of Seaforth, and "Tulloch Ard" (the high hill), the slogan of Kintail, the home of the Mackenzies and the mustering place of the clansmen.

The Gordon cognisance, a stag's head with the motto "Bydand" (watchful), commemorates the fact that the 2nd Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, the old 92nd, was raised by Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, and first commanded by his son, the Marquess of Huntly, afterwards fifth and last Duke of Gordon. The Duchess, one of the most charming and fascinating women of the period, greatly stimulated the recruiting of the regiment. Going from hamlet to hamlet with the recruiting party, she offered the luxury of a kiss on her ripe lips as well as the bounty to all who took the shilling, and the bait was one that took royally. The insignia of two ducal houses are worn by the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Its 1st Battalion, the 91st, late Princess Louise's Argyllshire Highlanders, was raised in 1794 by the Duke of Argyll, and hence the regiment wears the "Boar's Head" and motto "Ne obliviscaris" surrounded by a wreath of myrtle, the badge of the Campbells. The 2nd Battalion, late 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, was raised in 1800 mainly on the estates of the Countess of Sutherland, and hence the regiment wears the Sutherland Crest with the motto "Sans Peur" surrounded by a wreath of Butcher's broom, the badge of the clan. Both badges are worn conjointly, and imposed on the whole is a label of three points, the "mark of cadency" or heraldic distinction borne on the arms of H.R.H. the Princess Louise.

Beyond the family mottoes above alluded to, and the "In veritate religionis confido" which accompanies the King's Crest amongst the badges of the Scottish Borderers, the most common motto amongst Scottish regiments is the "Nemo me impune lacessit," which is the motto of the Order of the Thistle. But the Greys have adopted a very distinctive motto, "Second to None." This motto they assumed when they took their present position on the British establishment as the 2nd Dragoons, they having previously ranked by seniority as the 4th Dragoons. This grand old regiment descends directly from certain troops of Horse and Dragoons which were placed on the Scottish establishment in 1678. In 1681 the troops of Horse were regimented under Graham of Claverhouse, "Bonnie Dundee," while those of Dragoons were combined under Sir Thomas Dalziel as the Royal Scots Dragoons. Claverhouse's men wore the Stuart livery of red faced with yellow, but Dalziel clad his men in a stone-grey uniform, which probably accounts for the name of the corps and the custom that has always prevailed, and it is to be hoped always will prevail, of mounting the regiment on grey horses.

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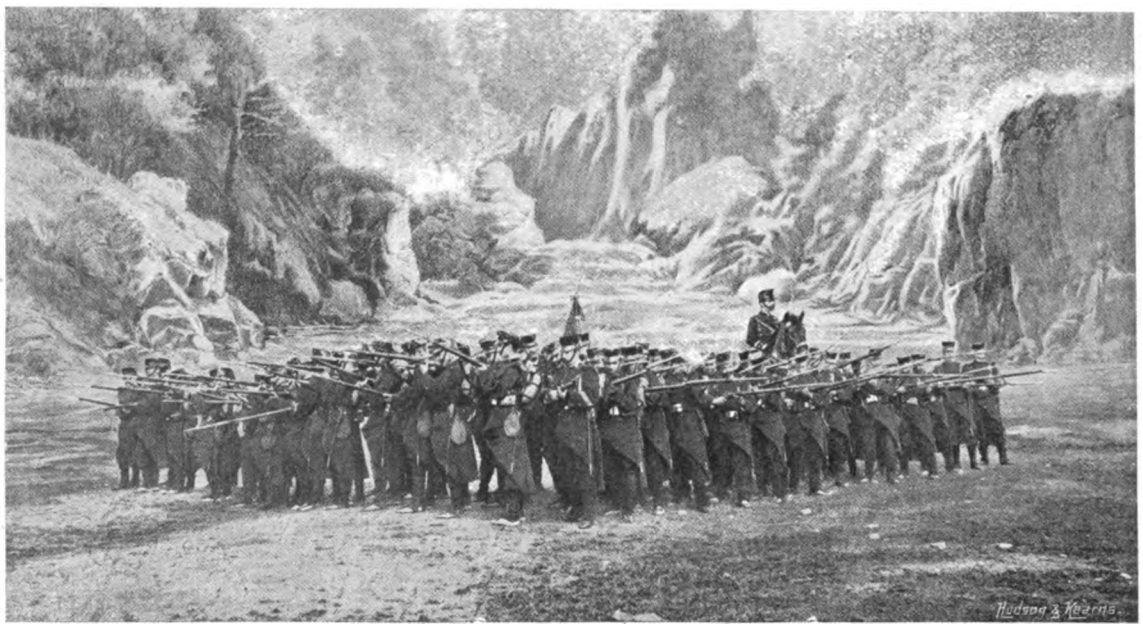
The Spanish Army in Cuba.

WHEN the history of the war in Cuba comes to be written, we shall learn a good deal of the proceedings of the Spanish Army there. We have heard much upon that subject already, but it has come mostly from interested sources. Perfervid journalists whose sympathies were all with the insurgents have done a grievous wrong by painting Spanish officers and men as monsters of iniquity, and armed ruffians careless of the rights of men, and shameless violators of the honour of women, while the insurgents—degraded creoles, half-breeds, and negroes for the most part—have been represented as bright exemplars of lofty and suffering virtue. As the *Times'* correspondent in blockaded Havana lately remarked, it might surprise many to learn that the officers of the force are, after all, humane men and Christian gentlemen. The truth is that the soldier, who readily gives his life for his country, be he American or Spaniard, is, in general, a worthy fellow, and that it is the politician who misdirects him, and the inexperienced general who sometimes sacrifices him.

Our illustrations of the Spanish Army in Cuba depict the conditions under which hostilities are conducted there. A country divided between malarious swamps and lofty mountains, deluged by torrential rains and subjected to tropical heat, destitute, for the most part, of roads, and threaded by devious paths, is not, as our own experience on the other side of the world has shown, an ideal place to march and fight in.

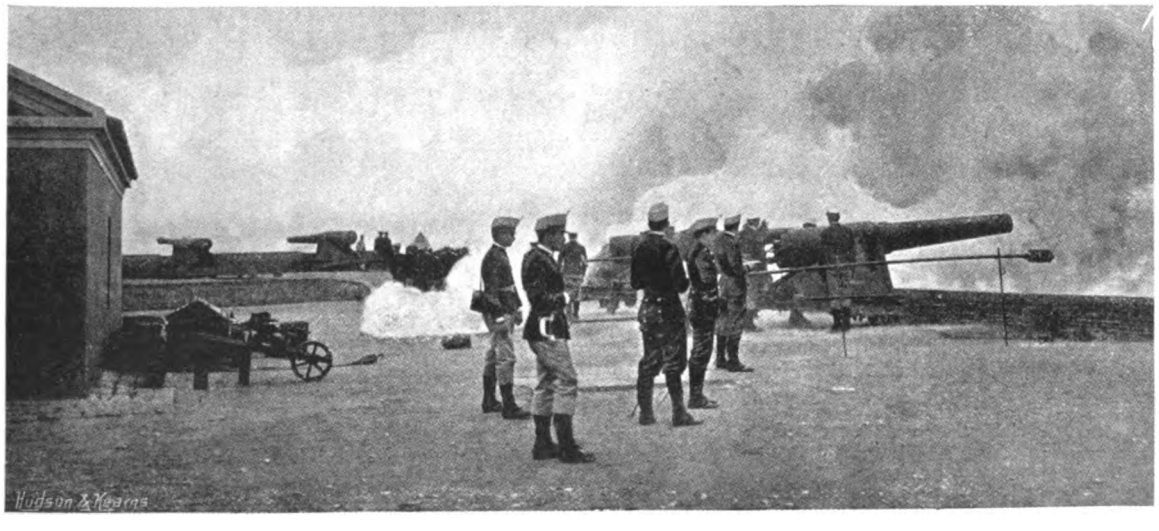


AWAITING THE ATTACK.

It necessarily opens the way to guerilla warfare, and in this particular department of the military art both Spaniards and insurgents are past masters. The Yankee regulars, too, who have lived much on the lonesome prairies or in the backwoods among Indian scouts and trappers, are not unpractised in the art; but they have had no experience in such a country as Cuba, and have never been confronted with the difficulties attending flooded trenches, earthworks washed away, and yellow fever in the camp.

Although the infantry must still be the mainstay of the Army, the Spaniards have devoted much attention to the efficiency of their mountain artillery, which is depicted in three of our illustrations. The weapon is not unlike our own 7-pounder jointed steel gun, which weighs 400-lb., and, as in our mountain batteries, there are neither limbers nor waggons, and the whole equipment of gun, carriage, and ammunition is carried by mules. This patient, hardy beast is, in fact, the chief draught and pack animal in the Spanish Service. In the long marches from place to place his endurance is surprising, and the character of the regions these mountain batteries traverse will be discovered in these pictures, though they can give no idea of the hardships of a march along a hollow way converted by heavy rains into a wet ditch or a quagmire with 2-ft. or 3-ft. of clinging mud. We had our own experience of mud in bringing up the guns from Balaclava to the Sebastopol upland, but the American difficulty at Santiago was, if anything, worse. In the first picture we see the head of a mountain artillery column marching up a narrow cutting, an officer leading with his trumpeter, followed by the mules bringing up the wheels, carriages, and guns. Then, upon a terraced ridge on a hill slope, we see a battery in action, depicting the three operations of loading, laying, and firing the gun. It is a necessary part of all artillery training to prepare guns for action, so that the gunners may become perfectly

SAPPERS USING THE HELIOGRAPH.



FORTRESS GUNS IN ACTION.

From Photos. by a Spanish Military Correspondent.

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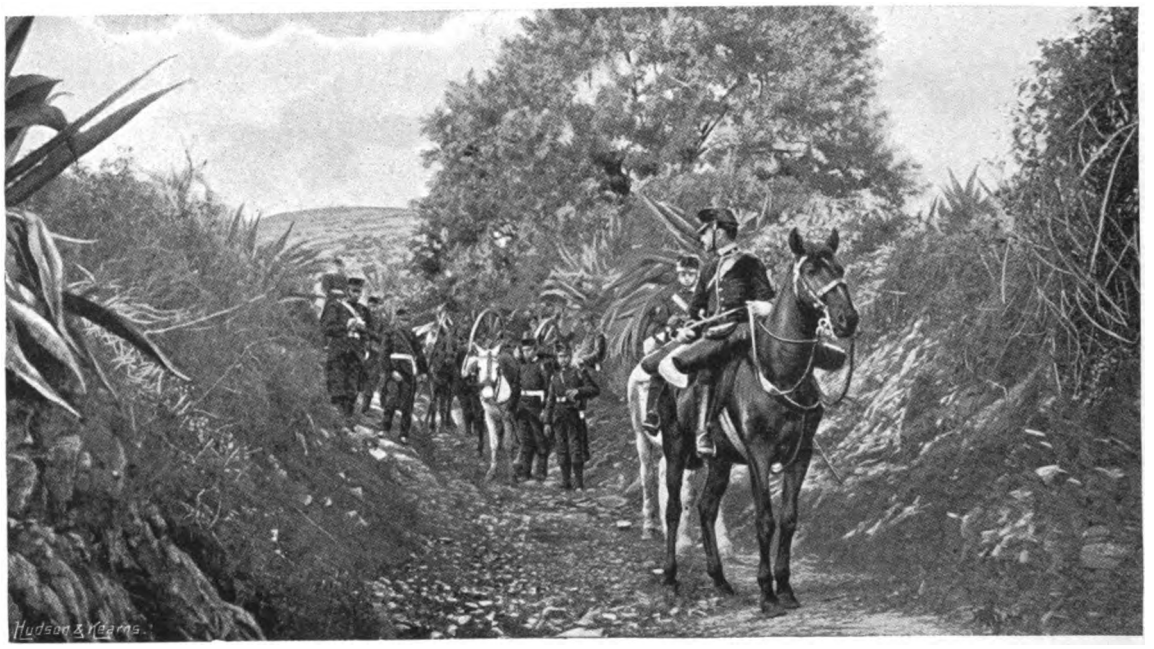
familiar with the handling of the weapons, and in this matter the Spaniards are reported to be very energetic. The last of the mountain artillery pictures is the most interesting of the three, because it gives an excellent idea of the appearance of batteries as they ascend rough roads up mountain slopes, an operation frequent in Cuba.

Having climbed the steep, a well-earned rest is taken; but the work is not done. There are communications to open and maintain with distant stations, by means of optical telegraphy. This work in the Spanish Army is generally committed to a branch of the engineers, and we here see a party of "zapadores minadores," or sappers, operating with the heliograph, which is of inestimable value for communicating in mountainous country, as we have many a time proved. These Spanish sappers are properly equipped for the hot climate of Cuba. It will be seen that while one man is working the heliograph another is reading the flashes from the station with which communication is in progress, while a third is taking down the message.

Our march has led us now to a battery at the mouth of a certain Cuban harbour, where the big guns are in action. The particular guns in question are of 5·9-in. calibre, rifled and hooped. They are not of the latest pattern, and better guns are in position at Havana, but they are still of considerable efficiency, and, if Spanish marksmanship were better, might be depended upon to do much execution. Here is a grave defect of the Spaniards. Either from some constitutional inability, or from want of practice, due, perhaps, to the need of being sparing in the expenditure of ammunition, they seem to be unable to hit the object aimed at. The lesson is plain—if the matter called for demonstration—that the man behind the gun is more important than the gun itself. That the guns we depict are not ineffective is proved by the fact that, with them, our correspondent saw several times in a few rounds a small floating target struck nearly two miles distant at sea.

We have several times lately illustrated types of the Spanish infantry, and our first picture is interesting as showing the troops under training in Cuba. Here a company with fixed bayonets is drawn up in readiness for a cavalry attack, and when it comes the front rank will kneel to receive it.

On the whole it must be said that the Spanish troops, both regulars and volunteers, have justified the hopes of their country, and have shown devotion and soldierly dash.



HEAD OF A MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY COLUMN.

MOUNTAIN GUNS IN ACTION.

From Photos. by a Spanish Military Correspondent.

A MOUNTAIN MARCH.

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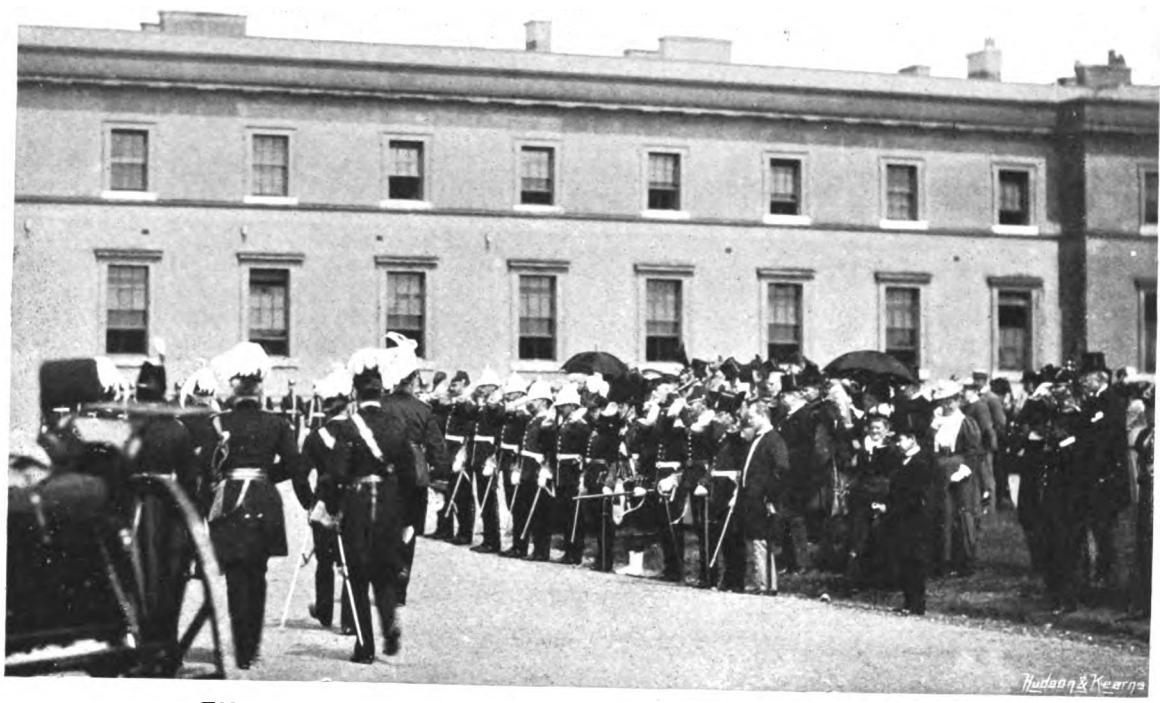
Sandhurst and Camberley.

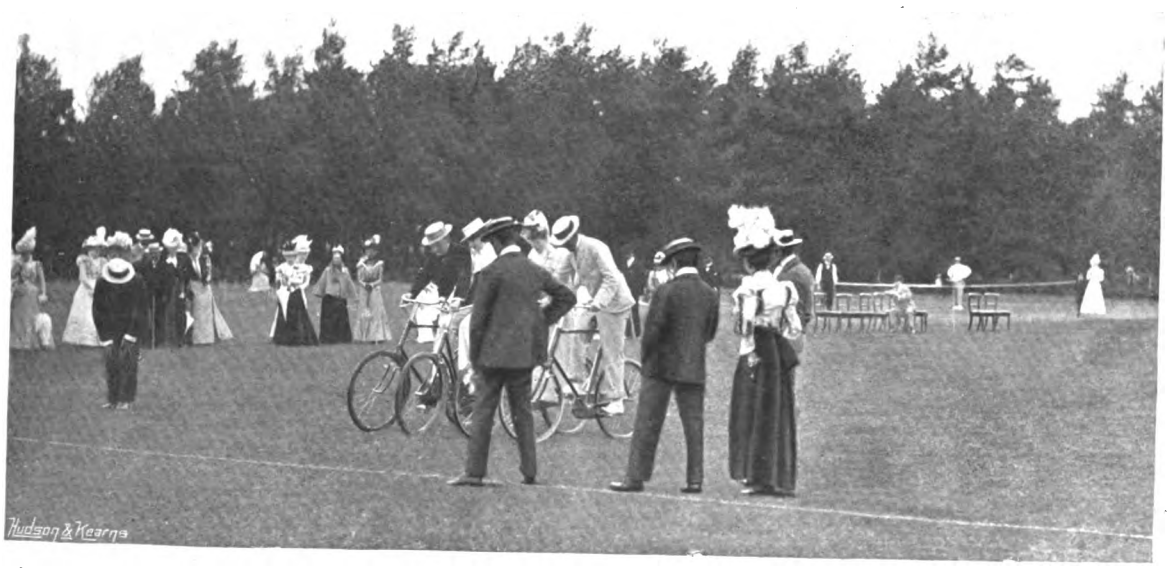
IT would be difficult to name any district more interesting, from a military point of view, than that of which Sandhurst and Camberley form the centre. The one is associated in our minds with the largest military college that exists in the Empire, and the other with that now famous institution where long and laborious days prepare officers for serving on the staff of the Army. So far as the rank and standing of the students are concerned, the Staff College is the senior, but the Royal Military College, or as it is colloquially termed, Sandhurst, is the original establishment, and was founded in 1799. The Royal Military College had a "Senior Department" up to about forty years ago, and officers who had served four years were admitted to that department for a course of further instruction. On passing they received a certificate, and had the letters M.C.C. placed after their names in the Army List, the initials standing for "Military College certificate." Until a few years ago, these letters could be seen appended to senior names, but they have now disappeared from the Active List. That was the foundation of the present Staff College at Camberley, which was formed soon after the close of the Russian War. Those who pass successfully through its curriculum have P.S.C. (passed the Staff College) after their names, and are spoken of as graduates of the college. The two colleges are therefore quite distinct, although practically situated in the same grounds. It may be interesting to note, roughly, the advanced, or perhaps more properly the severe, ordeal through which Staff College students have to pass. They must have served not less than five years, and be recommended as eligible by their commanding officer, after which they compete for entrance. In the entrance examination a certain standard in French or German, and in fortification, military topography, and tactics is obligatory. Having got in, the students commence an arduous course of two years' duration, embracing theory and practice, natural sciences, modern languages, outdoor work, riding, attack and defence of positions, etc. At Sandhurst and Camberley, however, it is not all work; there are both play and display, and most necessarily so. The first of our three pictures throws some light on the social side of the place, another represents the advent of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, who is likewise president of the college, on his annual review and inspection, and the third affords a glimpse of what may be called the playground of the Staff College.

The amusements at both colleges are eminently manly, and include athletic sports, cricket, football, rifle and pistol matches, golf, swimming, tennis, and riding.

WAITING FOR THE VISITORS AT SANDHURST.



THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY ARRIVES.



Photos Walter Shaw

CYCLING AT THE STAFF COLLEGE.

Camberley

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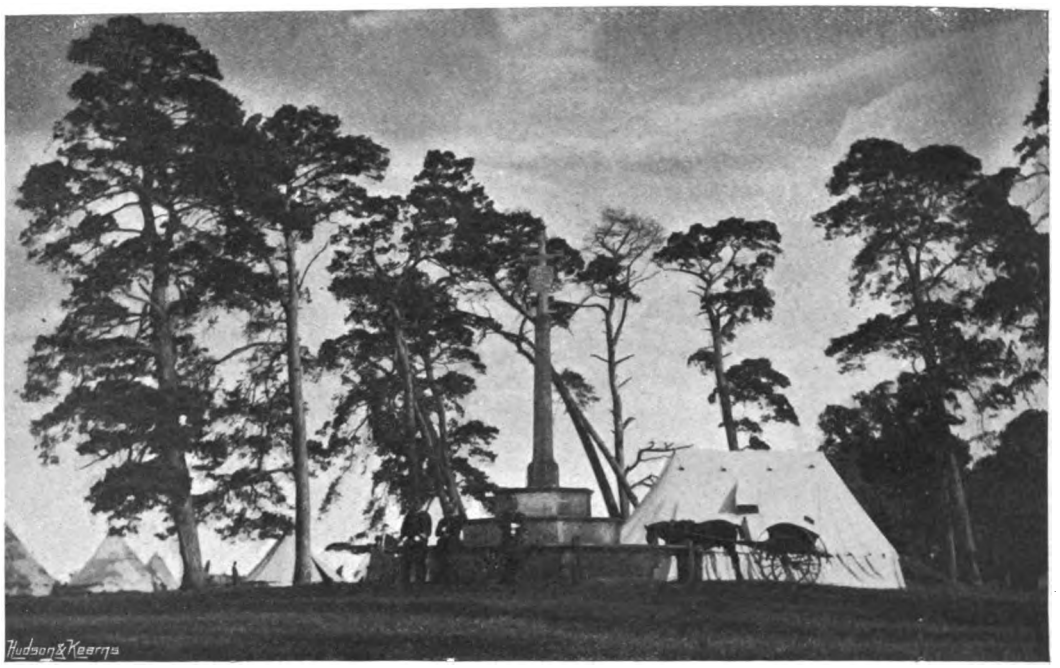
With the Bedfordshire Militia.

"WHAT deplorable weather!" These words in the English tongue are in everyday use, owing to the vicissitudes of the English climate, but never more constantly spoken than during May, 1898, when the 3rd Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment, with the Duke of Bedford at their head, came out for their annual training, and set up their tents in that ideal camping-ground—Ampthill Park.

There, amongst the giant oaks that even in the days of Cromwell were considered too old and decayed for Naval ship-building purposes; there, near the tall cross seen in our first illustration, marking the spot where stood the castle in which Catherine of Arragon awaited her divorce from her faithless husband, Henry VIII., the white tents of the soldiers are picturesquely pitched, the red coats making bright patches of colour, while beneath the slope of the hill a silent pool reflects the surrounding picture and is in itself no mean subject for the painter—silver-barked birch trees bending their boughs towards the stream, and shading the thirsty cow as it stands cooling itself in the water.



THE CAMP IN AMPTHILL PARK.

The training, so looked forward to by many a young "sub," so popular with both officers and men as a month of healthy exercise and amusement, had, even in this spring of rain and cold, its few bright days, when, duty over, pleasure might take its turn. Then the lawn-tennis courts, thoughtfully supplied by the Duke for his officers' recreation, are crowded, players and on-lookers enjoying each other's society, and delighting in the beauties of the old park, its green turf, and its venerable trees. Presently the whole company adjourns to the mess-tent for tea, talk, and laughter, where, from the brow of the hill, can be seen a charming vista of distant landscape bathed in sunshine.

One day during the training is set apart for the men's sports, and crowds of friends arrive to see the fun—sack races, productive of broken noses, wheelbarrow colliding with wheelbarrow, vary the more serious running and jumping, the tent pitching, or the energetic tugs-of-war. In front of a large marquee are seated gaily-dressed ladies, watching the proceedings with interest and cheering on the officers, who in the disguise of clown, coster, and even skirt and blouse, vie with each other to gain the bicycle prize.

Later on the inspection day arrives, when, alas! the month's outing is nearly over. It is a serious business, and the whole camp is early astir, that the regiment may turn out spick and span; *esprit de corps* shows itself in the desire of each man and officer to do and look his best on that occasion, and so bring credit on one of the smartest and best militia battalions in Her Majesty's Service, and on the Duke, their colonel, who is so generously interested in them.

But the breaking up has come at last; the tents are struck, the baggage ready to start, and the regiment marches away with the band playing "The Hunting Horn."

Again solitude descends on Ampthill Park and its hoary oaks, that have looked down on the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, of more than a thousand years.

"Wretched man, whose years are spent
In repining discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span compared to thee."

Sometimes even that brief half span is cut short, death having laid his hand on the cheeriest, the most popular of them all. The men miss his kindly word, the officers his jovial companionship; but it does not do to dwell on the sad side of life—sunshine and happiness should be the characteristic of each year's training.

THE CAMP KITCHENS.

Photos. E. Broughton. *A TEA PARTY OUTSIDE THE MESS TENT.* Copyright.

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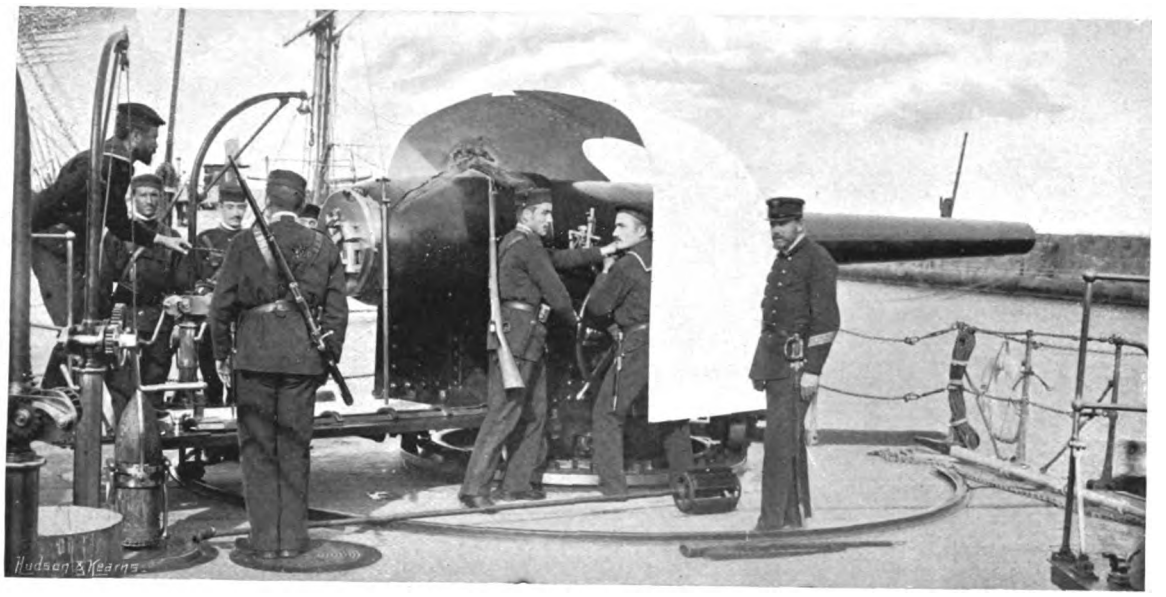
The Destroyed Spanish Cruisers.

PATHETIC is the interest that belongs to the pictures presented herewith. They are memorials of the squadron that Admiral Cervera led to destruction. It was a fight of lofty heroism on the Spanish side such as would reflect credit on any Navy. Defeat was inevitable, and to the Americans the victory could be no more than a well-managed triumph over weakness. The ships of Admiral Cervera were no match for their opponents. What could the "Vizcaya" do against the "Iowa"? It was a touching scene indeed when Captain Eulate, on board the American battleship, cried, "Adios! 'Vizcaya'!" as the magazine of his doomed cruiser exploded with dreadful din, shattering her, with the aid of her own torpedoes, beyond all hope of repair.

Our pictures illustrate the guns of the unfortunate ship, and not less the character of her sisters, the "Infanta Maria Teresa" and the "Almirante Oquendo." Shells from the guns of the "Vizcaya" struck the "Iowa" nine times, but inflicted no serious damage. They were all of the Spanish Hontoria pattern, not, perhaps, with the penetration they should have possessed, or it might be that the ammunition had partly perished. There were two 11-in. guns, each in a domed barbette, these placed fore and aft, and ten 5·5-in. quick-firers, five on a side, protected only by shields, the end pairs sponsoned a little for fire respectively right ahead and right astern.

There was a narrow belt of 12-in. armour at the water-line, but a very serious defect was that, between the narrow belt and the bases of the barbettes, there was no protection, so that shells entering there may easily have put the big guns out of action, and wrought havoc among the ammunition hoists, besides making perfect shambles of the decks. A like defect, it is true, exists in the "Iowa," but there the side armour is broader and thicker, and every gun of 12-in. and 8-in. calibre is in an armoured turret. The Spanish ships had other defects also. They had a considerable torpedo armament of six discharges, but all the tubes were above water, and it is known that, in the "Vizcaya," the American shells caused the explosion of one or more torpedoes, with disastrous effects, before they could leave the cruiser. This is a defect, however, by no means confined to Spanish ships. Again, a good deal of wood was used for decks and other purposes in

LOADING A 5·5-in. GUN.



LAYING THE GUN.

Photos. E. Alexander. *FIELD GUN FOR LANDING PARTIES.* Copyright.

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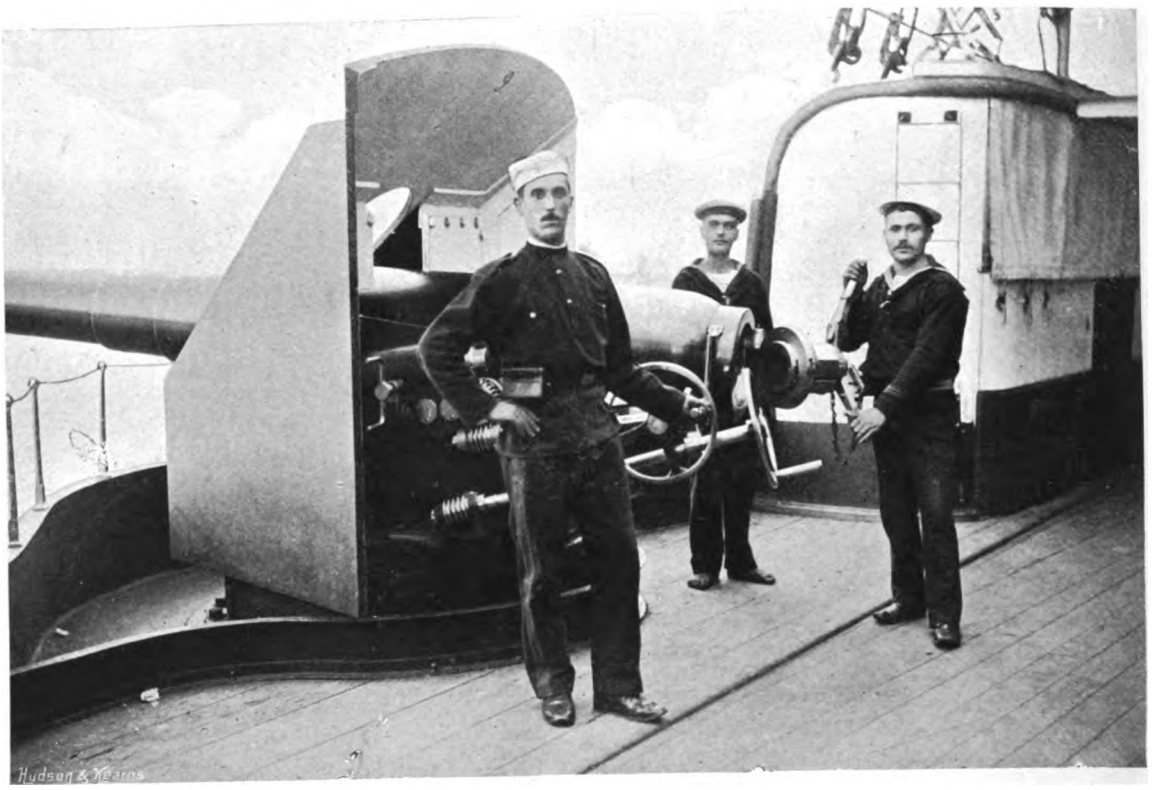
the "Vizcaya" and her sisters, which undoubtedly did much to assist the burning of them.

Yet, when these three armoured cruisers were constructed about seven years ago at Bilbao—we make no allusion to the "Cristobal Colon," which was of a later and more powerful type—they were regarded with great pride by their builders. It was considered that, upon their displacement of 7,000 tons, a good deal had been done both in the way of protection and armament, and the high speed, which proved valueless in the end, was regarded with special gratification.

Let us now glance at the illustrations, which, however, almost explain themselves. In the first place we have the gun crew of one of the 5·5-in. quick-firers loading the piece under the orders of the gunner, and the very imperfect protection given to both gun and gun crew is plainly seen. The system of hoisting the shells will be observed. In the next picture we see the gun trained upon the mark and ready to fire.

Another illustration depicts a gun with a different form of shield, and shows the breech-block opened after firing, in readiness for the next discharge.

Then we are present, as it were, at a scene that is not uncommon either in manœuvres or in war. The bugler has sounded the call to general quarters, and, every man having hastened to his appointed place, we see a party at a gun receiving ammunition for one of the quick-firers. The character of the shell is well seen, the projectile and powder charge being united together. The other illustration is of one of those light field pieces which, though not without use on board, are really intended for the use of landing parties. Such guns were supplied to the "Vizcaya" and her sisters.



READY FOR THE NEXT ROUND.

Photos. E. Alexander. Copyright.

A CALL TO GENERAL QUARTERS.

Our Newest First-class Cruiser.

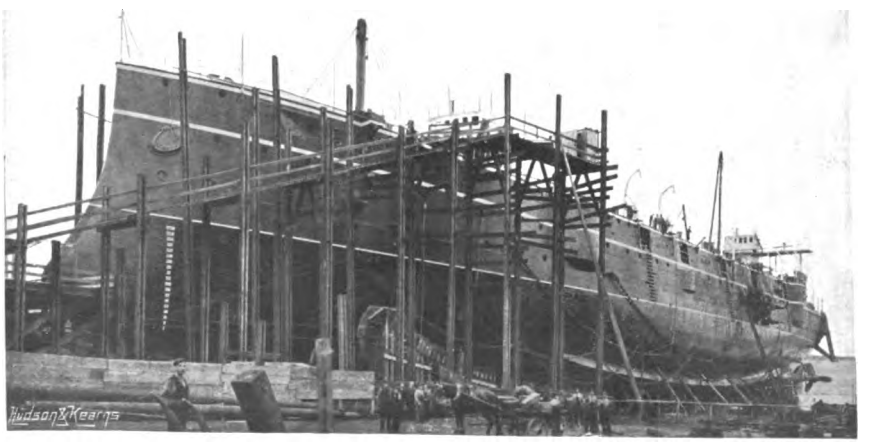


Photo. F. Hollis. Copyright.

A BROADSIDE VIEW.

THE "Amphitrite" is the latest addition to our fleet of first-class cruisers, having been recently launched from the yard of the Barrow Shipbuilding Company. Her extreme length is 460-ft., beam 69-ft., and tonnage 11,000; so she is "no chicken," even among modern cruisers, though there are some considerably larger. She has a steel protective deck of from 2½-in. to 4-in. in thickness, and 6-in. protection for her principal guns. She is to carry sixteen 6-in. quick-firing guns, and others of smaller size, besides machine guns, and the usual number for boat and field service; and her extreme speed will probably exceed 22 knots.

Our first illustration shows the vessel on the stocks, on a broadside view, and very long she looks. She is ready for launching, and has been neatly painted. Her bottom is sheathed with wood, and will be coppered, to adapt her for service on foreign stations, where she may sometimes run a long time without docking. Note the long flanges, or bilge-pieces, running along the round of the hull below the water-line, to minimise the rolling.

The next shows a stern view, with the propellers

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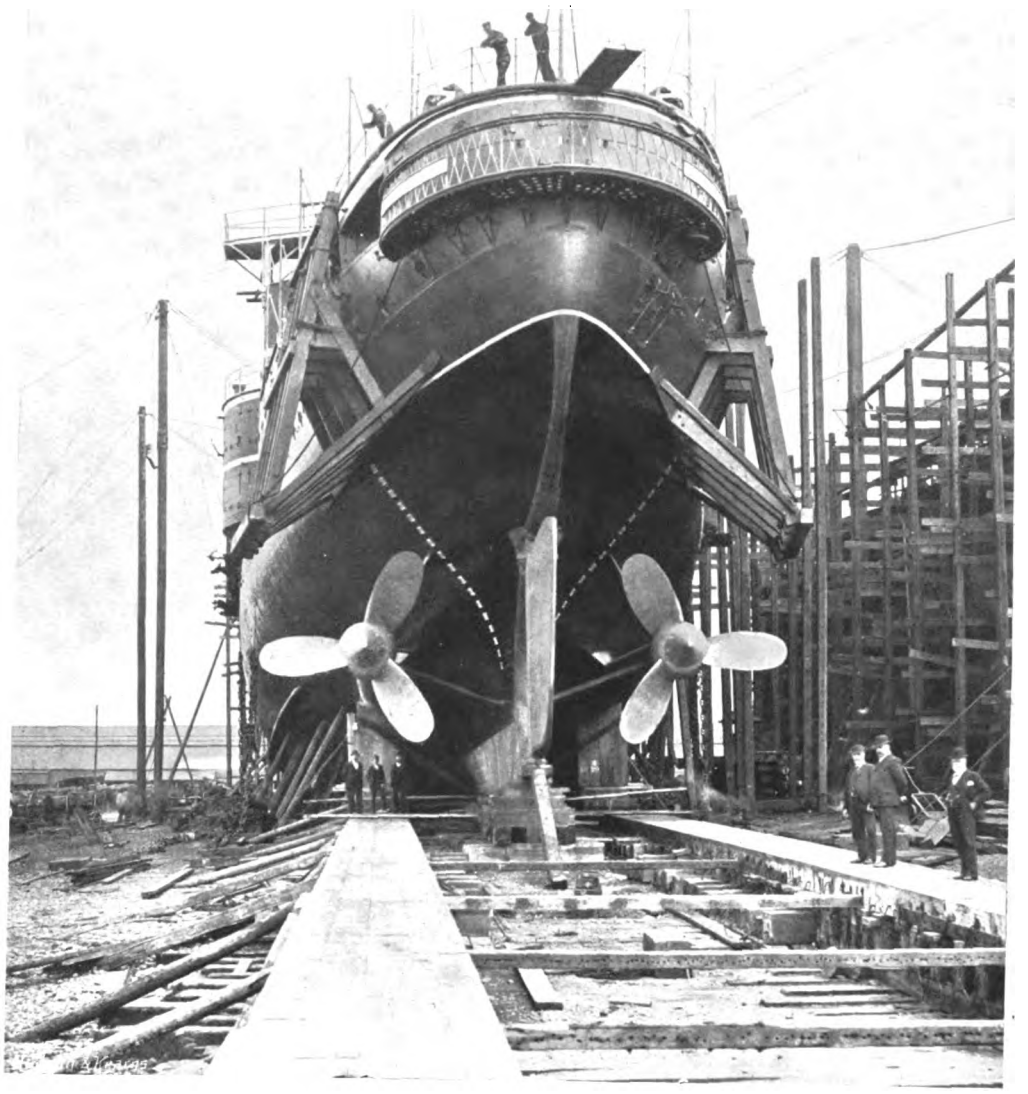
fixed in position, and guarded from damage during launching by huge triangular wooden frames, or fenders, secured above. In the immediate foreground are the "ways," on which the vessel will glide into the water.

The third picture is a very interesting one, showing what is termed, with a happy combination of utility and romance, the "cradle." The short, stout timbers in a sloping position which are seen under the cradle, are the "dogshores," and when the signal is given these are knocked away by heavy weights falling upon their upper ends.

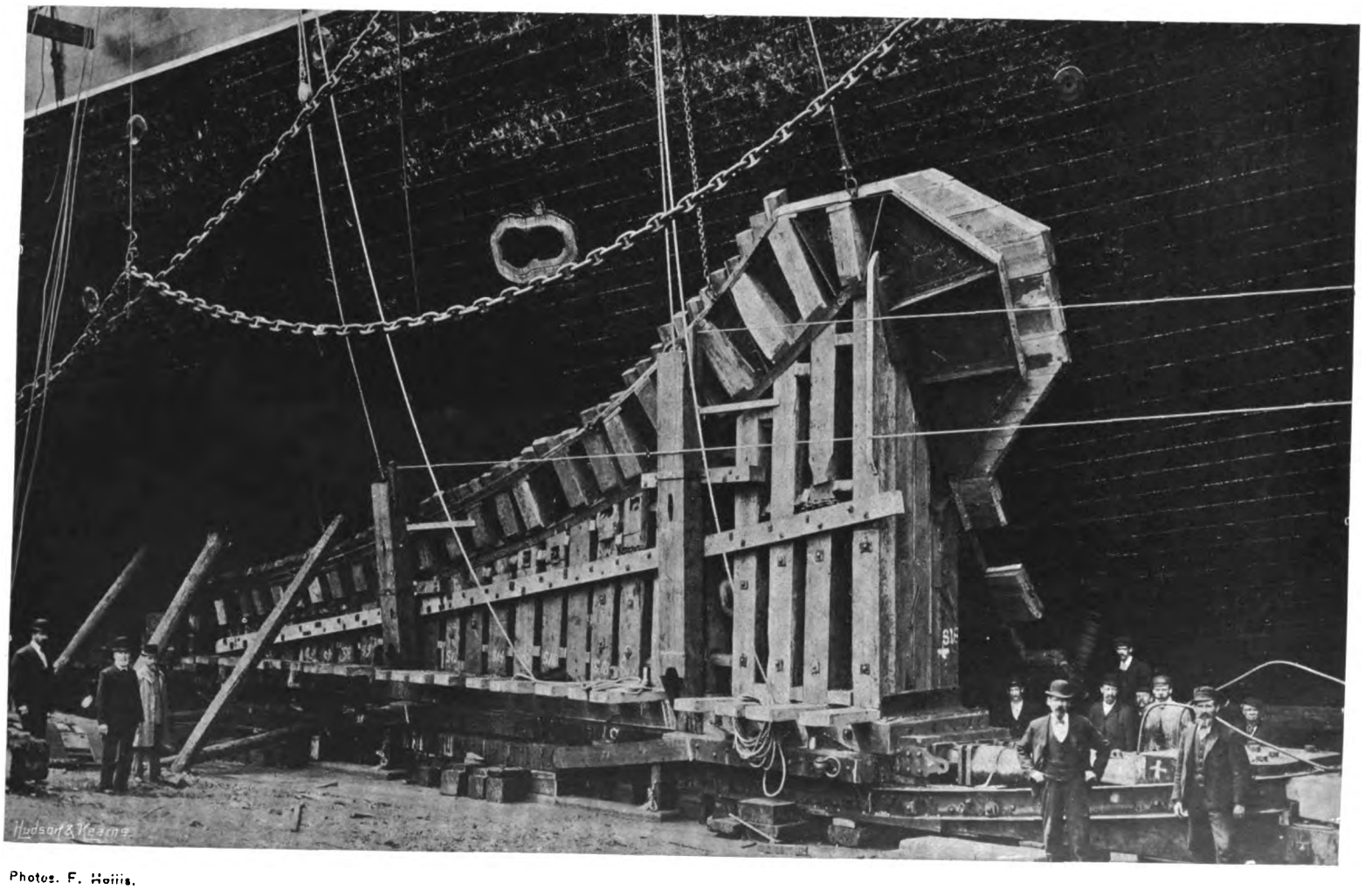
The wooden guides containing the weights, and the lines which on being cut by some fair hand release them, are plainly visible in the illustration. The dogshores knocked away, there is nothing to prevent the vessel sliding down the ways.

As a precautionary measure, however, to ensure the vessel starting promptly on her journey, a large hydraulic ram is arranged, as may be seen, so that it can at once be made to exert pressure on the lower timber of the cradle. It is not by any means always necessary, however, and sometimes, if the tide proves unexpectedly high, the launch has to take place before the stated time, as the water rising round the stern causes some vibration, which might overcome the resistance of the dogshores, and induce the ship to launch herself, in an unauthorised and unorthodox manner. The constructors, who are responsible for the safe conduct of the operation, are often in a very undevotional frame of mind during the reading of the prayers which are prescribed for use on such occasions, and there have been instances in which the chaplain has been brought up short by a sharp bugle-note, and the lady has been enjoined to press the button without delay.

Then there is represented the



THE STERN AND LAUNCHING WAYS.



Photos. F. Hollis. Copyright.

UNDER THE STARBOARD BOWS—THE CRADLE WITH DOGSHORES AND LAUNCHING APPARATUS.

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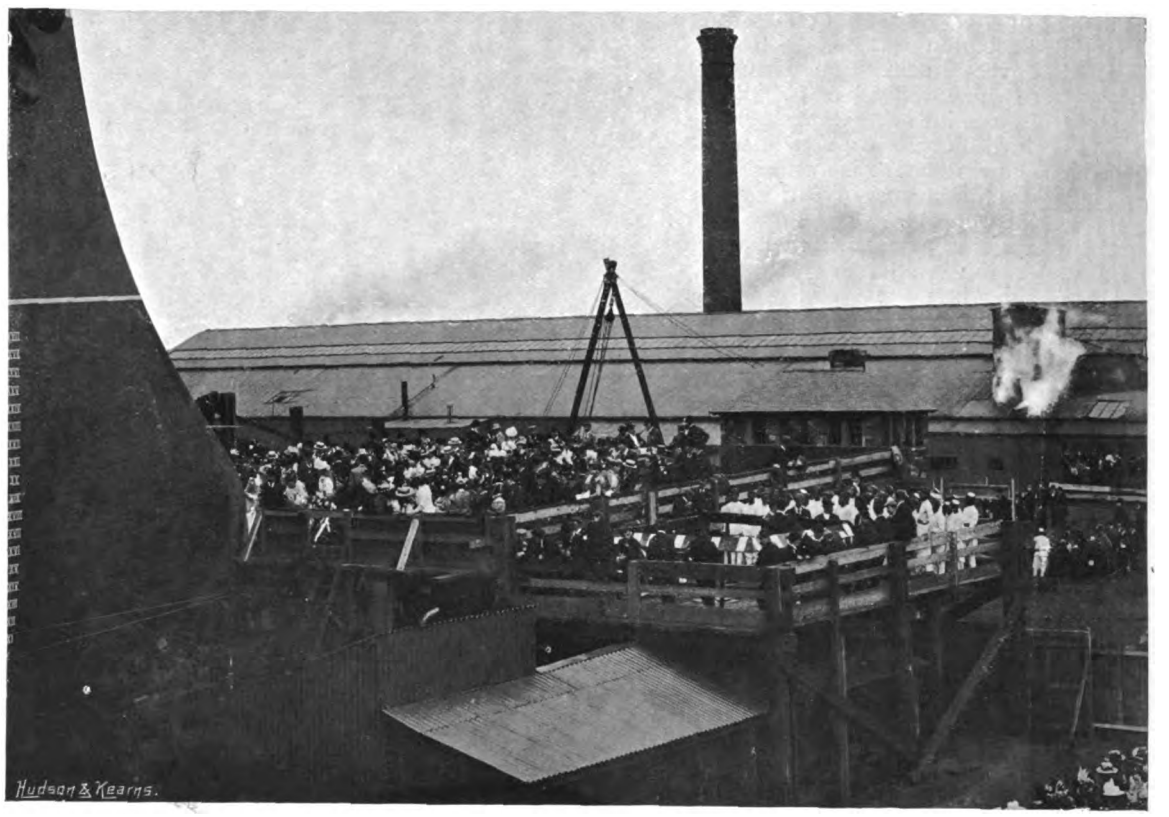
towering stem of the ship, with the platform built close up to it, and crowded with spectators, who will presently be left with a strange sense of emptiness, when the huge mass has receded from them.

Now all is ready; the prayers are over, and a moment or two of breathless silence ensues, while the heroine of the occasion receives her final instructions. Then she presses the electric button, and a bottle of champagne, cunningly released by the same process, clashes against the bow; there is a dull heavy blow as the weights fall; the men at the hydraulics pump away for dear life, but there is no need; she starts, she is moving already on the well-greased ways. "Success to the 'Amphitrite'!" cries the lady; and then, amid a thunder of cheering, mingled with the strains of "Rule Britannia" from the band, the great hull slips sweetly, with gathering speed, down the incline into the water.



MRS. TOM VICKERS RECEIVES HER FINAL INSTRUCTIONS.

But that is the only moment in a ship's existence in which she is allowed a free hand. She is already in harness before she is fairly afloat; great chains check her way, and the ever-ready tugs have her in tow in no time, *en route* for the fitting basin. Upon the slip the "Amphitrite" represented a dead weight of 5,400 tons. The Director of Naval Construction declares her to be the best-looking ship he has ever produced.

Photos. F. Hollis. Copyright.

"SUCCESS TO THE 'AMPHITRITE.'"

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. J. H. A. MACDONALD, commanding the Forth Volunteer Infantry Brigade, was born in the Scottish capital on December 28, 1836. General Macdonald has won an unique position in military matters, and is the author of several well-known works on drill and tactics. Indeed, the sobriquet of "The Heaven-born soldier," bestowed on Major Macdonald some thirty-six years ago at a review in Edinburgh by Lord Wolseley, is generally acknowledged as describing his genius as a tactician; and the fitting phrase was uttered by the now field-marshal—the general commanding on that occasion—after observation of the brilliant manner in which the brigadier-general handled his forces. He received command of the Forth Brigade on September 15, 1888, and was appointed in 1896 the adjutant-general of the Royal Company of Archers (Queen's Body-Guard). He had previously (1891) been made a brigadier-general of this company, whose duty it is to guard the person of the Sovereign on State occasions. Every officer is of the rank of a general, and privates rank at Court as colonels, the company consisting, indeed, of the cream of the Scottish aristocracy. The portrait on the front page shows the adjutant-general in his Body-Guard uniform, a combination of an admiral's and a general's, in dark green cloth, profusely ornamented with gold lace, showing thistles and arrows, bullion epaulettes, etc. General Macdonald also commanded the Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade (Royal Scots), which increased by some 7,000 men while under his command. He was the first officer, whose service had been wholly as a volunteer, who was made a brigadier-general, and the Forth Brigade is a very important one, embracing several counties. As brigadier-general of troops on duty at the Royal procession, he last year received from Her Majesty one of the personal medals issued by the Queen to commemorate the Jubilee, while he was also the fortunate recipient of another of those tokens of Royal favour in his capacity as adjutant-general of Her Majesty's Body-Guard.

* * * *

AN electrician of admitted merit and attainment (he is a member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers), Brigadier-General Macdonald has invented a portable field telegraph, which secured a silver medal at the Edinburgh International Exhibition. "Macdonald's Holophote Course Indicator," for the prevention of collisions at sea, has been much praised by Naval officers, and has been awarded high medals at several scientific exhibitions. In an exhaustive paper on "The Training of Infantry," read before the East of Scotland Tactical Society early in the present year, the brigadier-general emphasised the fact that the effective use of the rifle in overcoming the enemy was the ultimate end of the soldier's training, saying that "all work of the infantry which was not towards effective fire, delivered with nerve and skill, at the right place and in the right manner, was not work out of which a full value could be got, and that fire at its full value in effectiveness was the only final arbiter of the field, the soldier's only safety, and his only talisman for glory." The highest compliments of Military officers have been paid to the ability shown by the brigadier-general in his system of infantry drill. The Commander-in-Chief, at a public banquet in London a year or two ago, remarked: "If I were asked at the present moment to point out any particular officer who I thought had left his stamp on the subject of drilling, I would point to an officer in a high position, who has now command of a brigade in the volunteers, and who, I may also add, is a very important judge in Scotland."

* * * *

ONLY the military part of the Lord Justice Clerk's career has been touched upon, but he is extremely versatile, and distinguished in many ways. His keen eye watches carefully over the amenities of his native "Auld Reekie," and his tall, powerful figure is one of the social pillars of the place. Lawyer, scientist, soldier, the brigadier-general does the work of three able men, and his many-sided activities astonish the possessors of less prodigious energy and vitality. Anything he takes up he sticks to like a bulldog of the best breed. For instance, it was by his persistent pounding away at the Postmaster-General, many years ago, that there was introduced into Great Britain that considerable convenience, the post-card. He has held more than a score of important public appointments, and received many honours in past years. His enthusiastic support of the Volunteer movement from the first has done much to prevent the dark cloud of continental conscription from settling on our shores. *(See illustration on front page.)*

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT asks what flags are hoisted on board the Royal Yacht when Her Majesty is a passenger. Here are the Admiralty instructions on the point:—"Whenever the Sovereign shall go on board any ship of war, the Royal Standard shall be hoisted at the main-top-gallant-masthead, the flag of the Lord High Admiral at the fore-top-gallant-masthead, and the Union Jack at the mizen-top-gallant-masthead of such ship; or, if on board a vessel with less than three masts, in the most conspicuous parts of her." This is, of course, in addition to the usual Jack flag at the bowsprit end, and the white ensign worn in all commissioned ships of the Royal Navy on the ensign staff.

LIGHT infantry regiments have now ceased to perform any particular function. They are in every way treated as other infantry regiments. During the reign of George II. light *companies* were first added to infantry regiments. Light troops were originally employed to manœuvre in extended order, and the bugle was taken as a distinguishing mark. The bugles are still worn by all regiments known as light infantry. The *light* company usually formed one flank company and the grenadier company the other. The former was distinguished by its badge—the bugle, and the latter by a grenade. In 1858 flank companies were deprived of their badges. There are now no light companies, but several distinguished regiments of light infantry. The sling jacket is known as a "pelisse," and was formerly worn by all hussar regiments. It is supposed to mean that they are always prepared to turn out, whether completely dressed or not. It is now worn only by certain regiments of yeomanry.

* * * *

WHEN a man-of-war is at sea, two-thirds, roughly, of those on board her have to keep a portion of watch every night. The stokers are usually divided into three divisions, each division taking four hours' watch at a time, the seamen into two; the latter keep watch and watch, as it is called—four hours on and four off. Those seamen who are on watch are allowed to lie down if they wish in such a place that they can be easily called when wanted, only a portion of them being actually on duty at the wheel, look-outs, log, etc. These men are relieved hourly, and also the whole watch, or parts of it, are called at intervals to perform other necessary duties, whereas the stokers on watch have no rest, and are on the go all the four hours; therefore they are put in three, or sometimes four, watches or divisions. The recurrence of the watches is varied by dividing 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. into two watches of two hours each, thus making the number of watches in the twenty-four hours uneven.

* * * *

THE advance of Russia toward our Indian frontier is not, as some would explain it, the natural expansion of a great people. It is more probably the carrying out of a traditional policy. Levels have been taken for a railway, which has been decided on, between Merv and a military post on the Afghan frontier. When that railway is completed, there will be direct communication with the Caspian Sea and with the rest of Russia, but it will be about three years before the work is finished. In connection with the foregoing fact, it is interesting, if not reassuring, to learn that a military school has been established at Tashkend for the instruction of Russian officers in the languages of India. Half a year's pay is to be awarded to the most proficient students, and those who show special aptitude are to be sent to India to make themselves perfect in native languages. This has been mentioned in the Continental Press as news which affects everybody, and more especially England.

* * * *

SUBMARINE boats have as yet been tried very little in this country, if we except the one that nearly stuck fast in the mud at the bottom of a London dock with Lord Charles Beresford on board. And herein I think the Admiralty have shown their wisdom. Other nations have been fascinated by the manifest advantages of submarine navigation, if only it could be satisfactorily managed. France, Italy, Portugal, Sweden, and the United States have all been tempted to waste money and time over the pursuit of what must be called a maritime will-o'-the-wisp. It will be quite time enough for our Admiralty to trouble themselves about the matter when some of these foreign countries shall have met with more successful results. At the same time, it is as well to know what is going on. The French, in particular, just now are much occupied with experiments with a newly-invented vessel, from which they hope great things. There is an ingenious contrivance whereby the inmates of the boat can see whatever is going on at the surface of the water; but this is not sufficient. One thing needed in submarine manœuvres is an electric light powerful enough to enable the boat to see its way, and at the same time not powerful enough to give an alarm to the enemy. This is still to be discovered.

* * * *

THERE is no clasp to either of the bronze decorations, the Khedive's star or the Candahar star. The Khedive's star was instituted by the late Khedive in February, 1883, "to express his approbation of the services rendered by the British Army in suppressing the late rebellion in Egypt." The Khedive proposed to the British Government to confer a bronze star on all the troops engaged, and Her Majesty the Queen assenting, the decoration was, by general order dated March 1, 1883, ordered to be worn by all entitled to the British Egyptian medal. In 1884, 1887, and 1890 the grant of the star was extended to all who had served in the Suakin, Nile Valley, and Soudan Campaigns of the years stated. The Candahar star, made from the metal of bronze guns captured at the battle of Candahar, September 1, 1880, was granted to the troops who marched with Lord Roberts from Cabul to Candahar. It was granted by a general order of the Government of India dated September 10, 1880. The star was granted by the Queen, at the instance of the Prince of Wales, in the first place. The not uncommon idea that the Ameer of Afghanistan suggested it, or had something to do with it, is entirely beside the mark.

* * * *

OF the quaintly-named pieces of Naval ordnance which have long since become obsolete, may be specified the "aspic," a 12-pounder; the "cannon petro," about 24-lb.; the "cushee piece," a gun invented by Sir John Leake in 1677, and used as a bow gun for the discharge of shells and carcases; the "saker," a 6-pounder, 6-ft. 11-in. long; the "falcon," a 2·5-in. 2-pounder; besides "serpentines," sometimes styled "pestilent serpetens," "cannon perers," "port-pieces," "hail-shot pieces," "hand-guns," to say nothing of "myand" and "battered falcon," "quarter falcon," "slings," "double dogs," and "lagtors," all of which figure in the armament of the "Great Michael," a ship built by King James IV. of Scotland. Then there were the "minion," a 4-pounder, and the "cannon royal," of various calibre, occasionally as high as a 63-pounder. The "carronade" was a later invention (1779), and took its name from the town of Carron, in Stirlingshire, where it was invented. Nor must the "coehorn" be omitted—a small mortar fixed on a swivel, and used for firing "grenadoes"; nor the "organ," made by fixing six or more musket barrels upon one stock, so arranged as to admit of all barrels being discharged simultaneously.

THE EDITOR.

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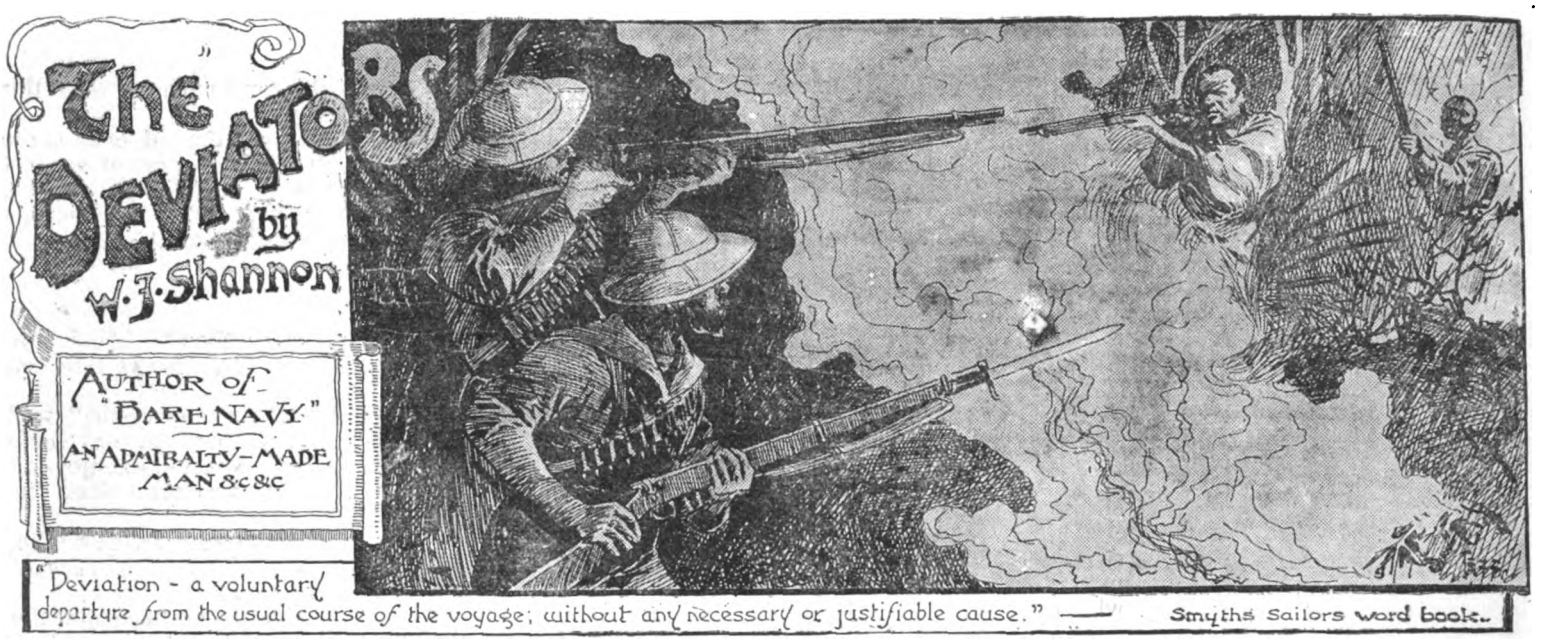
The Deviators
by
W. J. Shannon
Author of "Bare Navy."
An Admiralty-Made Man &c &c
"Deviation - a voluntary departure from the usual course of the voyage; without any necessary or justifiable cause." — Smyths Sailors word book.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Two bluejackets, after having been separated from a landing party in East Africa for some days, rejoin. By stress of circumstance they have left a box (of treasure, as they think) in the cave of a trader named Angel, together with their wounded first lieutenant. Nearing the cave again, with the party, the two seamen are placed in the rear guard. They suspect Angel, who is in the advance guard, of designs on the box. and when, in a skirmish with the natives, the advance guard is cut off on that side of a stream next the cave, the bluejackets feel that they have dropped far to leeward. But a way is opened, unexpectedly, for them to reach the cave first.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Little Skrimishing.

"CHARLIE didn't want me at all," said Twelves, rejoining his friend after an interval, during which the enemy had been quieted on their side of the river above the ford. "Charlie's lost his conscience agin, and I think for a sub-lootenant to be bashed on the head a' Sunday and still feel it on Friday is most disgraceful. What is the Navy comin' to, I'd like to know, if subs can't be knocked about wid more impunity than that!"

"Well, don't drag hold o' me so fierce, else the Navy'll come to pieces," protested Eaves. "Was you called up sleshly so as to be told Charlie was fainted off?"

"You come along o' me," said Twelves, half turning in the direction from which the Naval party had come, "and I'll tell ye."

"I want more inducements than that," said Eaves. "I don't care for explorin' that thick bush without a better reason than that."

"You was the man what talked about primrosin' a few days ago, wasn't you? Now don't deny it, because you did."

"This is campaignin'," said Eaves.

"Oh, yes, else why do we carry guns? you'd like to go on and say. But I can't stay here all day layin' down reasons and inducements. I've gone to the trouble to recommend you as a good man for special service, and I no sooner make my fust request than you throw objections in the way. I shall therefore take into consideration that there'll be more objections, and go on alone. 'So I must play alone, fair child, and have my supper there.'" And Twelves turned and walked away.

Eaves rushed after and seized him. "Jim, this is the sun, and you don't know what you're about, so come back. You needn't struggle. You'll have to smash me afore I let you go. I shall shout for some of the others if you don't come."

"Mal, you think I'm mad simply because I tell you some nice verses. I didn't think you was mad when you done the same to me, did I? We're detailed for special service, I tell ye, and it was the joy of it made me pretend to be aggravated wid Charlie. 'Tread thou in my footsteps,' slave, and I'll expound the Chris'mas carol to ye. We've drove the enemy before our party, so there's nothink to be afraid of here, behind."

Eaves let go with reluctance, and followed.

"When I got near to where the sub-lootenant was," said Twelves, "there he was, layin' on the ground, not wounded, but simply feelin' the reflects of that sanikatowzer o' Sunday—fainted. And alongside of him was the sick bay stooard holdin' a consultation wid hisself as to whether amputation was necessary."

"What of?" said Eaves.

"His head. However, fortunately for Charlie, one of the enemy's marksmen up a tree ticked off this lower deck doctor in his own mind for a officer, and shot him jist as I arrove. So before proceedin' to business I brought that chap down out o' the tree. But you can see there the same unableness of the native mind to distinguish things which are equal to the same from them that aint, which accounted for Nutty bein' palmed off on us instead of Charlie that time."

"Jist the same," said Eaves. "We must have another rub at Bowser and Smith about that. There was witnesses this time, wasn't there?"

"Yes. Old Simple Simon Peter was there, if you like to call him one."

"Why, he's in charge now, aint he?"

"He is. He lammed off at me, wringin' his hands and pritty near weepin'. 'Twelves, we're in a contorted bad fix,' says he.

"'Well, did you sing out for me so's I can git the party out?' says I.

"'I had a idea, Twelves, that as you knoo the country you might step over and explain matters to Smith, and bring him back to take charge.'

"'Oh, I know the country,' I says, 'pritty near as good as I know Commercial Road, but I don't know my way over this ford in the face of about ten thousand rifles.'

"'There's not so many as that, surely,' says he.

"'Well, say nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand,' says I. 'Let's knock off one. I'm not particular.'

"'I don't know what to do,' says he.

"I thunk about recommendin' him to do a faint too, but I said, 'Do you want a message took to Smith?'

"'Yes,' says he.

"'And you'll let me set about it as most expedient for me and exigent for the Service?'

"'Yes,' says he.

"'And I can take Malachi Eaves?'

"'Yes,' says he.

"'And you'll mention me in despatches?'

"'Yes,' says he, very prompt.

"'And Malachi?'"

"Did he say 'yes' to that?" Eaves interjected.

"No. He stopped, even in the midst of his blessin's, and says, 'Don't be too hard on me, Jim.'

"'Simple,' I says, 'I won't. I won't insist on that clause.'"

"Well, I'll be hanged afore I go!" said Eaves. "Is that royalty to a friend?"

"If there'd bin time, chum, I'd have stuck out for it. But I remembered how the time was goin', and how Angel was p'r'aps on his way to the what-ye-call-it."

"But *we* aint. This aint the way."

"Oh, yes, it is. This is the nearest way round about. We go up stream to about the place we crossed in the canoe. We swim (and drink if we like), and stroll up to the cave while our party keeps the enemy in play down by the ford."

"S'pose some of the Swyhilis is strollin' about too."

"They'll bunk it as soon as they reckonise that under these Arab clo'es there beats a holey pusser's flannel above a ragged pair of serge pants. Don't you be afraid of them, chum."

"Did I say I was?"

"I never heard you."

"Very good then. Are we fur enough up to dive in?"

"Not yet."

They soon were, and cautiously approached the river bank and waded in. Very little swimming sufficed to carry them to the opposite bank.

"And now then," said Eaves. "With luck we're there in

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fifteen minutes. And once we lay hold o' that box we hang on to it."

"I think we best join up wid Smith fust," said Twelves, pausing.

"Not me," said Eaves, decisively. "That's the second item. No more of them conscientious scrooples, Jim."

"Number One'll want to know why we're there," said Twelves, "and he'll confiscate the box, and we shall have to toe pitch afore the skipper when we git aboard."

"Oh, Nutty's still on his back, I reckon, and won't notice. I'm goin' in, anyhow."

"I'd keep ye comp'ny, Mal, on'y I want to be quite ready wid a wide-spreadin' reason for deviatin' from our course."

"Aint we cruisin' on special service; aint we on a rovin' commission? There was nothink said about usin' forced draught to get to Smith, was there?"

"If ever a man meant us to go ahead full steam it was old Simple when he detailed us, Mal. But he didn't expect we should care to do anythink else but run all our hardest while we was in the enemy's country, so he didn't mention it."

"Then I reckon I shall use my natural draught, Jim, and carry helm, which will take me into the cave."

"What will you say afterwards? Because Miss Angel'll sure to see us, and put us away to Nutty."

"I'll stand any amount o' cells, so long's I git that box. I'll say it was a error of judgment through actin' on my own discretion, which I was perfectly entitled to do."

"Very good. Very learned," said Twelves, pondering. "No, I'll tell you what, chum. We'll run in, in the most natural draught and discretioning manner, if you like, to change our soppin' wet clo'es; and we'll say we're both strictly commanded by the physician that to ketch cold will be the death of us—more especially if we both ketch it at the same time on dooty, in a battle, like we should now."

"Yes, that'll do," said Eaves. "I've always bin delicate, and you've woke me up with a 'ackin' cough a terrible lot lately. These Arab clo'es, in fact, is not warm enough anyhow for Englishmen, and we've simply returned for our serges, wet or dry."

"Yes, and I'll say that we was pinin' to hear about how the lootenant was gittin' along, and whether he was properly nourished, and jist dropped in from the battle because of our anxiety. And I'll shake hands and feel his pulse and tell him all about the fight and pick up the box, if it's still under him."

"I'll cover ye. I'll engage the fire of the native and Miss Angel."

"Do, my long-sufferin' friend. And then we'll say we must be off now, and go out and buy some sweets. I mean carry on wid the scrimmage."

"All right. Here we are. You go fust, Jim, and break the news that we're still alive, because I've no doubt they've heard we're dead like everyone else, and I'll keep well locked up in your rear."

The seamen entered the cave, and Twelves led on to the main apartment, where they had left Miss Angel and the lieutenant. There was no one there.

Eaves turned over the few articles of furniture and searched the apartment, Twelves assisting, though not so feverishly. The tin box was not there.

"Wha'd I tell ye?" said Eaves, hoarsely.

"Not this," said Twelves. "You never suspected that Number One would 'malgamate wid these frauds."

"No, but you see what temptation does. I wish we'd come back, Jim, at fust."

"I can't think no evil of Miss Angel, chum."

"But where is she?"

"P'r'aps in some other compartment. S'pose we search."

"No good. If they're downstairs or upstairs it's all the same. They've got what they wanted, and we can't git it. We best give in, and go back to Smith, and push on with this skirmish."

Twelves agreed, and they went down the hill, entered the bush, and were soon under fire. The advance guard was just holding its own, close to the river-side, at the path entrance, and Twelves and Eaves had to meet its fire. However, by judicious dodging, and a little shouting, they at last came to Smith.

"Rest coming, Twelves?"

"On'y Eaves."

"What do you do by yourselves then?—Mind that marksman! Pick him off, Brown. Thought we'd beaten 'em further away than that bush."

"Yes, I don't think you've bin very energetic," said Twelves. "We don't seem to be no safer here than anywhere else. We're fired at by both sides, and expected to enjoy it."

"This aint primrosin'," said Eaves, as a shot took off the sole of his boot.

"Begad, no. That's hittin' below the belt," said Twelves. "You might 'a' chose a cooler corner, Smithie. I don't want to have to carry Mal back to the ship."

"Chose! I haven't chosen the place. I'd push on if the sub-lieutenant would only cross, or attempt it. What the dickens is he waiting for?"

"Charlie's fainted," said Twelves.

"Fainted! Damn fine time to faint! Who's in charge? Peters?"

"Yes. And he's the man what sent me here. 'Twelves,' he says, 'for God's sake bring Smith. Tell him if he don't come at once, *I* shall faint.' 'Simple,' I says, 'or Simon,' I forget which, 'hold up, and remember the field exercise instruction book, and act accordin'.' 'No, bring Smith,' he says; 'let *him* remember and act accordin'. The sub-lootenant's as good as dead, and the sick bay stooard *is* dead, and Smith's my senior.' 'And the soup's cold,' I says, 'and the fat's in the fire, and everythink's out o' gear, and the fact of it is some of us was made for parzons, and not for P.O.'s,' and wid that I bolted for you. And every now and then, like the war correspondent in Cuba, I dodged a passin' bullet, but here I am."

"And how did you get here?"

Twelves explained, and also detailed the position of affairs with the main body. Smith determined to leave his present position at once.

"Let's get to this cave of yours then, Twelves, first. We can't recross the river here. Three men are down already out of my dozen. Take the lead, will you?"

"Where's the scout? Where's Angel?" Twelves asked, as the advance guard moved off.

"Isn't he here? Anyone seen the guide?" shouted Smith.

"Seen him nip off after a Swyhili some time ago," said a man.

The party had very little fighting to do after forcing its way from the river. The natives remained concentrated about the ford to dispute the passage of the main body.

"You heard that, Jim," said Eaves, when they had breathing time. "That proves it."

"It's proved widout that," said Twelves. "And excep' for rescuin' Number One and Charlie, we shan't have nothink to show for our absence."

"And Number One seems to have slung his hook, and Charlie will roll up, so we shall be luffed in with no witnesses for our defence."

"Then we must give up our spare time to elaboratin' extenuatin' circumstances, Mal, in that case. Anyhow, we've brought the party back out o' the desert where it was lost. Besides, in the general confusion we shan't be noticed."

"We shall, if I know the johndy."

"By noticed I mean disfavourably noticed, chum. Kindly mark there's a man behind that tree. Skirmish up and take the starboard side and I'll circulate round on the port. Nab him if you can, and I'll practice up my Swyhili

"The tin box was not there!"

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on him and act intelligence apartment. Your side, Mal.! It's a pity, but he shouldna run."

"I should 'a' run in his place," said Eaves, who had shot the man.

"As I was sayin'," said Twelves, "the johndy will be so sorry because of the many men what have lost the number of their mess that he'll give a jump of surprise when we come over the side. He'll be on'y too glad to scratch out 'D.D.' opposite our names. Unless he might 'a' bin aggravated that partic'lar day, when I s'pose he'll want proofs, and put us in the report till we furnish 'em."

"This seems to me to be a sneakin' snivellin' way to return aboard, Jim. You promised a better finish up."

"Circumstances is agin us, rags, and no man can fight agin circumstances. But you'll admit I'm makin' the best of 'em, such as they are."

"Jaw, jaw, jaw, the whole week," said Eaves. "I'm tired of it. Let's have somethink substantial, like a actin' rabbit pie."

"Well, I reckon we've got it. There's so many days' provisions owin' to us."

"Yes, that's tuppence three fardens or thereabouts and most substantial. Goo on, add some more like that. I remember when a sergeant was took by the enemy he thought somethink was owin' to him. But he found that, so fur from that bein' the case, his pay was stopped while he was away."

"Like the pay of the chap what fell overboard—absent widout leaf."

"That's it."

"Do you reckon me and you will have our pay stopped for these days?"

"I should surmise so."

"The devil!—Yes, here's the cave, Smith. March your men in there. And if you've got any fresh ones we best cut off for Simple and bring him across. I expect he's tremblin' all this time for fear you've fainted, too. I reckon the senior second-class P.O. ought to have superseded him by this time, and put him under arrest, or choked his luff somehow."

"Don't let me ever catch you trying to put me under arrest, Jim," said Smith. "You're too fond of severe punishments."

"Oh, I'd do it delicate, like the cap'n done to the officer of the watch in the storm. The lootenant was nervious, and eatin' his own words, and amendin' his own acts, and flappin' round, properly useless, and the ship was off a lee shore. And the cap'n comes on deck and observes and says, quite gentle, 'I think you better go below, Mr. Pulper, you're tired. I'll take on this job.'"

"Did the lieutenant think that was a compliment?"

"I believe he did. That's the start. That's the way I should start wid Simple to see how thick he was, or you—if I was a cap'n."

"Ah, if you were."

"Cert'ny, cert'ny not unless. So Lootenant Pulper says, 'Don't trouble, sir, don't trouble. I'm not tired.'

"'No trouble,' says the cap'n, still gentle, but takin' charge. And then, as the lootenant still fluttered around, 'It's time you took that quinine and iron,' says he; 'I'll excuse you.'

"'I'm not partic'lar to a minit, sir,' says the lootenant.

"'Dammit, go below!' the cap'n busted off, and that's the way I should end up wid any man what refused to take hints. I wish I'd bin senior officer to Simple. Or junior. Simple would make a very good draper's mate. Like that lootenant. He's retired now and keeps a shop, and writes letters to the papers, arguin' that until lee shores is abolished no seaman ought to go to sea. And inquirin' what action, if any, should be took to divert sou'-west gales in the Channel."

"There's no sense in that," said Eaves.

"More there was in him. Now, if we're ready, all hands follow me to bathe."

CHAPTER XIV.

Nearing Home.

"I've got orders to signal to the ship from here," said Smith, "but I can't even see the sea."

"Round the other side," said Twelves. "But they'll never see our signals from the ship. They couldn't see me and Mal the other day when we was round there, and we're big enough."

"I believe they *wouldn't*," said Eaves. "I believe the signa'man deliberately refused to see us."

"Then we must try and git that signa'man disrated," said Twelves. "It's all very well for Nelson to shut his eye——"

"Show me the place where I can see the ship," Smith interrupted, impatiently. "Is it far?"

"It's through the solid rock," said Twelves. "But the rock's got holes in it," he hastened to add.

"Is it far?" repeated Smith.

"Yes, and dark, and there's a warm bath to be gone into; and then you can turn to the left and signal from where the lofty knight what is now a skeleton is; or you can go the other way, and there you are at exit, wid ample room to semaphore."

"Eaves, make your way to either place, and signal for the boats and reinforcements. Tell 'em there's no officer ashore, and we're a bit pressed. Twelves, guide us to Simple."

"By my private road?"

"Yes."

"Well, if the enemy knows anythink, he'll be preparin' for a move like that; but here's for it," and Twelves led Smith and some half-dozen men down the rocky hillside towards the river. The enemy had not left the bush, and was apparently content to remain near the ford, for the small party swam the river and reached the main body unmolested.

Peters, the petty officer in charge, had simply closed his men together, and was awaiting Smith. The enemy was entirely driven from that bank of the river.

"What are you waiting for?" Smith asked him.

"Mr. Chater hasn't got back his senses yet, and all the porters has gone, and I didn't know whether I ought to leave this gear about for the enemy to pick up. We can't carry it."

"It must be left, of course. Let's get the men on the move."

"I think the passage of that ford is dangerous, Smith."

"So do I. You'd better knock off thinking now, if it hurts. You've had your chance. You can take the rear guard," and then, raising his voice, Smith called for volunteers to lead across the water. The greater part of the unwounded men volunteered. Choosing a few, Smith ordered the rest to follow closely on their heels. The party was to divide on reaching the opposite side, and try to clear the bush of the enemy's marksmen, in order that the wounded might be carried over.

The men formed up rapidly and advanced to the river. Headed by Smith himself, they dashed across amid a cross-fire, and gained a foothold without a moment's check, although three more men were wounded. Then rapidly the Swahilis were driven from their positions up and down the stream. The wounded were got across without further loss, and proceeded towards the cave with a small guard, the previous advanced sections closing in behind. After a little desultory firing, the enemy withdrew across the river, and settled down to investigate the baggage which the porters had thrown away.

"Well, Smithie," said Twelves, as they toiled up the hill.

"Well, Jim."

"I never see 'em fight like this afore."

"Nor me."

"I shall refuse to volunteer for campaigns and forlorn-hopes if the enemy sticks to his guns in this perseverin' manner."

"But he's sheered off now."

"Ah, when he seen we was determined. But it's bad enough to come ashore, and have marches and counter-marches till you're tired out, widout havin' to chase the enemy all round the mulberry bush like to-day. War, as I understand, ought now to be conducted orderly, wid spades, and in comfortable helmets, and here was me and Mal widout spades and in turbans, scullin' round in the same old way, like in the history readers. I don't like it, Smith. It's what they calls a throw-back."

"It must all be because the sub-lieutenant fainted, Jim."

"No. It's Barook fallin' back on irreg'lar warfare. 'Course, he aint read up the books on the subject, else he'd know that was done away with."

"He seemed to choose a regular good place to fight in."

"Yes. I'd have chose jist that place, and I'd have chose jist that time o' day, when the Naval brigade was dead tired and hungry. I don't blame Barook. But what I say is, if we're to fight, let us fight in the mornin' when we're fresh."

"What are you driving at, Jim? What's the matter?"

"The question is, Smith, who's to blame for this state of affairs? Is it me?"

"Certainly not."

"Ah! but I recommended Angel to Charlie. Says Charlie, 'Can you conscientious recommend this man, Twelves, as a honest, God-fearin' tradesman?' I says, 'Sir, I can. I've seen him blow the trumpet aboard at church service,' I says, 'and blow it well.' 'That's a very good recommend,' says Charlie. 'But aboard? What was he doing aboard?' says he. 'No. I mean ashore,' I says. 'But you never go to church ashore,' says Charlie. 'Ah,' says I, 'then it must 'a' bin at chapel. But that's beside the point, sir,' says I. 'The point on which I insist is the trumpet. I'll swear he can blow it.' 'Then it's conclusive that he's a honest man,' says Charlie, 'and that he's fully qualified to be guide to this party?' 'It is,' says I."

(To be continued.)

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Athletic Sports, Duke of York's School.

THE annual athletic sports connected with the Duke of York's School were held in the grounds of that institution at Chelsea about a week ago. The pupils, who are soldiers' sons, and many of them destined to "follow the drum," rendered a good account of themselves in the numerous field sports at which the British as a nation excel.

In the first picture are shown some of the boys executing a gymnastic display on the parallel bars. They performed the exercises in a way which left little to be desired, and that amply testified to the excellent system of instruction which obtains at the Duke of York's School.

Another illustration was taken during the hurdle race, which created much interest among the onlookers. On the right of the picture is seen a number of bandsmen in the uniform of different corps, who were formerly pupils of the school. Every year a good percentage of boys from the school join the regular Army as "boys" specially trained for the band. Others go—as Lord Wolseley advised them when inspecting the school recently—on leaving the school to the ranks as privates, and rarely do they fail to turn out good soldiers.

The third picture represents the pupils of the school giving, under an instructor, a display in "free gymnastics." At the conclusion of the sports the prizes were presented, the distribution giving much satisfaction.

A GYMNASTIC DISPLAY.

"MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO."

Photos. R. Thomas. *THE HURDLE RACE.* Copyright.

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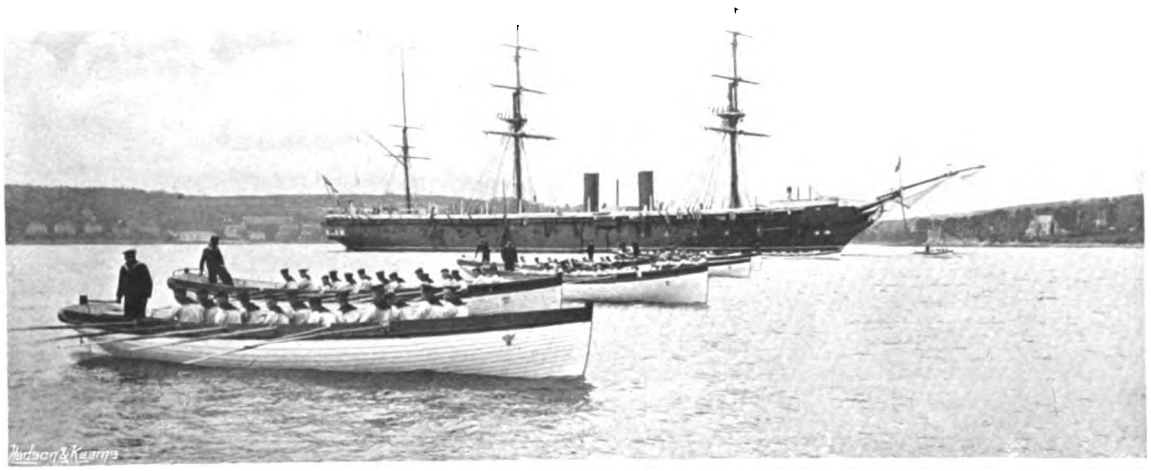
Queenstown Harbour, Haulbowline Island,

AS a natural harbour, suitable alike for Naval or commercial purposes, Queenstown stands unrivalled in the United Kingdom, and probably in Europe. On the vast expanse of water enclosed within its bounds great fleets could find safe anchorage, with ample depth of water at the lowest state of the tide for ingress and egress.

It is entered from the Atlantic by a narrow channel between two hills, each of which is strongly fortified. On the east side is Carlisle Fort, with its big guns pointing seawards in the direction of Daunt's Rock; and on the west is Camden Fort, with equally formidable armament. Here, too, adjacent to the base of the hill, torpedo practice is continually carried on, the great depth of water rendering the place particularly suitable. In the centre of the harbour is Spike Island, on the south side of which, facing the entrance, Fort Westmorland, with its enormous guns, confronts any hostile ship attempting to enter, and commands the entire channel. Spike Island was for many years used as a convict station, which, however, has now been abolished. A little further north is Haulbowline, where there is a large dry dock and extensive Government stores.



THE "BLACK PRINCE" AT ANCHOR.

Photos. M. Roche. *CAPTAIN LANGDON AND OFFICERS.* Copyright.

The scenery around Queenstown Harbour is extremely beautiful; from the top of the hill, over the railway station, a magnificent panoramic view can be had; close by is the admiral's house, and beneath, a little to the left, his flag-ship, the "Howe," is seen at anchor. To the right of it, in our illustration, is the flag-ship of the German admiral, who recently visited the port; also the training-ship "Northampton." Away in the distance, at her permanent moorings, is the "Black Prince," the local training-ship, the first and only one that has been sent to an Irish port.

The ship herself has a rather interesting history. She was built on the Clyde in 1859, and was one of the earliest ironclads in the Service. Till 1866, she served with the Channel Fleet; the following year she was sent as guard-ship to Queenstown, and was subsequently sta-

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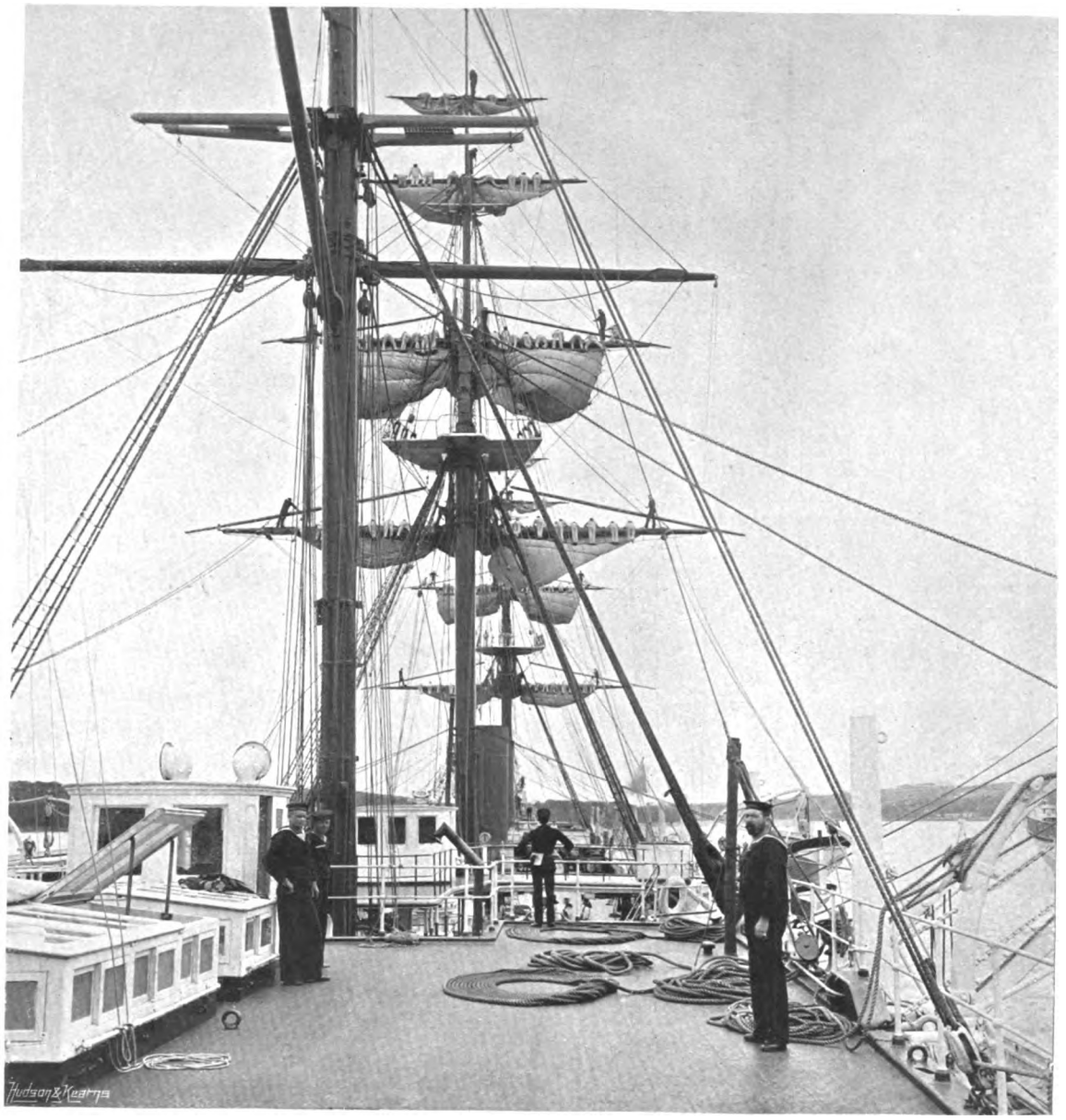
and the Nursery of Irish Bluejackets.

tioned at Greenock till 1874. In 1875 she again joined the Channel Fleet, as flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Sir John Hay, till 1878, when she was recommissioned under command of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. From the end of that year till 1896 she was lying up in the Reserve. When, after much delay and many questions in Parliament, it was decided to send a training-ship to Queenstown, the "Black Prince" was selected, and left Devonport, in charge of Captain F. C. Langdon, in February of that year for Passage, where she remained—being fitted out for her new service—till August, 1897. She then took up her present position in Queenstown Harbour, about halfway between Haulbowline and Monkstown.



Photos. M. Roche. *"FURLING SAILS."* Copyright.

The full complement of boys, according to the Admiralty regulations, is 450, and the number at present in training is 420. The success which has attended the undertaking must be most gratifying to those who were for so many years agitating for a training-ship in an Irish port.

The daily routine of work on board is very considerable, and is such as must tend to develop fine manly boys, both physically and morally. The instructors in the various departments seem to spare no trouble if only they may accomplish their purpose. Squads of boys are to be seen throughout the day busily engaged at their different classes. Here we find a group assembled around a large model, being taught how to moor a ship; and away near the port bow is another company, receiving instruction in gunnery, while others are astride the monkey topsail-yard, learning to reef a sail. The two most interesting sights are to be witnessed when the boys are sent

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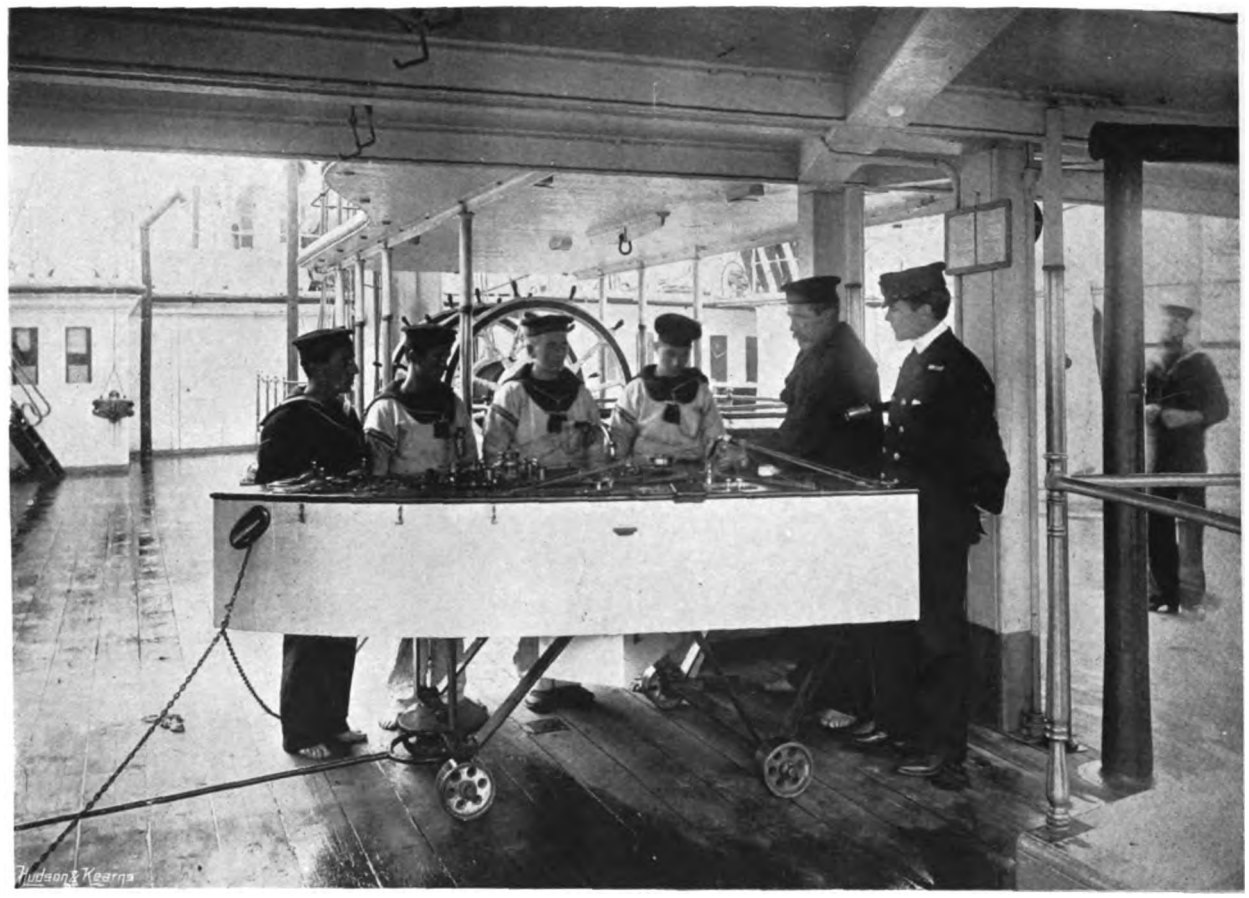
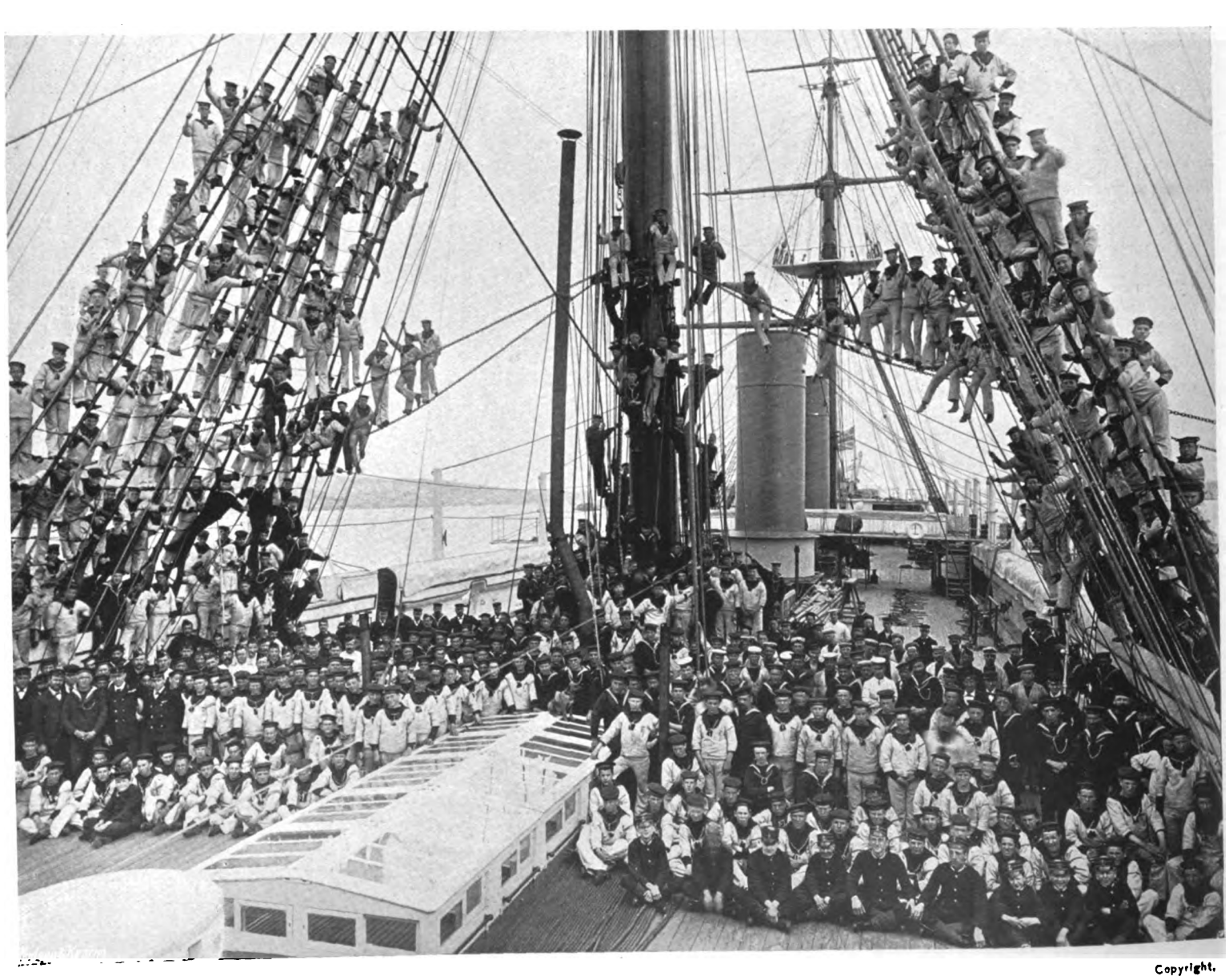
aloft for general instruction in the working of the sails, ropes, and spars, and when the entire ship's company is mustered on deck and in the rigging, as shown in our illustrations. There is, perhaps, one other scene which might be excepted, and that is the assembling of the boys 'tween decks for dinner, after a hard morning's work. The cooks have everything in readiness, and their office is no sinecure. At the sound of the bugle over 400 hungry boys are in their places, and the most ample justice is done to the substantial meal provided. The boys are daily exercised in swimming, which forms a part of their training, in which they must be expert before they are drafted for service. It is pleasing to know that cases of punishment are few. This is a credit to the boys themselves, as well as a testimony to the kindly and forbearing manner in which they are treated, consistent with proper order and discipline. Indeed too much praise could not be given to Captain Langdon and his officers for the manner in which every detail of their onerous duties is performed.



A LESSON WITH THE ANCHOR MODEL.



Photos. M. Roche. Copyright.

"OLD IRELAND'S HOPE."

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 79.] SATURDAY, AUG. 6th, 1898.

Photo. Elliott & Fry. Copyright.

ADMIRAL FREDERICK ANSTRUTHER HERBERT.

(See Page 473.)

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The Royal Naval Engineering College.—III.

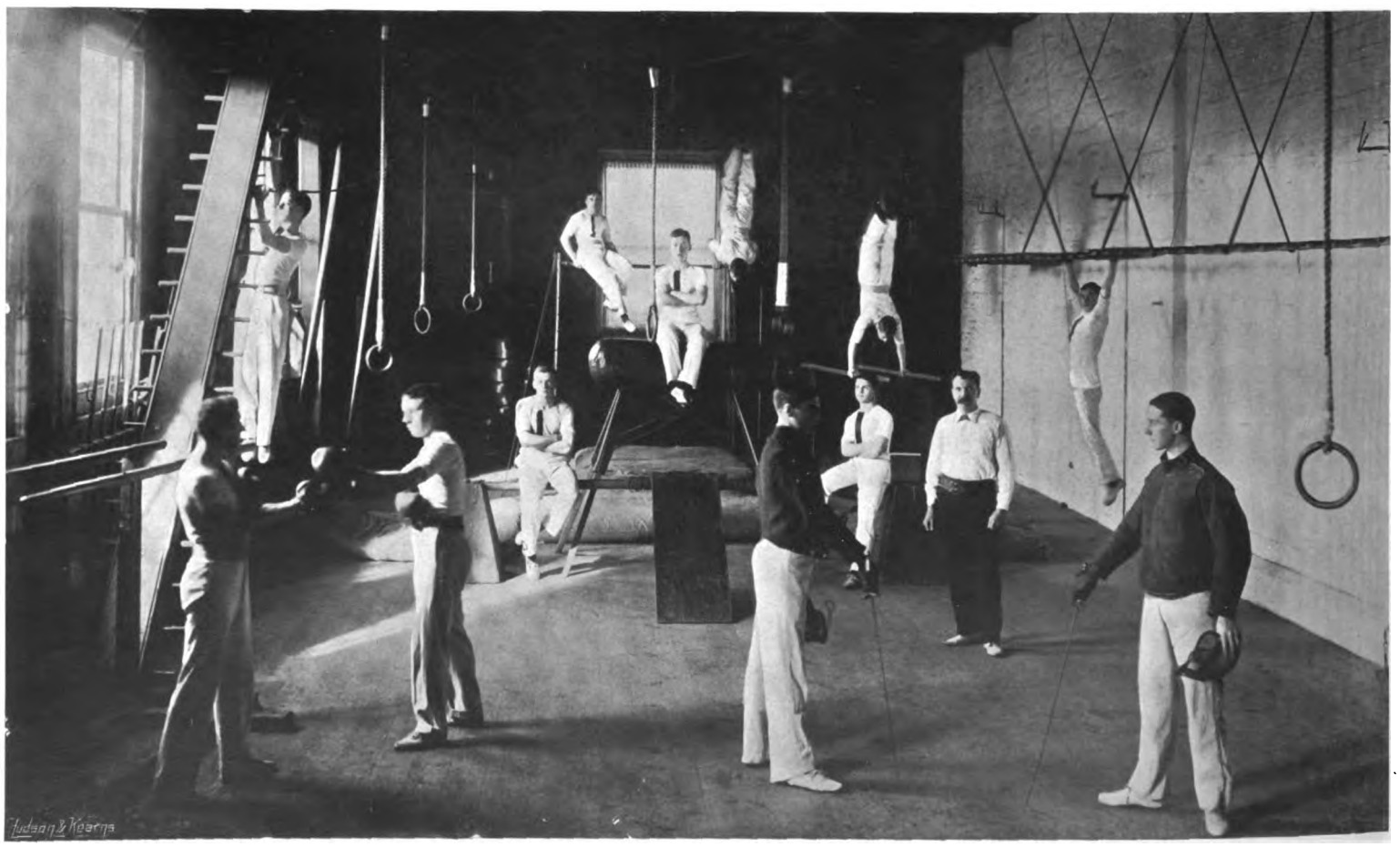
WE have suggested, in previous articles, how very great, important, complex, and varied are the duties of the engineer officers of the Navy, and have shown how students are entered for the Service. We shall now describe the course of training at the college, with the view of illustrating the character of the training, and shall conclude, in another article, with an account of its routine and special practice. A correspondent has taken exception to some remarks in our first article concerning the rise of the engineering branch of the Navy, considering that we derogate from the position of the Naval engineers of a bygone day. Nothing certainly was further from our purpose, and we believe that all look back with respect to the men who were the pioneers of engineering in the Navy, and who, by their character and qualities, won their way to the recognition they and their profession have merited. The engineering branch has suffered, indeed, under many disabilities, and there is a partial parallel for its history in the importance at last attained by the masters and sea officers in far earlier times compared with the knight and his men-at-arms who had been the fighting force of the ship. It is, in fact, a marked characteristic of the Navy that its internal organisation has been developed by the force of circumstances, and that changes in ships and fighting methods have brought about great modifications in the relative positions of various classes of officers.

Thus it is that we find such great importance now attached to the efficient training of the engineering students at Keyham. The scholastic staff there consists of a headmaster and four assistants, and one-half of the new wing is wholly devoted to lecture-rooms and laboratories fitted with every necessary appliance. The theoretical course includes elementary and higher pure mathematics and algebra, statics, dynamics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, chemistry, electricity, and magnetism, and the work is tested at Christmas and midsummer by examinations under the supervision of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, prizes and extra leave being the rewards of success. The professional and practical training is under the charge of a chief engineer, specially appointed who arranges the course of practical work, and delivers lectures on steam, metallurgy, machine design, and workshop appliances. The practical work is always in close relation with the theoretical, and the examinations, to which great importance is assigned, take place at the same time. There are two prizes every year for skill and proficiency of workmanship for each "entry" of students.

For the efficient organisation of the training, while some students are engaged in studies in the school others are at

THE CHIEF CAPTAIN OF STUDENTS.

work in various shops in the dockyard. The new student finds practical employment for two and a-half years in the fitting shop, where, under skilled instructors, he learns to fit, turn, and machine all the different parts of Naval engines. A great part of the auxiliary machinery of all ships engined at Keyham is the work of the students. During the remainder



Photos. W. M Crockett. Copyright.

THE COLLEGE GYMNASIUM.

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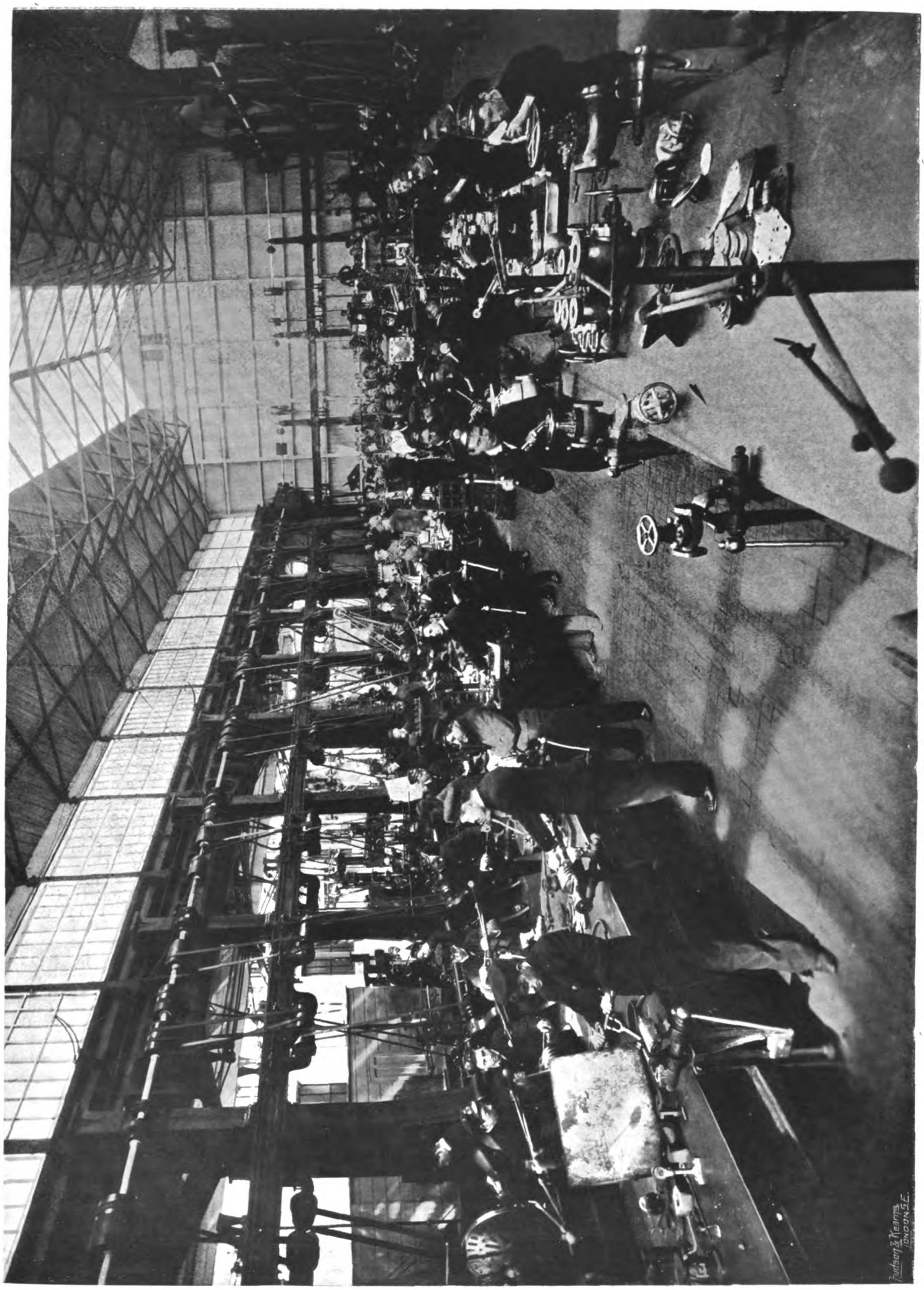

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AT WORK IN KEYHAM DOCKYARD.

Photo. W. M. Crockett.

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From a Photo. By an Engineer Officer.

STUDENTS AT RIFLE DRILL.

THE FIRST CRICKET ELEVEN.

Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

THE FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM.

of the third year, the student goes afloat, and fits up on board ship the engines he has made in the shop. He spends three weeks also in the torpedo shop, and has a week's steaming in a gun-boat. His fourth year finds him engaged in taking to pieces and refitting the main engines of some ship home from foreign service, and in turn he becomes a black-smith, coppersmith, boiler-maker, pattern-maker, and moulder. In the fifth and last year he devotes six months to machinery design-ing in the drawing office, two months with the Chief Con-structor at Devonport, and the rest of the time afloat or in shops.

In this way the theoreti-cal and practical work go on together. The last two years are most important. Then the student is frequently afloat in the "Spider," a first-class gun-boat specially commis-sioned, under instruction in practical working and manœuvring under steam. He stokes, draws and banks fires, keeps a steady pressure, writes the engine-room register, and takes indicator diagrams, so that in due time he may direct and control what he thoroughly under-stands. Let it not be sup-posed that the training of the engineer student ends here. All his work is tested by examinations, as will be explained in another article, and is generally preparatory to instruction at Greenwich, and always to training in junior positions afloat.

The fifth-year student has also a military training. He is put through squad drill, with rifle and revolver prac-tice, and the cutlass exercise, so that he may be able to take charge of men in the field. One of our illustrations depicts this training; another shows the work of physical training and development in the gym-nasium. There are boating classes also, and students "pass out" in gymnastics, boating, and swimming.

But physical develop-ment does not end here. Like all healthy youths, the students enter with great keenness into all manner of sports. Rugby football is the favourite, and four teams are kept going throughout the season. The first fifteen is one of the best teams in Devon. In summer the two cricket elevens make a good record against the best clubs in Devon and Cornwall.

Through an unfortunate error, under the group of officers published on July 9 (p. 362), the names were trans-posed under the portraits of Engineers T. B. Huddy and A. P. Dupen. The latter officer stands on Commander Talbot's right; the former on his left.

(To be continued.)

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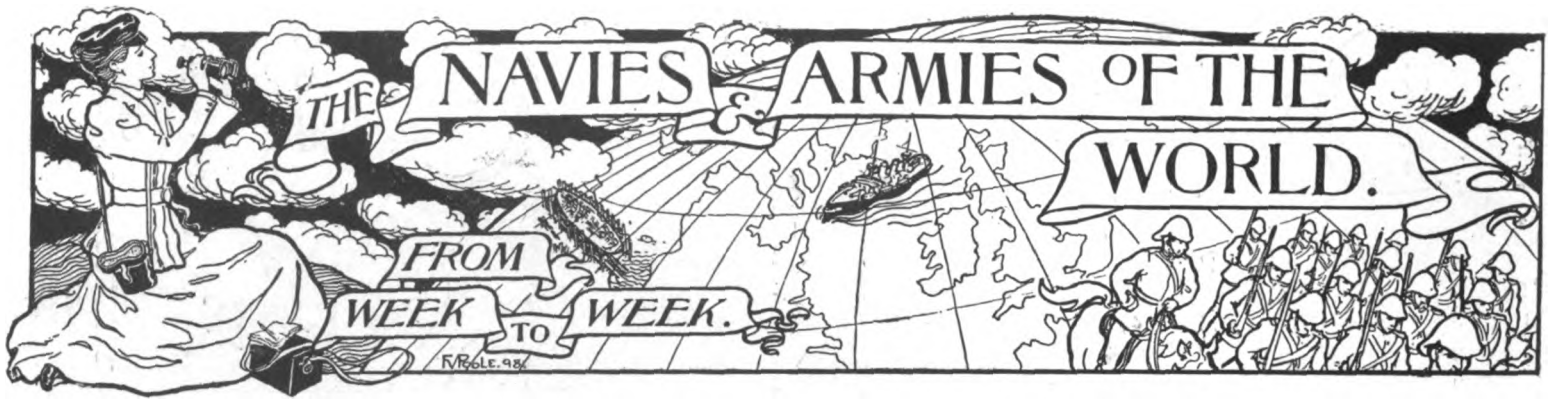

THERE are two questions connected with the British Antarctic Expedition now being organised, and they are independent of one another. The first is whether the country ought not to encourage such enterprises. To that the answer must be in the affirmative, if only in view of the direct advantage which has been obtained in the past, and may be secured again from them, for navigation. The second question is whether they ought not to be supplied by the Navy. To that it is not equally clear that the answer must be yes, or that Her Majesty's Government is wrong in declining to send an expedition. In the first place, since one is going already, why should public money be spent in doing what is about to be done by private enterprise? We have an enormous outlay to make to meet the regular calls on the Navy, and it is not quite obvious that we should be asked to find more money, unless it can be first shown that the work is of pressing necessity, and that unless the State takes it in hand it will not be attempted. There might be some difficulty in establishing the first point, and in view of the fact that Mr. Borchgrevink is about to sail, we clearly cannot prove the second. One sympathises much with the view taken by Sir R. Vesey Hamilton in his letter to the *Times*. Here is a chance of earning distinction by doing good work, and the Navy is eager to have a share, which is most proper. But the Government has something to say for itself when it asserts that it cannot well spare the men. Sir R. Vesey Hamilton replies that a Navy which cannot spare eight lieutenants must be sadly short of men, and he quotes many examples from the old days when officers went on exploring expeditions without injury to the Navy. Well, but we have lately had to have recourse to an exceptional measure to meet the daily calls of the Service in peace, and if we are short of officers, is it not wise to recognise the fact, and abstain from employing lieutenants on work which is not exactly Naval? Is it not the case, that if the war which is floating about like an undischarged thunder-cloud were to break, we should find ourselves short of lieutenants to a figure very much in excess of eight, and that we really have no more cats of this rank than will just kill our mice?

* * * *

SIR R. VESEY HAMILTON will, I hope, excuse me for thinking that his historical examples are not wholly convincing. In the old time, whenever a peace was made we cut the Navy down to a ridiculous figure, and turned hundreds of men ashore. Sir R. Vesey Hamilton, who knows the history of the Navy uncommonly well, would find not the least difficulty in naming twenty distinguished officers who were left unemployed, for years sometimes, from one war to another. Meanwhile they starved on half-pay, or went on trading voyages as Lord Keith did, or took to farming as Pellew did. Not a few must have become disgusted, and have drifted away into other lines. It is certain that when the great Revolutionary War broke out we were short of officers, and many improper promotions had to be made to fill up gaps. But while peace lasted we had a great fund of men who were idle, upon which we could draw. This is hardly the case now. A great deal of the work formerly done by exploring expeditions is the regular duty of the Surveying Service, and is therefore always in the hands of the Navy. Then, too, supposing that the Navy did itself any good by supplying an antarctic expedition, it is only a very trifling handful of officers who could share the advantage. But though it may sound very heterodox, I venture to doubt whether experience in exploring does improve a man *qua* Naval officer—that is to say *qua* military seaman. At least it is curious to see that those officers who had experience as explorers were not as a rule distinguished as fighting men. Of course they were not less brave than others, but their minds had not been turned to the fighting business. Byron, for instance, was no great success as an admiral, nor was Bligh particularly distinguished as a captain. After all, the business of a Navy is to fight.

* * * *

ON the face of it, what can be more reasonable than that the Colonies should help to swell the Naval Reserve? But like many other things which seem full of reason when they are propounded in general terms, it is found to present difficulties when you endeavour to apply it in practice. This I am afraid is the only moral to be drawn clearly from the interview of Wednesday week between Mr. Goschen and a deputation of the British Empire League. The First Lord and the members of the deputation were mainly concerned with the financial aspects of the matter, which are sufficiently puzzling, to judge from the words of Dr. Cockburn, the Agent-General from South Australia. He seemed to propose that the Mother Country should bear the bulk of the expense, because this is an Imperial matter. But if we are to bear the expense we can get men at home. If the Colonies are to give us real help they must contribute the men and the money too. But there is another aspect of the question which was not touched on in this interview. Where are these colonial Naval Reserve men to do their service? If it is only on the coasts of their own country, then one would like to know in what ships? The Imperial squadron in the colonial waters will presumably be fully manned. So will any fleet we send there. If, on the other hand, they are for general service, then how are they to become available for employment in fleets fitted out in English dockyards? The rational course would be that each colony should have its own Naval force as it has its own militia, which means that it should supply ships and guns as well as men. If, as Dr. Cockburn said of South Australia, it is not in a position to meet the expense, why then it is plainly not in a position to stand by itself in the world, and depends wholly on the Mother Country for protection, in which case it may be fairly asked not to embarrass its protector.

LORD BRASSEY'S letter in the *Times* on "The Naval Reserve and the Manning of Merchant Ships" goes very well with the subject of what the deputation had to say. Lord Brassey points out, truly enough, that sailing-ships are being driven off the sea by steamers. He proposes that we should imitate the French by giving protection to sailing-ships. This is a very bold proposal indeed, and one which requires to be looked at very carefully. Let us put it this way. Natural conditions are favouring the steamer. The Government steps in, and by giving a subvention to sailing-ships enables them to compete, which they would not otherwise be able to do. Would not this give the owners of steam-ships, who, after all, are Englishmen, a fair right to complain? The sailing-ship could only hold its ground by under-selling the steam-ship. In that case the owner of the steamer would have a perfect right to complain that he was being injured by a rival who was in the receipt of State help, which he (the steam-ship owner) was taxed to provide. Would this great trade interest put up with such an injustice, as it would not unreasonably call such a competition and tax? English men of business must have changed wonderfully in character of late years if the steam-ship owners showed themselves so lamb-like. The truth, it seems to me, is that all attempts to keep things alive which are dying are a fight against Nature and a waste of money. Lord Brassey speaks of the French clippers which come to Melbourne. Well, as a matter of fact, French shipping has been in a decaying condition for a generation or more, in spite of Government protection, bounties, mileages, and so forth. What actually happens is that France is taxed to keep going a number of vessels which are really run at a loss, and are enabled, because Government supports them, to keep down freights. It would be cheaper and more business-like to maintain a greater number of training-ships, for then we should know what we parted with, and what we received in return.

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THE great event of the week has been the death of Prince Bismarck. He has been so long retired from public affairs that his end may not seem of direct interest to the naval or military world. But we cannot look at it in so small a spirit as that. No statesman of our time and few of any time has worked more by arms than he, or has had a more thorough understanding of the legitimate use of the sword. Though a great duellist in his youth, the Prince was no lover of fighting for fighting's sake. From the day that he gained for Germany all he considered as essential for its safety as a great nation, no man was a more devoted partisan of peace. But he understood well that no peace is secure which a neighbour can think it safe to disturb. Therefore he was always ready to give his help when the German Army had to be strengthened. "A peace which is guarded by 2,000,000 soldiers is a well-guarded peace," was one of his sayings. He took less interest in the Navy, and it was one of the proofs of his hard practical sense that he regarded it with comparative, though not with absolute, indifference. Germany, during all his youth and middle life, had her battle to fight on her own borders. Her commerce was not so well developed that her interests beyond the sea were of great moment. He once pooh-poohed the colonial men by declaring that colonies for Germany would be like the fine coats of the showy Polish nobles, who had no shirts. This condition of things has been altered, and if Prince Bismarck had ruled into the new time, he would no doubt have been as eager to support the Navy Bill as he was to argue for the Army. Even as it was, and as far back as the days when he was delegate at Frankfurt, he took a kind of sentimental interest in the tiny Prussian Navy of the time. It was to him at least a weapon of State which, if not of first-rate importance, was part of the necessary armour of the Crown. But the interesting thing in Prince Bismarck's relation to the armed forces of his country was his fine grasp of the real use of the sword. His famous sentence about the employment of blood and iron has been made the subject of a great deal of foolish talk. Prince Bismarck did not say, and was the last man in the world either to say or think, that the use of iron or the shedding of blood were good things in themselves. He would have thought a doctrine of that kind equally silly and wicked. What he meant and said was only his rough equivalent for Louis XIV.'s well-known epigram that the cannon are the "ultima ratio," the last argument of kings. When a nation finds itself barred from its interests by the opposition of another, how is it to force its way except by the employment of that last argument? Sentimental lovers of German unity thought that the opposition of Austria and the jealousy of France could be eluded by some peaceful method. Prince Bismarck saw that to be impossible, and that if the thing was to be done at all, it must be done by the sword. With his unfailing sagacity he also saw that the weapon must be long enough, sharp, and of a good temper. It was a proof of Prince Bismarck's good sense that though he had served his time in the Prussian Army and wore a uniform, he never yielded to the temptation to play the soldier. He showed that he had a keen eye at Sadowa, where he was the first man to see the coming forces of the Crown Prince. In the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71 he went under fire when it came in his way, but he never forced himself there ostentatiously. There was about him a combination of the soldierly spirit and the sense of a man of the world who does not meddle with what is not his proper business. When the capitulation of the French Army at Sedan was being arranged he sat by in silence so long as military considerations alone were being talked over. It was only when the politics came in that he spoke. If birth or fortune had made fighting his trade, if he had been a king like Frederick the Great, who had to lead his armies, or like Cromwell, a chief in a civil war who would only win by fighting, he would have been a great general. DAVID HANNAY.

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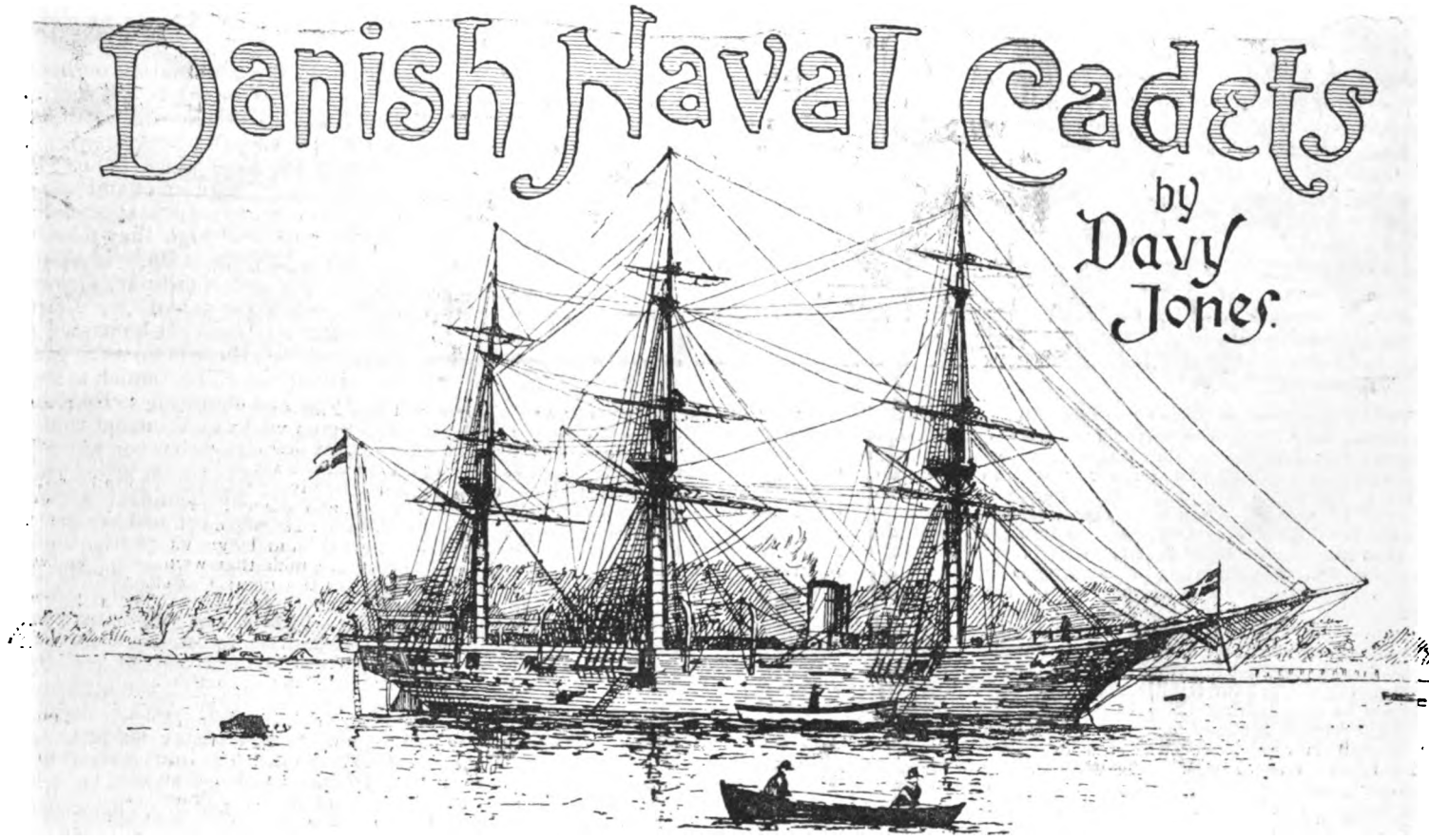
Danish Naval Cadets

by Davy Jones.



The Training Ship "DAGMAR."

THE last two articles in this series of "Naval Cadets" having dealt with the training of the Naval officers of Sweden and Norway, it has been thought expedient, before passing to others, to devote a chapter to the Naval cadets of the remaining Scandinavian country. In so doing it will have the twofold advantage of making the readers of this paper acquainted with the training received by the Naval officers of a nation which, though numerically small, and only ranking as a secondary Continental Power, still occupies an important place as a Naval Power, and of enabling them to form an adequate idea of the system obtaining in the three Scandinavian nations, once the home of those Norsemen who overran England and France, and whose descendants are still numerous in Western Europe. What has already been said of the sailors of Sweden and Norway applies with equal propriety to those of Denmark, who are in every respect worthy of the fame of their ancestors. Situated as the Danes are, and possessing as they do an enormous sea border for such a small country, sea power is indeed of primary importance to them; and they are so aware of it that they have endeavoured to devise a system of training calculated to produce the best possible results, and to provide their Navy with first-rate officers, not only from the theoretical but also from the practical point of view. Indeed the Danes have shown a great deal of wisdom in attaching unparalleled importance to the defence of their country, and of late years they have neglected nothing that can insure the proper protection of their fatherland, both by sea and land. Not unmindful of the events which took place in the early part of the century, and still remembering those which occurred some thirty years back, they have resolutely set themselves the task of providing a most efficient system of defence, and they are still assiduously working, keeping steadily that one aim in view. While paying the greatest attention to the needs of their Navy, which is small numerically, as it must indeed ever be, they have not forgotten that the land forces should not be neglected; hence their system of military training, which is excellent, and which has been the means of providing the country with a much larger army than could be expected from such a small population. However much I should like to enter more fully into particulars under this head, this is not the place to do so, as we are now concerned with the training of the Danish officers intended for service afloat.

The training establishment is at Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, situated on the island of Zealand, and possessing a splendid and capacious harbour, twelve miles broad in some parts. As it is usually assumed—for what reason I have always failed to discover—that Denmark is an extremely uninteresting country, I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of correcting a misconception which facts do not in any way justify. In the first place, the country is indented with numerous bays—especially on the east coast—which provide excellent harbours. Then in many parts the coast is penetrated deeply by numerous fjords, such, for instance, as Limfjord, which intersects Jutland. As for the general aspect of the country, though it is not very varied, it is far from being monotonous, and it possesses a beauty of its own which is really impressive. In Jutland, for instance, there are magnificent forests, growing the best beech trees in the whole world, and the fields are admirably cultivated; hence the enormous increase in the exportations of food produce, a fact which accounts for the excellent agricultural system of Denmark. The coast-line is generally flat and bordered by downs and lagoons. The coast of Denmark is one of the best lighted in Europe, and it possesses about seventy light-houses and several light-ships. As for the environs of Copenhagen, they are simply delightful, and one cannot wish to see better or more charming scenery.

The main object of the Danish system of training Naval officers is to educate young men in both theoretical and practical parts, and to fit them for the discharge of the duties that will fall to their lot later on. With this end in view, the teaching is rather varied, taking place both ashore and afloat, and is a combination of practice and theory. There are, besides the arsenal and various establishments ashore, two ships principally used in connection with the training of Naval cadets. The one represented in the illustration appearing at the head of this article is the "Dagmar," an auxiliary screw corvette of about 1,200 tons displacement, and the other appearing on the next page is the cruiser "Absalon." Both are sea-going vessels, and the greater part of the cadets' practical training is undergone in these vessels, which also go for extended cruises.

The cadets, who are called "midshipmen," are divided into two sections. Their number seldom exceeds twenty-four, a number which is ample for the needs of the Danish Navy, though in some cases it may be raised to thirty. This happens when an unusual number of vacancies occur in the list of sub-lieutenants. The midshipmen of the Danish Service are boarded, equipped, and educated at the expense of the State, and besides this, as soon as they reach the upper section, of which we shall speak presently, they receive pay in addition. However, some portions of their wearing apparel must be provided by their families. Entrance to the Danish Naval School is to be gained only through a competitive examination, to which candidates are not admitted until after they have undergone a searching medical examination. This competitive examination is pretty much what it is in most countries. It is held yearly in April, but is only open to those young men who have already seen something of the sailor's life. The candidate must have served during a stated period afloat, either in one of the training-ships belonging to the Royal Navy or in a merchant vessel. This period of training can only be reckoned from the fourteenth year. The time may have been served either in the capacity

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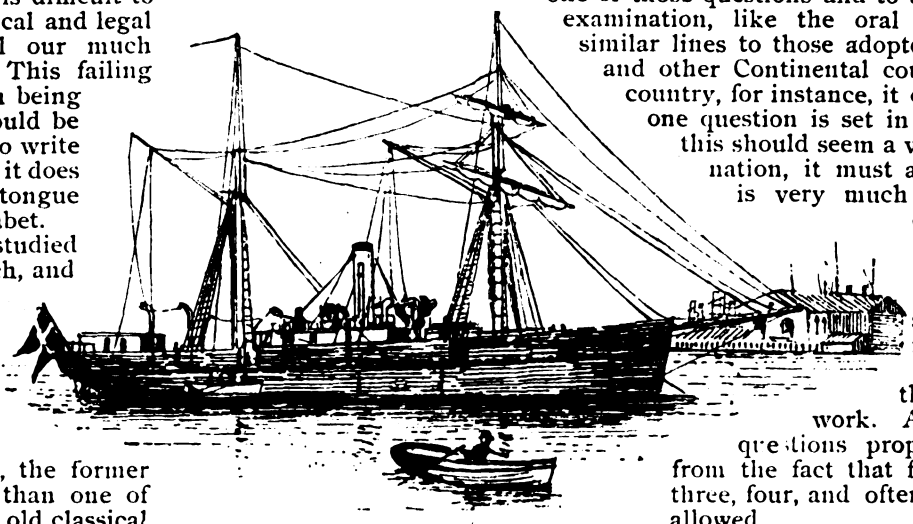
of common sailor or as non-commissioned officer; but in any case the production of first-class certificates in seamanship and conduct is imperative. As has just been stated, the time served on board a merchant vessel is allowed to count, but as equivalent only to half the time spent in one of the Royal Navy ships. No one can be a candidate after the age of twenty has been reached. Those possessed of the necessary qualifications and wishing to enter the Naval School must send in their application a month before the beginning of the examination. Among the certificates to be produced, in addition to those already mentioned, are others which are but seldom asked for nowadays, such, for instance, as a certificate of baptism and one of confirmation. All Danes being liable to military service as soon as they reach the age of seventeen, candidates who have already attained that age must be able to produce a document showing that they have complied with the conscription laws. A great deal of importance is attached to swimming, and the future Naval officer who aspires to serve in the Danish Navy must give proof that he can swim, not only a few yards but a minimum distance of 400-ft. He must also prove to the satisfaction of the authorities that he can do the breast stroke, swim on his back, and tread water.

The subjects of examination are among the usual ones, and include mechanics and elementary natural science, mathematics, languages, history, geography, drawing, and hand-writing. Humble as the latter subject may seem in an important examination, I think it has been wisely introduced, and that it should form a part of all examinations, whatever they are, for Naval men are not by any means the greatest sinners in the matter of vile writing. Indeed, in point of bad penmanship I think it is difficult to beat our friends of the medical and legal professions, and above all our much revered university dons. This failing does not prevent them from being charming men, but they would be none the less so were they to write English so that at first sight it does not appear like a foreign tongue with a strange-looking alphabet.

The languages most studied by Danes are German, French, and English. More importance is attached to a good working knowledge of German than to either of the other languages, which stand pretty much on the same level, although more Danes study English than French, the former being far easier for them than one of the languages related to the old classical language of Rome.



The Training Ship "Absalon"

Danish cadets, or we should rather say "Danish midshipmen," are divided into two sections or classes, extending over a period of two years. The studies begin in September, and, although the two sections are distinct from each other, they nevertheless join the same classes whenever it is possible to do so. This system is far form bad, as it creates a healthy emulation between the two different classes of cadets. After the young midshipmen have worked through the first section of the school, they undergo an examination which is called the "Promotion Examination," as it is undergone in order to show that those who have attended the lower course are now fit to enter the higher division. All the examinations are of great importance, since the place a cadet occupies in the school is entirely dependent on them, just as, later on, his rank in the Navy will depend upon the marks he obtains in the final examination. This examination is, of course, in the subjects taught in the school, and which do not very materially differ from those in other establishments of the same sort. They include gunnery, musketry, and physical science; and as the young men leaving the school are at once sent on board ship as officers, they are expected to have a thorough knowledge of seamanship and signalling, and to possess a fair acquaintance with tactics and fleet evolutions.

The names of midshipmen placed on the final list are submitted to the Minister of Marine, and if approved of they are made sub-lieutenants in the Danish Navy, being appointed, as such, to various ships, and must serve in that rank for a period of four years. Those who have failed to obtain a sufficiency of marks leave the school, and only receive certificates stating that they have passed the "Promotion Examination," and that they are entitled for the first part of the examination to the rank of mate in the merchant service. The time they have spent as midshipmen in the Royal Navy also counts for the merchant service, according to a certain fixed scale. If, either through illness or through some other cause over which he has no control, a midshipman is prevented from undergoing the examination on board or ashore at the same time as those belonging to his section, the captain of the school may decide that a special examination shall be held for the benefit of the party concerned. As far as practicable this examination takes place before the examiners who have had charge of the regular examination. However, when a candidate is examined in such special circumstances, his marks, however good and high they may be, can never rise above a certain maximum, which is always inferior to what it might have been under ordinary circumstances. As all examinations undergone ashore are public, that is to say, as all *viva voce* examinations must be passed in a room to which the public have access, there is no very great objection to such a private examination. The Danish system of examining differs materially from that obtaining in England, and comes nearer that of Germany and France, except that in the latter countries no private examination is ever allowed. A few details on this subject will, I think, prove interesting. The final examination is rather severe. Each subject is tested by three examiners, one of whom is always the teacher of the midshipmen, who can thus see to the interests of his pupils. The other two examiners are usually chosen from among the professors or instructors working in connection with the school. The *viva voce* examination is conducted on the following lines. The questions the examiners intend to propose are written on different slips of paper. There are as many questions thus written as there are candidates on the list, and the questions are invariably of such a nature that each one of them is calculated to be a real test of knowledge of the subject. At the time of the examination the questions are placed in a bag or box, and when a candidate comes up he has to draw one of those questions and to answer it. The written examination, like the oral one, is conducted on similar lines to those adopted years ago in France and other Continental countries. In the former country, for instance, it often happens that only one question is set in each subject. In case this should seem a very easy form of examination, it must at once be said that it is very much the reverse, as such questions invariably lend themselves to lengthy treatment, and that it is utterly impossible to give the examiners satisfaction if the candidate has not thoroughly mastered his work. An idea of the sort of questions proposed may be formed from the fact that for some of them two, three, four, and oftentimes seven hours are allowed.

Whilst midshipmen are in the training-ship they are in everything subject to the rules and discipline of the Navy, and the routine followed differs in no way from that of a man-of-war. The cadets are arranged on board in six quarters, each of which is placed under a quartermaster. The captain and officers attached to the establishment naturally rank first, but the teachers, whether naval, military, or civilian, are placed on almost the same level, and the same marks of respect are due to them all.

The wearing of plain clothes on shore is strictly forbidden. This is as it should be, and I have never been able to understand why so many men in England object to the wearing of a uniform, whilst in every other country a military or naval man, of any rank, is proud of wearing his country's garb.

The punishments inflicted on cadets are but few, and I have been told it is but seldom that a midshipman incurs any of them. Ordinary punishment consists in parade practice, extra duty on board, and the curtailing of leisure hours. In more serious cases midshipmen may be warned either privately by the captain or in presence of the assembled cadets. They may also be placed under arrest to the extent of from fourteen days to one month, and if over fifteen years of age they may be confined in a dark cell for a period which must not exceed five days, and without any deprivation of food.

Finally a midshipman may be dismissed the Service. However, the cadets are generally so anxious to discharge their duties to the satisfaction of their superior officers, that it is but seldom that occasion arises to inflict upon a midshipman any of the more serious forms of punishment.

Those who, like ourselves, have seen Danish ships of war will easily believe that the prevailing tone found in such vessels, not only among the officers, but also among the crews, is one of perfect efficiency, and that the same desire of serving their country pervades all classes of the Danish Service.

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THE excellent course taken by Mr. Goschen in laying down in unmistakable manner the broad lines of our Naval policy, and in taking steps to meet the extraordinary outlay of Russia by preparing a further ship-building programme of our own, draws attention once again to the vital question of the defence of the Empire. Therefore I make no excuse for going back to a volume published not quite recently—before the beams of this search-light, in fact, were directed upon the movements of the book world—to Sir George S. Clarke's "Imperial Defence" (Imperial Press, 5s.). This was a popular issue, throwing into bold relief the cardinal points in the provision for our security. Sir George Clarke is one of our soundest thinkers upon all questions of defence. He is a soldier of wide experience, and, in the best sense, an Imperial statesman who has grasped all the essentials of the Naval problem. He knows the organic structure of the Empire, and expounds with masterful felicity the conditions necessary for its welfare. It is true to say that from Trafalgar the British Empire dates. It was to that stupendous victory, and to the sustained efforts put forth through the long war, that our colonial expansion was due. Trade, by reason of Naval supremacy, had thriven through the struggle, and it received its most powerful impetus when hostilities closed. The Empire, in short, is knit together upon a commercial basis, and must be defended as a whole. If the Navy should prove inadequate to maintain the sea communications of the Empire in war all other preparations would prove of no avail.

In these days of light and leading this may read as a platitude, perhaps, but it is a truth that cannot be too often repeated. Upon the Navy all depends, though the Navy alone will not suffice for all. Its work is to command the sea, and Sir George Clarke, writing last year, could not regard our strength as excessive. Since that time we have relatively declined, and the country has to thank Mr. Goschen for taking the decisive stand. Something still is needed. Willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike, must never be said of us where Imperial interests are concerned. Our Navy must not be as a sharp sword in a palsied hand. It is statesmanship that we need. There must be carried to the minds of foreign rulers the conviction not only that we are strong, but that, when the hour comes, we dare also. Upon all the questions that are centred about these great concerns Sir George Clarke is an excellent guide, and his "Imperial Defence" embodies the soundest ideas. Thus he belongs to no extreme school. He recognises that our Empire could never have been built up and cannot now be made secure without the Army; and he warns us that our race is prone, by hereditary predisposition, to put too much faith in the efficacy of imperfectly trained men, to be impressed by numbers, and, in a word, in military matters to be unprepared. He concludes with a chapter on Imperial organisation—upon the bonds of the Empire, the relations and mutual duties of its parts, the provision of coaling stations, and a number of questions vitally concerning Imperial defence. It is excellent to have the whole matter so capably expounded in brief and sufficient form.

The background of a South American revolution gives a touch of novelty to a story I have read with a good deal of interest. Like the Montagues and the Capulets, the Balmacedists and Congressionalists are set against one another in "For the Rebel Cause" (Ward, Lock, and Co., 3s. 6d.), by Mr. Archer P. Crouch, who draws his Romeo and Juliet from one camp and the other. There is no tragic *denouement*, but the pages smell of battle, and the swing of incident and the skilful grouping of warlike incidents with the plot of a romance tempt me to call this a rattling good story—the sort of thing to attract and sufficiently hold the attention in this holiday season. Dolores Cardenosa is the daughter of an officer in the Chilian Government forces, and her lover, Captain Gaspar Edmonds, is a prominent Congressionalist. There is, of course, a Balmacedist suitor also, one Don Pedro Gonzalez, a Naval officer, who forsakes a ship that has gone over to the Congress. The rivals are fighting on opposite sides at Pozo Almonte, and Pedro vainly carries to Caldera the treacherous story that Gaspar has been killed. By this time he has himself returned to the Naval Service, and is gunnery lieutenant of the "Almirante Lynch," at the time when the "Lynch" and "Condell" attack and torpedo the "Blanco Encalada" in Caldera Bay. This incident is very graphically described, and is the most telling episode in the book. His rival is, of course, in the doomed vessel, but all turns out well, for Gaspar, who is a strong swimmer, saves the life of Canales, the Congressional Minister of War, whose gratitude enables him later on to restore Dolores' father to happiness, when the Congressionalists are wreaking their vengeance upon him. How they fight meanwhile at Concon and in other battles, how Pedro's suit prospers, and how he is happily killed to make way for the proper conclusion, I must not tell. The most remarkable thing in this thread of thrilling incidents and chance encounters is the happy fashion in which the characters turn up exactly at the right moment, presided over by kindly destiny in the shape of the plot-maker's machinery, and for the accomplishment of his plans. However, Mr. Crouch has penned a telling story, and that is all his readers will ask of him.

Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. S. Brunker has just compiled a capital set of memoranda and formulæ on "Fortification and Topography" (Thacker), which are just the things to dwell in the memory of students and those going up for examination. They are helps to study of a very useful kind, and every page illustrates the author's competence. Pemmican of this kind has great sustaining qualities for those who know how to digest it. This is a good work for practical study.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Military Transport in India.

TRANSPORT has always been a difficult question in India. In March, 1839, Sir William Nott put on record that "the 4th Brigade alone during the last four days lost 244 camels by starvation." In the Khelat-i-Ghilzai column Sir Donald Stewart lost 140 camels in one night, and over 700 in one week. For an army to move without proper transport is as suicidal as for European troops to march without boots.

The beasts of burden used for transport in India are mules and ponies, mostly under pack saddles, but sometimes drawing carts holding 800-lb.; camels, elephants, and bullocks. The orthodox load for a mule is two "maunds," or 160-lb. A mule can stand any climate, is very sure-footed, can do with inferior food, but is very particular about the water he drinks. Horses will drink water that mules will refuse. Special mules for mountain battery work will carry 250-lb. easily. If the load be heavier on one side of a mule than on the other, it is better to load up the light side with stones than to leave the two sides unevenly balanced. When Sir Frederick Roberts marched down from Cabul to Candahar, Sir Donald Stewart gave him the pick of the garrison of Cabul and the pick of the transport. Sir Frederick took nothing but mules and ponies; every day, as supplies were consumed, there were "bare backs," and the march became what it was. The great difficulty was that caused by the wholesale desertion of the Afghan transport followers.

Camels will carry 400-lb. There are trotting camels, and there are camels that are harnessed to vans. But military camels crawl along in strings of three or more, and it is very hard to make two or more strings march along parallel to one another. Camel transport is hired, as a rule, and an owner often tries to charge for a baby camel or two that can carry nothing. Camels are no good in barren mountainous districts. Their proper food is branches of trees, failing which they are given "bhooza," *i.e.*, chopped straw. They are nasty sulky beasts, with a great hatred for any new idea. When they were first given the "Mosely crate," for carrying wounded soldiers, they did their best to shake it to bits.

An elephant will carry a ton, or more, but she will eat 750-lb. of sugar cane a day. Only female elephants are employed. They will not face fire, so when an elephant battery goes into action the elephants are replaced by bullocks. This fact gives rise to the celebrated soldiers' song about the "buffalo battery," how they "twist their tails and trot."

Pony cart transport is very convenient for small-arm ammunition in large quantities. Bullock-waggon transport in India is of a totally different nature from that at the Cape, where long strings of oxen are seen in a team. The Indian "bail hakri" seldom has more than three miserable beasts in front of it, and one of these is often little better than a calf. In striking contrast to these are "ordnance bullocks," four per battery of artillery, great, strong, handsome white animals belonging to Government, and used in cantonments for drawing water. A "mussock," or water-skin, is dropped down a well, and the bullocks draw it up again, are backed, and the skin collapses in a trough. Very likely there are two or three leaks in the skin, but that does not trouble the "bheestie." Suppose one of these ordnance bullocks dies of colic on the march, the number branded on the skin of his flank is cut out to show that he is dead. He is then buried, but not unlikely is dug up again by low-caste sweepers, who walk back and make a good dinner off him.

The sick are carried by "dhoolie bearers," otherwise called "kahars." It is from this class that body-servants, whose title is "bearer," are taken. There also is coolie transport, male and female. In times of peace down at Deolali, the great Indian mustering-place, luggage is carried to the railway station by women.

Indian transport accounts are very simple, but they go into minutiæ that are probably never audited properly. The transport followers are paid very irregularly, but a man who has once been "entertained" is supposed to be in Government employ continuously, and may produce a pay-book in which he is shown as having received nothing since goodness knows when, and all along he may have been in a state of desertion. The Baboos, otherwise known as "gobmasters," generally make fortunes out of the men or out of the Government. But for the various ranks of transport followers —"jemadars," "duffadars," "and "drabbees," nothing but a good word can be said. "Drabbee" is a corruption of "driver." These drivers are mostly Sikhs and Punjabis, the latter generally Mussulmans. A miserably mean fact in connection with their pay is that when they are employed south of the Sutlej they forfeit half a rupee a month. Eight annas a month less pay for going away from home!

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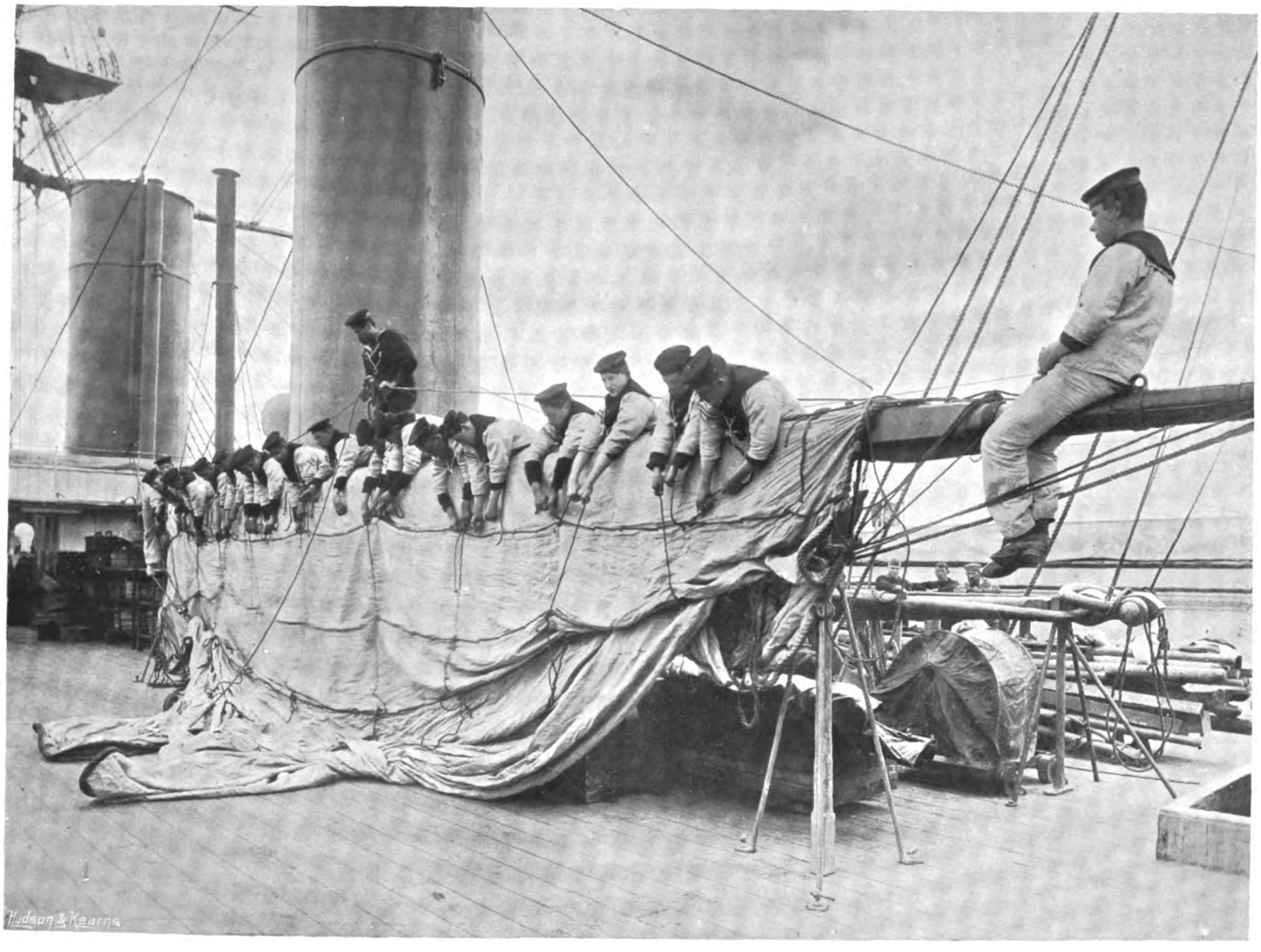
The Irish Training Ship.

THE "Black Prince," as our readers are aware, was one of our earliest ironclads, and is now relegated to the position of a first-class armoured cruiser. A description of the vessel has appeared in a former number, and we are now chiefly concerned with her in her capacity of training-ship for boys.

The supply of old wooden vessels which was formerly available for this purpose is now pretty well exhausted, and as the "Black Prince" is a fully rigged ship, she answers the purpose quite as well, for it is still considered essential to the future efficiency of our young seamen that they should know something of that old-fashioned seamanship, consisting in the handling of sails and spars, in which our men were without rivals, and the practice of which is held to foster the growth of many good qualities in a man-of-war's man.

BATTALION DRILL—READY TO MARCH.

The lads who are hanging over the deck topsail yard are being instructed in the mysteries of reefing topsails; the deck yard—sometimes known as the "monkey" yard—is used for beginners, that they may acquire some confidence, and the trick of standing securely on the foot-rope, with both hands available for work. The sail is reduced by hauling up the small line which may be noticed running horizontally a little way down the sail until it is level with the yard, and securing it there. The



Photos. G. M. Roche. Copyright.

SAIL INSTRUCTION—REEFING TOPSAILS.

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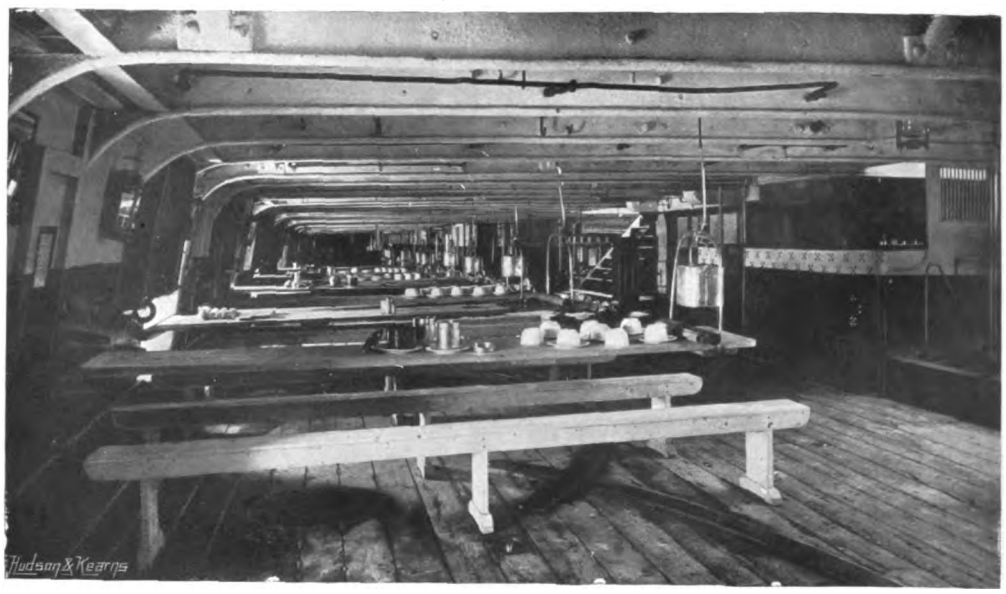
youth astride the yard occupies the responsible position of "yardarm-man," the most difficult one in reefing, though the easiest in furling a sail, hence the old sobriquet for a lazy fellow—"a bum reefer and yardarm furler." The quick and effectual securing of the "earing," which keeps the sides of the sail up when reefed, was always a test of neat-handed seamanship, and the best men were entrusted with it.

Then we see the boys soldiering; on certain days they muster with their arms, and if there is no opportunity of landing them, they perform the manual and firing exercises on deck, and then march round, headed by the band. A ship's deck necessarily leaves something to be desired as a parade ground. In most of our modern ships, indeed, about ninety per cent. is left to the desire or imagination; but the "Black Prince" has a fine roomy deck, and there is a good deal to be done in this respect.

The boys' mess is on the old gun deck, but a good many guns have been removed, and the few remaining are not *en évidence*, so that it presents an unbroken vista of mess tables. The deck is more lofty than in the old wooden vessels, so the boys have some advantage in this respect over their brethren at Devonport and elsewhere.

The "Black Prince" is commanded by Commander F. G. C. Langdon, whose cabin has an appearance of combined taste and comfort, such as we are accustomed to see nowadays in most men-of-war, stationary or otherwise.

The decay of masts and rigging in the modern Navy has deprived our sailors and officers of what was once the natural gymnasium of every ship of war, but in the "Black Prince" there is every opportunity for drill aloft to strengthen the nerves and muscles of the boys; and those who hazard their lives daily for the honour of crossing royal yards in the quickest time can afford to dispense with parallel bars and Indian clubs. Now masts have shrunk to flag-poles; sails are no more, and on modern-built war-ships it has been necessary to find other means of developing the muscles and strengthening the nerves of our sailors.



THE MESS DECK.

Photos. G. M. Roche. Copyright.

THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN.

"BRITANNIA'S" CUBS AT PLAY.

IF, as the Duke of Wellington considered, the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, it may be claimed with equal justice by some British admiral of to-morrow that the playing fields of the cadets at Dartmouth helped England to maintain the glorious traditions of her Navy.

What more fitting, then, than that the "Britannia" cadets should learn to hold a straight bat, thrust and cut with the single-stick, fight sturdily with the gloves, and practise the tricks of the gymnasium? All these sports are dear to Britons and to British colonists, and who knows how far Imperial Federation may be advanced by the matches played every week in distant colonies between Naval elevens and colonial clubs. Nowadays we take our sports seriously, and it is right that we should do so.

Our first illustration shows a group of prize-winners of the "Britannia." The annual sports were recently held on the playing grounds near to which the new college is about to be built, and the competitions interested many spectators during a warm July

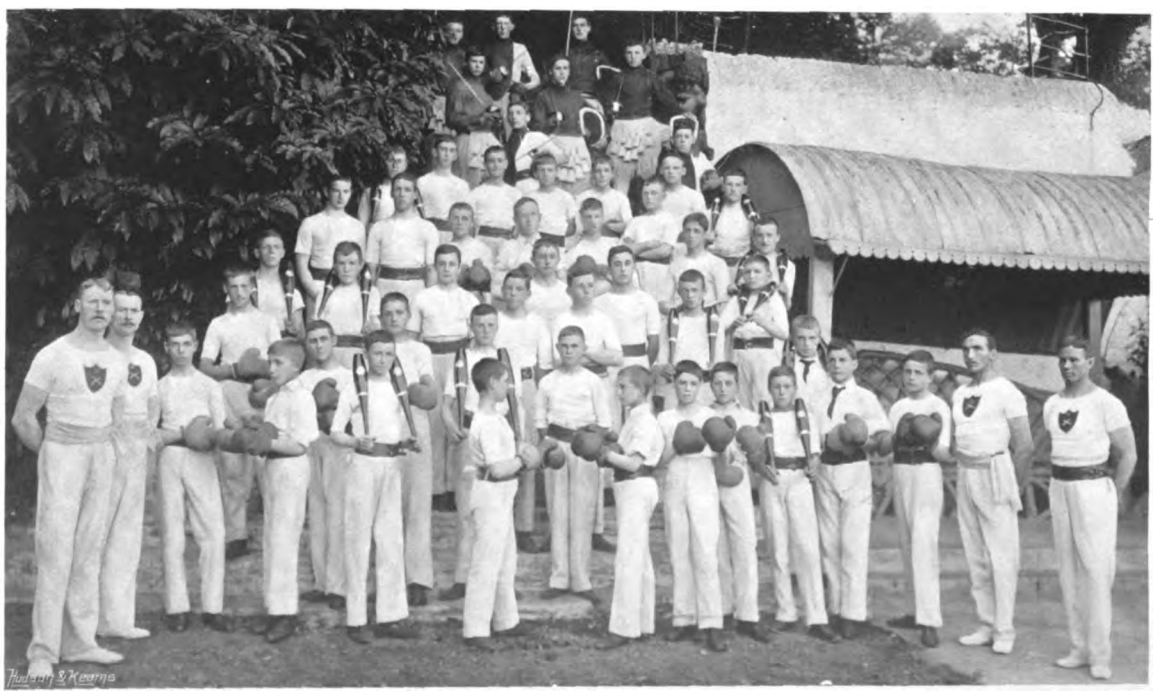


Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

A GROUP OF PRIZE-WINNERS.

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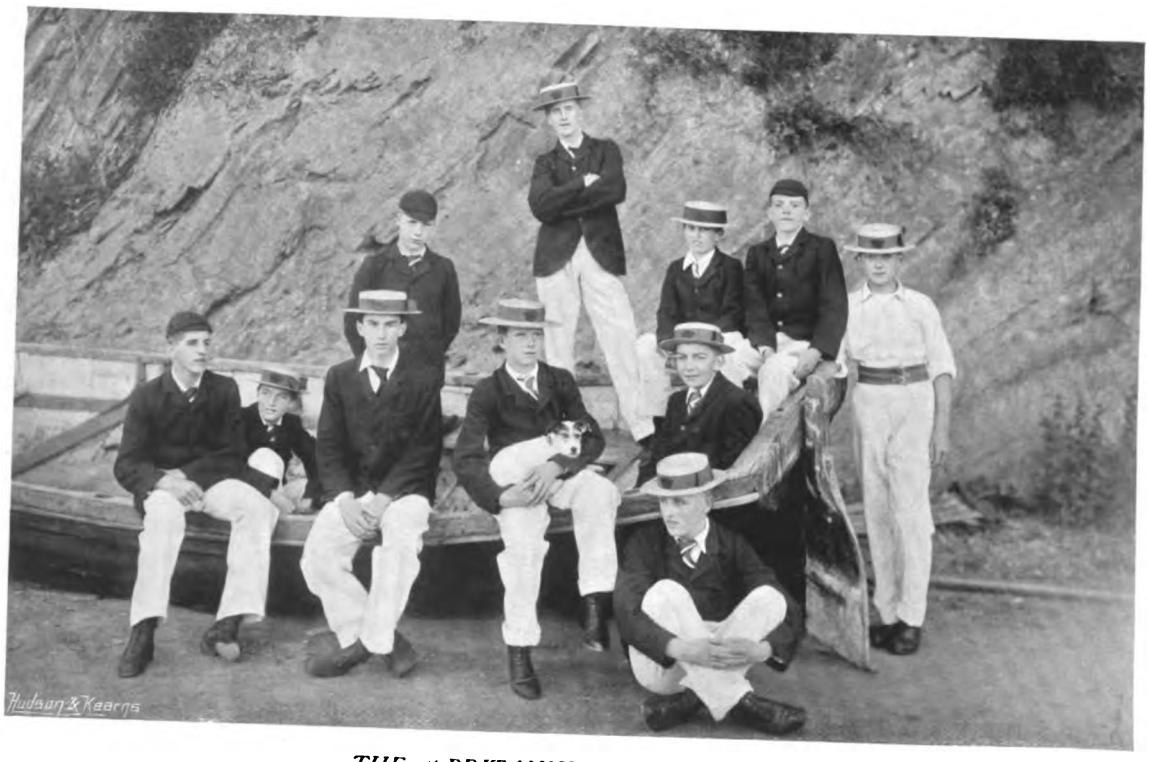
afternoon. There are several novel features about these sports, such as the "mop fight" and "cockade fight," which enable large bodies of the cadets to make mimic war without risk of serious injury to life or limb; there are also all the usual features of athletic sports and gymnastic displays.

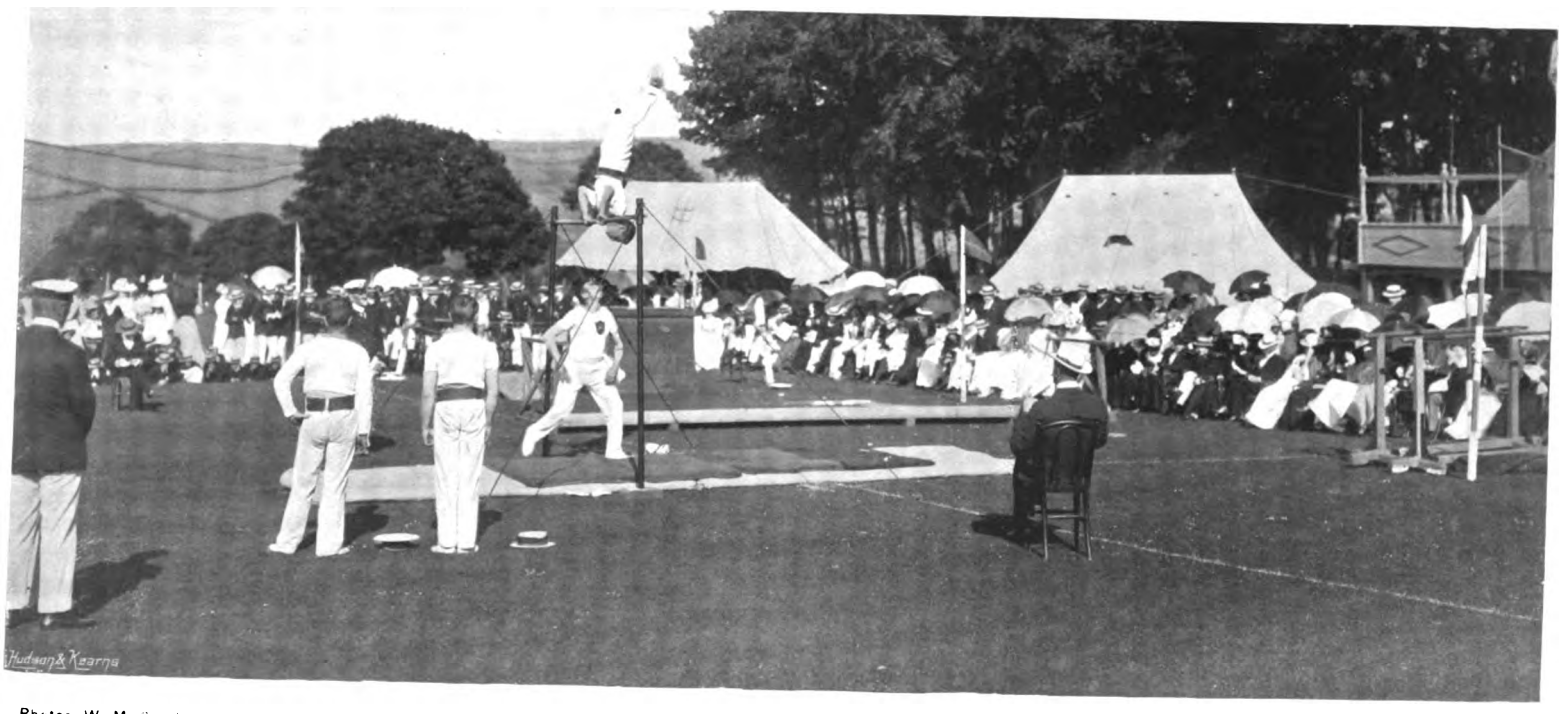
Boxing, as may be judged, is vigorously practised, and with due regard to skill; Indian club exercise is performed as a drill, and to music; whilst the annual assault-at-arms, as these sports are termed, justifies its name by the introduction of competitions with more martial weapons than the boxing glove. Mention should be made, too, of the care and attention bestowed upon exercises with the ordinary apparati of the gymnasium. One picture shows a cadet disporting himself in the horizontal bar competition. His performance is scrutinised by the referee (Major Raitt R.M.L.I.) and by the appointed judges, whilst his comrades and other spectators are shown in the background. Once a year prizes are given, as at public school sports, to the winners in the several competitions, these being bestowed by the wife of the captain, amid the cheers of all assembled on the field. The cadets ought to be good gymnasts, for they have skilled instructors, with an officer in charge who is usually a first-rate athlete himself.

As for cricket, the "Britannia" is well known in the West of England as the vanquisher of many a good eleven. The cadets come and go, but the love of the national game is handed down to new comers, whilst the officers of the ship, who preserve the continuity, usually contribute some creditable bats. The cadets have their own "professional" too, and two elevens, as shown in the illustrations. In winter other sports replace cricket, tennis, boating, and the like, but the gymnasium courses continue all the year through, so that every cadet, however bookishly inclined, finds himself converted into a fair athlete. And every Englishman will applaud a system of education conducted upon such lines as these.



THE "BRITANNIA'S" FIRST XI.

THE "BRITANNIA'S" SECOND XI.



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THE SPORTS—ON THE HORIZONTAL BAR.

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HOW ACCURATE SHOOTING IS MADE.

TO all who wish to appreciate the use of the instrument shown in the accompanying illustration, we can recommend nothing better than that they should take up a position on the Solent and try to estimate by eye the distances of the forts. Making a note of these estimates, recourse may be made to a good large-scale chart and the accurate distances measured. We shall be much surprised if the estimated distances are not very much in error, and if the observers do not find their estimates altering during the day according to the conditions of the atmosphere and the position of the sun. If the observers had been in a ship, their difficulties would have been enhanced by the motion of the ship. And any observer may well reflect on what would have happened if he had been in charge of a battery of guns. Everyone is familiar with the fact that guns, like rifles, have two "sights," the rear one adjustable and graduated for range or distance. As the range alters, the rear sight must be readjusted. If the distance of the target increases, this sight must be raised, and the effect in aiming is to elevate the muzzle of the gun, so that the shot travels further. Now if the distance is under-estimated the best aiming in the world will only the more certainly ensure the shot falling short, or *vice versâ*. It is therefore not only a matter of good aiming but also one of accurately estimating the distance and of controlling the guns so that the sights are readjusted as the range alters. It is stated that the Spaniards, after commencing to fire, never altered their sights, and this alone would account for bad shooting when aiming at a moving target. The difficulty of estimating the distance induced the Admiralty to offer a reward for the best instrument suited for use on board ship, and the accompanying illustration is of the one adopted by the committee. Regular instruction is given in the adjustment and use of the range-finder at Whale Island, and the illustration shows a gunner instructing a class of petty officers. This particular range-finder is one for use by a single observer, and its mechanism consists of an ingenious arrangement of mirrors and an application of geometrical principles. There are, however, many other kinds; one which may at least claim to have seen service is the one in use in the United States' Navy. It is an electrical device entailing two observers at least 50-yds. apart, and connected by telephones. Each observer keeps his telescope pointing on some agreed point on the target, and "electricity does the rest." One observer in the conning-tower—the protected position from which the ship's movements are controlled—merely reads off the range on an instrument called a galvanometer, and then telegraphs the information to the guns. It is stated by the inventor—Lieutenant Fiske, U.S.N.—that the average error is only 10-yds. in a thousand.

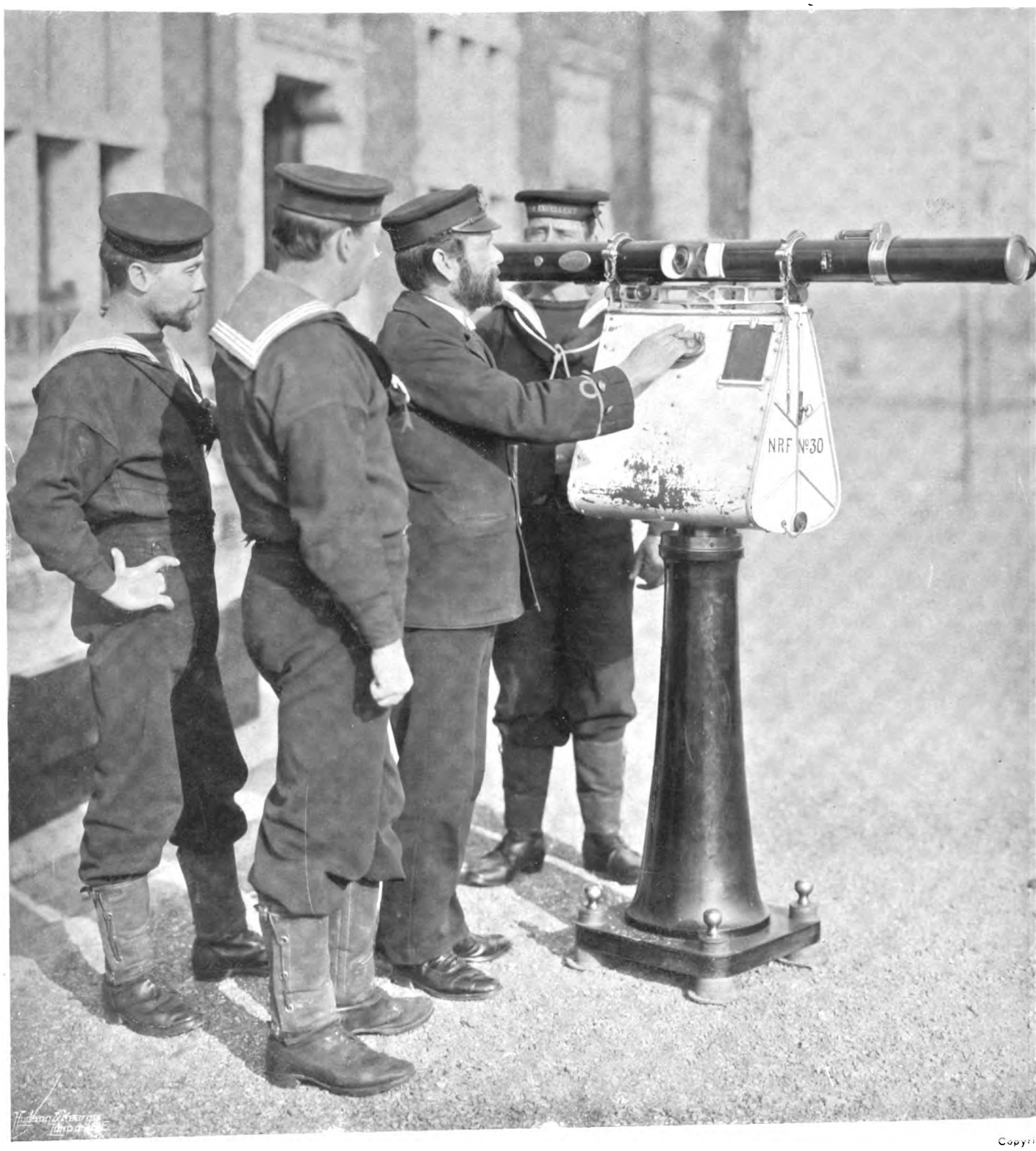

Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

INSTRUCTING SEAMEN IN THE USE OF THE RANGE-FINDER.

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AT THE BUTTS AT BISLEY.

THE National Rifle Association is a body of which the average peace-loving inhabitant of Great Britain knows but little. Despite this fact, it has done inestimable service by improving the shooting of all branches of Her Majesty's Service, thus, while preparing for war, indirectly preserving "peace in our borders." The "N.R.A.," as the Association is familiarly called by those who are closely in touch with its workings, traces an unbroken line of descent from the National Volunteer Association. The latter first saw the light in 1859. The first president was Mr. Sidney Herbert, and the Prince Consort was patron.

THE DUKE HAS A LOOK ROUND THE CAMP.

In those days, before modern weapons of precision had been brought to such a high state of perfection as they have reached of late years, no great difficulty was experienced in obtaining a place for the first meeting. Wimbledon was regarded as a suitable site, and there in 1860 the Queen fired the first shot with a Whitworth rifle. She further favoured the objects of the meeting by giving an annual prize of £250, which in 1860 was won by Captain Ross. It was at first intended that the Association should not restrict the annual meeting to any one place, but this was found impracticable, and for some thirty years the Association's prizes were competed for within a few miles of London—on Wimbledon Common.

The inhabitants then raised some complaints as to the danger to which they were exposed from stray bullets, and it was at length decided to hold the meeting "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." The selection of a suitable place was attended with great difficulty. Lord Wantage generously offered a site in Berkshire valued at £20,000, and other offers were made. Finally Bisley Common was chosen, where the ranges are so situated that there is little chance of injury to person or property resulting from the shooting, however wild. Here the National Rifle Association has held its annual meeting for nine years.

Doubtless Bisley has its disadvantages. It is much further from London than Wimbledon, and consequently is not so well patronised by spectators; but though from a financial point of view that is a disadvantage, it cannot be denied that the Bisley meeting is characterised by a more business-like aspect. The absence, too, of the picnic element which the Duke of Cambridge used to call the "raree show," and which was so

WINNERS OF THE BRINSMEAD TROPHY.

Photos. C. Knight. Copyright.

THE CHARTERHOUSE BOYS WIN THE ASHBURTON SHIELD.

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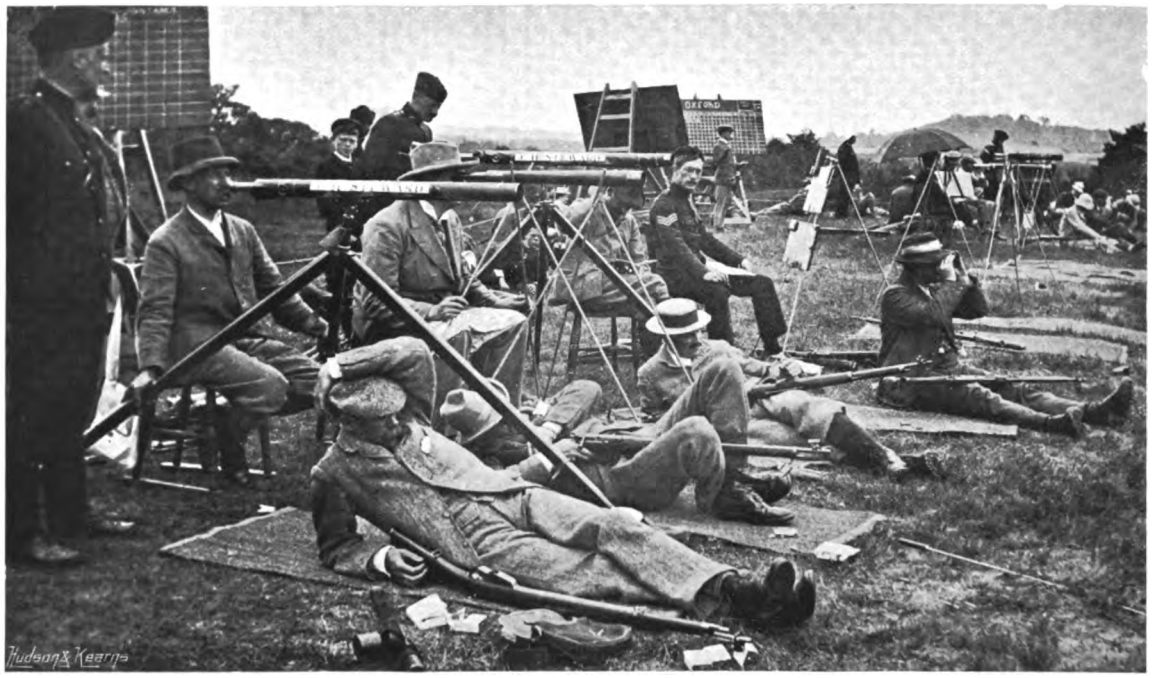
much in evidence at Wimbledon, is an advantage. If we are to judge, however, from the experience of the meeting just completed, it would appear that the water supply at Bisley is not an item upon which much reliance is to be placed.

Since the first year of the Bisley meeting the camping ground has year by year undergone additional improvement, until now there is a regular village composed of permanent buildings. Among these may be mentioned the offices of the secretary, post office, accountant, etc., all in one building; the pavilion, including a canteen, dining saloon, and mess for range officers; the pavilions of the National Rifle Association and the Army Rifle Association; the Canadian hut, a palatial building superbly furnished; and the headquarters of the Scottish Rifle Association. Various huts too have been erected by brigades and regiments; among them are those of the Inns of Court, the Surrey Brigade, and the Queen's Westminster.

Those mentioned do not comprise by any means a full list, but they are among the most handsome structures at Bisley. From Brookwood Station a light railway known as the National Rifle Association tramway has been constructed,



REGULARS v. VOLUNTEERS

MISS LEALE, GUERNSEY.

A STUDY IN POSITION.

and by it competitors and visitors are conveyed to the station in camp. While the meeting is being held, the permanent buildings are supplemented by tents, including marquees which are pitched by opticians, photographers, and other commercial firms interested in the proceedings. The competitors for the most part obtain their meals at the dining saloon in the pavilion, and sleep in tents or huts. The latter are hired from £4 4s. to £5 5s. furnished, and from £3 10s. to £4 10s. unfurnished.

The preparation of the targets and butts also demands attention before the commencement of the meeting, and is usually entrusted to a section of the Royal Marine Light Infantry encamped on the common. The affairs of the meeting are under the control of a council, of which Brigadier-General Sir Henry Fletcher is chairman, and a committee of able representatives.

The meeting occupies thirteen days, which include what is commonly known as "mid-Sunday." The first day this year was marked by the competition known as the "Evelyn Wood," open to teams of sixteen files from each company of battalions of regular infantry. The teams have first to march eleven miles in marching order, and then go through the "attack." This

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BLAIR LODGE TEAM SHOOTING FOR THE ASHBURTON SHIELD.

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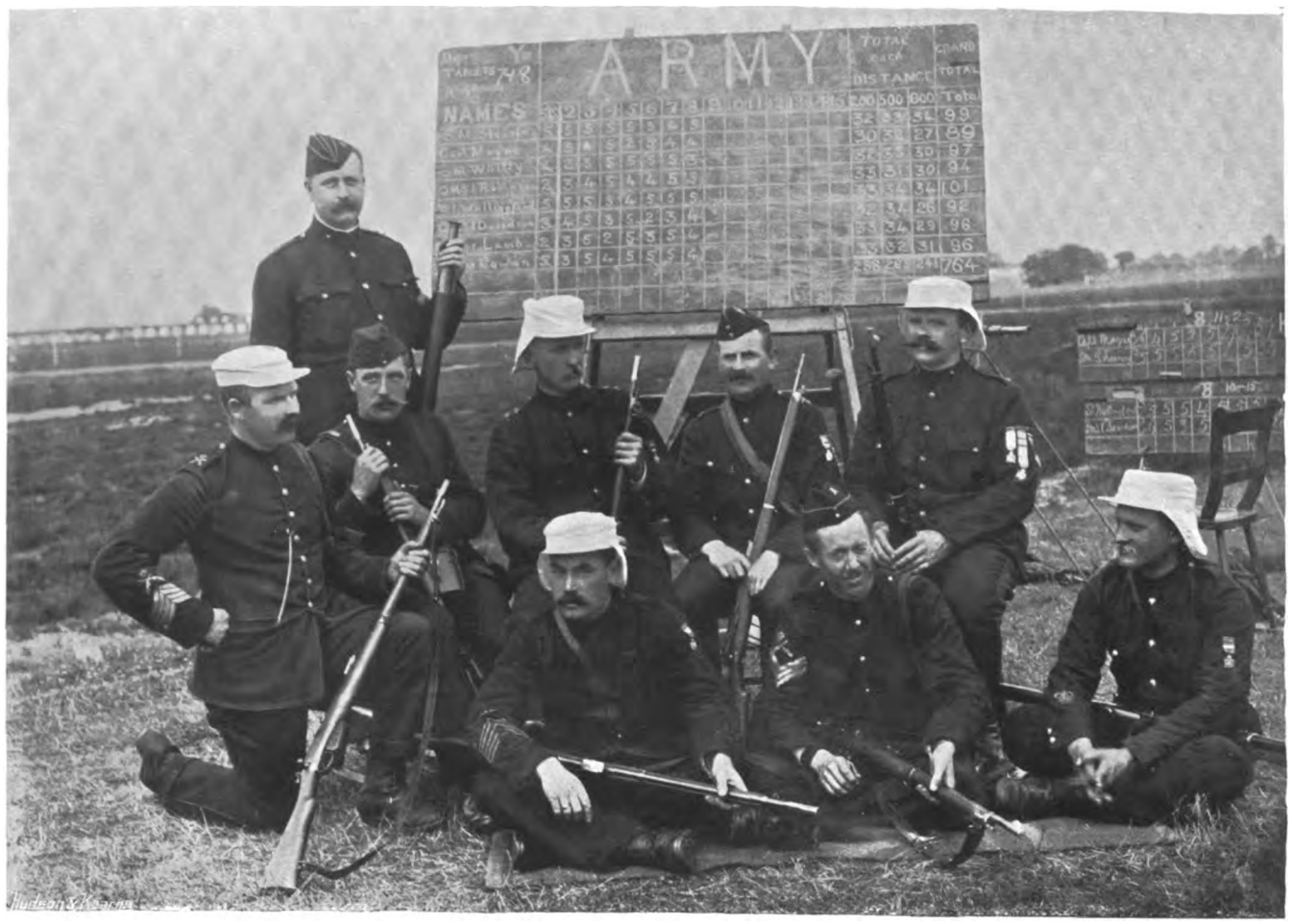
prize, value £50, was won by G Company 2nd Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment. The Brinsmead Challenge Shield is open to the various branches of the Service, and was won by a team from the "Excelient." The Ashburton Shield was won this year by Charterhouse. The match between volunteers and regulars resulted in an easy victory for the former. There are competitions in which ladies take part, and in these Miss Leale won distinction.



WINNERS OF THE UNITED SERVICE CUP.

The United Service Cup is open to all branches of Her Majesty's Service. This year it was won easily by the Army; but the Queen's Prize, perhaps the most popular of all competitions, must not be forgotten. The first prize is a gold medal and £250 in money, and was won by Lieutenant Yates.

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THE ANTE-ROOM IN THE CANADIAN HUT.

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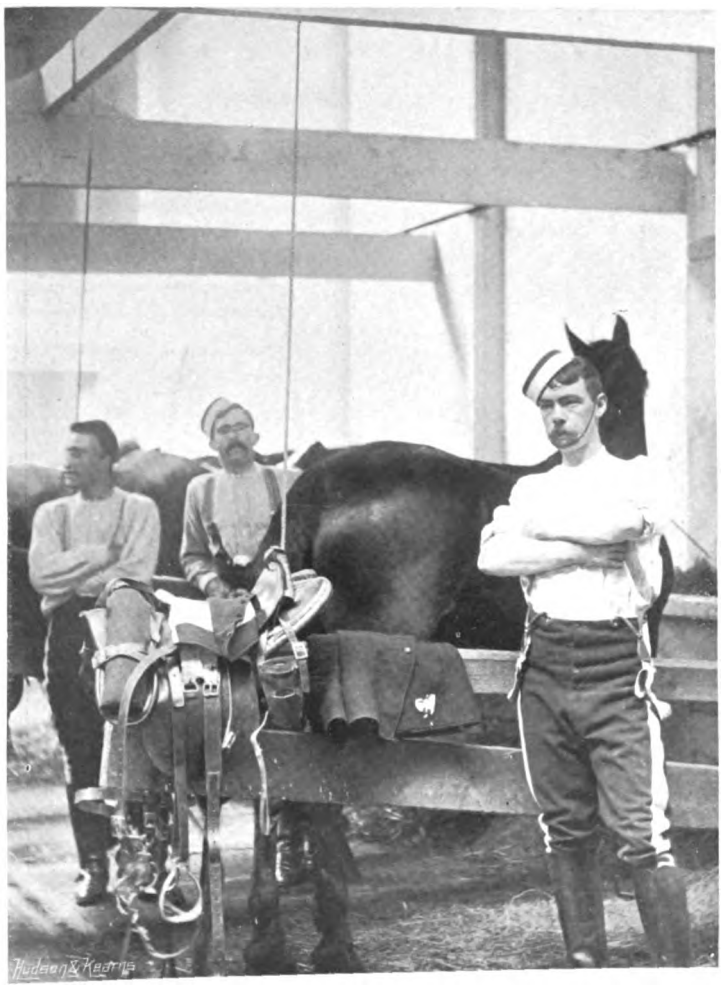
The Auxiliary Forces at the Crystal Palace.

THE interest which has been awakened by the Crystal Palace Tournament will probably lead to timely preparation for next year's meeting. There certainly has been every encouragement to persevere. An enormous amount of talent, some of it latent, of course, is available in the Yeomanry and Volunteer Services, and only requires organisation on the part of the committee.

Our present pictures may be regarded as representative. The trumpeter is the symbol of the order and punctuality which should reign in all military establishments. So much of the camp as appears in another picture calls to mind the educational process through which soldiers must pass, and the realities which they have to endure, before attaining their highest defensive value. The camp and stables, wisely left open to public inspection at certain hours, are not the smallest of the tournament's attractions. They give a vivid idea of practical soldiering to the friends and visitors who wish to look behind the scenes, and they demonstrate the methodical manner in which it is necessary that all military duty should be performed.

TENTS AT THE TOURNAMENT.

A further picture shows the typical yeoman, with his horse and accoutrements, a stalwart soldier fit for any service. This is not only a suitable souvenir of the tournament of 1898, but it directly and crushingly refutes the imbecile calumnies of those who decry the yeomanry force. It is naturally to be expected that the troopers have not all reached the same standard of excellence; both horsemen and horses would in many cases be improved by further schooling, but the large numbers of "highest possibles" in the mounted competitions prove the force, as a whole, to be the making of a splendid cavalry. A smart body of camp police was in evidence, but its duties were a sinecure. The conduct of all ranks was most exemplary.



A YEOMAN AND HIS CHARGE.

It would be difficult adequately to acknowledge the courteous hospitality of the manager and authorities of the Palace, or the unfailing tact and politeness of the commandant and his staff. It is hoped that their efforts will be crowned, as they certainly deserve to be, with the greatest success.

The great number of entries demonstrated the popularity of the tournament, and will encourage all concerned in its management to persevere and make it better in every succeeding year.

Photos. Negretti & Zambra. Copyright.

REVEILLE.

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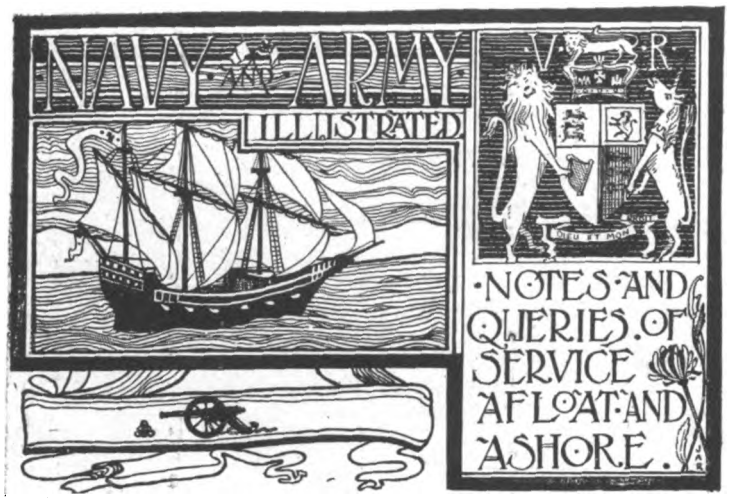

ADMIRAL FREDERICK ANSTRUTHER HERBERT entered the Royal Navy in August, 1841. He first saw war service in the Russian War, in which he took part as a lieutenant of the old "Nile" of ninety-one guns, now the Mercantile Marine officers' training-ship "Conway." The "Nile" was one of the ships of the Baltic fleet, first under Sir Charles Napier in 1855 and then under Admiral Dundas in 1856, and in her most notable piece of work in the two campaigns, the bombardment of Bomarsund, Admiral Herbert had his part. As a rear-admiral in the early eighties he held the very important office of Director of Naval Ordnance, the duties attaching to the post being peculiarly onerous and responsible at that time, as it was just then that the change from muzzle-loading to breech-loading ordnance for the Fleet was made. From 1883 to 1886 Admiral Herbert held the post of Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard, again during a peculiarly trying time, for it included the Russian War scare of 1885 and the bringing through of the Northbrook ship-building programme. He retired in 1887. *(See illustration on front page.)*

* * * *

QUARTERMASTERS and riding-masters are almost invariably chosen from non-commissioned or warrant officers, and not from the commissioned ranks. On appointment they are given the honorary rank of lieutenant, but do not hold combatant commissions. They are, of course, members of the officers' mess, but are attached to no company. On their completing ten, fifteen, and twenty years' service in these appointments, their commanding officer is required to report whether he recommends their continuance on active service. At the same time he applies for a grant of higher honorary rank should they have become entitled to it. Quartermasters and riding-masters become entitled to the honorary rank of captain after ten years' commissioned service. The former are entrusted with the supervision of the quarters in barracks and charged with the care and distribution of the regimental stores, such as cartridges, clothing, boots, etc. Their responsibility is, however, limited to the quantity and not to the quality of supplies.

* * * *

OUR ancestors used all kinds of unpleasant devices in the old days wherewith to help defeat our foes at sea, such as "stinkpots," "fire-arrows," "fire-pikes," and the "powder-flask"—a flask filled with gunpowder and fired with a fuse. No wonder that our opponents, with such difficulties to contend with, had resort to "Dutch courage," which is thus defined by Sir William Monson:—"Instead of cables, planks, and other devices to preserve their men, the Hollanders, wanting natural valour of themselves, used to line their company in the head by giving them gunpowder to drink, and other kind of liquor, to make them sooner drunk; which, besides, it is a barbarous and un-Christian-like act, when they are in danger of death, to make them ready for the devil; it often proves more perilous than prosperous to them, by firing their own ships or making a confusedness in the fight, their wits being taken from them"—a reflection which it must be admitted has at least the merit of extreme probability.

* * * *

"K. B." wishes to know what is meant by "Exon" of the Yeomen of the Guard. "Exon" was formerly spelt "Exempt," and is a French word signifying an officer of the Life Guard freed from duty; or an officer who commanded in the absence of the captain, and who usually had charge of the night watch. There are now four exons attached to the Yeomen of the Guard, who take it in turn to command the yeomen at the headquarters, St. James's Palace, each exon being a resident at the Palace during his term of duty. The exons are styled corporals in their commissions. The word corporal originally meant head or chief, that is, captain. In the seventeenth century the officer who performed the duties of the officer who is now termed a brigade-major was styled corporal of the field; and in 1660 the King's troop of Life Guards had among its officers, none of whom held a lower rank than colonel, four corporals. The uniform of the exons is similar to that worn by the other officers, a sort of general's uniform with epaulettes; the captain wears gold aiguillettes from the right shoulder.

* * * *

"IN a night attack by torpedo-boat, which has the best chance, the ship or the boat?" This question is propounded me by a correspondent. To fully answer him in the short space at my disposal were obviously impossible; nevertheless, here are a few points for his consideration. The ship's safety lies in the difficulty of discovering her exact whereabouts—no lights of course being displayed; but once her position has been fixed by the torpedo-boat, her case is indeed a dangerous one. The torpedo-boat, on the other hand, having previously prepared her deadly missile for discharge, rushes full speed past her adversary, fires her torpedo, and, even if she be discovered, is, owing to her phenomenal speed, almost instantly out of range. Two minutes is the "manœuvre" period allowed for her being under fire; but in practice I should say it would be less than half that time.

SUMPTUARY laws are never popular, nor is the task of enforcing them either easy or pleasant. During one of the periodical outbursts of concern for the officer's pocket a general officer in the South of Ireland had to inspect a famous regiment—a great favourite with the Iron Duke, under whom it had served in a dozen campaigns. As the general rode down the line his eye was caught by a particularly handsome staff that the drum-major carried, and, scenting extravagance in the band fund, he turned to the colonel and asked, "Are you disregarding the orders about keeping down expenses? A staff like that must have cost a small fortune." The colonel called up the drum-major and handed the staff to the general, at the same time calling his attention to a small plate let into it. Then the general read that it was captured from a French Regiment of the Line at Fuentes d'Onoro. It had only been done up.

* * * *

AS a seaman does all washing, mending, and making of his clothes, one of the busiest evenings on board a man-of-war is "scrub hammocks and wash clothes" night. Jack is supplied with two canvas hammocks, one of which he "slings," that is, makes it ready for use, and continues to use it for a week or longer; the other he scrubs early in the week, and it is kept by the sailmaker until clean hammocks are served out to be "slung." When the men have been "piped to supper," and the order has been given to "scrub and wash clothes," the necessary fresh water is served out after supper in large tubs, and the upper deck resembles a snipe marsh until about 7 p.m., when the clothes have all to be hung up on specially prepared lines, where they are left until dry. For securing the clothes to these lines the rules are very strict to enforce uniformity and safety of the clothes and a nice and tidy appearance from the outside of the ship; thus certain lines are for blue clothes only, others for hammocks. The clothes and hammocks have to be secured close together, and one line filled up before another is commenced.

* * * *

THE regulations strictly forbid discussion among any class of military men with the object of conveying either praise or censure on their superiors. Notwithstanding this rule, officers *do* receive flattering addresses from those serving under them. Presentations of plate, etc., are frequently made to members of commissioned and non-commissioned ranks alike on the occasion of their leaving their regiment or command. On this point the regulations are emphatic. It is distinctly laid down that commanding officers are to prohibit the practice of raising subscriptions for the purpose of presenting testimonials in *any* shape to superiors on quitting the Service or on being removed from their corps. Officers too are warned that they will be held responsible should they allow themselves to be complimented by officers, non-commissioned officers, or soldiers serving under their commands, by means of presents of plate, swords, etc. The regulations, however, continue to be broken, although the reason of their existence is obvious. If the right to praise were countenanced, the bestowing of censure would also become common—aiming at the very root of discipline.

* * * *

"J. C. M." asks an interesting historical question as to the flags under which some of our great victories were won in the past, in the days of the old squadron sub-divisions of the Red, White, and Blue. Did all our ships in the fleets, he asks, wear ensigns of the colour of the flag of the commander-in-chief, or, squadron by squadron, that of the particular flag-officer commanding each squadron? In early days, from the first institution of squadrons with distinctive flags, from the Rochelle Expedition of 1627, down to Rodney's time as it would seem, it was usual for each squadron in a fleet to fly the flag of its own squadron leader, without regard to the flag of the commander-in-chief. Thus in the famous battle off Dominica, on April 12, 1782, Rodney, Admiral of the White and Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom, flew his White flag at the main of the "Formidable," and the ships of the centre squadron with him flew the white ensign, the van and rear squadrons, under Hood and Drake, both rear-admirals, flying at the same time the respective colours of their leaders, the Red and the Blue. Between Rodney's battle and our next great sea fight, Lord Howe's victory of the Glorious First of June, another practice seems to have come in, and henceforward all the ships in a fleet apparently wore only one colour in action, regardless of the flags of the squadron leaders.

* * * *

ON the Glorious First of June, for instance, all the ships of the British fleet, without distinction of squadron, flew the red ensign, though the various admirals present in the battle wore red, white, and blue flags, on a special tactical plan. Here is a note of the flags with the ships: 100, "Queen Charlotte," Admiral Lord Howe, Commander-in-Chief, Union at the Main; 100, "Royal Sovereign," Vice-Admiral (Red) Thomas Graves, White at the Main; 100, "Royal George," Vice-Admiral (Red) Sir Alexander Hood, Blue at the Main; 98, "Barfleur," Rear-Admiral (White) George Bowyer, Red at the Fore; 98, "Impregnable," Rear-Admiral (White) Benjamin Caldwell, White at the Fore; 98, "Queen," Rear-Admiral (White) Alan Gardner, Blue at the Fore.

* * * *

THE nucleus of the regiment now known as the 1st Royal Dragoons was a troop of cavalry, raised in October, 1661, for service at Tangier by Henry, second Earl of Peterborough. On the return of this and other subsequently-formed troops of "Tangier Horse," they were ordered to be regimented with a troop of dragoons raised at St. Albans by Colonel John Churchill (afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough), and with another raised at Hertford by Viscount Cornbury, son of the Earl of Clarendon. This regiment was formed in November, 1683, as the "King's Own Royal Regiment of Dragoons"; the words "King's Own" were soon discontinued, and the regiment styled the "Royal Regiment of Dragoons." (A corps bearing this title had been raised in 1672, but was disbanded in the same year after the Peace of Nimeguen.) The colonelcy was given to Colonel Churchill, now raised to the peerage as Baron Churchill of Eyemouth, and the lieutenant-colonelcy to Lord Cornbury, afterwards third Earl of Clarendon. The regiment is now stationed at Hounslow and Hampton Court, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Burn-Murdoch, who so greatly distinguished himself in command of the Egyptian cavalry in the Dongola Expedition of 1896.

THE EDITOR.

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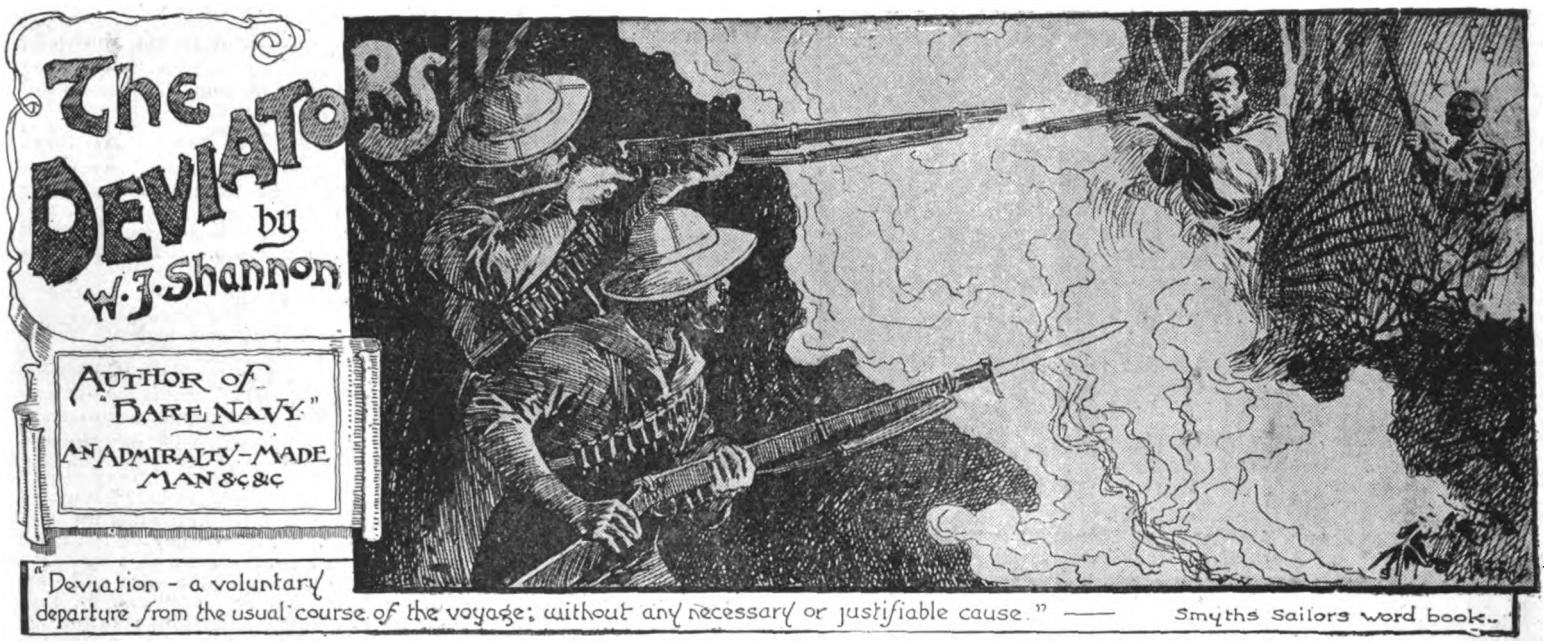
The Deviators
by
W. J. Shannon
Author of "Bare Navy."
An Admiralty-Made Man &c &c
"Deviation - a voluntary departure from the usual course of the voyage; without any necessary or justifiable cause." —— Smyths Sailors word book.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Two bluejackets, after having been separated from a landing party for some days, rejoin. By stress of circumstances they have left a box (of treasure, as they think) in the cave of a trader named Angel, together with their first lieutenant, whom they have rescued. The party marches towards the cave, and near it is ambushed. The two seamen, suspecting Angel, seize an opportunity to rush to the cave for their box during the fight. It is not there, neither is the first lieutenant. They are terribly disappointed, but join in the fight again philosophically and wholeheartedly, and guide the whole party to the cave.

CHAPTER XIV. *(continued.)*

"DIDN'T Charlie want you to give more proofs than that?" said Smith.

"Oh, he talked up and down and round about that trumpet, and cross-questioned me so as to shake my evidence; but I told him Number One could certainly certify to the trumpet, and at last he seemed to be satisfied."

"And what ship was this where you heard him play?"

"The—I never heard him aboard ship. I disremember the exact spot on land, but I should surmise it was somewhere in the Salvation Army."

"But I thought you said he was a very wild chap."

"So I did. But what then? I reckon he was what they call strong in the arm at that time. I can see him now, Smith, smashin' away at the big drum wid one hand and blowin' away on that bugle wid the other, and swearin' he was that strong he could rip the blessed earth up for the glory of——"

"You must be thinking of another man, Jim. I know Angel Raphael very well."

Twelves looked at Smith. "*Very* well?" he asked.

"Very well," said Smith.

"Then you must know he's capable of what I've bin tellin' ye."

"I do know. But I don't know why you've told me anything at all about him."

"I really was very near puttin' him away when you ast me what ship he was on. You found them anecdotes about him interestin', didn't ye? I should be sorry to have wasted 'em."

"They were very fair for extempore ones, Jim. But why have you worked in Angel at all?"

"Why, because he's bolted, and I've got enough court-martials hangin' over my head widout a special enquiry about him. It looks as if he led us into this ambush."

"Oh, I don't know——"

"Malachi Eaves'll swear to it. He always hated him."

"He took his share of the fighting with us, I can assure you, Jim. He was as much surprised as we were."

"Ah! but he can keep a straight face. We found some money in that cave——"

"You did! You didn't tell us that before. You haven't told us half of your adventures yet, Jim. You're keeping the best till last, I can see. How much?"

"I dunno. He's got it."

"But it's his cave, isn't it?"

"Part. But not the part where the money belonged. It was treasure. In a box. Like in the books, we found it."

"What sort of money?"

"Dunno. Hadn't time to look. We was much too busy. But it's gone now."

"Spade guineas, should you think? Tell about it, so that we can make theories."

So Twelves told. Smith laughed. "Then you don't know that there was anything of value in the box at all?"

"Goin' by precedents, yes, Smith. Corpses don't hug tin boxes for nothink. Besides, I reckon I heard it rattle."

"Did the corpse do it? If so, it was dice."

"Well, it's gone now, and so's Angel, and Miss Angel, and Number One. And it's all very well for you to laugh; but how I'm to look the cap'n in the face, and tell him I've carelessly bin and gone and lost another hard-workin' officer, I don't know."

"I shouldn't take too much responsibility on me if I were you, Jim."

"No, on'y the cap'n will look so reproachful at me."

"But you're bringing back Charlie."

"Fainted. There's nothink commendable in that. It's bin a most disappointin' holiday, and I shall refuse to take on special service any more unless the officers can be surrounded by fixed bayonets, so's the natives sha'n't steal 'em. How *did* you come to lose Number One?"

"In the night. The bugle sounded 'Cease firing' by his orders, and that's the last anyone knew of him."

"Very careless, Smith, very careless."

"It looks like Angel at it again, doesn't it?" said Smith, slyly.

"So Malachi would say," Twelves said, gloomily. "If Angel was well known to be a thousand miles away, Mal would still connect him wid it, by the bugle. But his instinks turns out to be right. I bin stickin' up for Angel all the whole time, and now I've got to give in. He's a bad hat."

"But you don't know anything bad about him yet, any more than that fresh master-at-arms. 'Come now,' said he to Angel once, 'that's enough of that. I've heard of you.' 'Come to that, I've heard of you,' said Angel. 'Oh! you've heard of me?' said the johndy; 'and what have you heard of me?' 'That you're very liable to get wrong impressions when you hear of me.' So he went in for insolence."

"But I'm not goin' by hearsay," said Twelves. "You're like everyone else. You git hold of these cuffs, and spin 'em to me like sermons widout regard to the point. The point in this case is that I refused to go by what I heard, which was all from Malachi, and waited to know for certain. He's gone, she's gone, the treasure's gone, and that's what I call a certainty. Smithie, we'd have treated the whole lower deck to English beer at night, follered in the early mornin' by brandy cocktails to lay the malaria. But now——well, I s'pose we're allowed to dream. I shall dream."

"You told me you derived no comfort from imagining things, Jim."

"Ah! last night, chum. Last night I was ready to deny anythink. But to-night—— You wouldn't care for me to be always the same, would ye?"

"Not at all, Jim."

"No, you best not, because I won't be," said Twelves, and then, raising his voice, he hailed Eaves, who appeared at the mouth of the cave.

"Have they seen us from the ship?" asked Smith, when they got up.

"Yes. The boats was lowered and pullin' ashore afore I left t'other side."

"Then we'd better hurry up," said Smith.

"You can't git all them wounded through the cave," said Eaves.

"Then we'll find a way round. Twelves, take three or four men and skirmish around for a route."

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"Three or four men what can still move a leg tell yourselfs off to foller me," said Twelves.

Smith saw that sufficient men started, and allowed the remainder of his force to sit and rest until a messenger came back from Twelves to say that a passage could be made amidst the boulders and cliffs to the other side of the hill.

When Smith got round there, he found that Twelves and his men had opened two cases of provisions, and had them ready to serve out to the bluejackets, most of whom had no food whatever left. Twelves was dressed in his proper landing rig, and his spade was by his side.

"Where'd you get these provisions?" Smith asked.

"Don't speak in that severe tone, chum, else you'll give the brigade the impression that I've bin hidin' 'em under that honest Arab shirt of mine. Reckonisin' that this force would encamp here on Friday evenin' at this time, me and Malachi took these two cases from the enemy a Sunday night, and laid 'em near here ready."

"You were very thoughtful."

"Yes, I know. I think we judged the quantity very well. It'll go round, won't it?"

"Six upon four," said Smith. (Two-thirds rations.)

"Excludin' the wounded?"

"No. They're all going to eat."

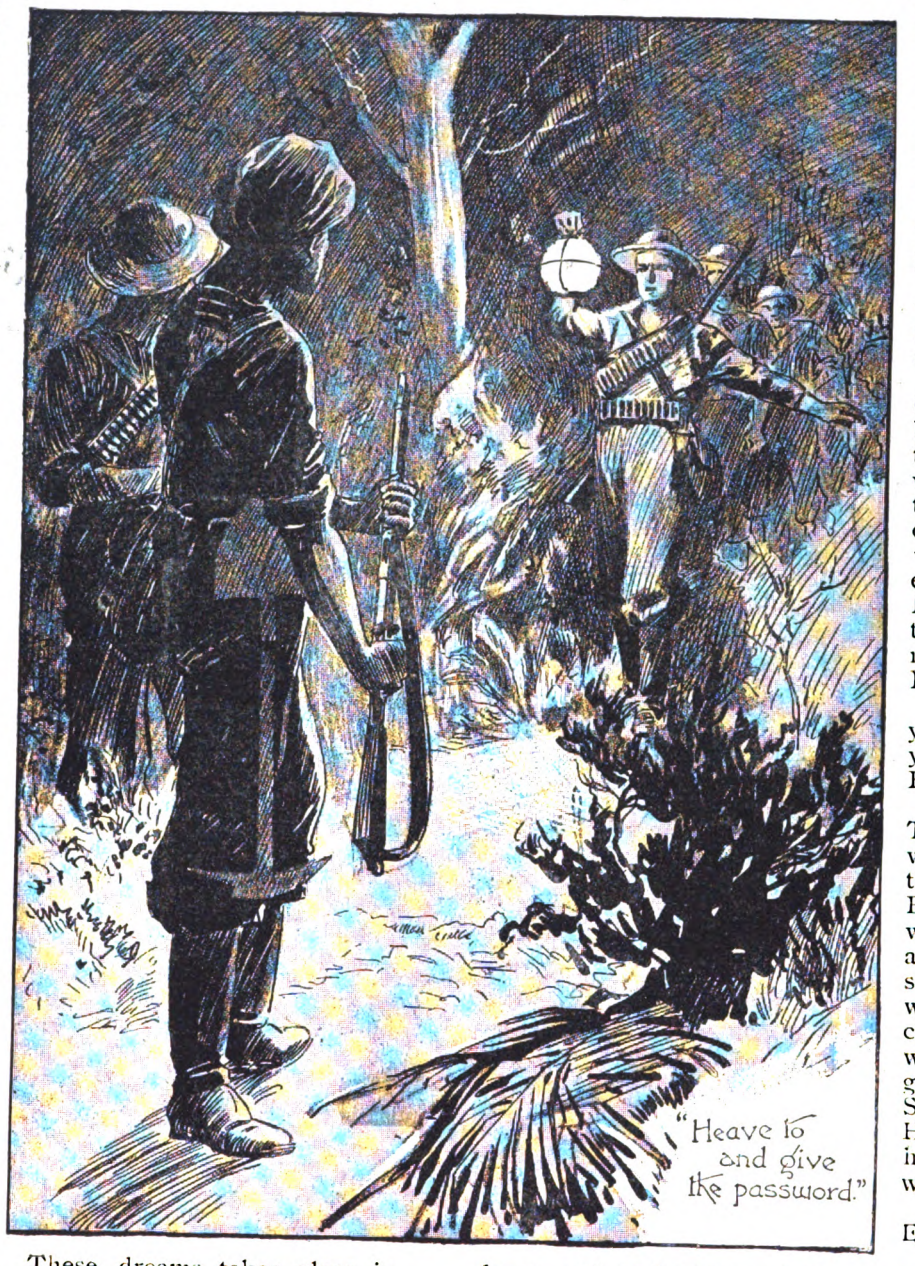
"Excep' Charlie. It's about time he came to. While the Army is stuffin'—I mean the Navy—let's take Charlie over here. I'm goin' to experiment."

The sub-lieutenant was gently carried to the spot where he had lain on the night he was rescued. Eaves and Twelves sat chafing him as they did then, because Twelves argued that doctors send patients back to their native places to get well, and although this wasn't the officer's native place, it was better than nothing. He had recovered his senses there before, and therefore the air agreed with him. And, to Smith's astonishment, the treatment succeeded.

The sub-lieutenant looked at Twelves and said, "I dreamt I was in a skirmish, Twelves."

"So you was, sir."

"Ah! but I dreamt I was in charge. I know quite well I was in *one*. You reminded me when I woke a little while ago. Since then I've dreamt I had a week's marching and fighting, and was in the midst of another fight, where I was in charge."


"Heave to and give the password."

"It's all correct, sir. These dreams takes place in moments. I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls and picked up wid a box of treasure. But I never."

"Why, you told me about that, in *my* dream."

"Did I, sir? Oh, yes, I met you in mine. I should surmise this would be a' interestin' case for them skientific blokes what collects facts like this. But o' course we're very near that country where Joseph done all that dreamin', and Pharaoh. There's a Pharaoh sells milk in Pompey, sir. Now, if my name was Pharaoh——"

"Stop—stop, Twelves!"

"I was jist goin' to, sir, when you interrupted me," said Twelves, in a somewhat aggrieved tone. "I know talkin' aint good for a weak intellect, but considerin' it was last Sunday you was bashed, and to-day's Friday, I thought you could bear it."

"Then I haven't been dreaming?"

"You bin faintin', sir, which is all the same in a fight. But Smith attended to it, sir. Smith looked after the evolutions."

"Where is he?"

"Here, sir," said Smith.

"What have I done, or what's been done to me, Smith? Another tap on the head?"

"I think not, sir. But the sick-bay steward had no time to examine you before he was dropped too."

"A fortunate coincidence, sir," said Twelves. "He was jist considerin' what he'd cut off."

"Go away, Twelves. Smith, tell me shortly what has happened."

* * * * * * *

"Look at James in his noo soot," shouted Bowser, as Twelves strolled back. "You can't disguise from us that you're a' Arab, y' know, Jim. You can on'y speak broken English, can't ye, after practisin' up Swyhili so long?"

"You eat the food put before ye, and don't pass remarks on the giver. Charlie has sent me to say that he's slowly recoverin', and he's sorry he fainted. But he don't make any attempts to give me my shako. I can't very well go about wid a Wallace spade and a turban. They don't mix. Has any man got a spare helmet? The best of it is now Charlie's bein' carried along he can't wear my helmet, excep' on his chest, so it's mere selfishness on his part to stick to it. I see my chum Eaves is rigged out in his, which I carefully preserved for him."

A pile of three helmets was by this time collected for Twelves by the stretcher party.

"If I was a Life Guardsman I'd wear 'em, because I should be accustomed to wear heavy weights, but unless these three can be made into one, I won't. I'll take the whitest. Havin' to explain my presence when I git aboard, I must show the cap'n that I've kept myself tidy. But I wish I could shave."

"Well, you've got your Wallace spade what you're so proud of," said Eaves.

"So I have," said Twelves, feeling its edge with his thumb. "But there's no lookin'-glass. Besides, I understand we're to march off in a very short time, as soon as Smith's finished worryin' Charlie. As if he could help droppin' off when he did. 'Twelves, go away,' says he when Smith started on him. He didn't want me to hear. No more I didn't want to hear."

"Hear what?" said Eaves.

"Smith dressin' him down, and givin' him points on war. Rule number one, if anyone is knocked senseless, and then recovers sufficiently to understand a bisness transaction, he aint to faint off at the sound of firin' and think Smith is goin' to excuse him."

"What's this about me?" said Smith, coming up.

"'Smith is goin' to excuse everyone,' I said."

"What for?"

"'What from?' you oughta say. What are you goin' to excuse us from, Smithie?"

"I'm going to let you off standing sentry to-night, Jim, and I think we'll excuse this whole party from sitting here any longer."

"Charlie all right now? Would he care for any biscuit?" said Twelves.

"I shouldn't think so."

"A week ago he could have had champagne at my expense. Would he like a warm bath? That's still to be had. That and the skeleton is the on'y things left. Mal *said* he didn't reckon money-boxes would wait."

"'Je find money-boxes in that there cave?" asked Bowser.

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"Not boxes, Bill, but a box, so long, so high, so deep—full."

"Of imagination," said Smith. "You can tell Bowser all about it when we're under way. You'd better lead, as you know the country. Fall in, there! Do you know your way in the dark, Jim?"

"That's the on'y time I do know it," said Twelves. "Three mortal times in one night did me and Mal do it. We know all the bearin's so long as the moon don't rise."

"Well, I hope it won't. Lead off."

* * * * * * *

"Imagination don't clink," said Twelves to Bowser, as they pressed on in single file for the last stage of the journey.

"Don't it?" said Bowser, who had not noticed Smith's observation. "What do it do, then?"

"I heard the stuff in that box clink, Bill."

"In that money-box? Sound like coppers, did it?"

"Coppers!"

"Well, kids usually don't have quids, not even here in Africa, do they?"

"Kids!"

"Wha's a matter, then? What have *I* done?"

"This box was a grown-up man's. A skeleton had it. And when I chucked it at Malachi Eaves I heard somethink tinkle."

"And what was it?"

"I dunno."

"Wha'd it sound like?"

"Di'monds, or rubies, rather. There was a sort of red sound about it."

"And you never had the savvy to look in?"

"We was jist goin' to, Bill, when we was called away on important bisness."

"I wouldna gone. I consider you've 'frauded the lower deck outa drinks, and I reckon you've got to lush me up out of your own compo after makin' my mouth water like this. Wha'dje want to interdooce the subject at all for, Jim, if you wasn't goin' to lead on to somethink substantial?"

"I never. It was you, insistin' on money-boxes. Hello! I observe a lantern."

"That must be our party from the boats come to meet us. They signalised they was goin' to."

"'Pimpernels,' ahoy!" shouted Twelves.

"Ahoy!" came back from a distance of about twenty yards.

"Very near a collision, Bill," said Twelves. "Good job they had bow-lights." Then, raising his voice, Twelves shouted, "Reverse engines—no, what am I talkin' about? Give the password."

"We don't want to go by," a voice called from the darkness.

"That don't matter; you've got to lush us up to a password. Come on, what is it?"

"Come to that, Jim Twelves," said a voice behind the light, "you produce one yourself."

"We're the strongest party, and when the big battalions comes for'ard wid a suggestion, it can't be put off wid another. Heave to and give us the password, or I'll sink ye."

"We wasn't provided with a word, Jim."

"Then someone oughta be disrated."

"What's all this about?" said Smith, coming up.

"I'm tryin' to git out o' this lantern party what ship they belong to, and they insist on beatin' about and conversin' on other things. So I ast for a password, which they can't give."

The officer in command of the other party now came to the front, and, the fresh men relieving the others with the wounded, the bluejackets moved onwards again.

Jim marched at their head with the guide, who was none other than Wadi, Angel's man, and learned things which cheered him a little.

CHAPTER XV.

The Contents of the Box.

Twelves sought out Eaves as the force embarked, and told him that the first lieutenant was aboard, and Miss Angel too.

"But not Angel hisself, nor the box, I s'pose?" said Eaves, not at all excited.

"Not Angel. Don't know about the box. Wadi might, but I dursn't go straight at it. He told me all about how they got on in the cave, though."

"Why, he said he couldn't speak English."

"Can't I speak Swyhili?"

"Oh, yes. Six words."

"Him and me understood each other quite well, and he tells me Number One is converted agin."

"I don't care. The on'y thing I want to know is, where's that there box, and you can't tell me that."

"More I can. But if you interest yourself in other information, then you won't be so heartrended over the box."

"What's he converted to?" said Eaves, resignedly, and without showing the slightest interest. "Somethink worse?"

"Can't be," said Twelves. "Tracts is religion in its worst form, and he had it like that. No, he's got back to his old self agin, because she won't have him."

"Who's she?"

"Malachi, there's on'y one—Miss Angel. Wadi says Number One soon started to mend hisself in the cave, and on the fust day he looked at her as if he was tryin' to remember. And on the second day he did remember, and called her by her name. And she remembered, too. Then he talked, and Wadi understood——"

"You mean you understood Wadi."

"I don't. He understood they was once, long ago, very near spliced, but Nutty was sich a rough chara'ter that she guv him up and went for a missionary. So now the lootenant reckoned, because he was good as well as her, that they was a proper match, and had on'y to speak the word and she'd have him. So he told her how religious he was, and how he never let off any strong langwidge excep' it was unbeknownst, and how he was properly weary wid well-doin' and deliverin' tracts to men like Twelves."

"He never said that," said Eaves.

"That's what me and Wadi made out he said. O' course if you was there and know better, I give in. But he said he was tryin' to interdooce the blessin's of court-martials to you because you was a lost soul and had best be turned out of the Service."

"You wasn't there," retorted Eaves.

"In spirit, Mal. Wadi made it all come before my eyes, and it made 'em water when I learnt how she wouldn't have him, however religious he was. Chiefly, she said, because she herself wasn't religious. That knocked him over for half-an-hour, because that sounded like a proper bender, and he wasn't prepared. It seemed that whatever course he laid down for himself she sailed another, which, my young friend, is why she and all like her is called the contrairy sect."

"What did he do then?" Eaves asked, with more interest than before.

"The on'y possible thing—changed his tattics. He said, wid a solemn oath, that he wouldn't be holy any more if she preferred not, but he'd be as bad as he ever was. And he finished off wid an ord'n'y every-day swear. But she wouldn't give in to him at all, and said that she would rather not hear them kind of words. So then his head ached because he'd beat up agin his conscience and done all he could for her, and still she wasn't pleased. Then complications set in, and Wadi was sent to the ship, and he was brought down yes'd'y. And I've no doubt the box was brought too."

"But if he's changed his religion he won't care to lay on it any longer," said Eaves.

"No, I never thought o' that," said Twelves. "That looks serious. But we'll make enquiries. He may have gone back."

"If he have, he'll call for a hookpot to lay on," said Eaves, despairingly. "He'll cert'n'y not insist on the box."

* * * * * * *

It was nearly midnight when the boats reached the ship. Some of the unwounded men were so tired that they had to be hoisted aboard by whips, like the wounded. As the seamen were turning in, however, a message was brought from the captain granting them half-an-hour's extra lying in the morning in consideration of their great exertions. As the next day was Saturday, that meant they were to turn out at 5.15. "And Smith promised me a night in," said Twelves, laying himself down on the booms. Eaves was too far gone to answer.

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At 5.15 the next morning the two were awakened by the boatswain's mate calling the hands, and were soon scrubbing decks in the most sober and Saturday manner. The ship smelt good, and the sea-breeze, and the breakfast cocoa. The anchor had been weighed, and the course set for Zanzibar.

"And I'm not at all sure," said Twelves, "that the Navy aint better'n I thought."

"I always wanted to come back," said Eaves, "but you wouldn't let me."

"I wanted to come as much as you, Mal, but honour wouldn't let *me*."

"Honour didn't call you away from the treasure. That was carelessness."

"Some day, Mal, we'll go and git the armour, and sell that."

"That won't compensate."

"Then there was that derelict canoe what we captured and what Angel abandoned."

"I reckon that's snavelled by this time. Besides, it wouldn't fetch more'n about two annas. And what's two annas when anyone's bin teetotal for a week and beer is the price it is?"

(To be continued.)

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PREPARING FOR THE END.

THE attention of most of our readers is no doubt turned from the Spanish-American War to the events about to take place on the Nile. These are in themselves of more vital interest to the average British subject than the reduction of Cuba or the defeat of Spain. Already two divisions are mobilising with a view to crushing for ever the power of the Dervishes in the Soudan. Khartoum—the scene of the massacre of one of our greatest military heroes, General Gordon—is the objective, but between the starting-point and the goal are many and many miles of desert sand.

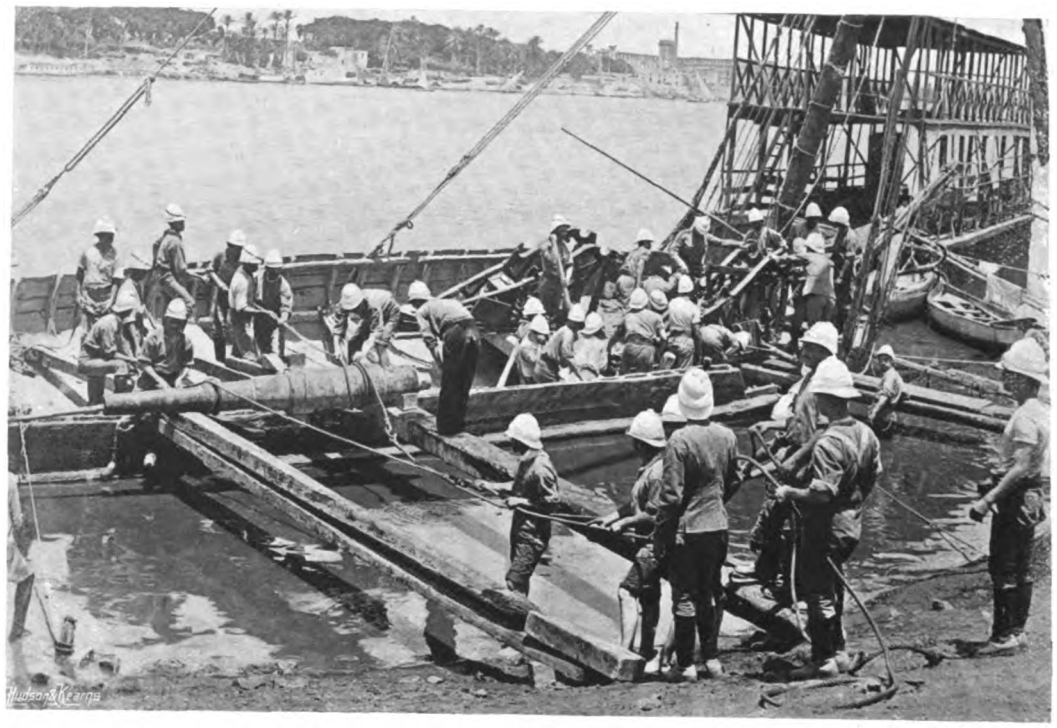
The movement of large bodies of troops over such arid plains, where the halting-places are fixed for the most part by the proximity of wells, is no light task. We can, however, judging from their conduct at the Atbara on April 8, place thorough reliance on the Egyptian troops, commanded as they are by one of the most deservedly fortunate and capable officers of the day, Major-General Hunter.

The native troops, too, cannot fail to derive confidence from the addition of a British division under Major-General Gatacre, who so distinguished himself in the Chitral Campaign of 1895, with Colonels the Hon. N. G. Littleton and A. G. Wauchope as brigadiers. The issue, however, cannot be decided by a magnificent personnel, although an important factor in all military undertakings. *Matériel* demands paramount attention, for the Dervishes are a warlike people. Thus there has lately been arriving at Cairo, for transmission to the front, a constant supply of the munitions of war.

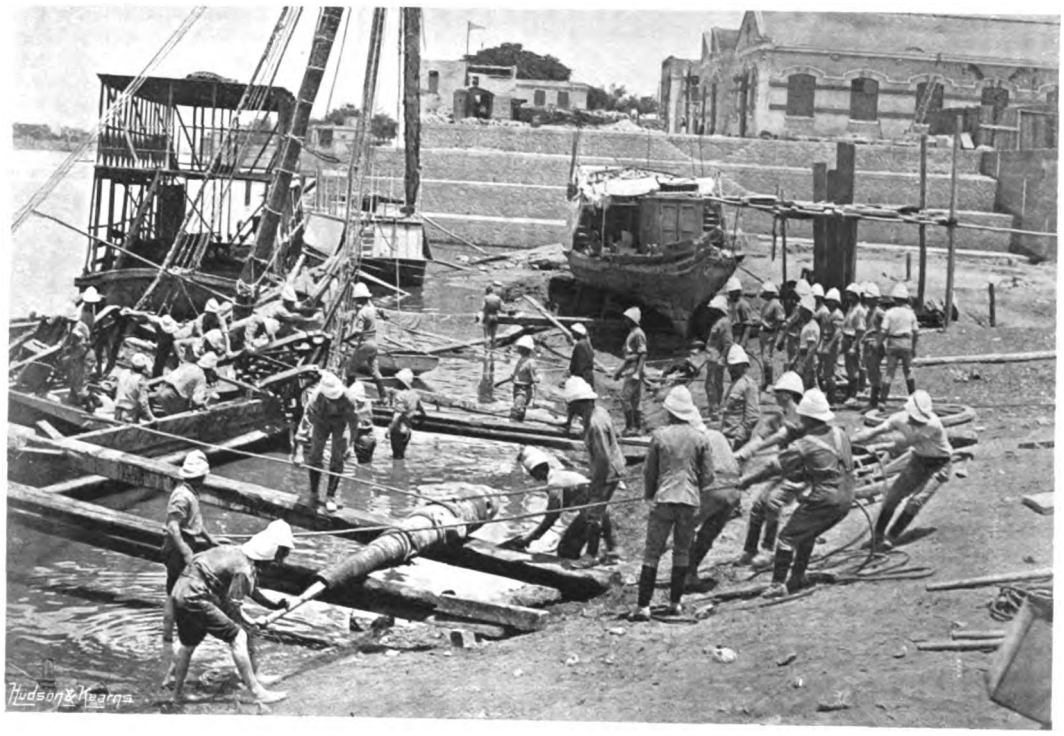
The unloading of these necessaries furnishes abundant occupation for the troops stationed there, as may be gathered from the two accompanying pictures.

The first represents a 40-pounder gun being parbuckled over the gunnel of a vessel preparatory to its being landed. Strength as well as skill is required to move it, and this is supplied by the fatigue party on duty.

The second illustration shows the gun halfway on shore. Two such guns are now on their way to the front, and will be employed in the final attack on Omdurman.



"*STAND BY.*"



From Photos by a "*HEAVE TOGETHER.*" Military Correspondent.

The 2nd D.V.A. at Gun Practice.

IT is befitting that the question of the armament of our volunteer artillery should engage, as it does at present, the attention of Government. The illustration depicts a detachment of the 2nd Devon at gun practice with the 64-pounder muzzle-loading gun; and be it said to the credit of the whole volunteer force that, pending the settlement of the important question of rearmament, the artillery arm appears eager to perfect itself in gunnery, though armed with ordnance practically obsolete.

Photo. W. M. Crockett. "*FIRE.*" Copyright.

When a gun is to be fired, every man knows his allotted task, and works to word of command. In the picture two men are shown in the act of pulling the lanyard of their respective guns, by which means they are fired. In the background are two shells used in conjunction with the 64-pounder. The uniform worn by the volunteer artillery resembles that of the Royal Artillery; the cap is bordered with a red instead of a yellow band, and the Austrian knot worn on the sleeve is of the same colour. Officers and sergeants wear silver instead of gold lace.

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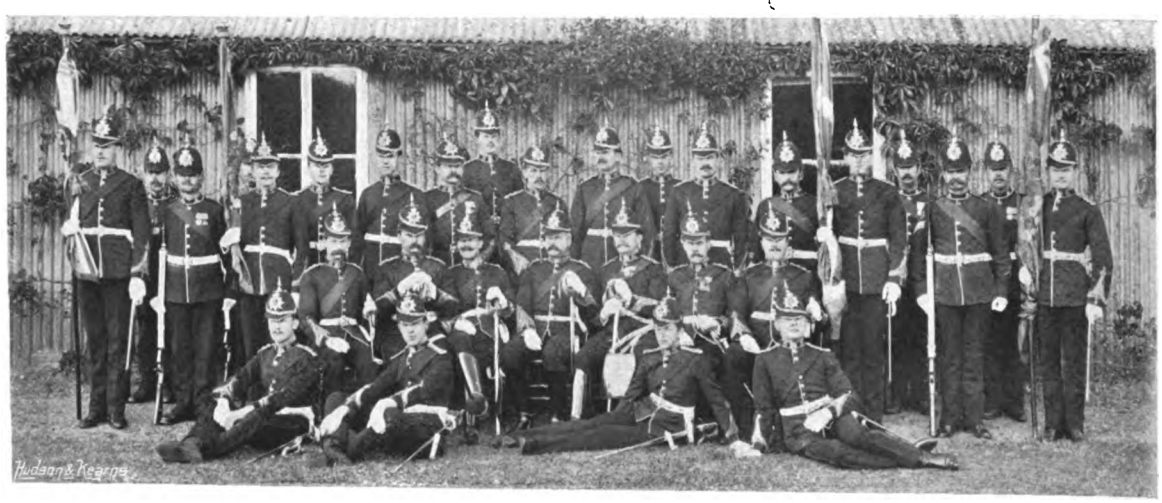
The Queen and the Berkshire Militia.

THE accompanying photographs are illustrative of a Military function at which the Queen in person officiated, and represent the presentation of new colours to the 3rd Battalion Princess Charlotte of Wales's (Royal Berkshire Regiment) by Her Majesty. Our larger illustration represents the actual ceremony, which took place in the grand quadrangle at Windsor Castle, and the moment chosen is that in which the consecration of the new colours is being performed by the Bishop-Suffragan of Reading. Another picture shows the officers and colour-sergeants of the regiment, and both the old and new stands of colours. As evidence that some of our Militia have seen hard service, it may be noted that three out of the six colour-sergeants wear the Egyptian medal and bronze star, two of the officers boast the same decoration, while a third shows the Afghan medal and the star for the celebrated march from Cabul to Candahar that helped to earn "Bobs" his peerage.

The other two pictures show the colours in the centre of the battalion and a very typical bit of camp life. In the foreground of the latter is seen the extemporised cooking range, where the men's food is prepared. Behind the bedding is spread out to air, and under the trees are neatly-stacked stands of arms and accoutrements.

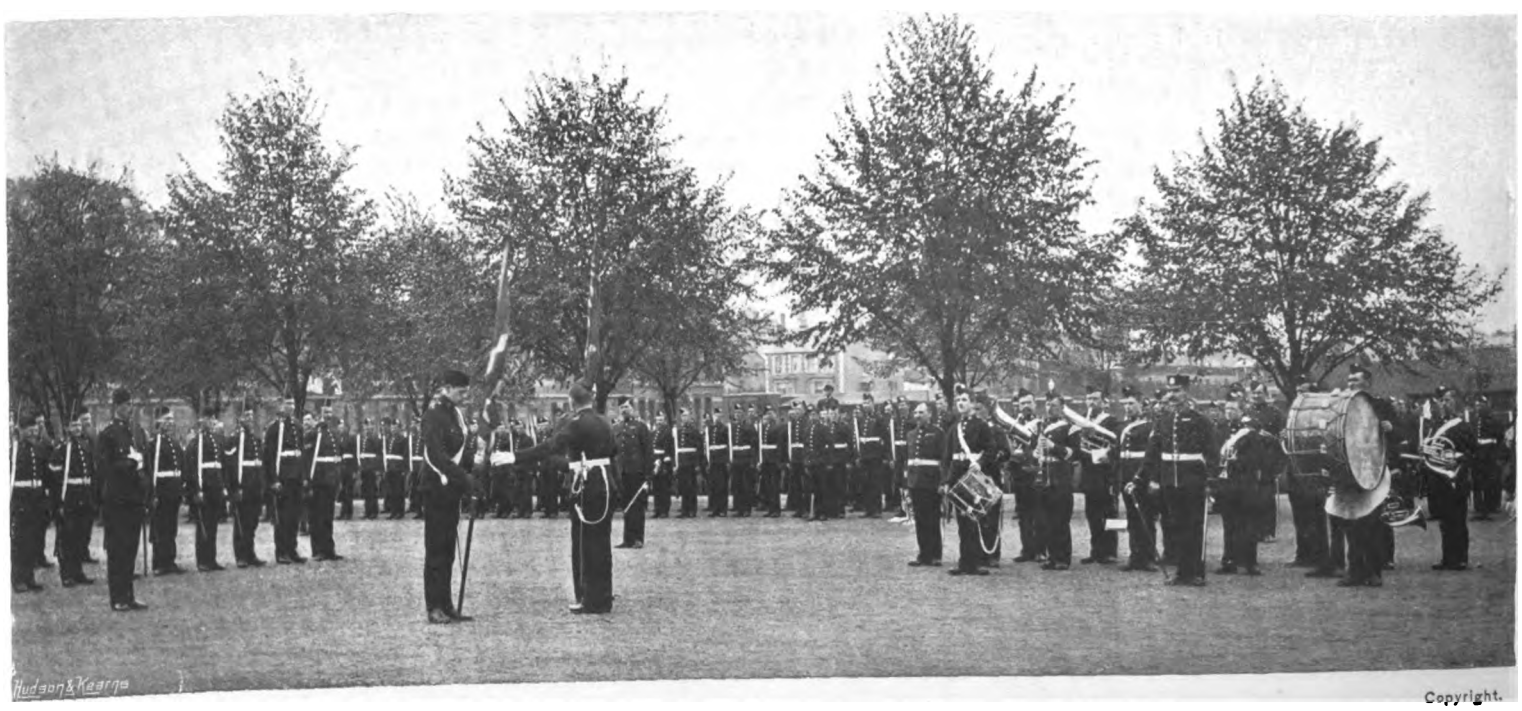


THE OFFICERS OF THE 3rd ROYAL BERKSHIRE MILITIA.

THE CAMP KITCHEN AT READING.

It is from this—its militia battalion—that the Berkshires derive their title of Royal, for prior to the affiliation of the Militia to the Line in 1881 neither of the two Line battalions were "Royal." This distinction confers on the regiment its blue facings, and the regimental colour is of the same colour. The Queen's colour is, as is universal in the Line, "the great Union."

The war badge of the whole regiment is the "China Dragon," which is well shown on the collars of those represented in the group. This militia battalion also is one of those that have the right to display the legend "Mediterranean" on its colours, in commemoration of its service on that station during the Russian War; and amongst the spectators present at the ceremony was Colonel Blandy, now Chief Constable of Berkshire, who commanded the regiment when it was sent to garrison Corfu.



Photos. J. Beal.

TROOPING THE OLD COLOURS.

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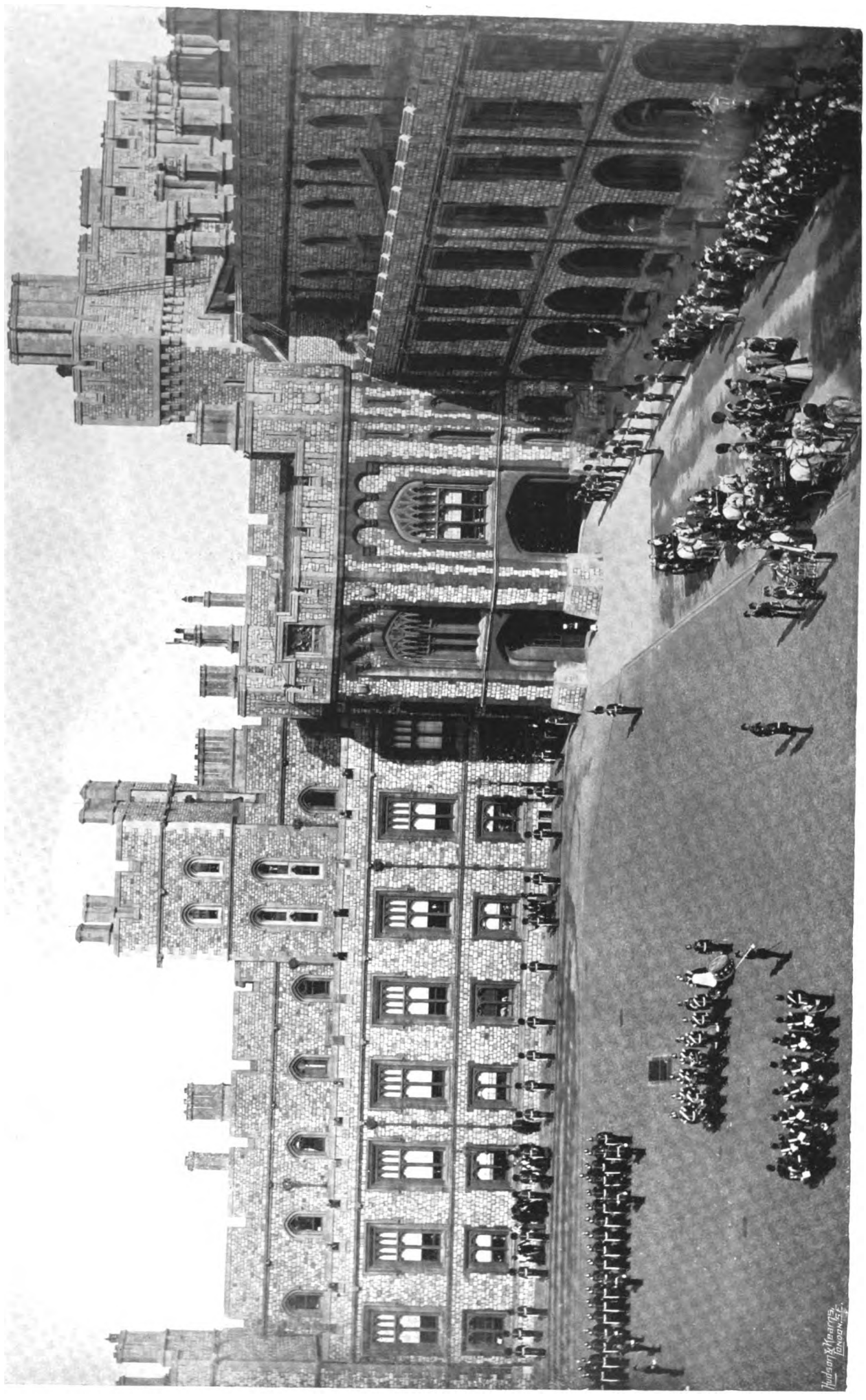

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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN PRESENTING THE NEW COLOURS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Photo. Hill & Saunders.

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The Prince and the Militia.

WHEN H.R.H. the Prince of Wales reviewed 4,000 Militia on the Knavesmire he did a greater service to the Constitutional Force, and did more to promote its well-being, than could have been done by any other means. If there is a ground for the complaint that the force suffers from neglect, it certainly is not the fault of the Royal Family. They have always appreciated the value of the Militia, and seem to recognise the place which it is destined to occupy in our defences. The Prince himself is an honorary colonel of Militia, so also are the Duke of Edinburgh and that keen and exemplary soldier, the Duke of Connaught. When the mobilisation of Artillery Militia brigades took place on the South Coast a few years ago, the last-named Prince was not slow to discover the excellent material of which they were composed and the good work which they performed. The Artillery Militia Service was deeply sensible of the kind and encouraging notice then taken of it by the soldier Prince.

Photo Burleigh. *THE PRINCE PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS.* Copyright.

It is much to be desired that the words of wisdom addressed to the battalions at York by the Prince of Wales may have the effect of filling up both the commissioned and non-commissioned ranks. He saw before him several very fine battalions, which would hold their own in any service, and it only requires a little effort and organisation to raise the standard and increase the usefulness of the whole force. Let us hope that such effort and organisation will be called forth by His Royal Highness's address, and by the distinction which he conferred on the Service by holding the review on the Knavesmire.

Bridging the Medway.

ONE of the most interesting and important military operations which has taken place for some years was carried out at Chatham about a week ago by the Royal Engineers. This was the operation of bridging the Medway at Chatham. The last time such a feat was carried out was by the Royal Engineers in 1875. When completed the bridge was "open for traffic" for a few hours, and Sir Charles Warren, in command of the Thames District, with his staff and many friends of the officers, crossed it. The bridge at this time, we are told, presented a very picturesque spectacle with its fluttering flags and the long line of wayfarers in dainty summer attire escorted by the officers in uniform. A steamer which was passing down stream was allowed through the bridge, the central portion of which was opened for her passage with swift precision and without the slightest hitch.

In our illustration the steamer can be seen just as she has passed through. Major-General Fraser, the commandant of the school, had good reason to be proud of the bridge, and of the manner in which it was constructed.

From a Photo. *THE BRIDGE COMPLETED—STEAMER PASSING THROUGH.* By a Military Officer

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 80.] SATURDAY, AUG. 13th, 1898.

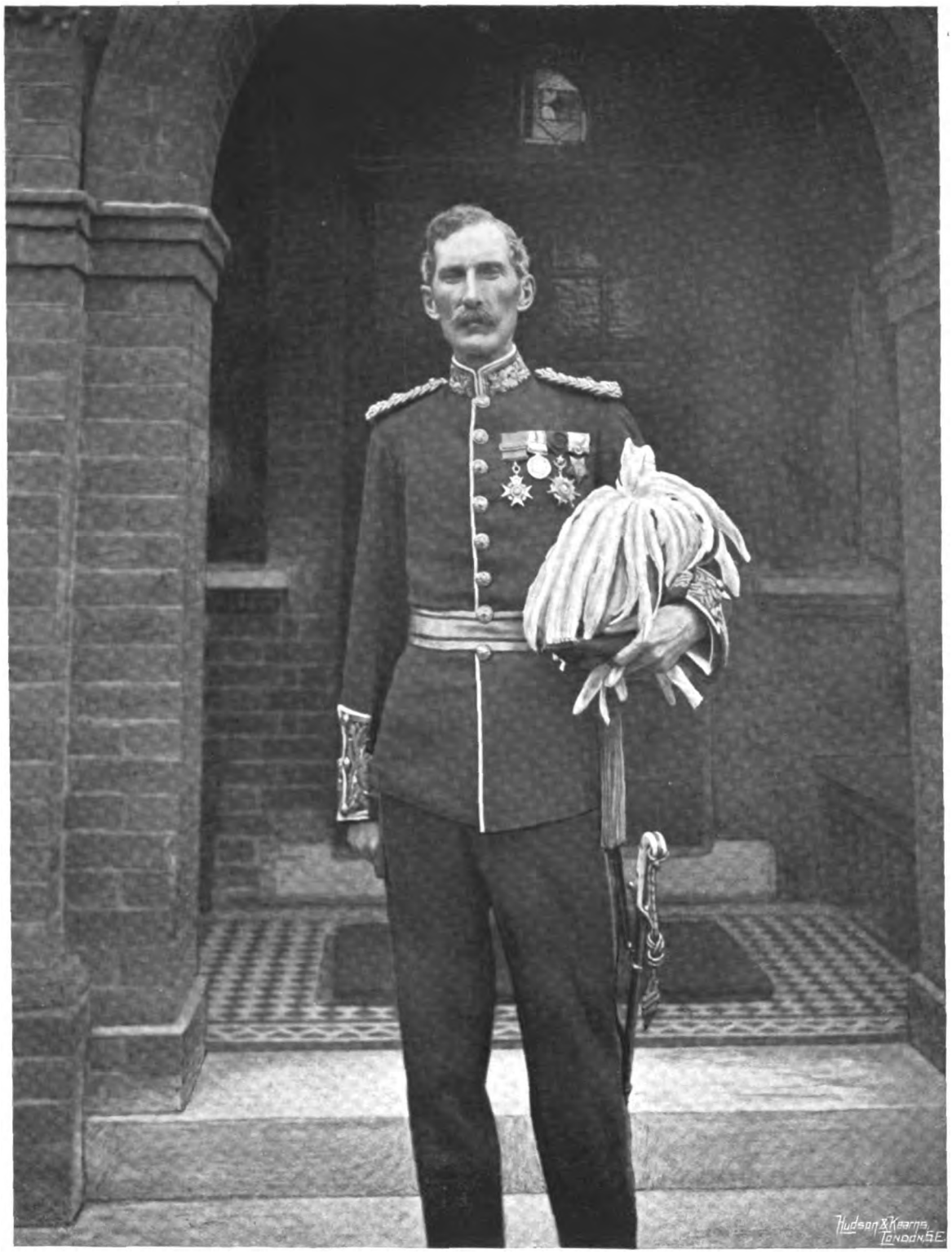

Photo. Evelyn. Copyright.

MAJOR-GENERAL H. J. T. HILDYARD, C.B., P.S.C.

(See Page 497.)

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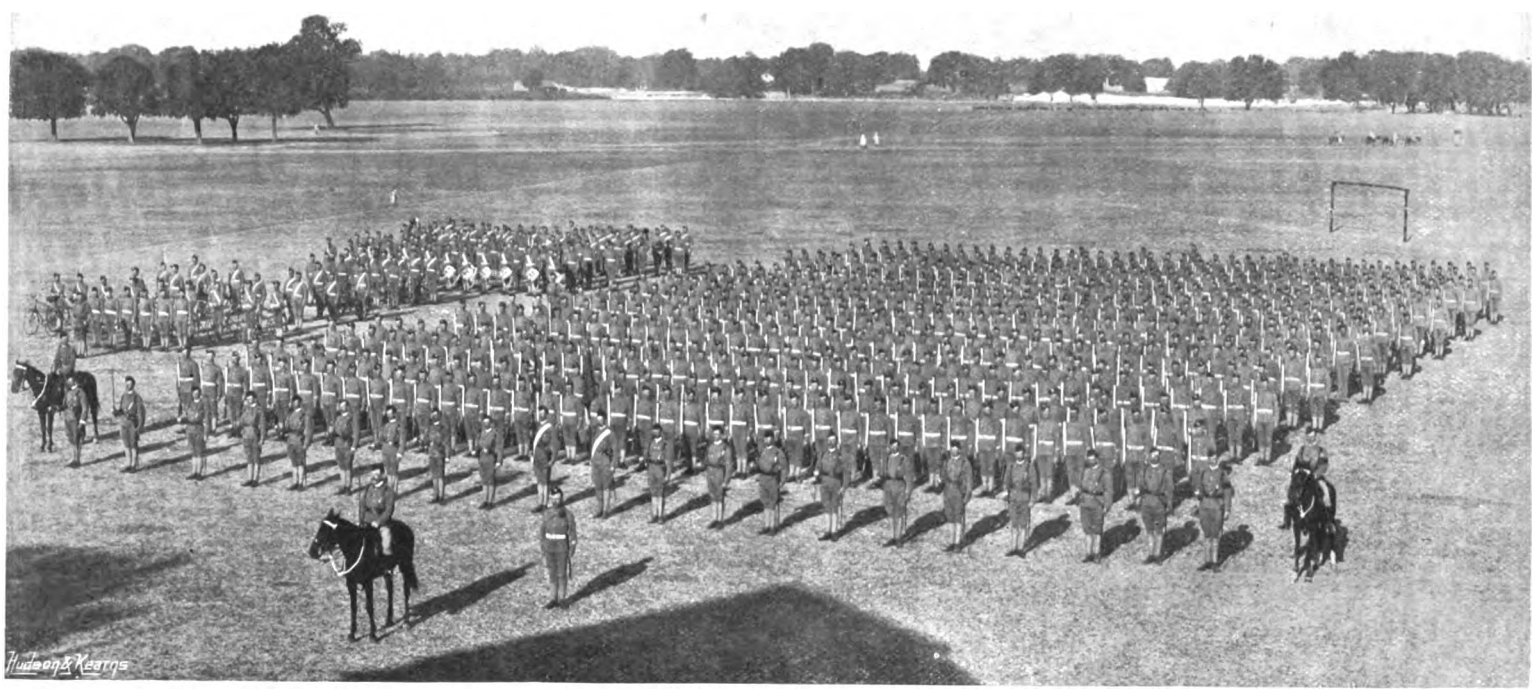
THE ESSEX REGIMENT.

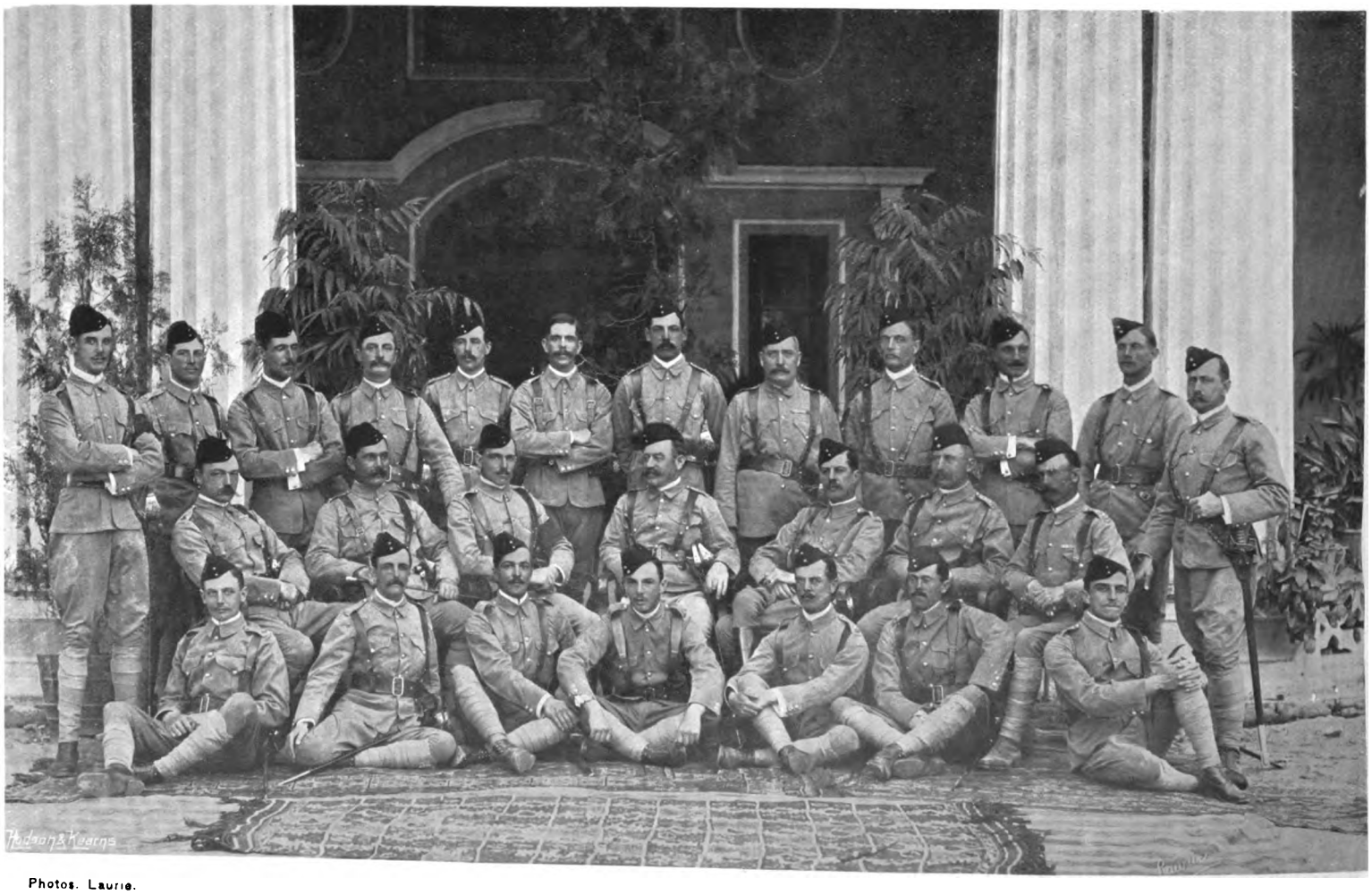
THE accompanying illustrations represent some of the doings of the 2nd Battalion Essex Regiment, now stationed in Burma. That the battalion has attained a high standard of excellence in musketry may be gathered from a glance at the last illustration, representing the team of the regiment that shot for and won the Commander-in-Chief's Cup with a score of 550.



THE ESSEX REGIMENT: THE 2nd BATTALION ON PARADE—QUARTER COLUMN.

The above illustration depicts the battalion on parade in quarter column after the command "officers and colours to the front" has been given. The appearance of the whole battalion is exceptionally smart. In another picture the officers appear by themselves, dressed in khaki, the dress for active service in India, and the warrant and non-commissioned officers are shown in a similar "kit."

A fourth illustration shows that most important portion of a battalion—the drums and fifes, for it must be remembered that music is, if not an essential, a valuable aid to good and cheerfully performed marches. The Essex Regiment, as constituted under the territorial system, consists of what was formerly known as the 44th or East



Photos. Laurie. Copyright

THE OFFICERS OF THE 2nd BATTALION.

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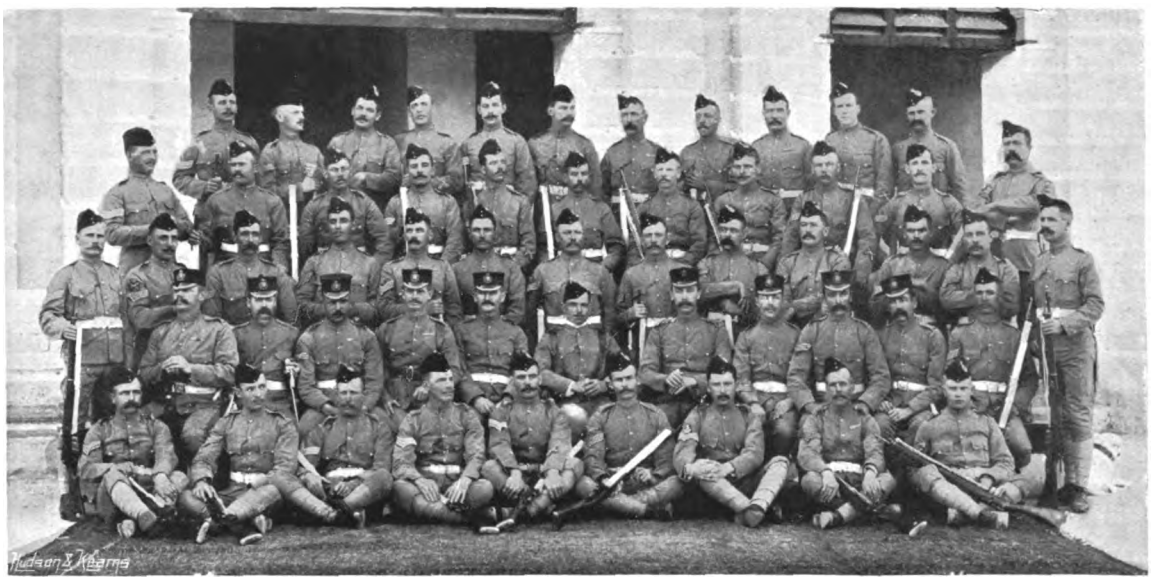
Essex Regiment of Foot, now the 1st Battalion, and the 56th or West Essex Regiment, which is now the 2nd Battalion.

The present 1st Battalion was raised early in 1741, and was sometimes numbered as the 55th, at other times as the 45th; the reason of this was that there were then ten regiments of Marines sometimes numbered; but when these were finally dropped out of the list of "Line regiments," the regiment raised by Colonel Long in 1741 became known as the 44th. It served in North America from 1755 till 1786; but after a short spell of home duty, it went to the West Indies, and there did good service (1794-97). It was also under Abercromby's command at the battle of Alexandria, in Egypt, 1801. The "Little Fighting Fours" joined Lord Wellington's army in the Peninsula, and gained great renown at the storming of Badajos, and at Salamanca, where they captured a French Eagle.

The 44th fought at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. It was then a two-battalion corps, and while the 2nd—44th was fighting in Europe, the 1st Battalion was in North America, where it added the honour of Bladensburg to its colours. India and Burma saw the 44th engaged from 1822 till 1843. The regiment had been reduced to one battalion; and as such, with the 4th and 28th Foot, it formed part of General Eyre's Brigade of Sir Richard England's Division in the Crimea. During the Indian Mutiny it was stationed in Madras; but in 1860 it again saw hard service in China, at the capture of the Taku Forts.

THE DRUMS AND FIFES.



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE BATTALION.

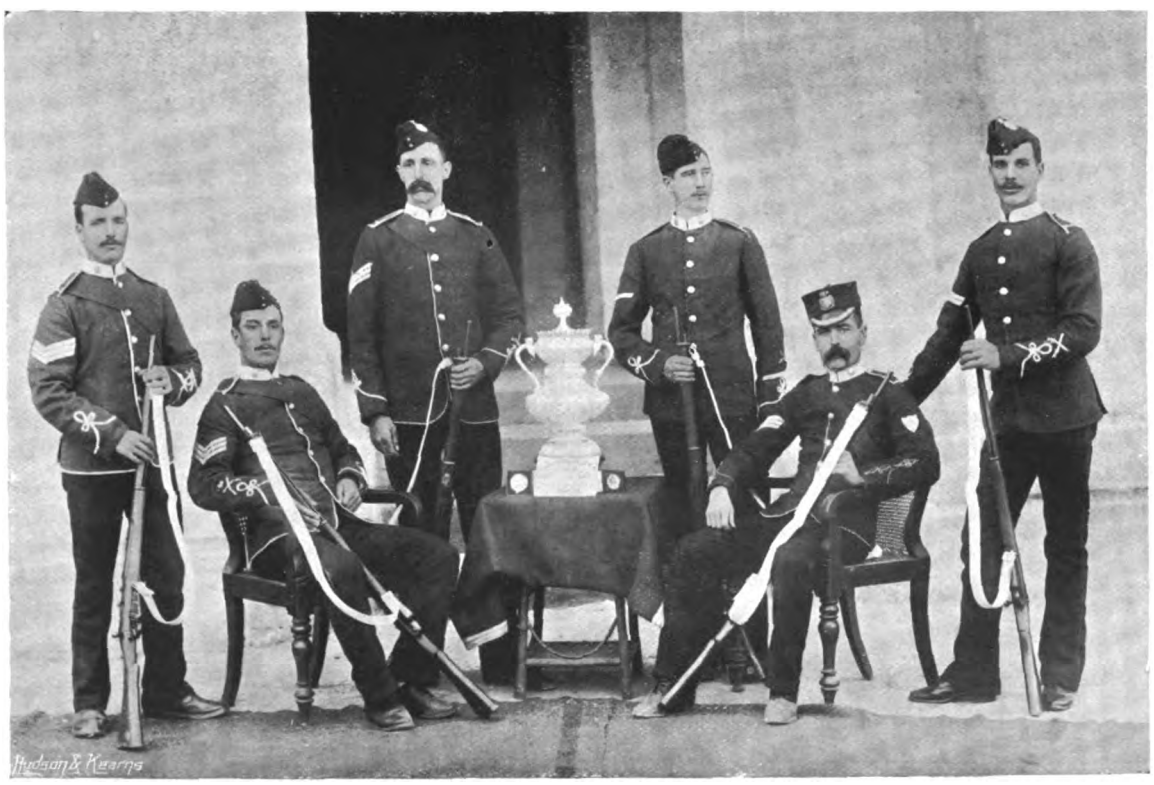
The 2nd Battalion of the Essex Regiment is the old 56th Foot, long known as the "Pompadours," from the purple or deep crimson colour of their facings. The regiment dates from 1755, and its first war service was at the Siege of Havana and the capture of Fort Moro.

The badge of the Castle and Key, with the word Gibraltar, shows that it participated in the gallant defence of the grand old rock against the combined Powers of France and Spain.

The 56th served in the West Indies in 1794-98, and in Holland during the Duke of York's campaign, 1799.

A 3rd Battalion of the 56th was raised in 1813; but this only existed for about a year.

The 2nd Battalion, raised about the end of the last century, was sent from India to England to be broken up in 1817-18, and so the 56th became once more a single-battalion regiment. In 1851 it went to Bermuda, and in one season lost as many men from yellow fever as had fallen in the last campaign in which it was engaged. Hurried home on the outbreak of the Russian War, it was too late to take part in the glories of Alma or Inkerman, although with the 44th it did good service in the trenches during the Siege of Sebastopol. Since that time the Nile Campaign of 1884-85 is the only important campaign in which the old 56th has been engaged.



Photos. Laurie. Copyright

WINNERS OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S CUP.

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The New Hospital at Aldershot.

ON Tuesday, July 26, a gracious act was performed by the Duchess of Connaught when she opened the new hospital for the wives and children of soldiers at Aldershot. The situation of the new building is in Stanhope Lines, near the Cambridge Hospital. The Duchess was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, the general commanding at Aldershot, and attended by Lieutenant the Hon. W. P. the Master of Ruthven, Scots Guards, and Madame de Morinni. The guard of honour was furnished by the Royal Army Medical Staff Corps under Colonel W. B. Allin, the band of the corps being in attendance.

The Duchess was received by Surgeon-Major-General T. F. O'Dwyer, M.D., principal medical officer at Aldershot, and was presented by his daughter with a bouquet of roses. Among those present were Major-General G. H. Marshall, commanding the Royal Artillery, Major-General H. J. T. Hildyard, C.B., commanding the 3rd Infantry Brigade, Colonel Sir A. Mackworth, Bart., commanding Royal Engineer, and Surgeon-Generals Thomson and Marshall Webb.

The religious service, conducted by clergymen of three persuasions, took place in a ward which is named after Her Majesty, and was representative in its character, showing that, while the institutions connected with the Army are established on Christian principles, they are likewise unsectarian.

The Duchess of Connaught then pronounced the words—"I declare this hospital open, and hope it will be a very great benefit to the wives and children of the soldiers." The foundation-stone was laid by the Duchess last year; it contains fifty-three beds, and is named the Louise Margaret Hospital.

THE DUCHESS LEAVING.

It is most appropriate that such a part should have been taken by the daughter of a prince and a general, who was conspicuous for the care which he bestowed on the welfare and comfort of his soldiers, and by the wife of another prince and general, whose enlightened and thoughtful efforts for the good of the soldier have been unremitting.

Our pictures show the nursing staff and the departure of the Duchess at the close of the ceremony.

Photos. Wyrall. Copyright.

THE STAFF AND NURSES.

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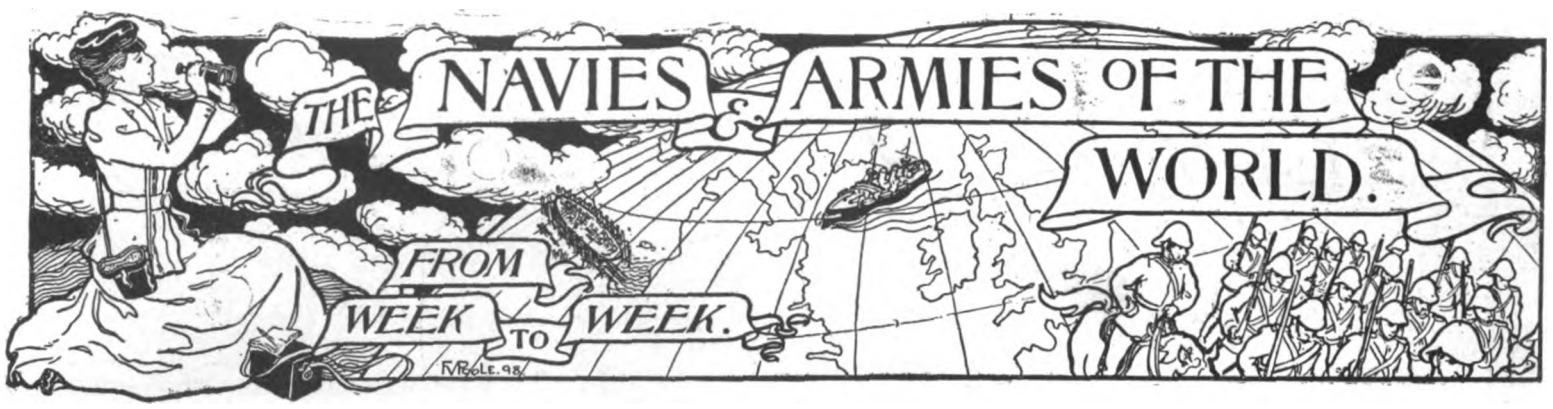

THE sad case of the Naval officer's wife comes up from time to time, and is occasionally commented on in odd terms. Somebody has been complaining lately "in a contemporary" (that is a vague reference, but it is the only one I can get just now) that the presence of a Naval officer's wife is considered to interfere "with her husband's duties." Well, that surely depends upon where she insists on being present. If the wives of Oliver, Sergeant, or Roland, Q.C., were to insist on taking a seat at the bar when those counsel learned in the law were conducting a trying case, they would not unreasonably be held to be interfering with their husbands' duties. Neither would Messrs. Brown and Jones, bankers, approve if Mrs. Balance, the wife of their esteemed head cashier, were to make her appearance at the counter. One doubts whether Balance himself would thank her for coming, though he were the most affectionate of husbands. When a man has his work to do he does not want to feel his beloved helpmeet dragging at his coat tails. The grievance of Naval ladies of course is the prolonged absence of their lords—which, by the way, is a great compliment to Naval husbands. Their wives, it seems, do not desire the traditional happiness of the fisherman's wife, which is "a clean hearth, the children in bed, and the husband at sea." The continual presence of the master (as he is humorously called) about a house has been known to be felt as a trouble. And then Naval ladies might reflect that they are not alone in their sufferings. Other women are just as badly off—if separation is an unmixed evil. The wife of the Indian official has often to choose between parting from her husband or from her children. Neither is the wife of the merchant sailor better off than the Naval lady. It is true that the skipper sometimes takes his wife to sea with him, but most companies object to the presence of women who are not paying passengers, and the mates have always to leave their better halves behind them.

* * * *

THE exclusion of women from ships is in fact a compliment. The husband, it is supposed, will not willingly incur risks when his wife is there. A few years ago a striking illustration was given of that which makes admiralties, and many private companies, forbid a captain to take his wife with him. A sailing emigrant ship named the "Northfleet" was run into while lying at anchor in the Downs, by a steamer belonging to an English firm, but trading under the Spanish flag, with a Spanish crew. The steamer, most basely and cruelly, went on. The emigrants were seized by panic, and there was an awful scene, ending in the loss of hundreds of lives. It happened that the captain had his wife with him. The first thing he did was to provide for her safety, and he contrived to get her away in the pilot's boat. Then he turned to his ship and his passengers. Now one does not want to say anything unkind of a brave man who "stuck to his stuff," as the engine-drivers have it, and who died at his post after doing his best, even to the extent of shooting one male passenger who crowded into a boat in front of the women, which was a perfectly legitimate action on the part of the captain. Still the fact remains that his first thought, as was natural, was for his wife. In this case it made little difference, but after all the first thought of the captain should be for the ship, and it is not well that he should be subjected to temptation.

* * * *

"WOMEN on Board Ship" and "Women in the Camp" would be two very tolerable subjects for a well-equipped bookmaker. In spite of regulations to the contrary, Navy captains took their wives to sea with them. There were notoriously women on the lower deck, who are heard of in battles. Rules look very well on paper, but when nobody takes the trouble to enforce them they can do nothing of themselves. One cannot imagine a stronger regulation than that directed against making false musters, yet that they were made, and by everybody, and openly, throughout the eighteenth century is certain. The rule against taking women to sea was not so generally disregarded, but it was by no means slavishly observed. Miss Austin, who was a keen observer and whose brother was a Naval officer, has introduced one lady, the wife of an admiral, who had been with her husband all over the world, and the novelist had unquestionable authority for what she said. When Pellew was a midshipman he served with a captain whose lady sailed with him. She kept poultry on the quarter-deck, and made a great deal of trouble. But there are far later examples. When my father, the author of "Singleton Fontenoy," was a midshipman in the Mediterranean, one of his captains had his wife with him, and she had her piano. Moreover, she interfered a good deal. Discipline was maintained at that time by the use of the cat. Whenever a man was to be punished, Mrs. —— of course retired to the cabin. But the rascals, who knew her to be tender-hearted, made a regular practice of bawling at the top of their voices. Mrs. —— could not stand that, and her bell began to go at once, as a summons to her husband. The upshot of it was that the offender got off on a promise of good behaviour for the future, which, it is superfluous to say, he seldom failed to violate on the first opportunity. The complications which may arise out of the presence of women in a ship were once illustrated for me by a merchant skipper who was recounting his experiences. His wife's days were accomplished in the middle of a voyage. She was already the mother of four, and was able to coach her husband in his duties on this occasion. Everything passed off very successfully. The captain's only difficulty was what to do with "the little beggar." But he reflected that he had been told to keep the child warm; "so," said the skipper, "I put him into the leg of a pair of flannel trousers, and he was all right."

IT is a question how far the presence of women on board ship in the last century was not largely due to the practice of telling off soldiers to do the work of marines. The women on the strength of the regiment would follow it, as a matter of course, on to a man-of-war, as on to a transport. Certain it is that the soldiers' wives and children followed our armies into the field. The Peninsular Army was full of them. A number were taken prisoners by Soult during the retreat on Corunna, and were sent down by him under an escort of cavalry while our army was embarking. Napier records how a sergeant's wife went out under a heavy fire to fetch water for some of our men who were holding a house against a French attack in one of the incidents of the war. He does not explain how she came to be there, but takes her presence as a matter of course, which is evidence that women were to be found mingled at all times with our soldiers. Everybody knows the famous story of Mrs. Dalbiac, who rode after her husband's cavalry regiment at Salamanca. The Spanish novelist, Benito Perez Galdos, who wrote a story about this battle, which the Spaniards call the Arapiles, has recorded the surprise of his countrymen at finding how numerous women and children were in our camp, yet the same spectacle might have been seen among their own "tercios" in the wars of the sixteenth century. Every soldier who had more than three years' service was entitled to marry, and to draw a ration for his wife and half a ration for each child. Motley, in his history of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," has made some very unchivalrous reflections on the moral character of the women who accompanied the army of the Duke of Alva. He quotes them, and the regular position they had with their own provost-marshal, and everything handsome about them, as proofs of the wickedness of the Spanish army. But they were honest women, on the strength of the "tercio," divided into companies corresponding with those of their husbands. The captain's lady was at the head, and the others in due gradation. It seems an odd arrangement, but it existed. The military novelist has never worked this element of the old soldiering life properly. It surely presents great opportunities if you look at it properly.

* * * *

To come back to the very serious, and very complicated, question of the training of the Naval Reserve. There are two interesting letters on the subject in the *Times* of Monday. The first to be mentioned is from Lord Brassey, who has spent money to serve the State in this respect, and has to confess that he has not succeeded. He lost money, and the young men he endeavoured to serve have not achieved what they looked for, namely, the position of commissioned officers in the Navy. The second is by Mr. Runciman, who makes some very hard-headed remarks on Mr. Ritchie's scheme for enticing ship-owners to take apprentices who are to become Naval Reserve men. Mr. Runciman points out, truly enough, that if all we have to offer these apprentices is the chance of being employed as bluejackets, we shall not get very many. If Mr. Ritchie's scheme is to succeed there must be a number, and a large one, of parents who not only want to send their boys to sea, but who want to put them in the way of belonging to the fighting sea service in war. Mr. Runciman does not believe there are many such parents, and it is more than probable that he is right. In fact, why should parents who are prepared to let their boy belong to the Navy send him into a merchant ship? It is much simpler, more business-like, and more advantageous, to send him to the "St. Vincent" at once. There he will be clothed, fed, and taught a trade, without any expense to them, and put in the way of earning a pension by the time he is forty. That is a career, and a very good one. But to go into the merchant service, where there must needs be an uncertainty of employment, and no security of pension, for no better reward than this, that you may become a Naval Reserve man, and be employed if war breaks out, is emphatically not business. It is just as well in considering matters of this kind to keep mere sentiment out of the question. That we ought all to serve our country, and that it can compel us to serve, are very sound propositions. But those who for themselves would never consent to be less than officers have no right to lecture others who do not care to serve only as men. The officer expects to be paid partly in honour, and though he does not look for wealth he does look for security. He has no right to ask others to be less careful of themselves. It is on this point that all these schemes will break down. The old system was quite consistent. It compelled the ship-owner to take a certain number of apprentices, and exempted them from the Press for a certain period of years. At the same time, it gave the ship-owner a monopoly of our trade. Here there was a fair give and take. The monopoly was a set off to the obligation. There was a steady pressure of compulsion on all. Now we are endeavouring to frame a substitute in which there is to be no compulsion and no monopoly. It is, in fact, a voluntary business. Well, then, what are the inducements? The ship-owner will get off a part of his light dues if he can find lads to enter as apprentices. Supposing the inducement is good enough for him, which is doubtful, where are the inducements for the lad, or at any rate for his parents? It is difficult to see them. They may get employment, which the ship-owner will not be bound to give for a day longer than he finds it profitable, and the Naval Reserve. One finds it hard to believe that this will be enough. It looks ungracious to throw cold water on patriotic schemes, but after all no good can be done in this world except by looking coolly at the facts and conforming yourself to them. They will assuredly not conform themselves to patriotic aspirations.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE history of the Indian Mutiny has been written mostly by soldiers, but civilian officials had sometimes even better opportunities of observation. Those who look for a brilliant narrative by an independent thinker will welcome Mr. J. W. Sherer's "Daily Life During the Indian Mutiny" (Sonnenschein). I took up the little volume with pleasant expectations, and was not disappointed. The author was at Futtehpore when the outbreak began. The situation of Europeans at that station was perilous, and Mr. Sherer gives a very dramatic picture of the adventurous march to Allahabad. He was the chief civil officer at Cawnpore, and I have not read many things better concerning the Mutiny than his account of the operations at Lucknow. It is not so much that he gives the details of the military operations; he is more concerned with the conditions prevailing at the time, both among the natives and ourselves, and he adduces more than one very striking illustration of the fidelity of some classes of natives. One man, who had found a trinket he valued, journeyed a long distance to bring it to him, carrying it for safety in the long folds of his turban. On the other hand, Mr. Sherer saw a great deal of the horrors of the Mutiny, and is successful in conveying to his readers a very vivid impression of the state of suspense and anxiety that prevailed. Outram and all the officers hastened to thank him for his valuable aid, and for his successful conduct of the civil administration at a time when the military necessarily trenched on his functions, and when the work was so seriously menaced by the disturbed state of the country. It is this picture of the civil and military organisations working together that makes Mr. Sherer's book so interesting. Those who have read Colonel Maude's "Memories of the Mutiny" know Mr. Sherer's chapters, which are given in independent form in this most instructive volume.

I have deferred the mention of certain volumes of a lighter sort until the oncoming of the holiday season might seem to promise them a new lease of life. They cannot be placed high in the literary scale, but they have the quality of being entertaining, of not probing unsavoury problems, and of leaving to poor human nature some rags of its respectability, instead of holding it aloft, as in some recent books we wot of, naked but unashamed. I like "John Gilbert, Yeoman, a Tale of the Commonwealth," by R. G. Soans (Warne, 6s.), for its wicked uncle. Here we are on safe ground. The Royalist hero's wooing of the Puritan maiden has sped featly—the influence of these "Nay, marrys," "How nows," and "Odds faiths" is catching—when the wicked uncle appears. He has not the strength of the great original, for he merely procures the maiden whose wealth he covets to be kidnapped. Outside the pages of fiction he would never have put her in the very place where the lover was likely to find her; but that may pass. The construction of the book has some faults, but the author is ingenious in filling out nearly 500 pages with readable matter. There is, in fact, a second story running through the pages, with another hero and a second heroine, who is deluded into attempting to assassinate Cromwell, only to be presented, after some very dramatic scenes, to her lover at the altar by the great Protector himself. Evidently Mr. Soans has been resolved to give plenty for the money.

"True Blue," by Herbert Russell (Chatto), is just the book to beguile the hours profitably by the seaside. It is a tale of "the lass that loved a sailor"—True Blue, indeed, a girl happily compounded of artless frankness, feminine constancy, and womanly wiles. The wooing by the Kentish shore is delightful. Then the faithful swain is at sea in the tea clipper "Mandarin," bound to Canton. A tremendous typhoon leaves her a sinking hulk—all described as we might expect Mr. Herbert Russell to describe it. The swain is in the gig, cast upon a desert island. Then Violet takes up the yarn, and describes in the most natural way possible how her bright eyes attract quite a little band of lovers—the self-complacent coxcomb Rooker, a gallant officer, akin to the peerage, who saves her in his yacht when her little boat is carried out by the tide, and the Rev. Ashley Maxwell. The vicar's attack is serious, and might have been successful but for a kind of telepathy that seems to exist between the desert island and the Kentish shore. Violet is emotionally religious, as she found once at a midnight mass, when, strange indeed to relate, she heard the "Stabat Mater" sung! Evidently Mr. Russell is more at home where the cordage rattles and the spindrift blows, and he safely navigates his hero's craft to a very delightful port. An excellent book for the summer season.

"The Rip's Redemption," by E. Livingston Prescott (Nisbet, 6s.), holds the attention by a certain power in the writing, but it is not, after all, a pleasant story. The pictures of barrack-room life are almost libellous. Brutes do exist in the Army, and several are here collated, but soldiers are not degraded in these days like this. To find a gentleman, even in a story, morally sapped until he falls to this level is painful, and unfortunately the redemption is not convincing. Still the author has a strong grasp of character, and his scenes are firmly drawn. From this point of view the book is a success.

A somewhat riotous imagination evidently inspired Mr. Headon Hill when he penned "The Zone of Fire" (Pearson, 6s.), a tale of a Soudan campaign. A powerful Baggara sheikh, who has delighted the capitals of Europe by his performances on variety stages, now the abductor of a young lady who, disguised as a soldier, has gone out to the Soudan in order to wreak vengeance upon a faithless lover, is surely an extraordinary personage. He dwells, too, in a marvellous place, and the whole tale, though readable, may best be described as a congeries of impossibilities and fantastic conceptions.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

The Evolution of Military Bands.—II.

By CALLUM BEG.

RIOR to the seventeenth century, military music was only fit to be classed in the same category as the monotonous sound of the barbaric "tom-tom." The bands of those days were chiefly composed of drums and fifes, and rendered music of the most elementary character; in fact, it is doubtful if their efficiency excelled that of the musicians at King Prempeh's Court.

Even towards the end of the seventeenth century military bands kept up at the expense of the nation were only to be found attached to the *corps d'élite*. In Parke's "Military Memoirs" we read that "the bands of the three regiments of Foot Guards consisted in 1783 of only eight performers." They were hired by the month and were composed of first-class musicians. Their *rôle* was to play from the parade at the Horse Guards to St. James's Palace and back again after the guard had mounted. They were not regularly-attested soldiers, and on that account were unavailable for the performance of any duty other than that for which they had been hired.

Lord Cathcart, an officer of the Coldstream Guards, requested the musicians to play during an aquatic excursion to Greenwich, but thinking such employment derogatory to their dignity, the hired bandsmen peremptorily refused, and there existed no regulation by which they could be compelled to acquiesce. The officers, who entirely supported the band, were naturally annoyed at this show of independence, and deemed it advisable to possess a band more essentially military in character. With this end in view, a letter was sent to the Duke of York, then Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment, praying him to use his influence in bringing about the desired reform.

The Duke, who was at the time in Hanover, readily acceded to the wishes of his officers, and, with the approval of the King, sent over a much larger band than had formerly been employed. This was practically the first serious attempt made to establish a system of military music in our Army. The new band of the Guards was considered such a valuable acquisition by the authorities that they gradually permitted regiments of the Line to follow suit.

For many years, however, the War Office, from parsimonious motives, affected to regard the formation of bands as a luxury. All expenses for pay of professional instructors or bandmasters, as well as the cost of musical instruments and music, were borne by the officers alone, and only a few men of each regiment were allowed to be trained as musicians.

Regiments officered by men of means were enabled to secure the services of able professors (chiefly foreigners) for the instruction of their musicians. Between the bands of the "crack" regiments, therefore, a healthy rivalry arose, and even in the early decades of the nineteenth century, despite the half-hearted support accorded by the War Office, military music had reached a surprising pitch of excellence.

It was not, however, until 1857 that steps were taken to establish a school where bandsmen of some ability might obtain a more perfect knowledge of music than could be acquired when serving with their regiments. Kneller Hall, Hounslow (formerly the residence of Sir Godfrey Kneller), was chosen as being well adapted to the requirements, and in 1857 the Royal Military School of Music was founded there by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.

That this institution has succeeded in carrying out its original mission, no one who has served in the Army can doubt. It has, moreover, by rendering their retention unnecessary, banished for ever from our military establishment foreign bandmasters and bandsmen, who were regarded as indispensable adjuncts at the beginning of the present century. Under the existing regulations the band of a battalion of infantry consists of one bandmaster, one sergeant, one corporal, and twenty privates, but in the cavalry the number of privates allowed is less by five. Men having a previous knowledge of music are yearly enlisted especially as bandsmen, and after having been "dismissed recruits' drill," are transferred to the band, but the latter is chiefly recruited from the ranks by privates who volunteer to become musicians. The instruction of these in the elements of music devolves upon

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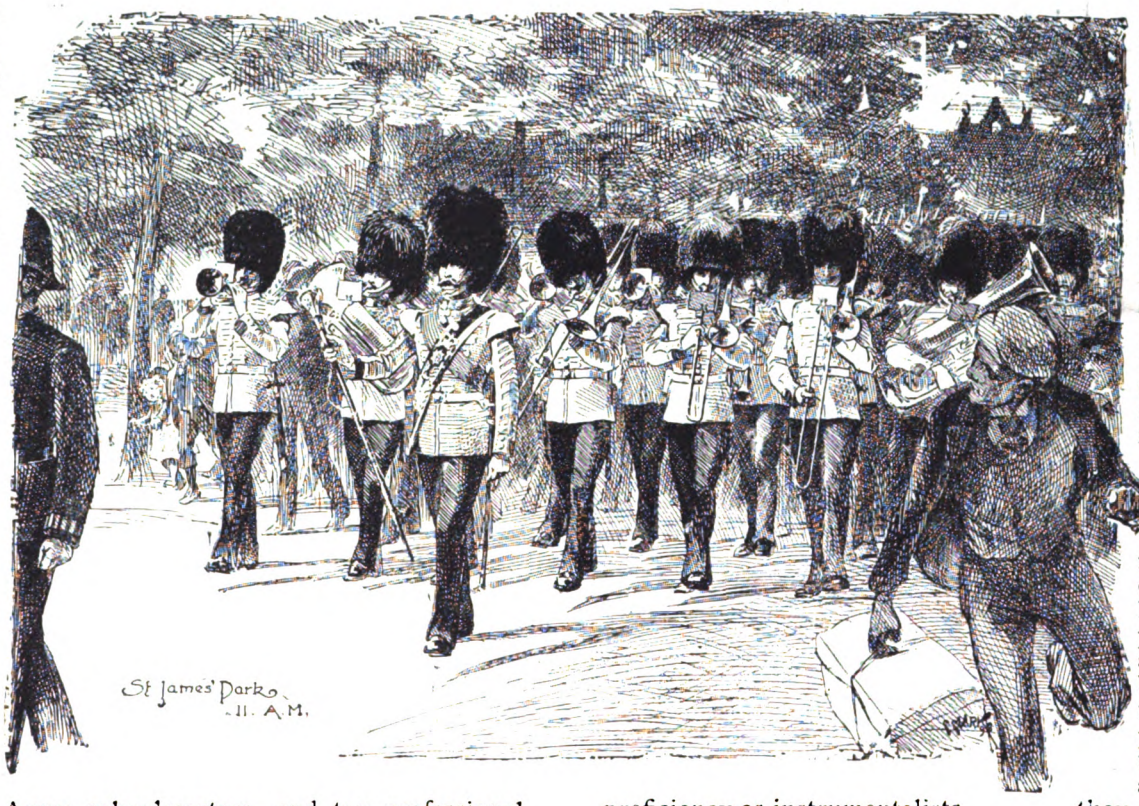
the regimental bandmaster. His duties are, therefore, at all times arduous, and too often attended with little success, for it not infrequently happens that the would-be bandsman is found, after six months' careful instruction, to be utterly devoid of a musical soul.

A further source of supply is guaranteed by the enlistment, for training as musicians, of a limited number of boys. Many of these are soldiers' sons drawn from the Duke of York's School and similar institutions, and may or may not have been previously trained to play a particular instrument. The men of the band, though attached to various squadrons and companies for the purposes of pay, live and mess together. They attend all the regular parades, but, if not required to play, are marched off parade by the bandmaster—who is responsible both for the discipline and musical efficiency of the band—and spend the time at practice while their comrades are being drilled. All qualified musicians practice daily, conducted by the bandmaster. Non-commissioned officers are further encouraged to attend voluntary classes, with a view to passing the preliminary examination for admission to the Royal Military School of Music. Privates may likewise attend these classes.

In addition to passing a preliminary examination for admission to Kneller Hall, a non-commissioned officer must be recommended by his commanding officer and be in possession of at least a second-class certificate of education. One who has obtained a first-class certificate is given as a rule the preference, and candidates who have for some time held the position of band-sergeant, sergeant-trumpeter, sergeant-bugler, or sergeant-drummer are usually considered to have a prior claim over their comrades. Before being sent to the School of Music, a non-commissioned officer must also extend his services to complete twelve years with the colours.



The staff at Kneller Hall consists of a commandant, a quartermaster and adjutant (who also performs the duties of acting paymaster), a director of music, two chaplains (one belonging to the Church of England and one to the Roman Church), a garrison quartermaster-sergeant, a military staff clerk, two Army schoolmasters, and ten professional gentlemen engaged in instructing in the several instruments. The present commandant is Colonel Farquhar Glennie, appointed in 1894. The director of music, Mr. A. J. Stretton, was appointed to Kneller Hall in 1896, with the rank of lieutenant.

A non-commissioned officer sent to the School of Music to be trained as a bandmaster is termed a "student." He is instructed in all instruments constituting a military string band, harmony, counterpoint, musical form, church music (choral and instrumental), military and orchestral instrumentation, arranging for military band and orchestra, musical dictation, conducting, the management and tuning of bands, etc.

The hours vary on different days, but, except on Saturdays, the student is practically at work from 9 a.m. till 9 p.m., excluding the hours given over to meals and recreation. Examinations of candidates for admission to the first or "qualified form" are held twice yearly, by professors of music appointed by the War Office and unconnected with the school.

The average course of study before qualification is from two to three years, varying much in the case of individuals. The student must also obtain a certificate signed by the professors of the various instruments in which he has been instructed, testifying to his ability to instruct others in them. Having passed the examination, the student is further instructed in correspondence, and remains at Kneller Hall until selected to fill a vacancy as bandmaster During this time he continues to be exercised in conducting and other duties falling to the lot of bandmasters.

The choral service held in the chapel every Sunday is conducted by the students in rotation, who also take their turn at leading the concerts held weekly from April till October; they are further granted the privilege of attending operas and high-class concerts at the expense of the Government. Bandmasters, when appointed, rank as warrant officers next after the regimental sergeant-major, and receive £70 a year, or in India 800 rupees, from the band fund, in addition to the pay of their rank. As a rule they attend all parades with the band and conduct it when playing at any public place or entertainment.

Men and boys who display an aptitude for music are permitted at their own request to undergo a course of instruction at Kneller Hall for training as bandsmen. Soldiers who have enlisted for short service must, if they have served three years, extend their service to complete twelve years before being admitted to Kneller Hall.

When under instruction they are termed "pupils," and, unless adults holding second-class certificates of education, are instructed in general knowledge as well as in music. Their musical training consists of instruction in the special instrument specified by their commanding officers, elementary knowledge of clefs, structure of scales, classification of intervals, simplest form of chords, elementary harmony, and elementary instrumentation. The hours of study are practically the same as those laid down for "students," and the average duration of the course is from twelve to eighteen months. When a pupil shows signs of exceptional talent, however, he is permitted to remain at the school for two years. In addition to receiving instruction from professors and their assistants, each "student" must undertake the instruction of from four to five "pupils" for two hours per week, reporting the progress the pupil has made each week on a form given him for the purpose. This arrangement is beneficial alike to students and pupils; and as the latter reach a certain state of proficiency as instrumentalists they are permitted to play in public with the band of the school, which includes some 130 performers.

The messing of the students is fixed at 7½d. a day, and is controlled by a committee of their own nomination. The pupils mess at the moderate price of 3d. a day, and the food is of the finest quality. (Under the new regulations no charge will be made for messing.) They are provided with excellent accommodation in the shape of a mess-room and ante-room, to which are attached a kitchen and bar. The students live in the barrack-rooms, and are classified with regard to the species of their instruments, *e.g.*, performers on the French horn occupy the same apartment. During their hours of recreation they are permitted to make use of the recreation-room, canteen, and library.

The school stands within its own grounds of several acres, set apart for manly exercises, and a small lake permits of boating and skating during their respective seasons. Military work, however, is not altogether neglected.

The position of a bandsman in a regiment is one which any soldier may justly covet. He is exempt from much of the ordinary routine of life in barracks, and at many stations has facilities for earning several pounds a week, in addition to his pay.

At the present day the bands of our regiments compare favourably with any on the Continent, and to Great Britain belongs the distinction of having instituted the first school in Europe devoted to the study of military music.

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MAJOR-GENERAL H. J. T. HILDYARD, C.B., P.S.C., commanding the 3rd Infantry Brigade at Aldershot, is one of several distinguished officers who commenced their career in the sister Service. He was born on July 5, 1846, and entered the Royal Navy in September, 1859. He retired after a service of a few years, obtaining in 1867 an ensigncy in the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, from which he was transferred in the same year to the 71st Highland Light Infantry. In this battalion he was lieutenant and adjutant for nearly seven years. He passed the Staff College in 1877, was promoted captain in the Somersetshire Light Infantry in 1878, and brevet-major in 1882. In the latter year, after some years' service in South Africa, he took part in the Egyptian Expedition, and was present at El Magfar, Tel-el-Mahuta, Kassassin, and Tel-el-Kebir, for which he received the medal with clasp, bronze star, brevet of lieut.-colonel, and 4th Class of the Osmanieh. General Hildyard was employed with the Egyptian Army from 1883 to 1888, and was appointed aide-de-camp to the Queen in 1886. He subsequently held other important posts, including that of commandant of the Staff College, and was made a Companion of the Bath in 1897. *(See illustration on front page.)*

* * * *

ADMIRAL POPOFF, whose death was recently recorded, was a most remarkable man. He was born on September 22, 1821, and was the oldest officer in the Russian Navy. "He was celebrated principally," writes a valued correspondent, "for his undoubted genius as a designer of men-of-war. Some of the most powerful ironclads in the Russian Service were built from his designs. When I was at Cronstadt in 1875, I had the pleasure of spending a forenoon with him. He showed me over the dockyard there, and I afterwards lunched at the Naval Officers' Club. I was particularly struck by his extraordinary knowledge of English. His chief invention was the type of circular ironclads known as 'Popoffkas,' which at one time were thought to form a revolution in the construction of ships of war. These circular vessels are propelled by six screws, which, however, only give a speed of 6½ knots, or rather I should say gave, for I doubt if they will ever get up steam again. The only two remaining are in the Black Sea, where I should imagine they are likely to decay."

* * * *

OLD as is the art of war, the titles used by soldiers are comparatively modern. Some of them have come to us from the French, as general, lieutenant, and corporal. Major and sergeant are both Latin words, whilst captain (through the French *capitaine*) is from the same source, being the *capitanus* or officer who through a tenure *in capite* was under an obligation to lead his tenants as soldiers to the wars. Colonel is also from the Latin, though its real origin has been much disputed. Some authorities would have it that it is colonialis, that is, the leader of a military colony, while others derive it from colonna, a column or pillar. The first seems the most likely, and is undoubtedly the most appropriate. It is curious that we have not a single title of English origin in use in the Army.

* * * *

"CARPENTERS rig church" is the order called in a hoarse voice by a petty officer after a shrill pipe, which intimates to those on board that Divine Service will be held in a quarter of an hour's time. The man told off as cook of each mess for the day carries the stools from his mess to that part of the ship where service is to be held, the carpenters bring capstan bars and buckets, and out of these implements pews are formed; then the carpenters put the pulpit or reading-desk together, which is made for taking to pieces and laying flat when not in use, and the officers' servants bring chairs and place them ready for their masters. Flags are sometimes laid along, and the reading-desk is always covered with one particular white flag, which has five black crosses on it. Special positions are assigned for the captain, commander, and the harmonium, or a portion of the band as orchestra. The bell is then tolled, the men and officers take their places, the captain is informed, and as soon as he has arrived the chaplain comes. A particular flag is hoisted to intimate to outsiders that service is going on on board. When it is over, "unrig church" is piped, which is the signal for the men to disperse.

* * * *

IN answer to "Militia Candidate," the Army Preliminary Examination has ceased to exist. To obtain through the militia a commission in the cavalry or infantry, an officer must be a successful candidate at a competitive examination in the following military subjects:—Fortification (600 marks), military topography (600 marks), tactics (600 marks), and military law (600 marks). As well as being sufficiently high in order of merit, a candidate must obtain a minimum of one-third of the marks in each subject, and half of the aggregate. Before presenting himself for competition, however, a militia officer must have passed a literary examination. The subjects are:—Class I.—Mathematics I. (including arithmetic, Euclid, Books I. to IV. and VI., algebra, etc.), Latin, French or German, English composition, geometrical drawing, freehand drawing, geography. Class II.—Mathematics II. (including Euclid, Book XI., Propositions 1 to 21, Book XII., Propositions 1 and 2, conic sections, statics, dynamics, etc.), Mathematics III. (including plane analytical geometry, differential and integral calculus, etc.), German or French, Greek, English history, chemistry and heat, physics, physiography, and geology. All subjects in Class I. may be taken up, but only two of Class II. may be taken up, and if one of these subjects is a modern language, it must be different from the modern language taken in Class I. Candidates must qualify in arithmetic, and obtain sufficient marks in the examination as a whole to indicate a competent amount of general proficiency.

* * * *

LOOKING over an old volume of the *Naval Chronicle* for 1803 the other day, I came across an interesting adaptation of "Shakespeare's Seven Ages," descriptive of the man-of-war's man's life in the olden time. It ran thus:—

"THE TAR.

"A Parody of 'Shakespeare's Seven Ages.'

"At first, the cabin boy,
Cleaning the guns and clearing out the deck;
And then, the gallant sailor, with tarr'd jacket,
And sun-burn'd face, climbing like nimble cat
The topmost mast; then in a privateer,
Raging like furnace to pour in a broadside
On the rich Spaniard; then heading a press-gang,
With bludgeon arm'd and watching like a pard,
He drags with oaths and blows the pallid victim
Aboard the tender; then prepar'd for signal,
In well-mann'd fleet, by modern instances
Of Nile and Baltic, he's led on to glory,
Even in the cannon's mouth; next rendezvous,
In port, on grand illumination night,
Dollars in pocket, doxies by his side,
He scorns to save a doit. The world too scant
For his big spirit, in noisy revels, huzzas,
Songs, fiddles, reels, hornpipes, and flowing bowls,
He drowns his cares; next day to sea again.
Last scene that ends this strange advent'rous history,
Is Greenwich pension, mess, tobacco, grog,
And cheers to good 'Old England's Wooden Walls.'"

* * * *

IN answer to "Montreal," the subject of rank-badges is one which requires careful study. He must, therefore, avoid mixing one branch of the Service with another. In the Foot Guards, lance-corporals wear, like corporals, two inverted chevrons on the right arm, and good conduct badges on the left, if entitled to them. In the cavalry of the Line and infantry, lance-corporals are only entitled by regulation to one stripe worn on the right arm. They wear also good conduct badges if entitled to them. A quartermaster-sergeant in the Royal Artillery is distinguished by four bars, gun, and star, but "Montreal" is right in supposing that a *battery* quartermaster-sergeant wears three bars, gun, and crown, similar to those worn by a *battery* sergeant-major. The last-named, according to Queen's Regulations, ranks with a colour-sergeant in the infantry. His duties are much the same, and he wears the same number of stripes. It is, therefore, impossible to give a satisfactory answer to "Montreal" when he asks why a sergeant-major of a field battery seems to be of inferior rank to others in the Service with less charge. The regulations for the supply of clothing and necessaries do not sanction the wearing of three bars and a star by a quartermaster-sergeant. Doubtless it is according to regulation in Canada, or a battery quartermaster-sergeant would not wear the badges named. The officer of the "Boxer" who is shown with buttons only on his cuff is a gunner.

* * * *

"MARINE" writes me as follows in connection with the Military Tournament recently held at Islington:—"I am naturally interested in the uniforms worn at Gibraltar, as my own corps is there principally concerned, and in this connection I should like to know what authority was found for the sugar-loaf caps with an anchor on the flap and 'A. R.' above it, which, according to one or two published sketches, formed the head-dress for the representatives of the marine regiments? I daresay it is all right, but at the same time it seems curious that they should have worn a grenadier cap in 1704 almost identically the same in shape as that which was worn by grenadiers fifty years later; and it seems hardly possible that there should not have been some considerable change in that time. As regards the marines, although at Belleisle they wore something of the kind, which gained for them the sobriquet of 'Les petits grenadiers,' it is certain that they wore a lower cap, having the front of a different shape, the top semi-circular and without a tuft, and having in front a crown and monogram, with the Garter star on the flaps, in 1743. It seems a pity that, after having worn this distinctive fusilier or grenadier head-dress for the greater part of the last century, they should have come down to the universal 'pickel-haube,' which has nothing in particular to recommend it for use on board, the spike pretty often being in the way. The corps was created Light Infantry as an honour, of course, so unless some other distinctive title were bestowed in lieu, it would hardly like to discard it; but it is not a very appropriate one, as the marines are probably the biggest and heaviest men, taking them all round, that wear the Queen's scarlet, if we except some of the Household troops. Curiously enough, too, though some of the insignia of light infantry regiments are worn, the distinctive green caps are not. A fusilier head-dress, either fur or cloth, somewhat similar to the old sugar-loaf grenadier caps, would be more suitable and distinctive, and the latter could have the additional advantage of being made to fold up flat, and so would take up less room on board.

* * * *

"WHILE on the subject of head-dresses I may mention that I have read somewhere that the waving ostrich plumes of the Highlanders were first assumed in Egypt in the expedition of 1801. If this is correct it would be interesting if it could be found out whether they were copied from those worn by the Janissaries. I do not know if there were any of those troops present in that country, but it is quite possible that they were represented. What has suggested this to me is that I have recently come across an old French military work, published in 1696, which gives a plate of a Janissary wearing a cap something the shape of the foundation of a feather bonnet, which is adorned with two long curling ostrich feathers which descend below the shoulders; and although only two are shown, it is stated that 'on days of parade they ornament their caps with *many* long plumes.'" Perhaps some of my readers can enlighten this correspondent.

THE EDITOR.

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After the Landing in Cuba.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT THE FRONT.]

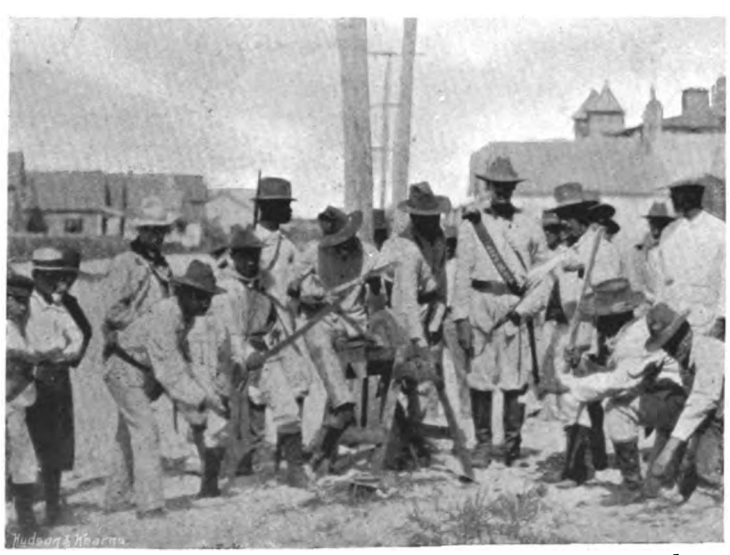
YOU have heard, of course, how we landed at Baiquiri. After grilling at Tampa, with nothing better to do than stretch our legs and wait for the good time coming, it was like taking a tonic to set foot on hostile ground. I never knew men so delighted as when intelligence arrived that we were at last to go, and Captain Taylor, who shepherded us in the "Indiana" on the passage, had a very cheery flock.

After seeing a great deal of the smartness of Tommy Atkins at Aldershot and elsewhere, these Yankee soldiers are pictorially disappointing, but they have the hard muscles, and the keenness and alertness, of the true soldier. The volunteers are a mixed lot, but it will not take much to make that crowd of journalists, lawyers, engineers, clerks, and others good soldiers. All were extraordinarily eager to be in the grips with the Spaniards, and there was nothing they so much wanted to hear as the cuckoo call of which the Cubans tell.

THE LANDING AT BAIQUIRI.

As I write, we have had the bounce taken out of us, but not the spirit. Roosevelt's Rough Riders have been roughly handled. I cannot gather all the details yet, but have no doubt these will reach England over the cable. It was Trumpeter Platt, of that fine body of men—millionaires, cowboys, and the rest—who hoisted the Stars and Stripes on the evening of June 22. The operation of landing the men had been going on all day. Captain Goodrich, of the "St. Louis," was indefatigable in supervising it, and I believe not a hitch occurred, as pinnace after pinnace towed her string of boats to the iron pier. I could not land myself until the afternoon, but I hear there was an amusing scramble for the honour of being the first to set foot on the enemy's soil, and that many got a ducking in their eagerness. Some men of the 8th Infantry were really the first. As they did so, the strains of "Yankee Doodle" floated on the air.

When I got ashore I found Baiquiri a very poor place, chiefly inhabited by miners, but many had fled when the ships opened fire to cover our landing, and not a Spanish soldier was seen. A party of Cubans had just come in to greet us, bringing a message from Gomez, I believe. They are men of middle height, broad and swarthy, and seemed



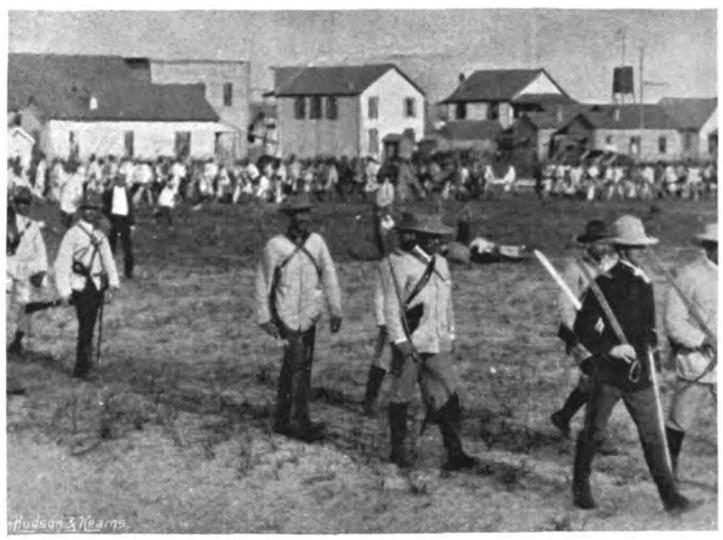
From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent at the Front.

CUBANS SHARPENING MACHETES.

ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS IN ACTION.

very important, I thought, to themselves, though with a consciousness of inferiority. We have since learned to despise these fellows. "They can't fight worth a durned cent," said one man. My own opinion is that they could fight if they would, but that they are downright skulkers, who have been accustomed to roll cigarettes, lying on their backs in the shade from roll-call till dusk, and are only too glad to see the Yankees doing their work for them. Some of our fellows have not been slow to perceive this, and I mark a tone of exasperation growing. The Cuban will bring a *machete* to as fine an edge as any man, but will use it best when there is prospect of loot behind; and it pleases them to drill better than to fight.

I cannot tell you half the horrors of the advance we have just made from Baiquiri. The Rough Riders were among the first to go forward, but, when they were fighting up in the hill at Sevilla, they were without their horses. There is a great deal of wood in the country, and the roads—save the mark!—from recent heavy rains are veritable swamps. The heat is at the same time stifling, and the heavy equipment of the men is nothing less than absurd. It is strewn all along the way from the landing-place to Juragua and beyond—knapsacks, blankets, uniforms, tent rolls, canteens, and all



CUBAN VOLUNTEERS ROUND SANTIAGO.

manner of impedimenta. I hear the unlucky Rough Riders have even dress suits in their baggage which has been left to moulder or be looted by Cubans at Baiquiri.

The disaster to the Rough Riders has cast gloom upon us. It happened in this way. The Spaniards were reported to be in position at Sevilla, on our flank, and there was great eagerness to drive them out. It does not appear to have been their intention to remain. General Young was detached with some regulars, and the Rough Riders under Colonel Wood. They advanced on two sides, endeavouring to outflank the Spaniards, but the Rough Riders fell into an ambush, and over twenty were killed, including Captain Capron, and Hamilton Fish, grandson of a former Secretary of State, while over seventy were wounded.

There seems to have been some rashness, and there is not a little recrimination now, but the disaster, as I write, has evidently sharpened the Yankees for their task.

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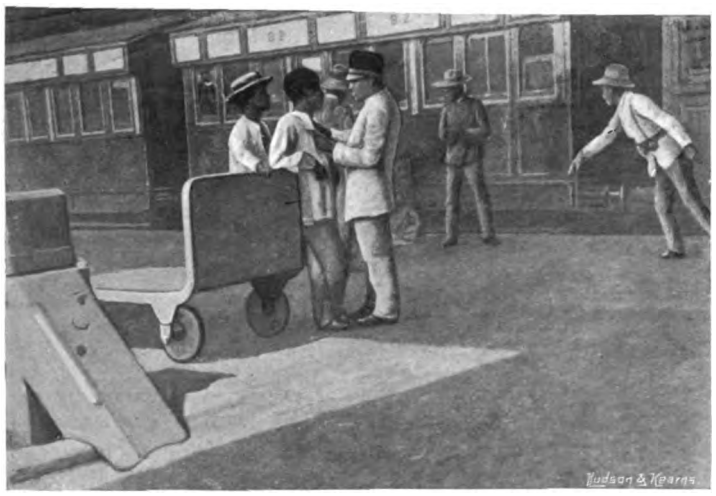
With the Spanish Troops at Manila.

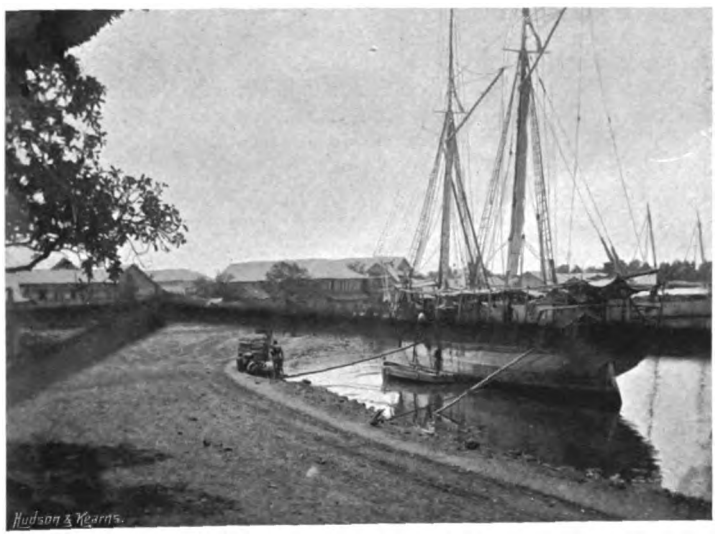
[By One of the Besieged.]

THERE is a pleasing variety of methods by which a life insurance policy may be speedily realised at Manila. It is the worst place in the Far East for typhoons, thunder-storms, earthquakes, malaria, and snakes Then



A GAME AT "PITCH AND TOSS."

there is typhus, small-pox, and a chance of leprosy; the occasional prospect of rapid despatch by bombardment, the even chance of being shot in the head by the insurgents, and the imminent risk of being accidentally shot in the back by the Spanish riflemen in the execution of their duty, which is surmised to be that of firing promiscuously on the least provocation. I



LEAVING MANILA BY RIVER.

have undertaken for the benefit—if it be a benefit—of the readers of the Navy and Army Illustrated an additional risk. The Spanish Commander-in-Chief, shortly after the battle of Cavite and the landing of the Americans, proclaimed that anyone found photographing the defences or environs of Manila would be shot as a spy. This is a very excellent

From Photos. by Our Correspondent at Manila.

THE VILLAGE OF LAS PINAS.

THE FIGHT AT ZAPOTE BRIDGE.

provision, except for the only person in Manila who possesses a camera in working order, namely, myself. The photograph of Manila railway station was obtained by subterfuge, namely, by looking the opposite way and pretending to be taking a view of the pig market opposite. The train shown in the photograph is not running. Nothing runs but the troops. The station is, at the time of photographing, in charge of the military, who are on guard—playing "pitch and toss."

Manila still holds out. Every day, and all day, there is an exodus from the city, until one wonders that there are any persons left for the exodus of the morrow. Here is a rich seaport, a metropolis almost as large as Liverpool; the majority of the buildings are of a highly inflammable type, fires are frequent even in ordinary times, and a very little shelling would burn the whole place to the ground. Yet the Spaniards are as obstinate in their hopeless resistance as were the French in 1870. For some weeks there has been a serious shortage of food, and even the first-class establishments are on short commons. Large, clumsy river boats, towed by steam launches or poled by natives, swarm up river conveying families and goods, and come down again for more. If they bring provisions so much the better, if not, no matter; the Malays can starve for a day or two.

CORRESPONDENTS OBTAINING INFORMATION.

Our defenders, the Spanish Army, would suggest comic opera, if the pitiful circumstances were not so very real. The boyish appearance of the Spanish troops is not lessened by the uniform—a light straw hat, high in the crown and wide in the brim, like that of a typical stage brigand, blue-striped cotton clothes something like "dungaree," a broad black leather belt, and foot-gear of many sorts. There is the ordinary "ammunition boot," the plain everyday shoe of civilian construction, and a Spanish national design of boot with no sides, only heel and toe connected by a sole and an ankle piece. Many of the poorer fellows have no shoes at all, and they get their feet shockingly lacerated in the country.

A ludicrous presentment of the Spaniard is supplied by the two accompanying photographs of a scene near the bridge across the Zapote River, midway between Manila and Cavite. While the first of these two views was being taken the second

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suddenly developed itself. The gang of men in big sombreros are not Sicilian brigands, but regular troops of the Spanish Army, chiefly bare-footed, as I have said. (It is certainly cooler in this climate.) Nor are the two frousy figures in the centre of the picture specimens of the celebrated American tramp, who has been so freely disparaged by Spanish papers, but war correspondents. The alarm is not caused by them, but by shots from the enemy in the woods 50-yds. away. At least it is assumed that they are from the enemy, and the troops immediately prepare to make themselves scarce behind the nearest available trees, leaving the two correspondents the only unmoved participators in the scene.

The taller of the two war correspondents, whose appearance, it must be admitted, is against him, is the celebrated special correspondent, Mr. Clark Cowen, Reuter's representative at Manila. Mr. Cowen is a well-known figure in the Far East. He it was who, whilst engaged in the peaceful occupation of editing the *Hong Kong Telegraph*, received from a leading London newspaper one afternoon at the outbreak of the China-Japan War the laconic telegram, "Proceed Japanese front, remain there till close of war," and immediately putting down his pen, walked to the docks, chartered a special steamer, and left Hong Kong within half-an-hour, turning out from the tropical warmth of Hong Kong into the subarctic rigours of a Manchurian winter, with no further preparation than the purchase of a note-book and a pair of heavy boots as he went on board ship.

PREPARING FOR THE ENEMY.

One of the most extraordinary mistakes of the fighting round Manila was the loss of the Parañaque bridge. This is a narrow structure nearly a quarter of a mile long, across the Parañaque River, six miles from Manila, and two from the Zapote River. The bridge is seemingly rickety, but really tough as a steel hawser. How the Spaniards let the rebels gain the passage of the bridge is a mystery, for the condition of the village shows that no artillery was used. There must have been an unaccountable panic and uncontrollable stampede.

THE PARANAQUE BRIDGE.

From Photos. by Our Correspondent at Manila.

A SCENE IN PARANAQUE VILLAGE

Citizen Soldiers at Sydenham.

ALTHOUGH our pictures do not represent any of the more exciting passages in the tournament, they will give a fair general idea of its character and intention. Many different regiments of yeomanry were represented on the church parade, and it is most creditable to that ancient and loyal force that it sent up competitors from all parts of the kingdom to take part in the show. There were non-commissioned officers and men from nearly all the regiments in the Service, and it was, of course, necessary to provide them with camp accommodation, and to carry out the duties

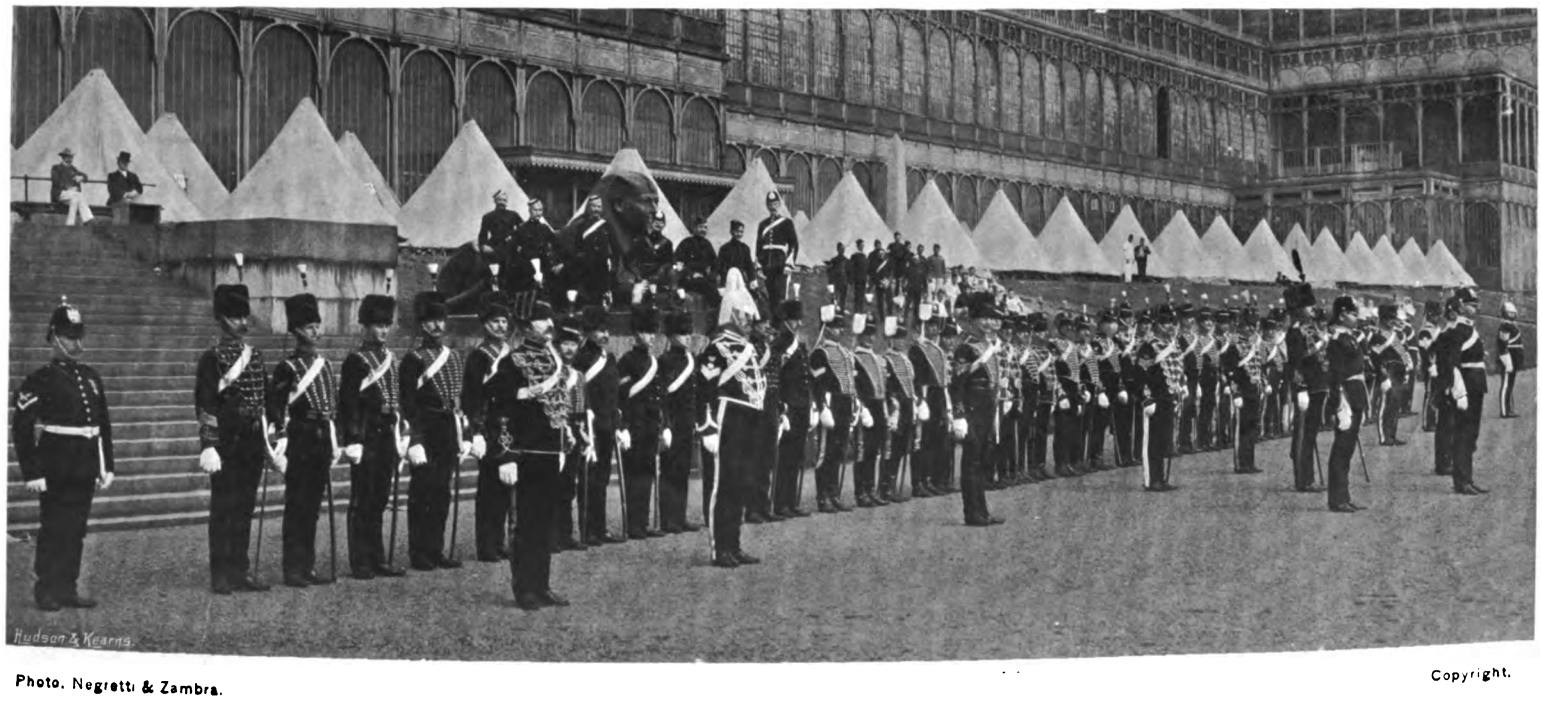

Photo. Negretti & Zambra. Copyright.

CHURCH PARADE.

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In accordance with camp regulations. The camp was an object of interest, not only to the friends and relatives of the yeomen, but likewise to large numbers of visitors, who, many of them for the first time, enjoyed an inspection of life under canvas.

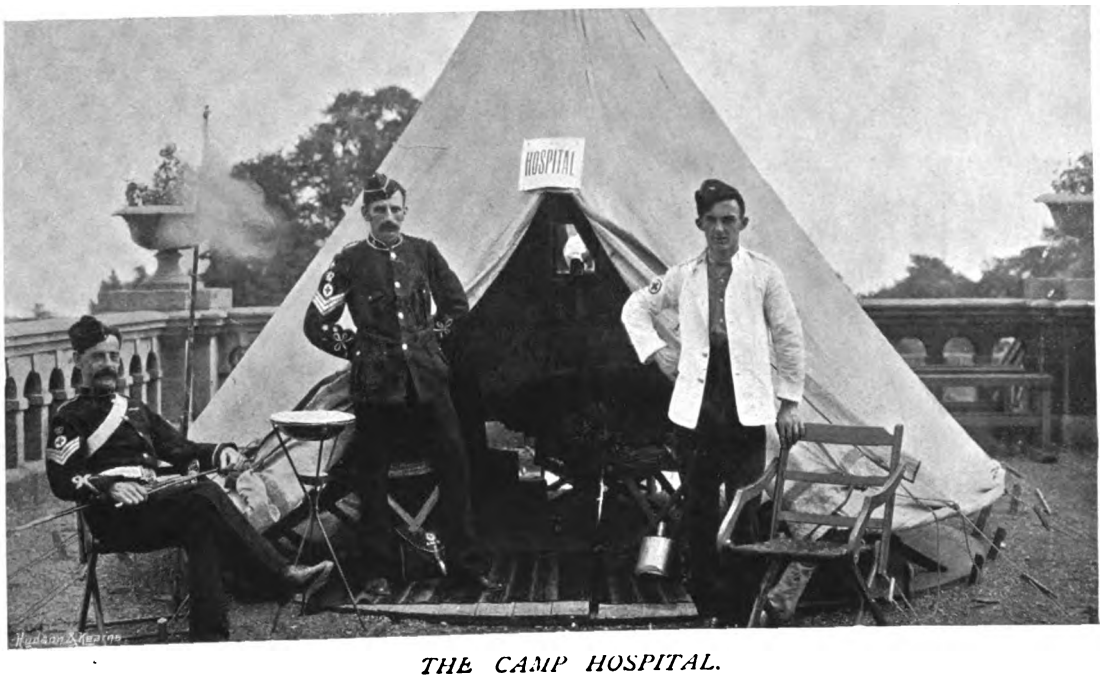
Provision for the spiritual wants of the men is an essential feature of our military administration, and the services of the medical department must, in like manner, be available wherever troops are assembled. The hospital tent and orderlies, shown in one of our pictures, prove the preparedness of the authorities to do their duty in this respect, but it is gratifying to note that no severe strain was put upon their resources.

The group of officers and staff contains a number of faces and forms that will be readily recognised by the reader. It seems almost invidious to make prominent mention of individual names when the success attained is certainly due to the hard work and combined exertion of many able and willing hands.

The commandant, the assistant-commandant, and the adjutant are, however, representative men, whose courtesy and efficiency visitors to the tournament would gladly acknowledge.

The difficulties connected with the preparation and management of such an exhibition are more formidable than people generally suppose. They require to be met with perseverance, resolution, tact, and a certain amount of experience. When we find these and other qualities exhibited in an undertaking of public interest, and for a benevolent purpose, they deserve to be fully appreciated. For instance, no intelligent person who saw the "combined display" could avoid the conclusion that talent, skill, and careful study were necessary for its production. An acknowledgment is therefore due to Mr. Revill, who was at the head of this very interesting and exciting part of the performance. He made an excellent "Commissioner," on the verge of retirement, one would say from his appearance. If he has not retired by this time next year, it will be pleasant to see him again. If he has, it is to be hoped that the Government of India will pension him with rupees enough to satisfy his wishes.

VISITORS IN CAMP.

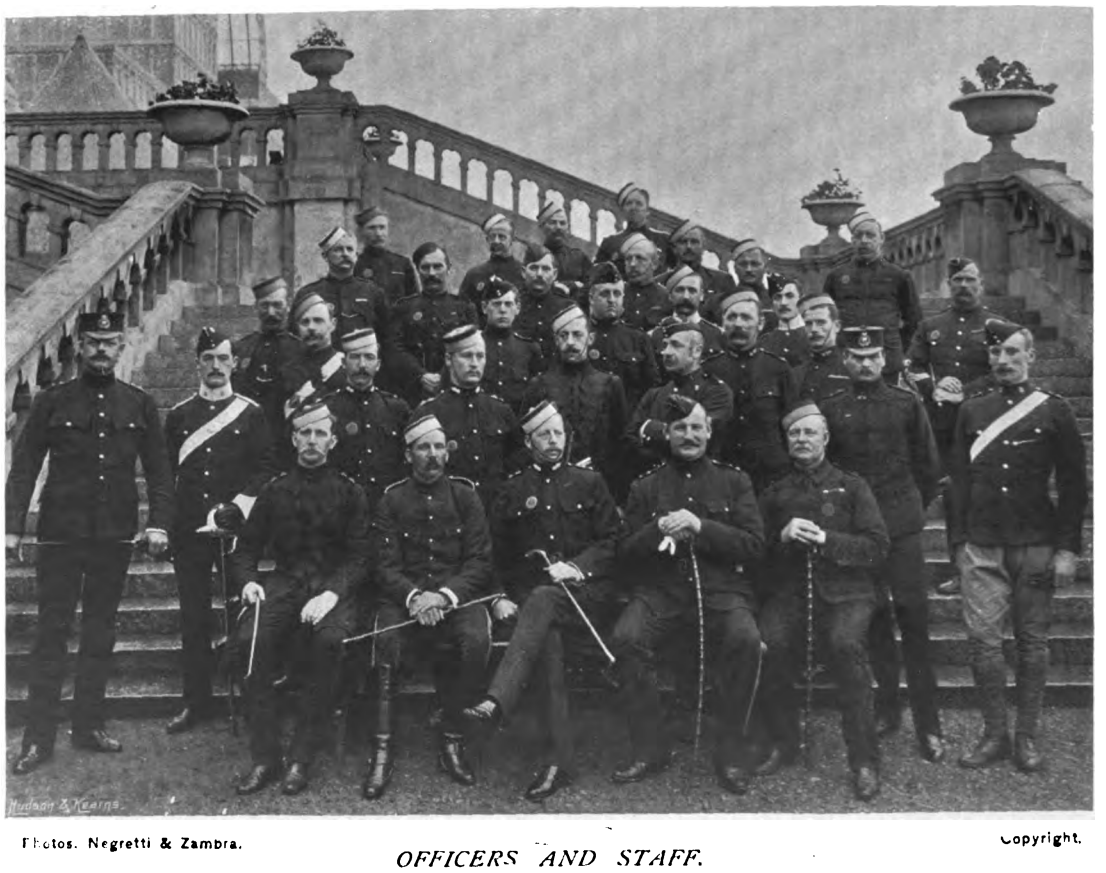


THE CAMP HOSPITAL.

The scenery for the combined display was painted by Mr. Pritchard Barrett, who effectively acted the part of a leading tribesman. Mr. Barrett is one of those who spent long weeks in preparing the details of this display, and but for the care thus exercised by its promoters, the result would not have been the complete success which it undoubtedly was.

Another face to be seen in the large group is that of Sergeant-Major Harding, the swordsman. His share in attracting spectators was a large one, and his feats were admirably performed. Indeed, the performers as a body, and especially the prize-takers, were greeted with unstinted applause, which was very well merited. The prize-winners have much reason to be proud of themselves, because the fields against which they competed were of really good quality. In the mounted competitions some of the horses were extremely well broken, a fact which has as much to do with success as the skill of the rider, and some of them were easy and clever jumpers; so it may fairly be expected that this tournament will have a widespread influence in improving the production and training of yeomanry horses.

While heartily congratulating all concerned on the manner in which the third Crystal Palace Tournament was conducted, it may be well to remind unsuccessful competitors that they have nothing to be ashamed of, that they were beaten by exceptionally good men, and that with undaunted perseverance their own turn is sure to come.



Photos. Negretti & Zambra. *OFFICERS AND STAFF.* Copyright.

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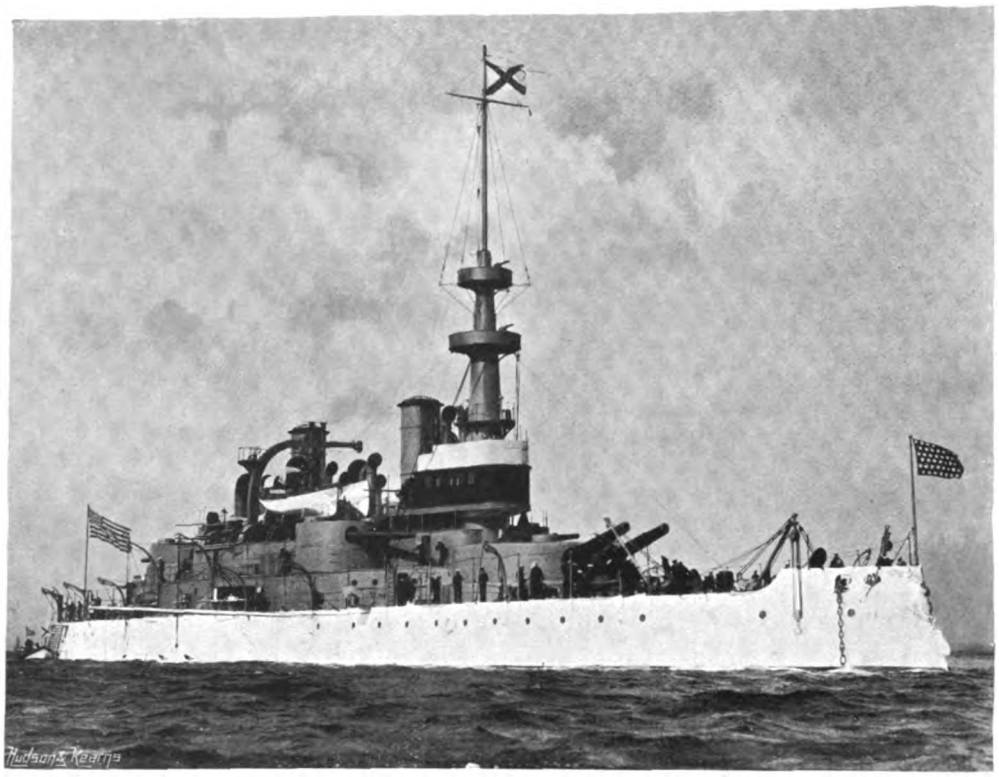
BLOCKADING SANTIAGO.

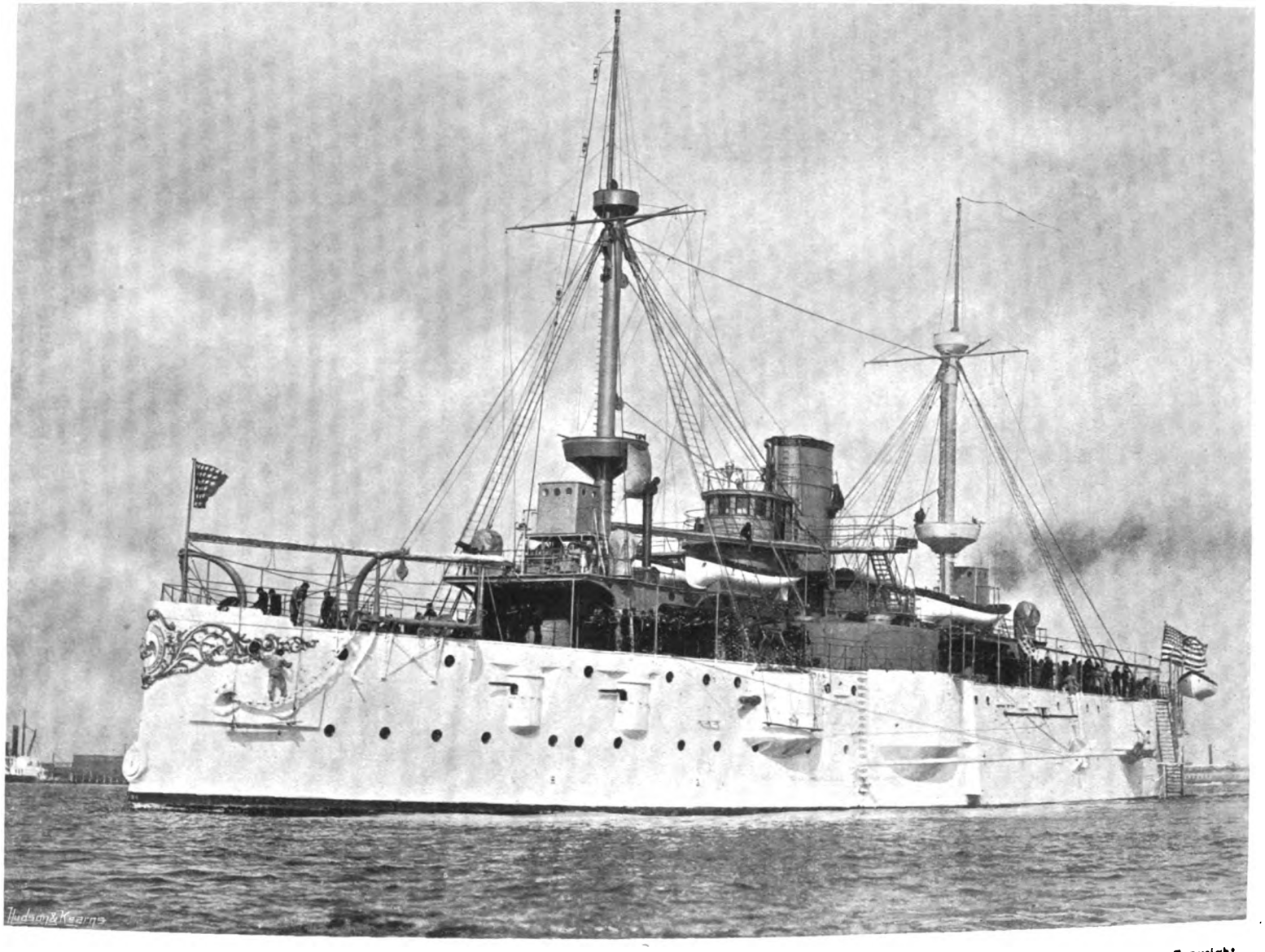
THE blockade of Santiago has now receded into history. It was with us every day for weeks together, but now it cannot furnish forth a heading for a daily paper. Yet it was interesting enough, in a way, and will live with the old blockades. We never found them a very comfortable business. Nelson, steadily watching, like the trusty servant he was, the sea-gate of Toulon; Cornwallis, buffeting with an off-shore gale near the *goulet* of Brest, driven many a time to Cawsand Bay, but with the "Blue Peter" ever flying, ready to return; tough old Collingwood inshore, sleeping with his head on the breech of a gun; lynx-eyed Pellew off Ferrol, looking up that narrow way, chasing privateers or arguing with Spanish captains as to the odd conduct of neutrals; all this going on, with little change, month in, month out, year even after year—a dull business, you will say, but an effective all the same.

There was a salt to these old seamen that was wanting to Admiral Sampson. They regarded it little enough, some of them, we know. But those wonderful prizes! those rare, rich argosies captured out at sea! Think of those Spanish treasure ships of 1804, with their holds full of gold and silver, valued, though one of them had sunk, at something like a million of money. Then that wonderful "admiral's eighth"—a veritable Pactolus turned into his coffers. But this was wanting to Admiral Sampson. There are no such proportions now. Neither has Spain any such treasures. To begin with, off Havana there was the unfamiliar excitement of bringing strangers to with a shot across the bows, but the capture of ocean tramps, laden with timber or salt, soon began to pall, especially when, in these days of neutral rights and belligerent privileges, the prize court often disallowed the capture.

The blockade of Santiago has been completely efficient.



THE UNITED STATES' BATTLE-SHIP "MASSACHUSETTS."



Photos. J. S. Johnson. Copyright.

THE UNITED STATES' BATTLE-SHIP "TEXAS."

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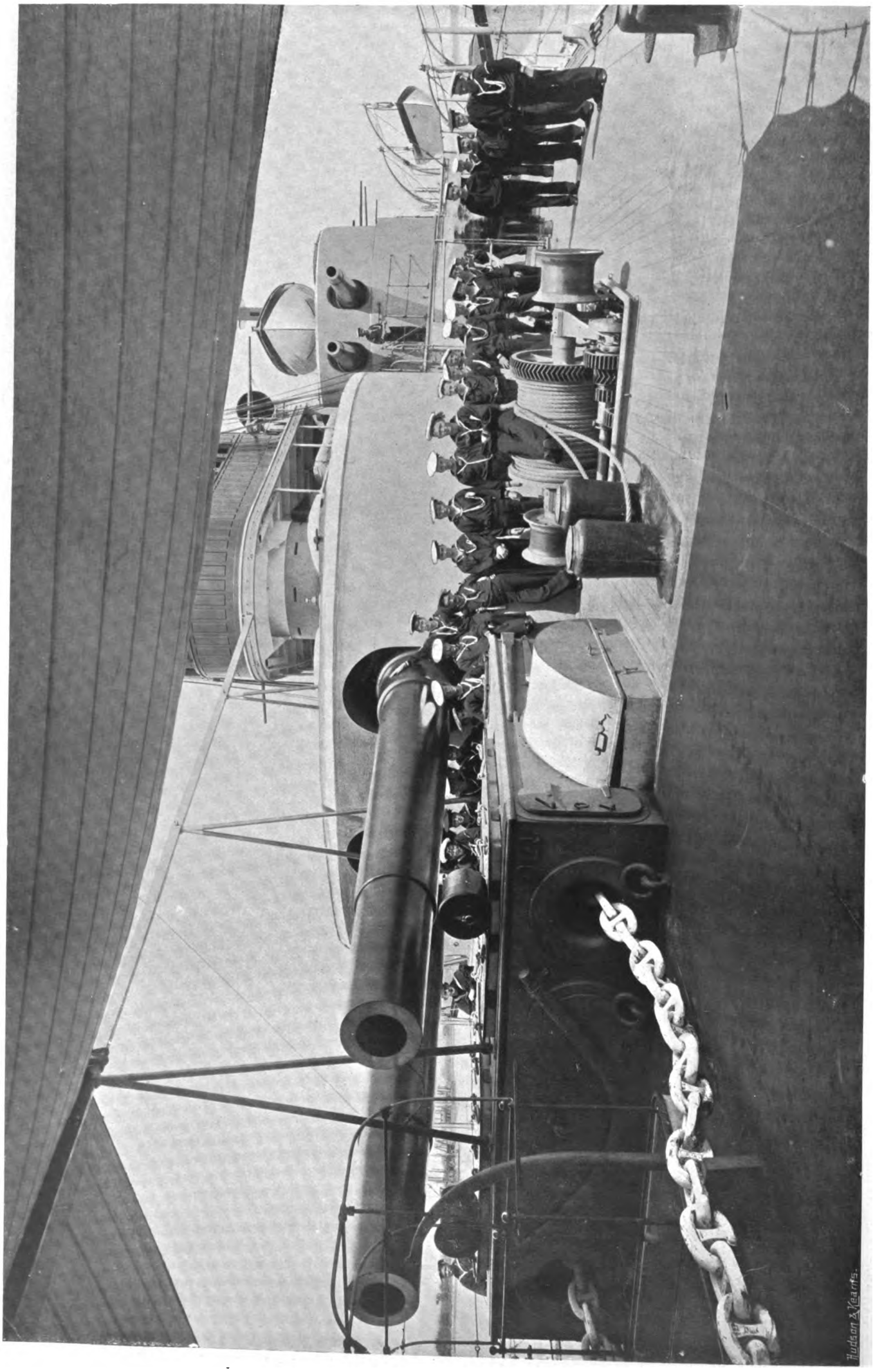

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THE FORWARD DECK OF THE "MASSACHUSETTS."

Photo. A. Connor.

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To run in or slip out has been impossible. The watch maintained by Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley has been too close to admit of that, or so, at least, it would appear. The admiral is a gunnery expert, with unbounded trust in the efficiency of his weapons. He and his captains have used them with tremendous effect whenever they have been matched with anything afloat, and have vindicated once again the supreme value of the gun, which torpedo experts were inclined to depreciate. The effect of the bombardments cannot be fully ascertained as yet. In a general way it may be asserted that they have been ineffective. In the nature of things, perhaps, they could scarcely have been anything else. The ship is never well matched with the shore.

The material damage we inflicted at Alexandria was not, after all, very considerable. At the same time, the immense weight of metal which has been thrown upon the Cuban shore cannot but have destroyed much, and the moral effect, we may not doubt, has sometimes been very great, even though we safely discount the glowing pictures of volcanoes or earthquakes, and disrupted islands said to have been caused by the guns of the "dynamite" cruiser, "Vesuvius."

Photo. J. S Johnson Copyright.

THE UNITED STATES' CRUISER "MINNEAPOLIS."

In the picture of the forward deck of the "Massachusetts" which accompanies this article, the heaviest gun in the American Service is well shown. Two of them, of 13-in. calibre, are seen protruding from the great turret. The sister ships, "Oregon" and "Indiana," have the same, as well as the ships now in the builders' hands. This huge weapon weighs 60½ tons, and is 40-ft. long. With the Service charge, 550-lb. of non-smokeless brown powder, it will discharge a projectile weighing 1,100 tons, with a muzzle velocity of 2,100-ft. per second, and a muzzle energy of 33,627 foot-tons, sufficing to penetrate 33½-in. of wrought iron. It would be interesting to learn what damage was inflicted upon the "Cristobal Colon" by one of these projectiles, if the "Oregon," which was engaged with her in the final Naval battle, should have used them against her. The "Texas," which is also illustrated here, and which was more heavily engaged with the "Colon," has her largest guns of smaller calibre—12-in.—and they are coupled in turrets on a different plan, the turrets, instead of both standing in the keel-line of the ship, being obliquely placed, the forward one to port, and the after one to starboard, with the idea of bringing more guns to bear for fore and aft fire. The gun in question is considerably lighter than the larger weapon—a little over 45 tons—and the charge of 425-lb. of powder imparts to a 850-lb. projectile the same velocity, but a penetration of about 3-in. less.

It is certain, however, that the 8-in. gun has proved a more useful arm in the present war than its heavier fellows. Both Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley are understood to attach very great importance to the gun of this calibre. It is mounted in the upper turrets of the battle-ships of the "Massachusetts" class—and is well shown in the larger picture—and actually on the top of the main turrets in the "Kearsarge" and "Kentucky," which are competing afloat, and is the main armament in the "New York" and other cruisers. The "Minneapolis," which is another of the blockading ships illustrated here, has one gun of the calibre. There are several patterns of this weapon, the latest and heaviest weighing little over 15 tons, but giving to a projectile of 250-lb. a muzzle velocity of 2,150 foot-seconds, and a penetration of over 21-in.

This account of guns used in the bombardment of Santiago, and the destruction of Cervera's squadron, has drawn us away from the special events of the blockade, which, however, are sufficiently well known.

NATAL COAL FOR THE NAVY.

THIS is a picture of the "Magpie," a gun-boat on the Cape station, taken during the process of coaling ship, to the disgust, possibly, of her commanding officer, who would prefer that she should appear without a coal hulk alongside. In this instance, however, the despised coal hulk happens to form a very important feature in the picture, for the coal is being supplied from the Natal Navigation Collieries, and the "Magpie" is the first man-of-war receiving her supply under the arrangement by which the Natal Government undertakes to keep a store of coal available for the ships on the station, to the extent of 12,000 tons annually, from 1,000 to 2,000 tons being kept ready in bags at a moment's notice.

The Cape, it will be recollected, offered us a battle-ship, but this offer for some reason has not been renewed; now Natal offers the sinews of war in the form of coal, and this creditable and patriotic scheme is worthy of notice.

THE "MAGPIE," COALING AT DURBAN.

Not the least remarkable fact is that the coal is won in Natal. Only certain kinds of coal are suitable for steamships, but the Natal Navigation Collieries appear, by the published analysis, to produce just the right sort, and to have a good supply of it.

The collieries are situated about 240 miles from Durban, and are being fitted with the most approved modern plant, which is expected to be in full working order by the end of this month. With the ever-increasing traffic, there should be a good future before the Natal Navigation Collieries.

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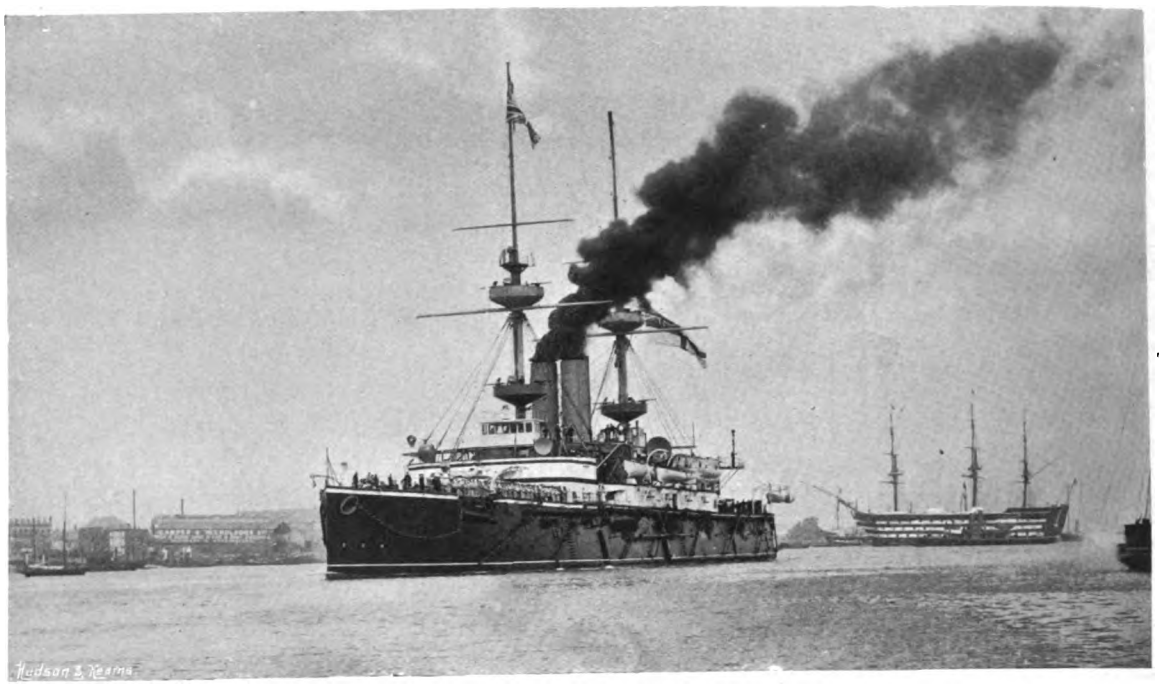
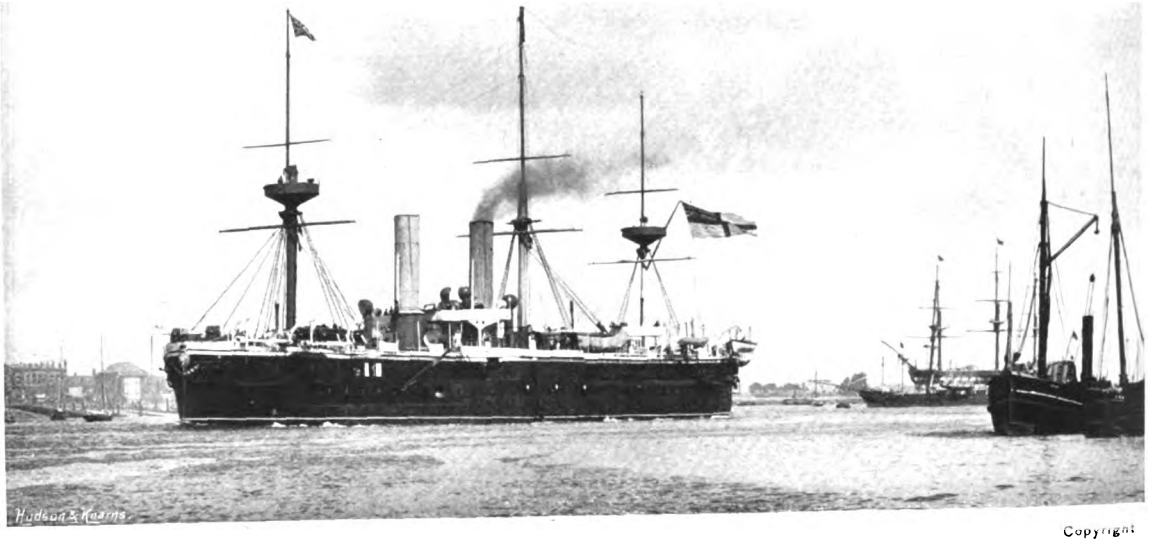
Newly-commissioned Battle-ships.

HERE we have a most unique picture, and, we may say, taken from real life, without any imaginary touches from the artist, of two flag-ships of the Channel Fleet, divided in their commands by a lapse of ninety years—the "Victory" and the "Majestic," which was recently recommissioned for service with the Channel Squadron as the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Sir H. F. Stephenson, K.C.B. The "Victory," flying the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir James Saumarez, Bart., K.B., sailed with the Channel Fleet early in May, 1808, to fight the Russians in the Baltic.

Our next subject, the "Alexandra," flag-ship of the Reserve Squadron, has just been undergoing a somewhat extensive refit. With the constant alterations in guns and their fittings, it is no easy matter to keep our battle-ships up to the times, and that we must do if we wish to maintain our place as one of the most powerful factors in the world. Her funnels have been lengthened, also her masts, and larger fighting tops fitted. Her armament has been altered somewhat; she has four 9·2-in. guns in barbette mountings, and six 4·7-in. breech-loading quick-firers, to replace her 4-in. breech-loaders, but she has still some of her old muzzle-loading 10-in. guns left. The refit of a battle-ship is no small undertaking, and often costs close upon £100,000; and a vessel which is constantly employed upon foreign stations, only visiting England every few years for refitting, often has more spent upon her in this way than she originally cost.



THE "MAGPIE," COALING AT DURBAN.



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THE "ALEXANDRA," AS SHE APPEARS TO-DAY.

A NAVAL FAMILY.

Mr. AND Mrs. HEWITT AND THEIR SAILOR SONS.

"HAPPY is the man that hath his quiver full of them; they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate." So sang the Psalmist of old, and true enough, indeed, are those words in the present case.

Some time ago, there was a great stir made about a mother having six sons in the Army; but now, in its modest way the sister Service, goes "one better," and presents a picture of father and mother with seven sons in the Navy. What a queen amongst women would have been that Spartan mother who could have sent, like Mrs. Hewitt, her seven sons to join Leonidas to fight for king and country.

Everyone will allow that this is a grand specimen of an English family. They are a chief stoker, three 1st class petty officers, one able-bodied seaman, and two privates of the Royal Marine Light Infantry.

The two latter are reckoned as seamen, for the Navy cannot afford to part from its "Joeys," as the marines are familiarly termed. They only allow the military authorities the honour of calling them soldiers when they are ashore.

Even in the present day marines have been seen on the fore yard lending the forecastle men a hand to furl the fore sail.

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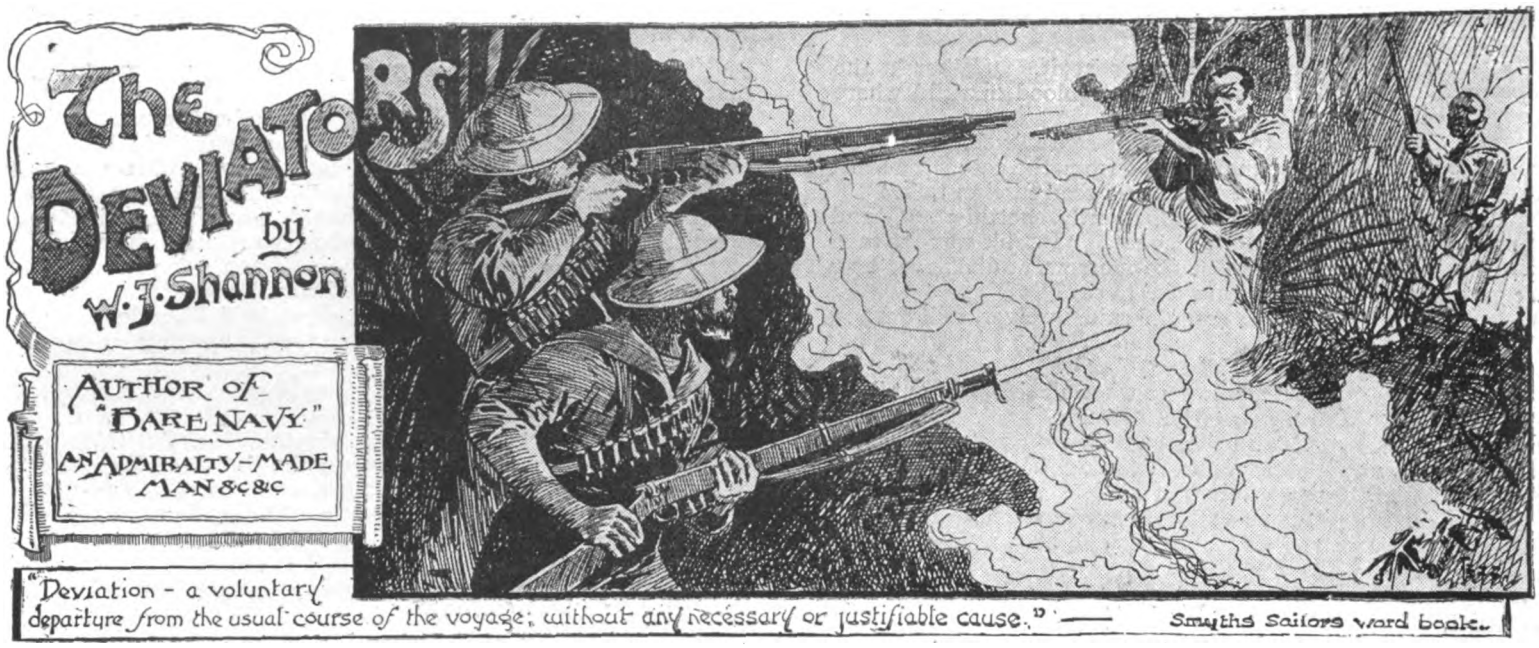
The DEVIATORS
by W. J. Shannon
Author of "Bare Navy"
An Admiralty-Made Man &c &c
"Deviation - a voluntary departure from the usual course of the voyage; without any necessary or justifiable cause." — Smyths Sailors word book.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Two bluejackets, after having been separated from a landing party in East Africa for some days, rejoin. By stress of circumstances they have left a box (of treasure, as they think) in the cave of a trader named Angel, together with their first lieutenant, whom they have rescued The party marches towards the cave, and near it is ambushed. The two seamen, suspecting Angel, seize an opportunity to rush to the cave for their box during the fight. It is not there, neither is the first lieutenant, nor the trader's sister, who was left in charge. They are terribly disappointed, but join in the fight again philosophically and whole-heartedly. The enemy is beaten off and the Naval party rests by the cave. Angel has disappeared, and the two bluejackets, Jim Twelves and Malachi Eaves, feel certain that he has "got to wind'ard" of them and has their treasure. Smith, a petty officer and friend, scouts the idea of treasure being in the box. Eaves remains sullen. Twelves had promised him, while they were away from their party, a glorious return, with far-spreading excuses, not to speak of the actual cash to be obtained from the contents of the box. He does not feel that they are returning gloriously; he has no excuse; he has lost his money. The seamen leave the cave for the beach, Twelves, in good spirits, leading. They embark, and find that Miss Angel and the first lieutenant are aboard. Eaves is not comforted. He thinks they have cheated him out of his box. But he and Twelves are glad to be back on the ship.

CHAPTER XV. *(continued.)*

"THERE'S a corner in beer in Zanzy, I believe, chum. It's these Parsees."

"We aint had any rum for a week neither. I think they oughta save it up for us when we has responsible work to do, like we have all these days past."

"So do I. But they never will. They say grog won't keep in the N.E. monsoon."

"No more it will if it's loose."

"No," Twelves agreed. "Still, we had champagne."

"So long ago that I've forgot the taste of it. I've bin thirsty ever since, and I shiver when I remember that desert."

"Dew laps aint so comfortin' as cocoa for breakfast. I shall be glad to sit in the mess and have some."

"I shan't be properly happy till dinner time," said Eaves.

"I shall be gladder then. But we shall have to persevere hard to pick up what we've lost this week in the way of coolin' drinks."

"*I* shall," said Eaves.

"Lost opportunities makes lastin' regret, the parzon says, Mal, and I don't care for my regrets to last, so I shall, too. Still, a whole barren week is not easily overtook."

"I don't call it barren. I haven't had a moment's peace since you and me was marooned till this blessed minit. Scrubbin' decks is quite soothin' after a week of work like I've had."

"The results is barren, I mean."

"What, with two officers and a lady rescued?"

"That aint so dusty so fur as dooty is concerned. But pleasure was absent, boyo. Beer wasn't there."

"It wasn't," said Eaves. "But I didn't think you was very miserable. You're roundin' on yourself. You've bin holdin' out that pleasure *was* there."

"I was held up by the hopes of prize-money."

"It didn't sound like it, the way you talked. You was propped up by a stiff-built conscience, like a parzon's, you said, and was perfectly comfortable."

"I thought I was, myself, but that was imagination. I find I miss the treasure, now we've lost it. Should you think we could come on Nutty and Charlie for salvage money?"

"I should think we could occasionally drop on 'em for a drink. I say, Jim, what's this pervadin' excuse what we're to say to the cap'n when we goes up?"

"Oh, we best stick to—— Eh, yes, Smith? Miss Angel would like to see me aft? What does she want to git up so early for, I wonder. But I've noticed that ladies——"

"Now nip aft, Jim, and see what she wants."

"What, barefoot? All right, if you insist."

* * * * * * *

"Malachi," said Jim at breakfast, "I've got it."

"What?" said Eaves.

"The box."

"I don't see what good that is, empty."

"It's not empty."

"The ullage aint any good then, I guess."

"The box aint bin opened, chum."

"*All* my eye and Sally Martin," said Eaves. "They put her up to tell you that."

"I thought if there was one thing would make a man of you ag'in it was this," said Twelves, regretfully.

"Let's see it then," said Eaves. "Let's open the confounded thing, and see if it aint bin tampered with. Think they've took all this trouble simply to give us that boxful back? Fust thing, soon's we come aboard, they arrange to call up Twelves and give him the box, because he's a innocent. I wonder she didn't pass it over last night. How did she know it was our'n, I'd like to know."

"She didn't. I manœuvred towards the box in the conversation, and she said, oh! was that ours? She thought it was her brother's, and brought it aboard wid his other things. But she said she'd go and git it, and she did, and I've got it safe stowed away in the magazine flat. Come?"

"Wha'd she call you up at all for? I guess *she* steered the conversation."

"She called me up because we was old friends, and she wanted to ask about Angel."

"Tell her all about him?"

"Not me. Told her where we left him the fust time, but not how he guided us the second time and sloped. She said, would I tell Wadi to go to her. That's a funny thing. I looked for him but couldn't find him. The ship's corp'ral did too. Have *you* seen him?"

"No. I s'pose he took the opportoonity to bunk it last night. Did *he* enquire about Angel?"

"Yes. I told him where I seen him last. Come on, let's git the box and break it open widout further delay."

But they had to delay, as just then the bugle sounded for "divisions."

In the afternoon, however, they took the box up into the jolly-boat and prised open the lid. The box was loosely filled with papers.

"There you are," said Eaves, wearily. "Jist what I said. They've pinched the coins and the jools."

"Mal, I can't misbelieve the lady. But if ye like I'll converse wid Number One and ast him what *he* has to say on the matter. But these papers looks genuine. They're rusty enough to be three hundred year old, and the writin' is near enough to Portagee to pass."

"I s'pose you know Portagee when you see it, same's Swyhili?" said Eaves, fingering a batch of what looked like certificates, curled and sea-stained.

"All same's Swyhili," said Twelves.

"And three hundred years! Why, these stains would come in twenty. And I could fray out the corners in ten minits as good as this."

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"Properly," said Twelves, studying a chart, "this ought to indicate treasure."

"Pooh!" said Eaves, glancing at it. "Where's the blood-red cross? Where's the heart's blood markin' where he buried it?"

"It don't appear to be there," said Twelves, calmly, taking up some further manuscript from the case. "I wish I'd bin properly educated, so's I could read foreign talk."

"Bah!" Eaves cried, impatiently getting up, and spurning the empty box with his foot. "I don't want to read it. The cap'n's sure to ask us to-morrow, at divisions, how we got adrift. What are you goin' to say?"

"I'm goin' to ast Miss Angel," said Twelves, still deep in the papers.

"What does she know?"

"I'm goin' to ast if she knows what all this is about."

Eaves turned away angrily. Twelves took the manuscript to Miss Angel. She did not know Portuguese, she said, but she would ascertain at Zanzibar if anyone there did. So Twelves left the papers in her hands.

The captain did not ask for an explanation, much to the bluejackets' surprise. He simply said he was glad to see them back.

"That's Charlie," said Twelves. "That's jist like Charlie."

"More likely to be Nutty," growled Eaves.

"No, Charlie sorter promised, and was glad to be rescued. But Number One seemed to be irritated, so I think it was Charlie."

"Well, I can't say it's all satisfactory, Jim. We cruise around for very near a week, and you talk about glory and pervadin' excuses and conscience money, and dooty done, and now it seems to me we sneak aboard like second-class stokers. No excuse is wanted; there's no glory to speak of; and partic'larly there aint no conscience or any other money."

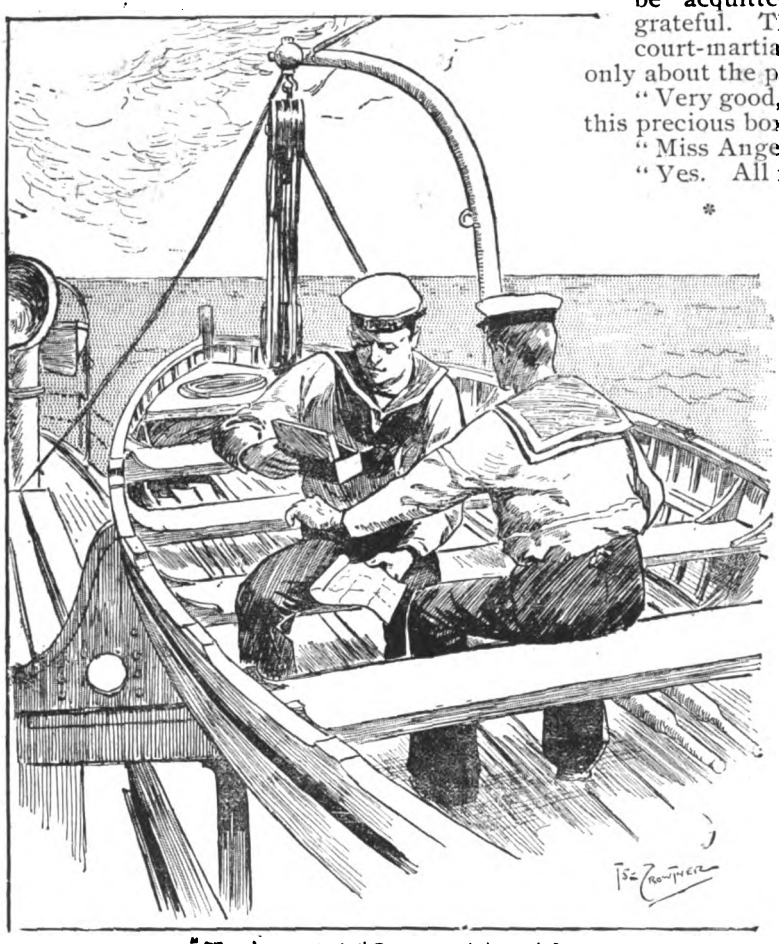
"No. We've on'y got the memories of dooty, and even that will slide off in time, and pass like the gorgeous roll of drums what the slave dreamt of, his sickle by his side."

"I'm sickle myself, I can tell ye."

"I'm sorry for ye, Mal. After bein' rich for a week it's hard on us to become lower deck swabbers ag'in. But I shall always try to remember that I've bin a mill'onaire once."

"You admit that there was money in that box then?"

"Not exactly that. But I allowed there was, all the week, and that's as good as if there was."



"They've pinched the coins and the jools"

"I should immeejutly imagine I'd got money in the Bank of England, if I could get comfort from trash like that."

"Didn't you feel like's if a fortune was comin' to you, then, all the time?"

"I was too much worried. It seems to me you didn't value what we've lost so much as I did. You was quite easy."

"Well, who was to know it was waste paper? If I'd known that, I should 'a' bin aggravated all the time. Knowin' it was nothink of the kind I was happy."

"Then you do think it was tampered with?"

"No, no, Mal. I mean that no suspicions crossed me that a Portagee knight would nuss up rusty certificates. I thought they always dropped their instructions overboard, too, and simply hung on to the pay-chest."

"Well, I think the sooner we forgit all about it the better."

"Twelves, the fust lootenant wants to see you," said a sick bay steward, abruptly breaking into the conversation.

"Well, Twelves," said the lieutenant, on seeing him, "so we're neither of us dead. Shake hands."

"I never could think *I* was, sir, although you ordered me to think so, and I done my best."

"I was a troublesome patient, I understand?"

"Not to me, sir. I hope you didn't mind us restin' you in the cave, because there was still Char—I mean Mr. Chater, to find."

"I hear that you were greatly annoyed on discovering that you had rescued me?"

"We was put out the merest trifle, sir, I must admit, because it meant startin' over ag'in. But we should 'a' bin put out jist the same if you'd bin the Fust Lord hisself, so I hope you don't take offence, sir."

"Not at all, Twelves. I should have been only too pleased to be re-captured, even had you been downright angry. I called you in to thank you, and to ask you what I can do for you in a more substantial way."

Twelves thought of several things he'd like done, and then said he didn't know that there was anything he cared for just then.

"Think over it, Twelves. Good-bye. Send Eaves to me, will you."

Eaves was not so bashful. He told Mr. Cutwater all about the hopes they had built upon the box, and how they had come aboard poorer than they went ashore—the lieutenant observed that that was seamanlike and proper, at all events—and they rather feared loss of pay for the time they were missing, because he understood it was only after court-martials that pay was granted to men who had been missing, if at all. Therefore he thought that if Mr. Cutwater would arrange for a court-martial, by which he and Twelves could be acquitted and paid, they would be grateful. They weren't particular about the court-martial, he was at pains to add, but only about the pay.

"Very good, Eaves, I'll see to that. Where's this precious box?"

"Miss Angel's got it, sir."

"Yes. All right. That'll do, Eaves."

* * * * *

"He blushed when I mentioned her," said Eaves afterwards to Twelves.

"Oh, there's no doubt *he's* in love," said Twelves. "But it's her. It's a curious gender, Mal, what she belongs to."

"But I thought she wasn't religious any more?"

"What's religion got to do wid it?"

"Aint this gender what she belongs to one of these fancy religions?"

"Gender is sect, chum. You and me is common nouns, male gender, wid nothink remarkable about us. So that in her case we should fall in love wid the fust lootenant widout difficulty."

"Not me," said Eaves.

"Years ago he loved her, and he loves her still. She loved him——"

"You don't know," interrupted Eaves.

"She loved him," continued Twelves, with confidence, "but didn't care for the worry of marryin' him so's to pull him straight. And now he's come straight of his own accord, helped by the bugle of her very own brother; she still loves him, but she don't care to marry him because he's *too* straight. It's a plain tale, chum, and it's all because of the feminine gender. Widout them, there wouldn't be any."

"I s'pose not," said Eaves.

"I've a good mind to go and put it to her that the lootenant, so fur as I've observed him, is a good officer, and would be a ornament to any household."

"And come away when you've said that?" Eaves asked.

"It'll take me half-an-hour to reach that point, and I shall put it finer," said Twelves. "I'll go as slow as the Spanish-American War, and tread soft. And when I see that I've made an impression, I'll haul off and let it spread."

"Don't you surmise she's got some impressions about how ornamental he is?"

"Yes, but the great thing is not on'y to lead her thoughts in the right direction, but to fix 'em."

"Yes," said Eaves, with conviction.

"Er—yes," echoed Twelves. "But it's a delicate job."

"I should qualify before attemptin' it, Jim," said Eaves, ironically.

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"Yes, p'r'aps I might maket rouble. I'll await developments, like the wise man said, when there was really nothink else to do," said Twelves.

* * * * * * *

That evening the ship anchored off Zanzibar. The admiral had come in, and a big expedition was being organised, as the disaffection of the coast-lands was spreading. Miss Angel was landed and left at Zanzibar; the "Pimpernel" took part in the expedition; order was restored.

* * * * * * *

On the ship returning to Zanzibar Miss Angel came aboard with Wadi. She was anxious to explain the reason of Angel's disappearance. Wadi, who had not embarked on the night when he learnt that his master was missing, had gone to the scene of the skirmish, and had found him lying near the corpse of the man who had killed his wife—dead. And there he had buried him.

Twelves was genuinely sorry to hear of it, and invited Wadi down to his mess to comfort him with canteen delicacies, much to Eaves' disgust. "It's all in the plot," said he; "he'll come to life ag'in."

After Wadi had gone, Twelves said that by deep thinking he had discovered the really real reason of Miss Angel's inconsistent attitude, and that was that she was poor and proud, and the lieutenant was very well off and not considerate enough.

"Did ye want a Swyhili to tell ye that?" said Eaves.

"No; I observed that before, but I didn't think of its bearin's in the case. Wadi told me Angel used to own miles of land, which I reckon will now be his sister's, and that give away the whole situation to me at a glance. If my theory is right, her and Number One will marry before very long, because she can hold her head up as high as his now."

"She's a lady now, then?"

"So she was afore."

"What, when she was poor?"

"What's that to do wid it?"

"I thought she was on'y a—a——"

"A—a—woman, I s'pose. Do you reckon if we'd become the mill'onaires we was on the way to become you and me would 'a' bin gentlemen?"

"*I* reckon. We could 'a' flung it about with the best."

"Yes. But there's no doubt she's a lady, rich or poor."

"Was Angel Raphael a gentleman, then?"

"Not always, so fur as I seen."

"Then it aint because you're rich or poor, and it don't run in families, and the same chap aint a gentleman always?"

"You can swear to that yourself, can't ye?"

"Then is it because she wouldn't marry him when she was poor that she's a lady? Because that seems to me foolishness, and not at all ladylike. If anyone wanted to marry me, and they had property and I didn't, I shouldn't consider *that* an impediment or just cause. I should marry right off. It stands to reason that that's the right thing to do if one's got enough for two. I don't believe in any of your theories, Jim. Every day you whip up a fresh one. I believe there was more in the box than we seen, and that there'll be no marriage, because she'll disappear like Angel."

"So long as Number One don't get another whack on the head to bring on another attack of trying to convert me and you, I think the indications points to banns."

———

CHAPTER XVI.

The Nearly Perfect End of It All.

Twelves had in some way gathered or guessed the essentials of the situation. When Miss Angel was six or seven years younger she had been deeply religious, and when Lieutenant Cutwater was six or seven years younger he nearly married her. Only he laughed at some of her convictions. She had thereupon broken with him, and had set out in an ethereal mood to improve the heathen. She had become less ethereal with each year in Africa, and less sure of Heaven. She had finally ceased to treat of Heaven in her teachings, and had joined the party of whitewash and agriculture, and by this means had really been of help to the African.

She was inclined to be gently ironical on discovering, during his convalescence, Lieutenant Cutwater's religious condition. She pointed out that he was several years behind her in development, that was all. He was shocked. On reflection, and as he gained in physical strength, he was less shocked. There came a time when he was not shocked at all. He amended his conceptions of life and death. They were extremely elementary, and needed mending. He consulted Miss Angel frequently on the subject, and somehow, without either knowing how, there they were, as they were.

And the sub-lieutenant, who had never been troubled as to the meaning of life, or the fear of death, considered that the lieutenant might do worse. Twelves maintained that he couldn't do better. And his opinion stood for that of the lower deck, always excepting his friend Eaves.

"And it's all through me," said he to a group of his friends, sitting drinking English beer at Zanzibar.

"You laid the blame on Providence before," said Smith.

"And me," said Eaves.

"I never mentioned you out loud, Mal, but you're included whenever you aint otherwise alluded to; and now you can go on wid your beer, I hope, wid an easy conscience. But not too much, because Miss Angel says when she guv me the etceteras, 'Now, not too much of this in beer, Twelves!' And I says, 'No, miss,' and immeejutly fell back on cocktails in me own mind."

"She never said anythink about it to me," said Eaves.

"She knoo very well she couldn't touch your heart that way. Says she to me, 'Has Eaves got a mother?' And I says, 'Yes.' Then she says, 'Do he leave his half-pay home for her?' 'Yes,' I says——"

"I surmised you told her all about me," Eaves interrupted. "And I must say it was like your cheek."

"I couldn't help it, chum. You know how she looks you fair in the eye, and asts a question, and then shuts her little mouth tight waitin' for the answer. Very well, then. Hearin' about your domestic virtues, she seen that the way to reach you was through your mother, but me she recognised as a misguided orphan, wid a bank-book and no secondary approaches."

"I should like to know where that book came from, Jim, so's I can git one," said Bowser.

"*She* guv it, but I reckon it was on account of a syndicate. You'd be surprised at the offers what me and Mal had for them papers in the box. Fust there was Number One, what can't read a word o' Portagee, he said he had a friend who'd think 'em cheap at any price we liked to name. So I said I'd consult Miss Angel. She said she had a friend, too, what wanted papers jist like them, very bad, so I said, 'Very well, ladies fust,' and told the lootenant, who went to argue the point wid her. And then in come Charlie, and after that the old chap what had the papers to interpret, Mr. Teal. So I reckoned they formed a company, because no private person would 'a' paid sich a ruination price for papers, would they?"

"How much did they pay?" said a man.

"A hundred quid, money down, in a bank-book."

"In two," said Eaves.

"In two, as Mal says. You divide one hundred pound sterling by two, and that gives drinks all round and more also, and please heave around at 'em and lay the blame on me, one of the parties to the bank-books, and say no more about it."

"But we want to know what you've been doing at the cave again, Jim," said Smith. "All at once you go ashore and stay away for a week. In answer to anxious enquiries your affectionate friend Malachi says he surmises you are at 'the blasted cave.'"

"So he was," said Eaves.

"So I was," said Twelves. "Him and me, old Mr. Teal, thoroughly dusted out that cave and interpreted them papers, and constructed theories all that week."

"Yes."

"Don't fluster me, Smith. Don't fix that commandin' eye of yours on me. Allow me to lay the dust in my throat. There's no doubt malt liquor is sweeter at Zanzy than at Pompey."

"Construct away at those theories, Jim. Interpret the papers."

"Mr. Teal helped, you understand. He knows all about the five hundred and fourteen sects of niggers, and the two-and-twenty grades of Portagees."

"We accept him as an authority equal with you, Jim. Go on."

"You know that knight?"

"Not personally, but you've talked enough about him. I should recognise him if I saw him."

"Well, he never was a knight. He was a convict fust and afterwards a god, but he got tired and shot hisself after the other gods died."

"Here, not so fast, Jim. Take us with you."

"Smithie, you seem to have had jist enough bubbly to make you argue. I lead up to my subject artistic, and you don't like it. I bust off right into the middle of it, and you can't understand it."

"I'll sit quiet, Jim. Lecture away, how you like."

"Very good. But remember this is all hist'ry. At least, it aint in the books, but it's goin' to be. It's hist'ry in the makin', and Mr. Teal is very sure it's true. So you needn't think I'm spinnin' a cuff simply out of my own head. Once on a time convicts had to do useful work. When an explorin'

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expedition was gittin' under way the cap'n used to apply to the nearest gaol for a few men condemned to be boiled or fried, and if they agreed on terms they was taken wid the fleet. On comin' to a country what wanted explorin', two or three of these chaps was landed and told to make theirselves at home and learn all about the place and the langwidge, and they would be called for when the ships returned that way agin. Sometimes the ships returned, but most often not, and when they did the convicts wasn't there. And Mr. Teal says this is the fust time any record has been left."

"And what's the record?"

"Well, this chap, this knight in the cave, was a murderer by profession, and he kept it up to the last. Mr. Teal says there's no doubt most of the convicts was laid out pritty soon after they was landed in the various parts, and that the natives never give 'em a chance to learn the langwidge. But these chaps, two of 'em there was, really got in wid the natives, and was treated respectful for a time. But as soon as they knoo the laws of the country they properly ached to break 'em—the murderer chap wrote it all down on a paper in that box—and done it. Then they hid in the cave, which, as I impressed on Malachi, was a devil cave, where they was perfectly safe. The people had brought offerin's for centuries every day to this cave, and these chaps knoo that and acted gods, and snavelled the provisions every night."

"But what is a devil cave?" asked someone.

"Native cathedral," said Twelves. "Oh, Mr. Teal told me, so don't look at me like that! He says all men like to pray, which was noos to me, and I suggested them sort of men should be made to rig church, and they'd git over the cravin'. But he says these niggers aint baulked by trouble like that, and if they didn't have a cave they'd bury a bottle and build a hut over it, and lay food round about, all same's cave."

"But what's the object?" said Smith.

"Bribery. They reckon these devils or gods likes things to eat, and so long as they keep 'em in their country the country's safe. Well, these two Portagee convicts lived all right for a long time hid in the cave. But it got monotonous, and they reg'lar strained their eyes for a sail. One day they seen one; she came nearer and nearer, and they reckoned they was saved. She dropped a boat, and they sneaked down near the beach to meet it. There was one man in the boat, but before he could beach it it fell to pieces, it was so rotten. But he got ashore. And he had the tin box.

"'The ship had made sail ag'in by that time,' says the murderer convict, all in Portagee writin', and they found this chap who'd landed was the cap'n. The ship's company had mutinied and sent him ashore. So the three of 'em went back to the cave, miserable.

"And trouble arose. The surroundin' natives provided food enough for jist about two gods, but not for three. So the fust two killed the cap'n for that, and also because they required to see into his box, in which they was disgusted to find on'y certificates, and a special chart of a place he'd bin surveyin'.

"After that the convict what didn't write died, or so the writin' man says, and the one left all alone put on the cap'n's armour and surmised he'd swagger out on the tribes as a noo god. But the natives had seen Portagees in armour by that time at Mombasa, and wouldn't have it, and wasn't impressed, and drove him to retreat to the cave ag'in. And he was the man what stopped the back entrance, and devised the door for turning the steam up the wrong vent, because he calculated he best take precautions for fear the bravest of 'em might come and attend to him now that they knoo where he was. But they never come, and so he spent a weary time writin' his notes up, and finally he give in and pistolled hisself, like we seen."

The seamen had forgotten to drink. Then Eaves spoke.

"And they want us to think that yarn by itself is wuth all the money they say it is?"

"A hundred quid's a lot," said Bowser, judicially. "But I shouldn't go and beat 'em down, not if I was you."

"There's more in it than Jim thinks," said Eaves. "I shouldn't wonder but what that chart establishes someone's claim to somethink. Mysterious charts always ought to, or else they ought to point out where treasure is hid."

"The treasure was inside the box," said Smith, slyly. "Jim heard it tinkle."

"My imagination, that was," said Twelves.

"So I thought," said Smith.

"Then you shouldn't. If you imagine you thought you heard me say I imagined I heard tinklin', in a minit you'd say I said so, and that's the way to let yourself in for libel. You know quite well that papers can't tinkle."

"Take a spell, Jim. Take a spell."

"Well, can they?"

"You said you heard tinklings in the box."

"At the time I was tellin' you the story it seemed necessary to say it, I've no doubt, although I can't remember the circumstances. But can you believe, Smithie, that I heard paper tinkle? Because *I* can't, and I can give points at hearin' things, if necessary."

"The point is," said Eaves, "that whatever tinkled is gone. The point is that you and me has sold our birthright in that box for a trifle."

"One hundred sterling pounds a trifle?" said Bowser. "It'd take me three or four years——"

"Centuries," interjected Smith.

"To save that up, even allowin' I was a teetotaller, and denied myself everythink day after day. I shouldn't complain, Malachi. Besides, you've got it wid no trouble, like a free gift."

"We've got it for a self-denial week," said Twelves aloud, and then in a confidential stage whisper, "and the denials of that week, actin' on a brain convoluted wid penny bloods and suspicious by nature, has made him what you see him. When he's had about two beers like now nothink less than a fair million o' money'll satisfy him." And then in his ordinary tone Twelves added, "Here's to you, Malachi, and to our next treasure chest!"

"To you, Jim! And when we git it we'll keep it in sight, even if archangels offers to take care of it."

"Or even if fust lootenants requests to lay on it," said Twelves, winking at his bottle of beer.

"Nor ladies aint to be allowed to talk to you and persuade you to sell it cheap," said Eaves.

"Why, this is a contract," said Smith.

"It is," agreed Twelves. "This is takin' time by the fetlock, like the cavalryman said. And in lookin' for treasure you can't begin too soon to take time like that, and to lay hold of reg'lar habits, so I don't mind tellin' ye."

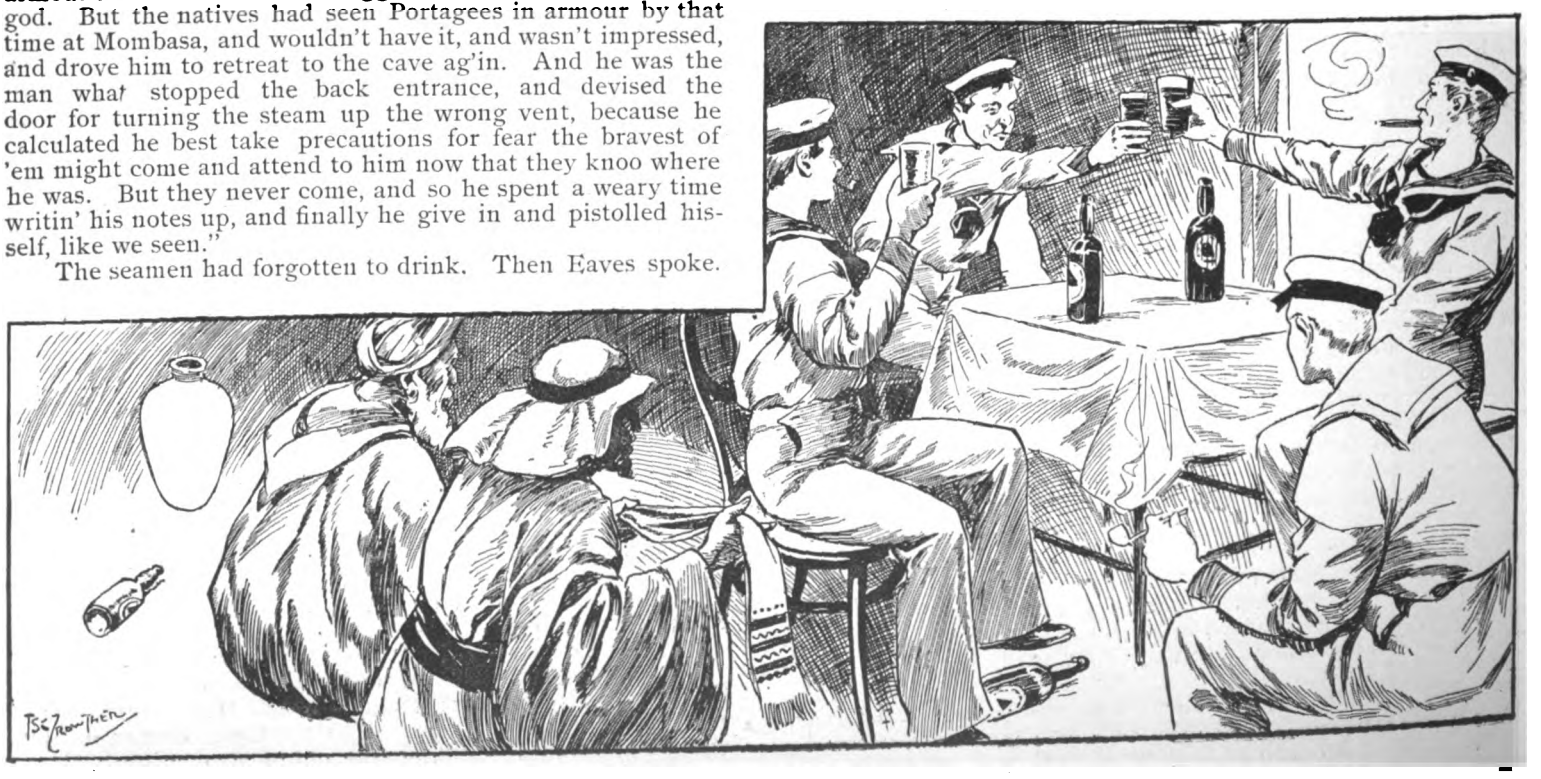
"Where do you propose to look for the next lot, Jim?" asked Smith.

"Show me a cave, chum," said Twelves.

"And we'll bash open the box at once," interpolated Eaves.

"There's no deviation about that," said Twelves.

THE END.



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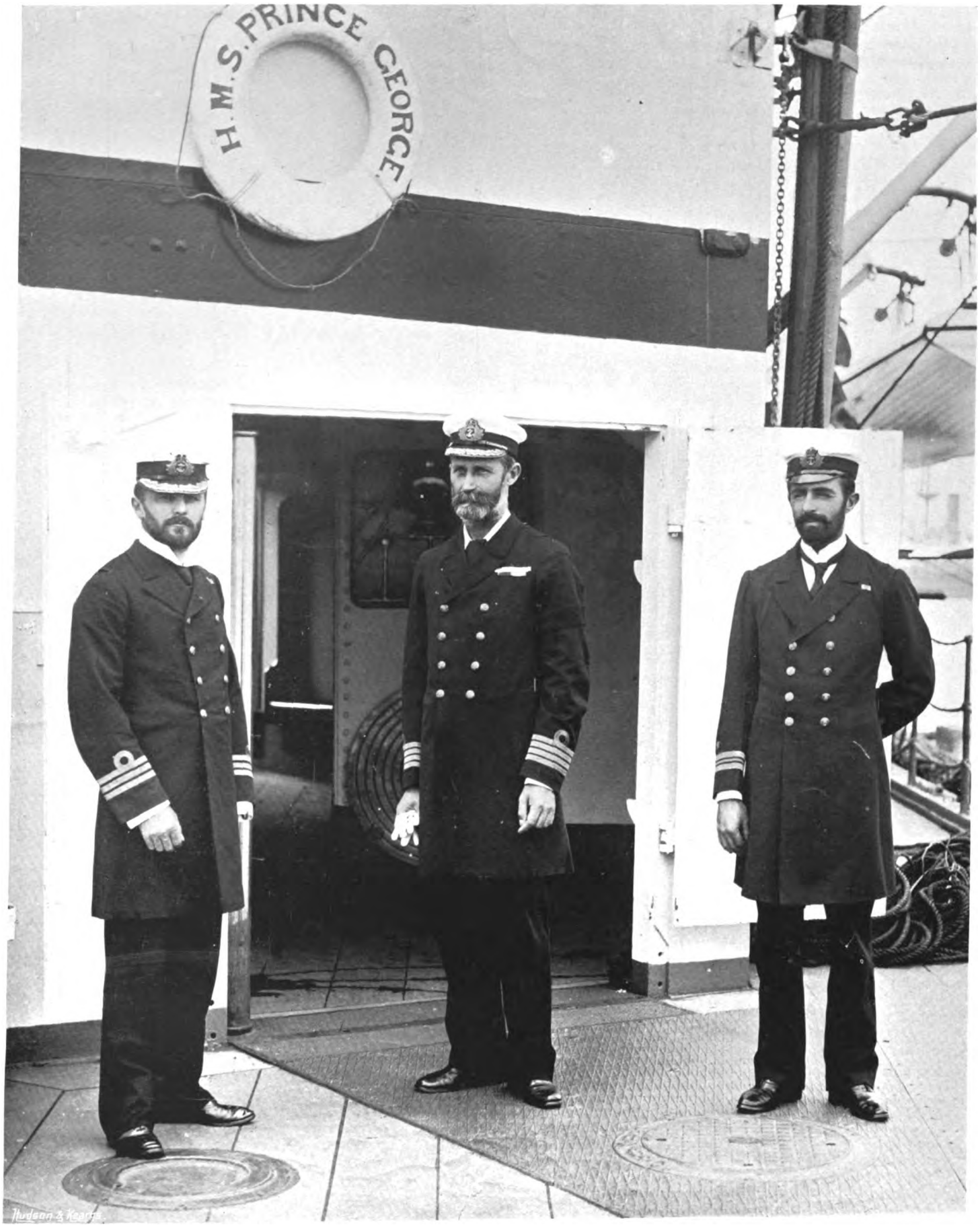
On Board the "Prince George."



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THE CAPTAIN, COMMANDER, AND FIRST LIEUTENANT.

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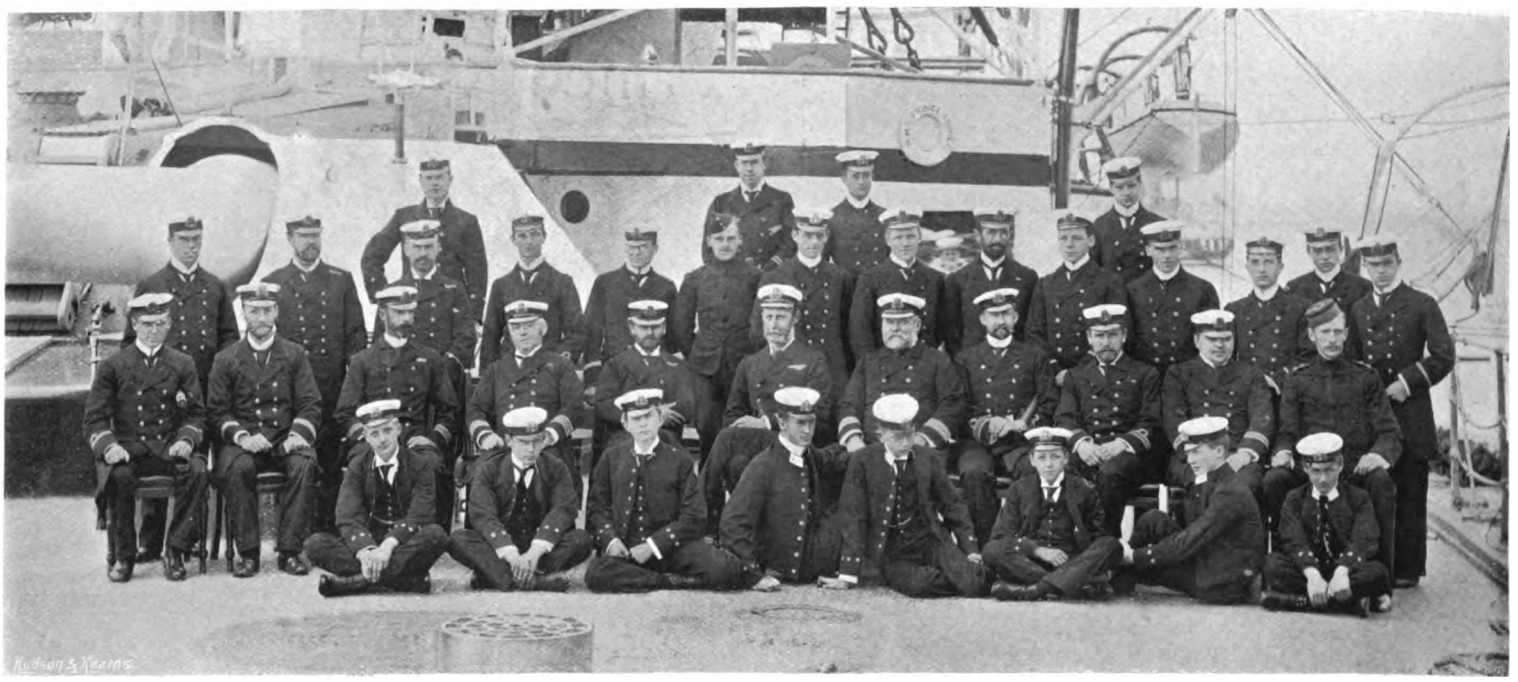

THE OFFICERS OF THE "PRINCE GEORGE."

LAST year, at the time of the great Naval Review, we were able to show our readers a good illustration of the exterior of the "Prince George"; it is now proposed to take them on board, and give some pictures of the officers and crew, as well as of some of the internal arrangements. This fine vessel is one of nine sisters, known collectively as the "Majestic" class, though they might just as well be called after the "Prince George" or any of the others, for they are as like as nine peas, with the exception, perhaps, of a few trivial details; and they are considered to be at least equal, if not superior, to any battle-ships at present afloat. There are some authorities who hold that they might with advantage carry heavier guns; but in the face of the fact that the 46-ton 12-in. gun has been deliberately chosen to succeed its heavier predecessors, and possesses equal penetrating power, combined with very much less weight and greater rapidity of fire, it must be held, until proved to the contrary, that our constructors and artillerists are in the right on this head.

The "Prince George" mounts two of these guns in each barbette, with a great range of fire, besides twelve 6-in., sixteen 12-pounder and twelve 3-pounder quick-firing guns, and eight Maxim machine guns—quite a satisfactory armament on the whole, and one which, if backed up by skilful gunnery, would be very bad to face. There are also five

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THE SHIP'S COMPANY.

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torpedo-tubes, and three steam-boats fitted for firing torpedoes.

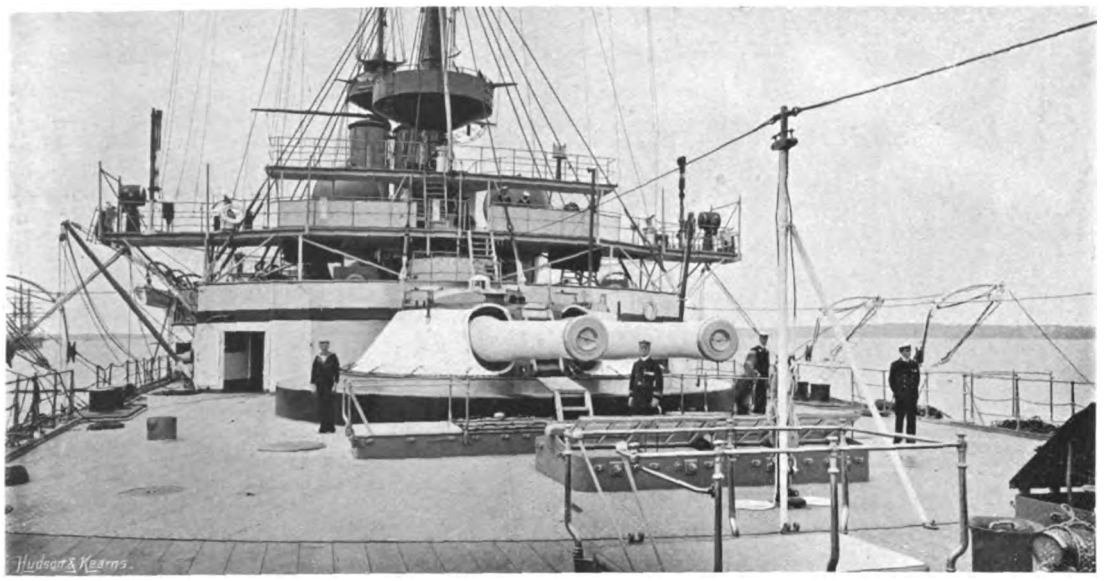
So much for offensive capabilities; the defensive measures consist in the protection of the vital parts by steel armour varying from 14-in. to 6-in. in thickness, besides the submerged armoured deck, from 2½-in. to 4-in. thick, now universally adopted as an additional safeguard against the possibility of a shell descending at a sharp angle and getting at the engines, etc.

The first illustration shows portraits of Captain Alfred A. C. Parr, in command; Commander M. E. Browning, and the first lieutenant, S. R. Fremantle.

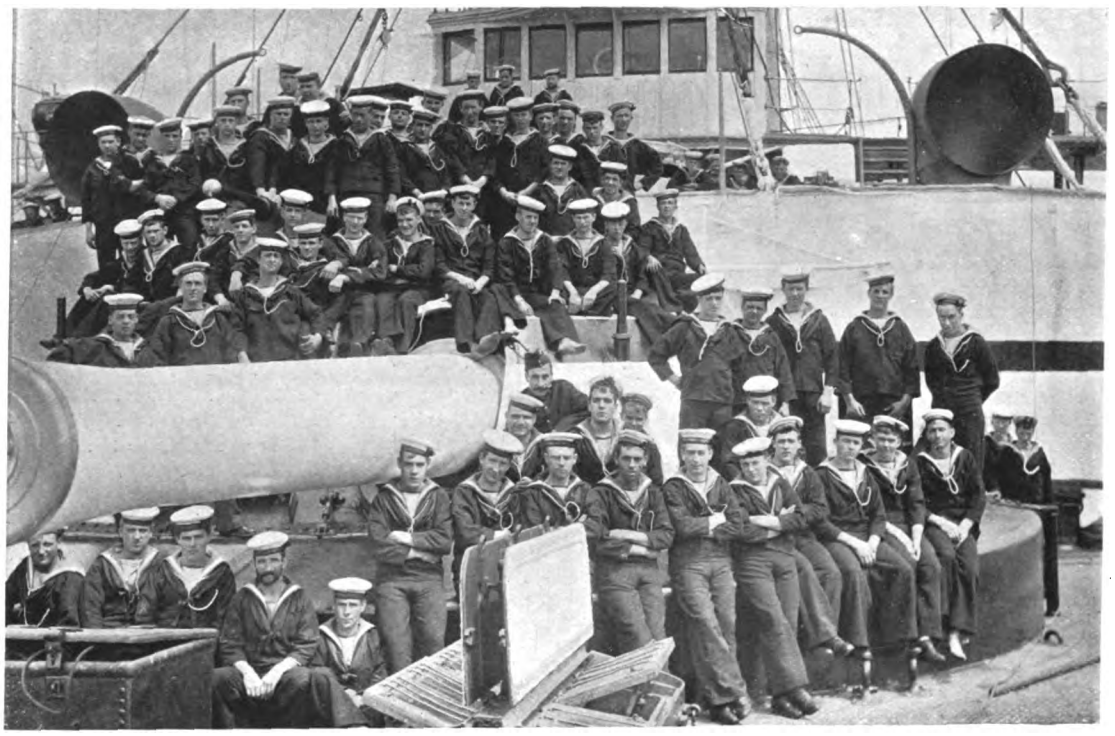
The officers, who appear in the next illustration, grouped by the after barbette, number about fifty of all grades, the ship's total complement being 757.

The picture of the ship's company affords a good example of the peculiar adaptability of a modern battle-ship for the purpose of grouping a large body of men. The barbette and the superstructures, rising one above the other, give everyone a chance; a little group is also snugly ensconced in each of the large ventilators, a very good position if nobody tips up their heels, which would cause a very sudden disappearance. Here also we get a foreshortened view of the immensely long guns projecting from under the protecting hood of the barbette. The first barbettes had no such protection, the two big guns lying over them quite in the open; but it was soon realised that this would never do in the face of the fearful peppering they would get from quick-firing and machine guns; the breech mechanism would probably be hit and disabled, or perhaps, if this escaped, there would soon be no crew left to handle it.

In the next picture there is a good view of the quarter-deck,



ON THE QUARTER-DECK.



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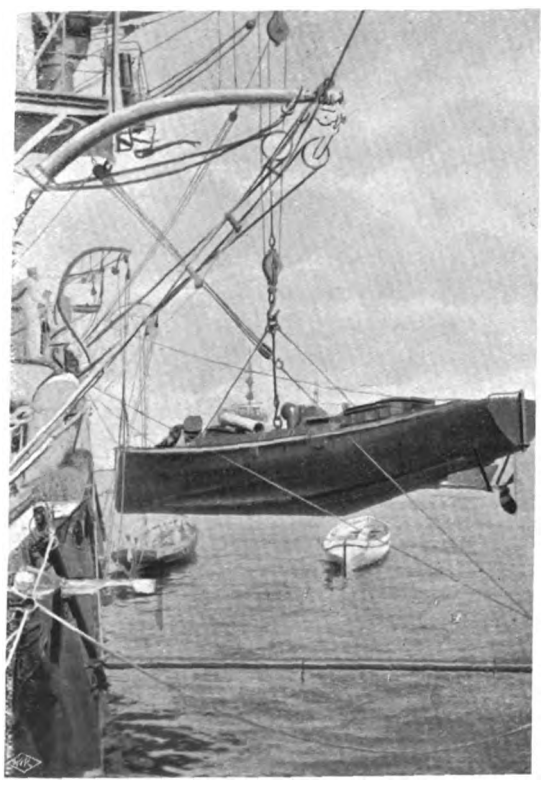
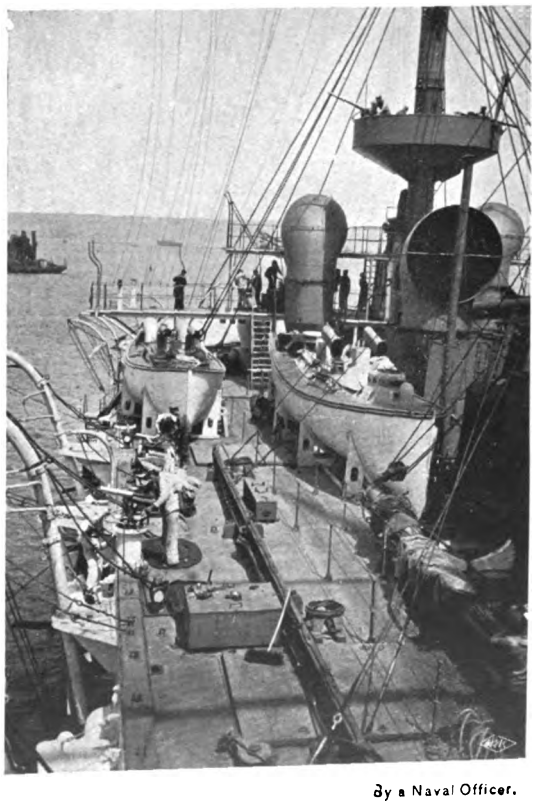
THE STOKERS.



From Photos.

HOISTING IN A TORPEDO-BOAT.

the after bridge and barbette, and the masts beyond, with the steel platforms, or "military tops" as they are called, each with its complement of small quick-firing or machine guns. The officer of the watch stands by the barbette. The stokers are decidedly strong in numbers—quite a ship's company by themselves; but there is not a man in excess of what is necessary. Think of the amount of work which would be involved, in time of war, in keeping thirty-two furnaces going for the main engines, besides the thousand and one small details which require attention in driving a huge set—or rather two sets—of engines; and when that is all provided for, there are auxiliary engines for various purposes, to the number probably of sixty or seventy, all to be cared for and lubricated and



By a Naval Officer.

THE BOAT DECK.

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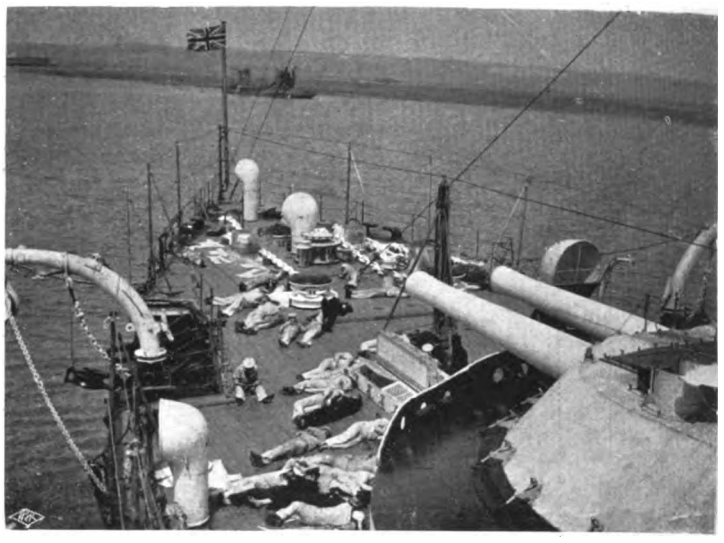
From a Photo By a Naval Officer

POLISHING UP THE SEARCH-LIGHT.

kept in tip-top order to perform their important functions. Hoisting in a torpedo-boat is a simple matter nowadays compared with the complicated business of hoisting in boats under the old *régime*. The huge steel derrick is always ready; the wire rope is brought to a powerful steam winch, and up she comes, notwithstanding the fact that she is 56-ft. long, and no foolish weight. The bow is swung in towards the ship for the men to jump out. The next illustration shows where this and other large boats are stowed, each in its own "crutches," which are moulded to fit the boat's form.

Now we get inside the barbette, and see the other end of the 46-ton guns with the breech mechanism. It looks exceedingly complicated to the uninitiated, but the actual working has been brought to a great state of perfection, the greater part being performed by hydraulic machinery, controlled by a simple wheel or lever.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

THE DINNER-HOUR—"A STRETCH OFF THE LAND."

The dinner-hour lasts from noon to ten minutes past one; and here we see how a good deal of it is spent in warm weather. Looking down on the forecastle, prostrate forms meet the eye in every direction; Jack is having what he calls "a stretch off the land," a characteristically expressive term.

The "Prince George" has six search-lights, which play such an important part in detecting the approach of torpedo-boats. The brilliant white light can be thrown in any direction, and is a sore puzzler to anyone who encounters its blinding rays. A very distinct reflection in miniature of part of Portsmouth Dockyard may be seen in the lens, which forms a sort of mimic camera obscura.

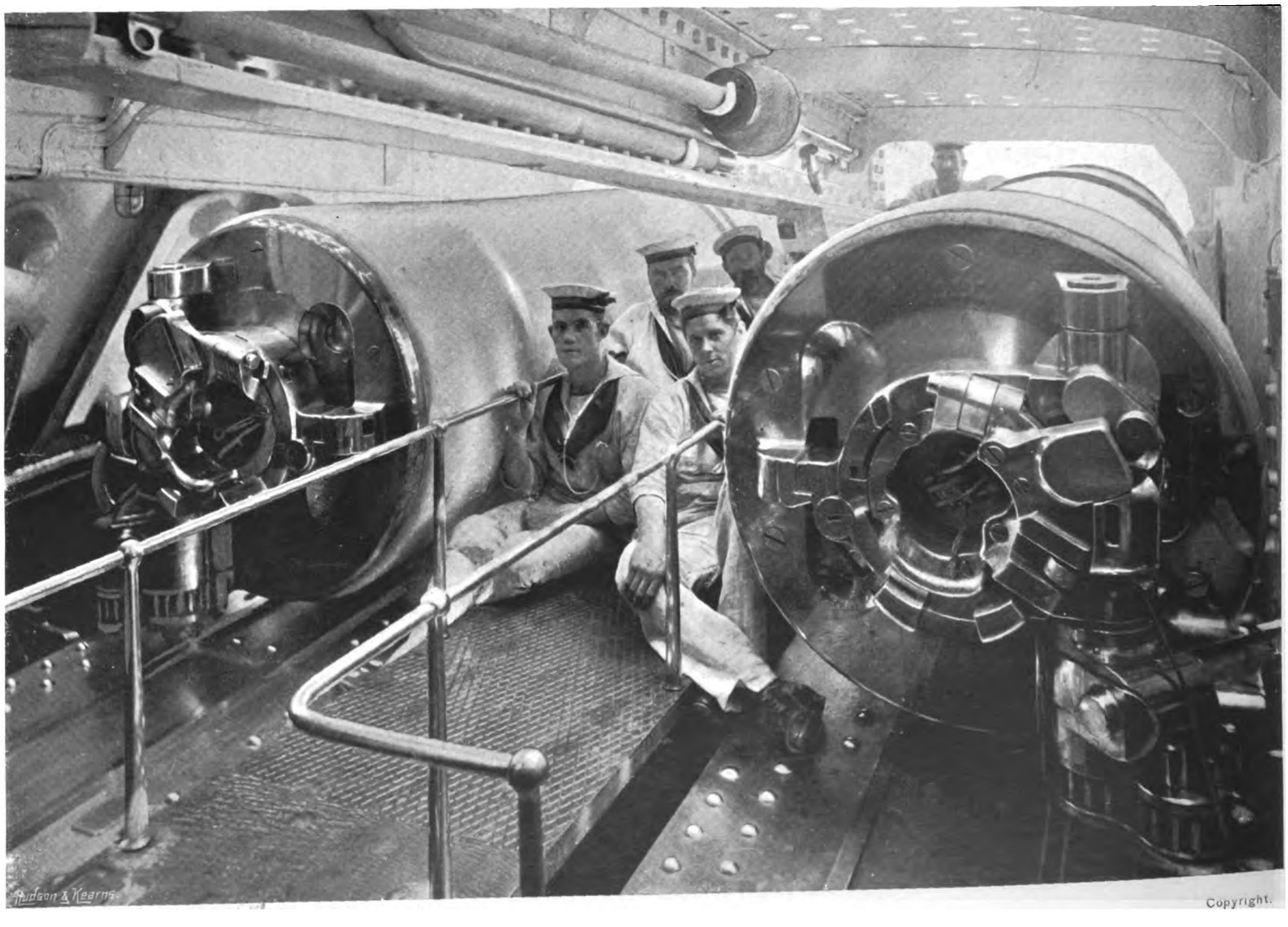


Photo. Russell & Sons

THE THICK END OF THE BIG GUNS.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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VICE-ADMIRAL SIR NATHANIEL BOWDEN-SMITH.

(See Page 521.)

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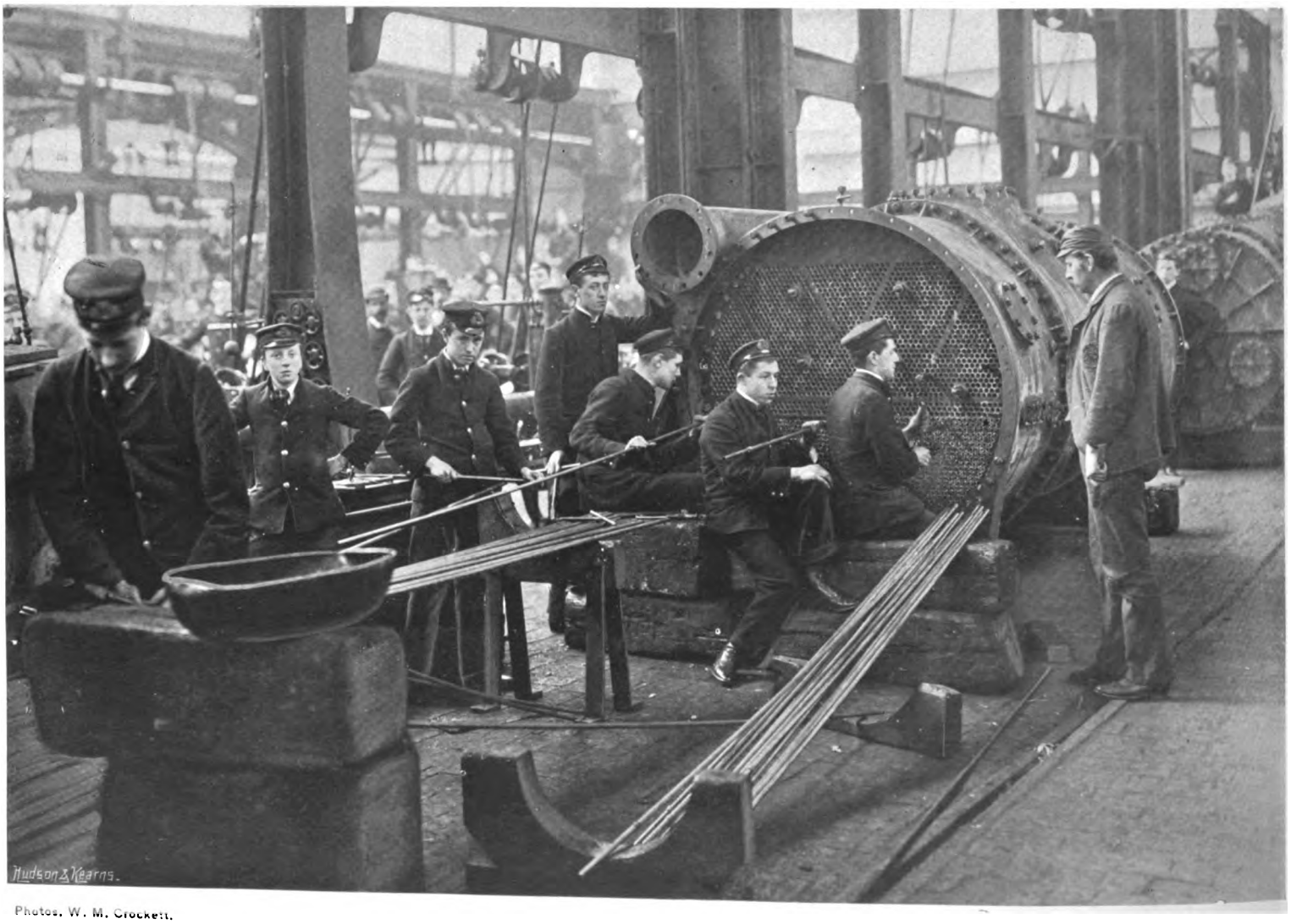
The Royal Naval Engineering College.—IV.

THE students at Keyham have their days well filled with the theoretical and practical work that has been described. Let us suppose the "junior entryman" just arrived at the college, after the summer vacation, on the Monday when the term opens, to put his foot on the first rung of the Service ladder. He goes tired to his cubicle, thinking probably of the old life left behind, and is roused at half-past five the next morning by the furious ringing of a large bell, and the stentorian voice of a porter shouting, "Bathers turn out!" The order is not, on that first morning, for him, but all others who have not passed the swimming test are speedily in their flannels, on their way to the dockyard camber, and pulling off to the bathing tray in the river. All through the summer swimming is taught every morning, and success at the "passing out" test gives the student exemption for the future. An hour later the youths who are exempt turn out, and, after a plunge in the swimming bath, are at their places in the large dining hall at 7 a.m., where the officer of the day reads morning prayers before breakfast. The meal over at 7.30, the factory gong despatches all those whose turn it is not to attend morning school to shift into the sensible working rig which we illustrate. It will, of course, be understood that, though

IN WORKING RIG.

we describe the student as going to the factory, not all do so at once, and that, in the class-rooms, the teaching of mathematics, statics, dynamics, hydrostatics, electricity, and other branches of scientific and theoretical knowledge is going on. Thus, indeed, as we have said, are theory and practice bound together. But let us suppose that the students are now in factory gear, and have been marched to the fitting shop set apart.



Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

STUDENTS IN THE FITTING SHOP.

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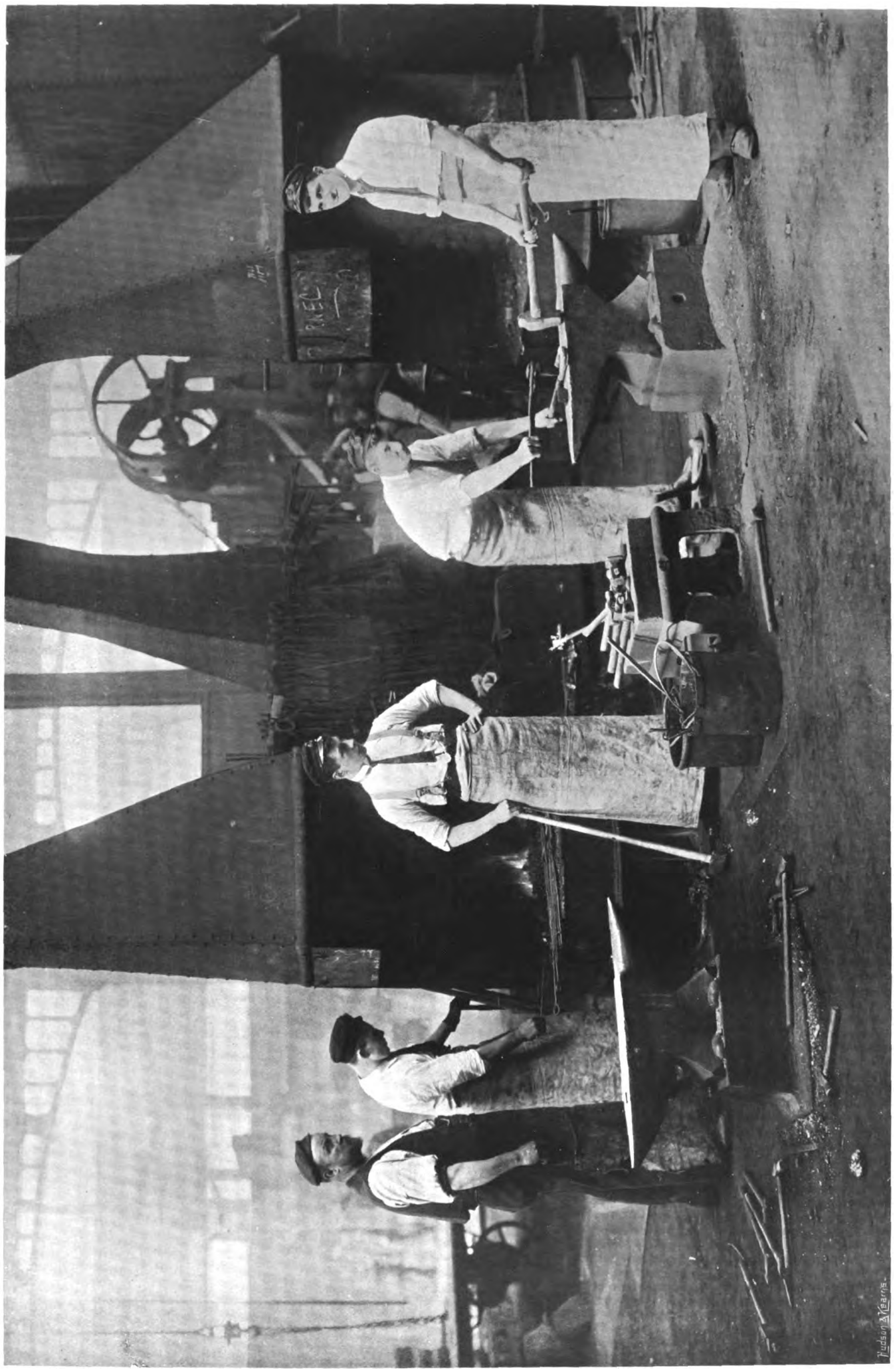

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STUDENTS IN THE SMITHY, KEYHAM YARD.

Photo. W. M. Crockett

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A STEAMING CLASS

THE PATTERN SHOP.

Photos. W. M. Crockett *A CORNER IN THE MOULDING SHOP.* Copyright.

where the foreman tells them off in parties for different work about the yard.

On his first morning the junior entryman may find himself with a block of iron, a chisel, and a hammer, teaching himself, by the painful process of hitting his knuckles, how to chip. At 11.55 the morning's work is over, and the student returns to the college to change into uniform for dinner, which is ready at 12.20. If it be Friday, he first receives his pay, varying from 1s. to 8s. a week, according to his seniority in the school. At 1.30 the factory gong again sounds, and parties of students work in one shop or another until 5, when they prepare for tea half-an-hour later. So are fitting, pattern-making, and foundry work taught, with engine designing and all that concerns the profession.

The daily curriculum is, of course, varied by the Saturday half-holiday, and there is a different routine on Sundays. It varies again for the students according to their steaming or other special work. After tea there is leave for juniors until 9.30, and for seniors until 10, except on nights when there is school, and even later privilege leave is given.

Through the five years of class-room, shop, drawing, and steaming work, the physical training of the youths goes on. The cricket is good, but boating is the constant and favourite summer relaxation. The college has quite a flotilla of service and private boats, and certainly, for managing a small boat in all conditions of wind and weather, it will be hard to find better men than a crew of fourth and fifth year students, who have a proud record at the local regattas. The expert swimmers, too, make a great feature of their annual event. In the winter there is abundant football, and the gymnasium is an ever popular resort.

Here, then, is a sound, practical, and healthy training for the young engineers of the Navy. At the end of the fifth year they already possess a wide knowledge of their profession, to be further extended as commissioned probationary assistant-engineers. Several examinations have been gone through, but upon the final one largely depends future promotion. Sixty per cent. of marks will send the candidate to the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, for further study, and a first-class certificate at the end of twelve months there will give him a year's seniority. The less successful students—30 per cent. of marks is the minimum—are appointed from the depôts to ships as their services are required.

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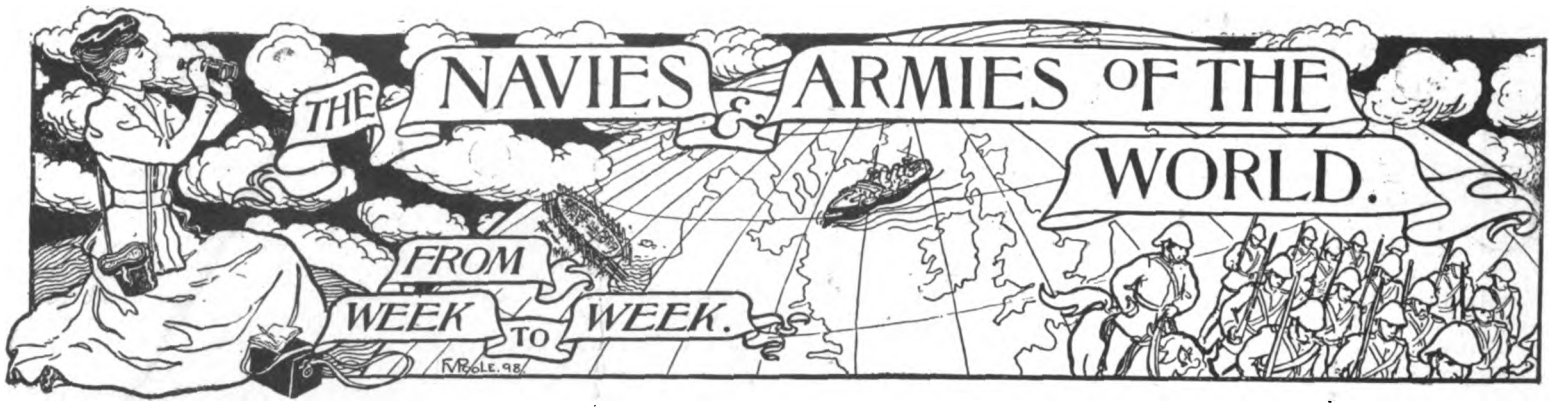

THE *Revue du Cercle Militaire* for the 6th of this month revives an old question of the ethics of war which has been much debated, and is not settled yet. It gives its readers a translation of a German account of the fight at Saarbruck on August 2, 1870, the only occasion on which the French invaded German territory, and it prefixes a little expostulation with the author, Herr Elster. He records that the inhabitants of Saarbruck brought food and beer to the German soldiers engaged, but he does not add what, according to the *Revue*, was the case, that members of the rifle club of the town took part in the action. Our French contemporary hastens to applaud their patriotism, but asks why, since the Germans allowed civilians to assist in the defence of Germany, did they regularly shoot French civilians who were caught trying to assist in the defence of France? We accept the authority of the *Revue* for the action of the Saarbruck Rifle Club, though it sounds improbable. Allowing it to be true, for the sake of argument, we can take the "poser" put by the *Revue* to Herr Elster and turn it against itself. Why did Napoleon's officers habitually shoot the guerrilleros in Spain, and all other irregulars they were called upon to deal with in Italy, in the Tyrol, and in Germany? It was their own rule. In truth, the *Revue's* question is rather weak coming from a French military paper. Ever since war began to be conducted by regularly-constituted armies it has been the custom to rule out the partisan as not entitled to the courtesies of war. No nation has done more to establish the law on this point than the French. They have habitually refused quarter to irregulars in any country they were invading, on the ground that they were "brigands." If we are to go on the "do-as-you-would-be-done-by" principle, with what grace can the French complain of others, who only follow their own example?

* * * *

AT the same time, it would be most unfair to charge the French with being more wrong headed on this point than other peoples. During the Peninsular War we denounced the French for their cruelty to the guerrilleros and townsmen who resisted them. These men, said we, were patriots, and it was monstrous to treat them as criminals because they did not defend their country with a certain kind of coat on their backs. If Marbot is right, and as he was on the staff at the time he was in the way of being well informed, Wellington once refused to listen to a protest from Massena against the savage reprisals of the Portuguese irregulars, whose favourite short way with a French prisoner was to bury him up to the chin, and leave him to starve, or have his brains knocked out by the children with stones. The English leader said he would do nothing to check a people who were resisting a most unjust aggression. Yet when he invaded the South of France he threatened military measures—in fact fire and sword—against the French villagers who harassed his army. Napoleon was every whit as inconsequent. He was for ever denouncing the "brigands" who annoyed his soldiers when he was invading other countries. Yet when the allies invaded Eastern France in 1814 he authorised a general rising of the peasantry, the very action which he blamed as criminal and foolish in others. Moreover, he declared that unless his irregulars were allowed quarter, he would take reprisals. On one occasion he actually shot some forty or fifty Russian prisoners in retaliation for the execution of some French partisans. In short, it seems to be the wish of all leaders of armies that their own irregulars should be tolerated, but that they themselves should be free not to tolerate the irregulars of other people. When they are defending a country, and find these auxiliaries useful, they call them noble patriots. When they are invading somebody else, they find the partisan a nuisance, and therefore endeavour to rule him out as a brigand. From the point of view of fair play this looks absurd.

* * * *

FAIR play has nothing to do with the matter. War is a state of violence by the nature of it—limited by this one consideration, that your violence must not be of such a kind that it entails disastrous consequences on yourself. Napier has said, speaking about the actions of an Italian officer of the name of Leccsi in Napoleon's service, that his severities against the Catalans were not to be justified, because he was not strong enough to cow his enemies altogether, and therefore he only provoked them to fight with more energy, and to seek for revenge more eagerly. This seems a very Machiavellian way of putting it, but it is excellent sense. It would be absolutely legitimate to poison an invading army, or for that matter to poison the army of the country you meant to invade, if you could be quite sure of wiping it out at a blow, and that no other and stronger, which you could not be sure of wiping out, would take its place and retaliate with severity. It is because these conditions cannot be secured that poison has never been of general use in war, not because it is more base to inject prussic acid into a man than to make a hole in him with a Dum-dum bullet. By the common consent of civilised nations, it has been ruled out as a form of cruelty which is not justified by the results. The use of irregulars is approved or condemned on pretty much the same principle. Now and then they are of great value, as in the Peninsula, where, however, the conditions were unique. During the campaign of 1813, the partisans were of use to the allies, because they harassed Napoleon's long line of communications through Northern Germany. In the war of 1870-71 the Franc-Tireurs did a good deal to check the scouting of the Uhlans in the later campaigns. In the American Civil War, Morgan and Moseby did excellent service to the Confederates. Yet, putting aside the case of Spain, which was like nothing else in war altogether, it is very doubtful whether the partisans or irregulars were more than a poor substitute for really disciplined men. Regular troops could have done all they did, and would have been free from their defects. The worst of Franc-Tireurs, and such-like, is that they attract bad characters, and that discipline can only be kept by the personal superiority of the leader, which is not always adequate to the work. Therefore they have a tendency to include mere plunderers and murderers, and it is this that justifies the refusal of the professional soldier to treat them as equals. One cannot blame the man of spirit who wants to fire a shot in defence of his country. Yet if he is serious, and does not only yield to a wild fit of excitement, like one of the characters in Zola's Débâcle, he will surely enlist in a regular force. In any other he will find very strange bedfellows, and will probably discover that his service against the enemy does not go beyond cutting off a few stragglers, and that in the meanwhile he is compelled to live on the country. Prowlers of that order only make war more ferocious without helping to decide it, and therefore are a pest to be suppressed. The only practical course to take is to make a rule against all irregulars without exception.

* * * *

IT is a common observation of mankind, recorded in old saws and confirmed by modern instances, that things one has desired much to obtain do not always prove wholly satisfactory when they are at last secured. The something bitter at the bottom of the cup, the fly which causeth the apothecary's ointment to stink, always turns up sooner or later, and sometimes at once. If we are to trust a military correspondent of the *Times*, the British Army is already going through this sad experience of the vanity of human hopes with the Military Manœuvres Bill. We all looked forward to the day when this measure would put our Army on something like the same footing in regard to its manœuvres as the German; we lamented when it was postponed through politics, and now we have got it in the shape of the Military Manœuvres Bill, 1897. This year it is to be put in force over a district 1,500 miles square, and from 50,000 to 60,000 men are to have a real chance of practising their business on a large scale. And now comes the fly in the ointment. The Bill gives a veto to a local committee of civilians in all cases where the use of roads and of sources of water is concerned, which is like to prove a nuisance. The correspondent seems to fear that the veto will be used to guard the repose of the "sacred game preserve," and other interests of private persons, which, as the correspondent puts it, are what is really meant by "the public interests mentioned by Lord Lansdowne." He quotes, as an example of absurdity, the obligation imposed on the military authorities to give warning before stopping the traffic on a particular road. How, he asks, can the general know days beforehand just what road will have to be stopped? Besides, how is secrecy to be preserved if movements have to be announced in the press days before they are made? These are questions. Embittered staff officers are not unnaturally making sarcastic remarks to the effect that "The only thing we are likely to get out of this Act is that we can have the Wilts or Dorset ginger-beer man expelled from our camps if he comes there, and we can get the cycling bounders fined 40s. if they come charging in among our guns."

* * * *

Is not this, however, a trifle pessimistic? Englishmen, whether military or civil, are not usually destitute of common-sense and decent feeling. Soldiers, one supposes, will not do wanton damage, and the civil population when it finds, as it will, that this is the case, and that it is compensated for inevitable damage, is eminently likely to enjoy the manœuvres intensely rather than to put difficulties in their way. The obstruction is less likely to come from them than from the Treasury, which will certainly raise an outcry if bills for damages are long. There are many farmers who would look on placidly while the British Army trampled down all their fences and gates, burnt all their outhouses, and broke up all their carts, so long as they had security that these necessaries would be replaced at the public expense. They would get new for old; as for the water sources which the local committee is to protect, the Army cannot want to kill the inhabitants and their cattle with thirst. If manœuvres cannot be conducted except at that cost, they will have to be suspended, or removed to remote and thinly-inhabited districts, say Sutherlandshire or thereabouts, where the British Army would be free. The staff officer is unjust to his countrymen. All persons on bicycles are not bounders. Some in country districts are doctors on their way to urgent cases. A civilian might as well cry out against the Military Manœuvres Bill on the ground that it will enable "mess-room cubs" and the worst kind of soldier to molest quiet people. The plain truth is that these things must be subject to restrictions. No bullets are used in them, and if the soldier is not subjected to the risk of being shot, neither need the civilian be asked to endure the inconveniences which, as Southey says in his poem, "must be at every famous victory." The Navy is better off than the Army, for it does its manœuvres on the barren sea, where no hedges, outhouses, "sacred game preserves," and water sources exist to trouble, neither can bicycle bounders break in. But this is in the nature of things. If the German Army is better off than ours, Germany is much less thickly inhabited and less highly cultivated than England. We must take fat and lean together. After all, the Bill gives the Army increased facilities for holding manœuvres, and is therefore a clear gain. It is idle to ask us to be what we are not. We have got our position in the world by being what we are. And then the Army may reflect that it will never have to fight in England. Local knowledge gained there is of no use. On the day when a foreigner can land here we are beaten, and will have to set about making peace. The Americans have made no attack on Marshal Blanco at Havana, but they have driven him out of Cuba all the same, and they have given the Spanish generals at home no chance to fight. When we are beaten on the sea, and until we are there will be no invasion of England, we shall be even as the Spaniards.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY AND THE PEERAGE.

By H. LAWRENCE SWINBURNE.

CURIOUSLY enough, only twenty of the six hundred and odd existing peerages can boast that they have had their origin in reward conferred for purely Naval services, and four of these, moreover, are Irish. Nor can this fact be explained by assuming that an abnormally large number of Naval peerages have become extinct, for such is not the case, as the Service throughout its existence as a Crown force has in all received only thirty-three peerages. There are, it is true, another dozen peerages which were conferred on sea officers, but such were granted not for Naval, but for military, political, diplomatic, or family considerations. The thirty-three purely Naval peerages are as follows, and are ranked in each case according to the highest step in the peerage attained by the original holder, extinct peerages being italicised :—

EARLDOMS.—*Southampton*, *Nottingham*, Suffolk (to which Berkshire is now added), Sandwich, *Torrington*, *Orford*, Howe (barony only survives, merged in an earldom of recent creation), St. Vincent (viscounty only survives).

VISCOUNTIES.—Torrington, *Keppel*, Hood, Bridport (Irish barony only survives, merged in a viscounty of recent creation), *Elphinstone*, Duncan (merged in an earldom of subsequent creation), Nelson (barony only survives, merged in an earldom conferred on his brother), Exmouth.

BARONIES.—Dartmouth (merged in an earldom of subsequent creation), *Gowran (Irish)*, Aylmer (Irish), *Anson*, Hawke, *Shuldham*, Rodney, Graves (Irish), Hotham (Irish), Gardner, Radstock (Irish), *Collingwood*, *Gambier*, De Saumarez, *Lyons*, *Alcester*, Hood of Avalon.

From the foregoing list it will be seen that the lower ranks of the peerage were considered sufficient rewards for the Navy. We have no Naval duke or marquis. Churchill and Wellesley were rightly created dukes, but earldoms were a sufficient reward for Howe, Jervis, and Nelson. The victor of Quiberon, the battle that Mahan calls "the Trafalgar" of the Seven Years' War, becomes a baron, while a sure vote or a successful lawyer blossoms into "our right trusty and well-beloved cousin."

To get to the first Naval peerage we must go back to the days of Henry VIII., as that monarch, in 1537, raised to the dignity of Earl of Southampton that fine old seaman Sir William Fitzwilliam, who had held a command in the fleet that fought off Brest in 1513. He was our first Naval peer, and he is one whose memory should be honoured, for he displayed a characteristic that has distinguished the most renowned of our great admirals, namely, a care and love for his subordinates. Of the Naval heroes whose names shed lustre on the reign of the last of the Tudors, but two were ennobled. Howard of Effingham did not immediately obtain his earldom of Nottingham for the defeat of the Armada, as his promotion in the peerage—for he was already a baron by inheritance—did not come to him till after his expedition to Cadiz in 1596. Lord Thomas Howard, who was created Earl of Suffolk in 1603, was a kinsman of Effingham, and one of the gallant five knighted on the poop of the "Ark Royal" during the progress of the Armada fight. The next two Naval peerages, the earldom of Sandwich and the barony of Dartmouth, were indeed to a great extent rewards conferred as much for political as Naval services. Montagu earned his earldom in the main for the aid he gave Monck in bringing about the restoration, and especially in bringing over the Fleet to the King's side. He, however, held high commands at sea both prior to and after his ennoblement, and died a gallant death at the head of the Blue Squadron, as second in command to the Duke of York at the memorable battle of Solebay, on the 28th of May, 1672. Legge became Lord Dartmouth as much in recognition of his father's services, and because he was a King's favourite, as for his Naval service.

From the accession of William III. till well into the reign of George I., only four names were added to the Naval peerage—Herbert, Russel, Fitzpatrick, and Aylmer. Herbert obtained his earldom of Torrington in 1689 for what was practically a defeat at Bantry Bay, while the still more disastrous action off Beachy Head a year later closed his Naval career. Russel's career also is dwarfed by the great exploits of those who came after him. The victory of La Hogue—perhaps one of the most picturesque and dramatic battles in the annals of the Navy—was its crowning success, but it was one which, as Mahan points out, made an impression out of all proportion to the results. His peerage as Earl of Orford was conferred on him at the close of the war. Fitzpatrick and Aylmer are to those who are not students of Naval history nothing more than names. Both held various ship commands without any very distinguished record of war services, though Aylmer will always be remembered as the founder of the Greenwich Hospital School for sons of seamen. Both received Irish baronies, becoming respectively Lord Gowran and Lord Aylmer of Balrath.

The short Spanish War which followed the five years' peace that succeeded the treaty of Utrecht, added a memorable fight to the list of British victories and to the peerage the name of George Byng. This officer was in command in the Mediterranean at the outbreak of the war in 1718, and by his brilliant victory off Cape Passaro annihilated the Spanish Fleet and saved Sicily from invasion, his reward being the viscounty of Torrington, conferred on him at the close of the war in 1721. From the outbreak of war with Spain in 1739, for nigh half a century, and with but two short intervals of peace, we found arrayed against us, singly or in coalition, France, Spain, and Holland, while our great American colonies also revolted against their mother country and eventually established their independence. During this period the roll of the peerage was enriched by the names of Anson, Hawke, Shuldham, Howe, Keppel, Rodney, and

THE FORETHOUGHT OF ANSON'S COOK BEFORE THE CAPTURE OF THE SPANISH GALLEON.

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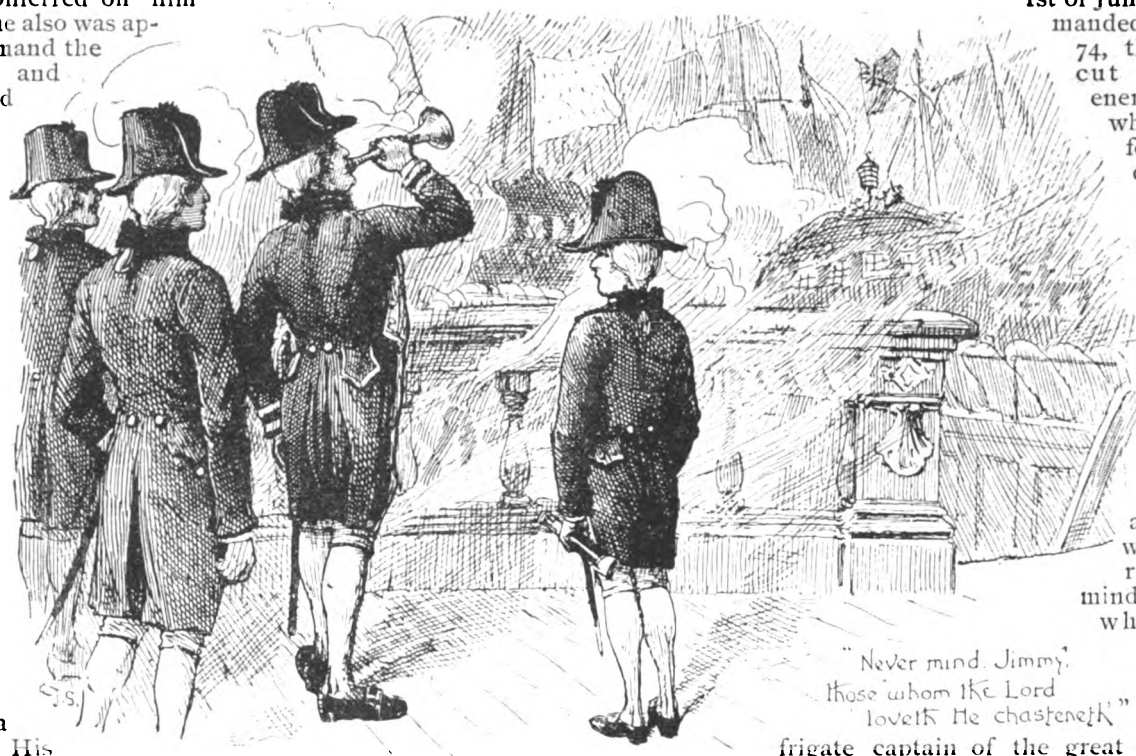
Samuel Hood, while several who were afterwards to become peers first proved themselves. Anson's name will ever be memorable for his great voyage round the world, but he did not become a baron until 1747, when he most decisively beat the French off Cape Finisterre, capturing six sail of the line. Anson had not only the coolness, courage, and resolute temper necessary to all great leaders of men, but was one of the most popular admirals the Service has known, for he was a friend as well as a leader to those who served under him. The confidence his men had in him is well illustrated by the following story. Before he was about to attack the Spanish galleon—probably the richest prize that ever fell to a single ship—he remonstrated with his cook on the absence of mutton from his table. The man, who was probably an Irishman, made reply, "Certainly, your honour, there are still two sheep left in the galley, but I thought your honour would wish them kept for the dinner of the Spaniard captain whom your honour is going to take prisoner." Hawke's career was one of the most memorable amongst those of our many able admirals, culminating in the glorious victory of Quiberon Bay in 1759, though it was not till seventeen years later that a mere barony rewarded his magnificent services.

Shuldham got his peerage, an Irish barony, in the same year as Hawke—1776—for services on the North American station, where he commanded previous to Lord Howe. The latter, who was an Irish viscount in his own right, earned an English viscounty by his services on the same station, the latter being conferred on him in 1782, when he also was appointed to command the Channel Fleet, and effected the third relief of Gibraltar during the memorable siege which lasted from 1779 to 1783. Curiously enough, Howe had to encounter the first torpedo attack that was ever attempted against a ship of the British Navy, as it was the "Eagle," his flag-ship on the North American station, that Bushnell endeavoured to destroy by explosion from a submarine boat. His promotion to an earldom came in 1788, when he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and thus all his peerages were gained before the great exploit of his career—the glorious victory of the 1st of June, 1794.



In the same year that Howe was first made an English peer, peerages were also conferred on Keppel, Rodney, and Samuel Hood. The former's most memorable exploit was the tough but resultless engagement with d'Orvilliers off Brest in 1778, though his viscounty did not come to him till four years later; but the names of both Rodney and Hood recall to recollection one of the most memorable victories of our Navy, that of Rodney over de Grasse on the 12th of May, 1782. This great victory earned Rodney an English, and Hood, his second in command, an Irish, barony. After the treaty of Versailles in 1783, we had a breathing space of ten years, as a prelude to the great struggle which was to last for nigh a quarter of a century, and add to the roll of Naval peers the names of Alexander Hood, Graves, Elphinstone, Hotham, Jervis, Duncan, Nelson, Gardner, Waldegrave, Collingwood, Gambier, Pellew, and Saumarez. On the outbreak of the war, Lord Hood assumed command in the Mediterranean, where his services earned for him promotion to a viscounty. His brother Alexander got his first barony of Bridport, an Irish one, for his share in the victory of the 1st of June, where he was second in command to Lord Howe. His brilliant victory off L'Orient, a year later, was rewarded by the grant of an English barony, while his promotion to the rank of Viscount Bridport came to him in 1800, as the well-earned reward of a magnificent career. Graves's is another 1st of June peerage, that officer being third in command at that battle, where he led the van in the "Royal Sovereign," and was rewarded with an Irish barony. Elphinstone earned the Irish barony of Keith by his capture of the Cape and Ceylon from the Dutch, while his command of the Naval force during the memorable Egyptian Campaign of 1801 brought him an English barony, he finally being created Viscount Keith in 1814, after a tenure of chief command in the Channel. The big, handsome Duncan—he was 6-ft. 4-in. in height, and broad, and good-looking in proportion—the idol of his men, well earned his viscounty and barony of Duncan of Camperdown by his great victory over the Dutch Fleet on the 11th October, 1797.

A year later the most glorious and complete of all our Naval victories gave to our Nelson his first peerage, his barony of the Nile and Burnham Thorpe. As a reward for Copenhagen he became in addition Viscount Nelson of the Nile and Burnham Thorpe, and Baron Nelson of the Nile and Hillborough.

Waldegrave was offered a baronetcy for his share in the victory of St. Vincent, where he flew his flag as third in command, but he declined it as being inferior to the rank he already held as the son of an earl, but three years later an Irish peerage was conferred on him as Baron Radstock, of Castletown. Collingwood's barony was another Trafalgar reward, in which battle he led the lee line in the "Royal Sovereign" and earned Nelson's eulogy of "See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action." Gambier's peerage came for his seizure of the Danish Fleet at Copenhagen in 1807, an almost bloodless action, though he had seen some exceptionally hard fighting, notably on the 1st of June, where he commanded the "Defence," 74, the first ship to cut through the enemy's line, and which had three or four ships successively engaging her. Pakenham, who commanded the "Invincible," came to her aid, and as he rounded under her stern hailed Gambier, who had the reputation of being a religious man, with the cheery remark, "Never mind, Jimmy, those whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Pellew, the smartest frigate captain of the great war, earned his barony—not conferred on him till 1814—by an exceptionally brilliant record, and added to it the title of Viscount Exmouth, to which he was advanced for his gallant attack on and destruction of the fleet and arsenal of Algiers in 1816. Finally, the last peerage of the great war was earned by a Guernsey man, James Saumarez, by a series of gallant exploits, at L'Orient, St. Vincent, and the Nile, though his title of Baron de Saumarez was not conferred on him till 1831.

The remaining three peerages, those of Lyons, Alcester, and Hood of Avalon, are all of the Victorian period. An illustrious career, crowned by his conduct of Naval operations in the Black Sea during the Russian War, gave Sir Edmund Lyons his peerage as Baron Lyons of Christchurch, only to become extinct on the death of his son, for so long our Minister in Paris. The second Naval peerage of the reign was conferred on Sir Beauchamp Seymour, in recognition of his services in command of the fleet at the bombardment and occupation of Alexandria, for which he was created Lord Alcester, but, dying unmarried, this peerage also is now extinct. Finally, Sir Arthur Hood was in 1892 raised to the peerage as Baron Hood of Avalon for distinguished Naval services, in the main administrative. This, then, is the titled roll of honour belonging to that Navy which founded, built up, kept intact, and to-day safeguards the Empire on which the sun never sets. Created by the Navy, and maintained by the Navy, there is not a page in our Empire's history on which the valour of the Navy has not shed an undying lustre. Meagre as is the list of its ennobled heroes, there is scarce a name in it at the sound of which a Britisher will not instinctively straighten himself with the pride of race and the sense of inherited glory.

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THERE is a good deal of popular confusion between "Dragoon Guards" and "Dragoons." As a matter of fact, both the titles and the corps themselves are separate and of separate history and origin. Dragoons have been, ever since their first institution by Charles II., more or less a light cavalry force, and Dragoon Guards heavy cavalry. Down to the time of George II., our seven Dragoon Guard regiments were known as "Regiments of Horse," and shared with the Life Guards on occasions certain Court privileges of escort duty to the Royal Family. George II. made them cavalry of the Line, but in memory of their former special privileges, on changing their designation title from Regiments of Horse, gave them the style of Dragoon *Guards*, this last secondary title being bestowed, as the King himself directed, as a memorial and an honorary distinction. The Dragoon Guards can always be distinguished in uniform from the Dragoons by their helmets, facings, and colours. Their helmets are of gilt brass, where the Dragoon helmets are of white metal; their facings are of velvet, where the Dragoons' are of cloth; their colours are of silken damask, and called "standards," where the Dragoons' colours are of silk, and called "guidons." Otherwise, speaking generally, the uniforms of the Dragoons and Dragoon Guards are alike in the three regiments of Dragoons which are all we now have left under that name—the 1st Royals, the Scots Greys, and the 6th Inniskillings. And of course, finally, of these three only two are helmeted, the Scots Greys wearing the bearskin.

* * * *

SHIPS' pets have always been very popular on board men-of-war, and they usually take up their quarters amongst the men. They originate in many ways. Sometimes a man is allowed by the commanding officer to bring one on board; not unfrequently, the officers having laid in live stock for a voyage, when it became necessary to kill a sheep or perhaps a fowl, it was found that the "forecastle pet" was in request for the officers' dinner. A deputation has saved his life, and he remains a little king and everybody's pet, provided he will chew tobacco and do the tricks he is taught. Bears make remarkably good pets, as they easily learn to accommodate themselves to the life, and are amusing in their tricks. One on board the "Rodney," in China, in 1869, came home in the ship, and was for a long time after that in the "Zoo," where he went by the name of "Rodney." He was very fond of foraging aloft for the topmen's grease-pots. This was a bit dangerous, because on one or two occasions when he was aloft things like marling-spikes, etc., fell on deck, but as a rule he gave little trouble and much amusement.

* * * *

THE Royal Military School of Music at Kneller Hall, Hounslow, has great influence on the efficiency of the Army. The spirit and self-respect of troops are promoted by music, and this establishment ensures a supply of band-masters and musicians, without whom there would be no systematic or uniform musical instruction. Its "pupils" are soldiers under a voluntary training, of twelve or eighteen months, for their regimental bands; while its "students" are band sergeants, sergeant trumpeters, sergeant buglers, etc., undergoing a course of two or three years, and qualifying for band-masters. Military band-masters must hold a first-class certificate of education. They are warrant officers, and receive £70 a year besides the pay of their rank. The school is under a colonel and staff.

* * * *

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR NATHANIEL BOWDEN-SMITH, who was born on January 21, 1838, entered as a Naval cadet in the "Winchester" during the Burmese War, 1852-53, and obtained the medal and a clasp for Pegu. He next served as midshipman of the "Royal George" during the Baltic Campaign, 1854-55, for which a medal was granted. As a mate in the "Fury" and "Calcutta" he saw considerable service during the China War, and was engaged in boat actions in Escape Creek and at Fatshan, as well as the capture of the Peiho Forts in 1858. Subsequently, when acting lieutenant of the "Chesapeake," he was very severely wounded in the arm at the unsuccessful attack on the Peiho Forts in 1859, and given the China medal, with clasps for Fatshan and Taku. As a lieutenant (to which he was promoted in 1859) he served in the "Conqueror" and the "Pelican"—in the latter vessel he was awarded the Humane Society's silver medal—and obtained commander's rank in 1866. While a commander he belonged to the "Minotaur" and "Britannia" until 1872, when he became a captain. He held the post of flag captain, successively, in the "Narcissus" (Detached squadron), "Hercules" (Mediterranean), and "Undaunted" (East Indies), between 1874 and 1880. In 1882, in the "Amethyst," he was senior officer of the south-east coast of America, and the next year was appointed to the "Britannia." Attaining rear-admiral's rank in 1888, he was sent the following year to Washington as a British representative at the International Marine Conference, and afterwards served on the International Code of Signals Committee. He was Commander-in-Chief of the Australian station from 1892-94. In the latter year he became a vice-admiral. On the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee, 1897, he was made K.C.B. He is a prominent member of the Royal United Service Institution, and takes a leading part in all professional matters. *(See illustration on front page.)*

"F. E. K."—The origin of the word "bayonet" has long been in dispute. It has been ingeniously suggested that the weapon took its name from Bayonne in France, but this cannot be supported by any direct evidence; others say that it took its name from Bayona in Toledo, where the swords came from The most plausible reason for the title is that on a ridge of the Montagne d'Arrhun in the Pyrenees known as La Bayonette, a Basque regiment in some fight in the seventeenth century stuck their knives into the muzzles of their muskets, because they had run out of powder and shot, when they charged their foes. Not that the bayonet is necessarily of French origin, for the warlike Welsh who fought with sabres and targets when in the mountains or among broken ground, fixed their swords to the ends of their leaping-poles when fighting against cavalry in the open. The question of the origin of the word is further complicated by the fact that in a French-English dictionary dated 1611 "bayonnier" is translated "a crossebowman" and "crossebow maker." It would be curious to know the connection between a cross-bow and a bayonet. In 1680 the bayonet was simply a sharp-pointed, two-edged knife, 12-in. or 13-in. long and 1-in. broad, fixed to a haft of wood about 9-in. in length, which was thrust into the muzzle of the gun. Uneducated people are often heard to use the word "bagonet" or "bagginet." But this is not so wrong as might be supposed, for so late as 1735 the word "bagonet" meant a short broad dagger.

* * * *

I HAVE been asked about a story told to a correspondent, so he says, by a Naval officer, "that immediately prior to a man-of-war going into action, all the domestic furniture of a ship is put away somewhere, either broken up or burnt, for the reason that much injury to life would be caused from broken splinters, etc." It is not quite so bad as that. When the order "Clear for action" is given, everything not ordinarily kept stowed away is either "struck" or sent down into the hold, so as to leave the decks free, or else, as in the case of mess tables and gear, stowed away above the heads of the men on each deck in the spaces between the beams supporting the deck above. If things sometimes get thrown overboard, it is only when the clearing for action has to be done hastily, on an enemy suddenly coming into view. What most often in such cases has gone overboard was the unfortunate live stock kept on the upper deck forward, though time was found sometimes to lower these into the hold. It was all a matter of time and the expected interval before action.

* * * *

THE idea of using dogs for attack and defence, as well as for guard duty, is by no means new, but it was reserved for Herr Karl von Donat, the well-known tactician, to take the lead in recommending the systematic employment of war-dogs. In several Continental armies, and notably in the Prussian, the training of canine auxiliaries has been brought to the dignity of a science. Cross-bred animals are generally the most intelligent, the collie and St. Bernard being favourite strains, but it is an open question whether the best crosses have yet been decided on for the several duties assigned to war-dogs. They prove themselves very helpful on outpost duty by giving timely warning of approaching strangers; they are also taught to deliver despatches and carry ammunition; and they are invaluable in searching for the wounded, supplying them with medical comforts and reporting their whereabouts.

* * * *

"DIDO."—I am much obliged for your letter calling attention to an omission in our notice of the Berkshire Militia on August 6. The *London Gazette* of September 29, 1885, announced that the Queen had been graciously pleased to approve "of the Princess Charlotte of Wales's (Berkshire Regiment) being in future designated 'Princess Charlotte of Wales's (Royal Berkshire Regiment),' in recognition of the gallant conduct of the 1st Battalion of the regiment in the action at Tofrek, near Suakin, on March 22, 1885." The 1st Battalion, as you say, was the old 49th, and it was in consequence of the services which it rendered that the title "Royal" was bestowed on the regiment. At the same time, I would not entirely contradict the writer of the notice in question. He may have been aware that the authorities felt the unfairness of the Militia battalion being deprived of their Royal character, and had therefore determined to embrace the first opportunity of conferring the honour on the whole regiment.

* * * *

I HAVE to express my regret that, owing to a mistake of the photographer, the pictures of the "Britannia's" two elevens have changed places in the number for August 6. I should have been glad to reproduce them, as one or two of the correspondents who have called my attention to the mistake have suggested, but our readers would have good reason to object if we served up the same illustrations a second time. I must therefore ask my young friends to accept my apology and put up with the inconvenience. After all, it is only one word in each case that requires to be changed, and that should not be difficult to do. Both elevens are highly creditable, but no one can fail to see where the balance of smartness and seniority rests. Time will soon bring the young ones up to the same level, although they will, perhaps, never make a nicer picture than they do now.

* * * *

TWO other mistakes I have to apologise for, the first in connection with the photographs of the launch of the "Amphitrite," reproduced in No. 78 on July 30; and the second, a duplication of titles in our last issue. All the "Amphitrite" pictures were attributed to Mr. Hollis, instead of which three of them, those on pages 446 and 447, were taken by Mr. Redhead, the photographer to the firm of Messrs. Vickers, Son, and Maxim. I suppose every reader of the paper has spotted the mistake in the last number, by which the title properly belonging to the "Magpie" coaling at Durban was repeated on the next page under the illustration of the "Majestic" leaving Portsmouth Harbour. The letterpress alongside the picture must have been sufficient to explain to everyone the real subject of the illustration.

* * * *

IN our last number the amusing nautical character sketch by Mr. Shannon came to an end, and I am glad to know from the many letters I have received, that the adventures of Jim Twelves and Malachi Eaves have been appreciated. Our next serial commences in two or three weeks' time. It is entitled "Fortune's my Foe," and I need say little more now than that it is from the pen of Mr. J. Bloundelle-Burton, one of the foremost of living novelists and a writer with whose works the readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED are well acquainted.

THE EDITOR.

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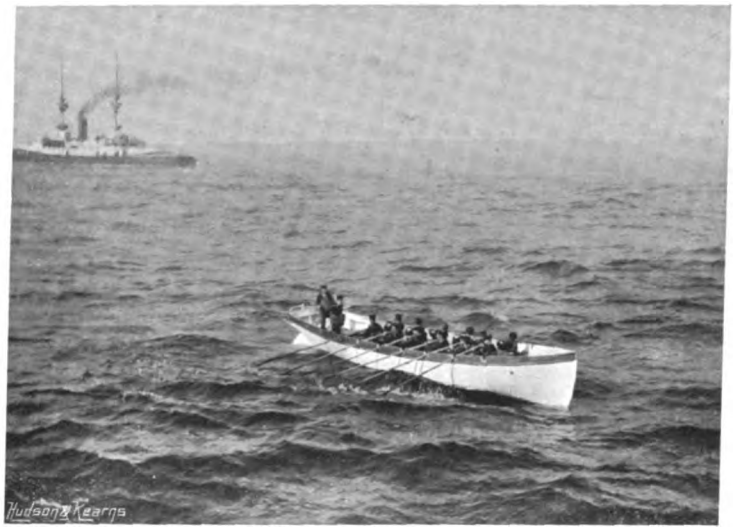
Round the British Isles with the Channel Squadron.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE cruise of the Channel Squadron round the coasts of the British Isles is not a matter of every-day occurrence, and yet the proceedings are so typical of Naval life afloat that more than ordinary interest attaches to them.

The squadron left Portland on Monday, June 13, and proceeded up Channel, anchoring in the Downs the next day for a few hours. The same evening, about six o'clock, anchors were weighed, and the fleet continued its cruise leisurely up the East Coast of England.

Steam tactics were carried out every day, and all the usual drills were exercised. On Wednesday evening the monotony was varied by a sudden signal from the flag-ship, "let go life-buoys." This has the same effect, though for a happier cause,

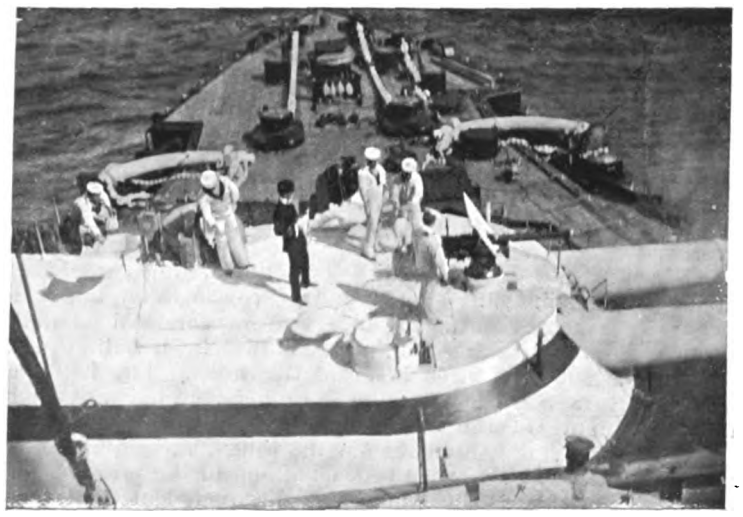


THE SERVICE LIFE-BOAT AFLOAT.

as the cry "man overboard." It is a very pretty and effective evolution. At the signal the sentry on the life-buoys immediately lets them go, the engines are put full speed astern, the sea-boats' crews are called away, and both the life-boats lowered. The competition between the ships in this evolution is very keen, and the ship that can first get her life-buoys back on board, hoist her boats again, and make the signal "ready to proceed," has good reason to commend herself.

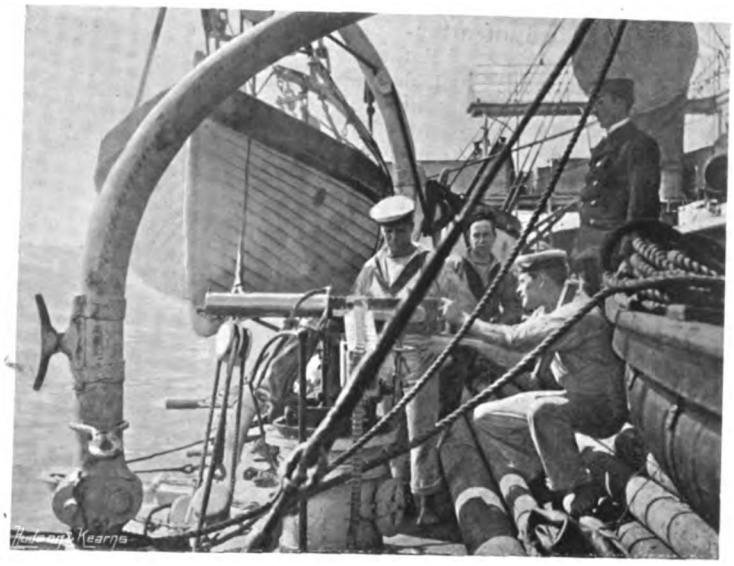
We give an illustration of a Service life-boat away on this occasion. The boats are always twelve or fourteen oared cutters, and experience has shown them magnificent sea-boats, as many a hard-won victory in heavy weather will testify. The men are always specially selected able seamen; each man is provided with a cork life-belt, which is worn round the waist and secured by braces over the shoulders. A midshipman goes away in charge on ordinary occasions, but in bad weather a more experienced officer would be sent.

On Friday the ships separated for the half-quarterly target practice. We give an illustration of what is called "short practice," with which the exercise with the big guns is augmented. A small gun, in this case a 12-pounder quick-firer, is mounted on top of the fore turret exactly in alignment with one of the turret guns and connected to it by suitable levers, the effect being that the captain of the turret lays his turret guns as usual for the target, but on pressing the electric firing key he only discharges the small gun on top, so that he gets the maximum of practice at the minimum



From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

"SHORT PRACTICE"



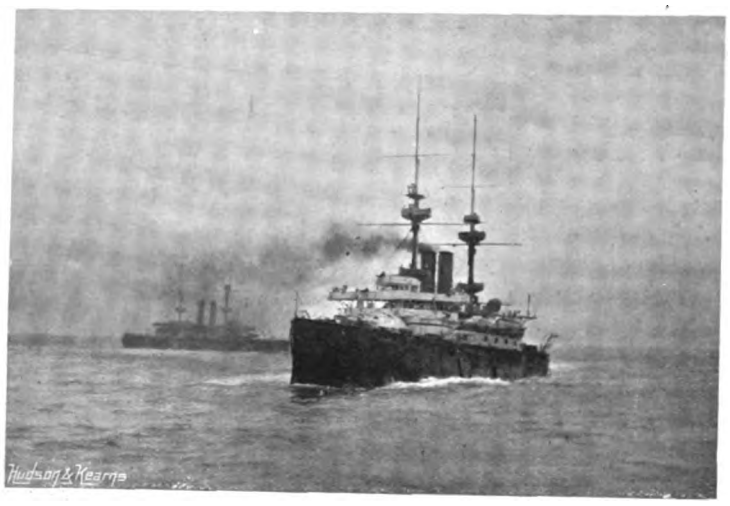
PRACTICE WITH THE MAXIM.

of expense and wear and tear, while he has the satisfaction of seeing where his shots go to.

Practice with the Maxim gun is also illustrated. The gun was in full swing at the moment the photograph was taken, and the absence of smoke with the Cordite ammunition

MORNING PRAYERS.

is very noticeable. The belt conveying the cartridges to the gun is very distinctly seen. The gun fires about 400 shots a minute from its single barrel, and on a calm day it is most fascinating to work it, as it most resembles a fire hose with bullets in place of water.



THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE BATTLE SQUADRON.

Another illustration is of the "Hannibal," the latest addition to the battle squadron, making now eight battle-ships. The remarkable thing about this squadron is that it comprises eight of the largest ships in the world, all of similar design, of equal speed and armament. This factor of homogeneity would certainly prove of great value when it came to manœuvring the squadron in war time.

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The French in the Mediterranean.

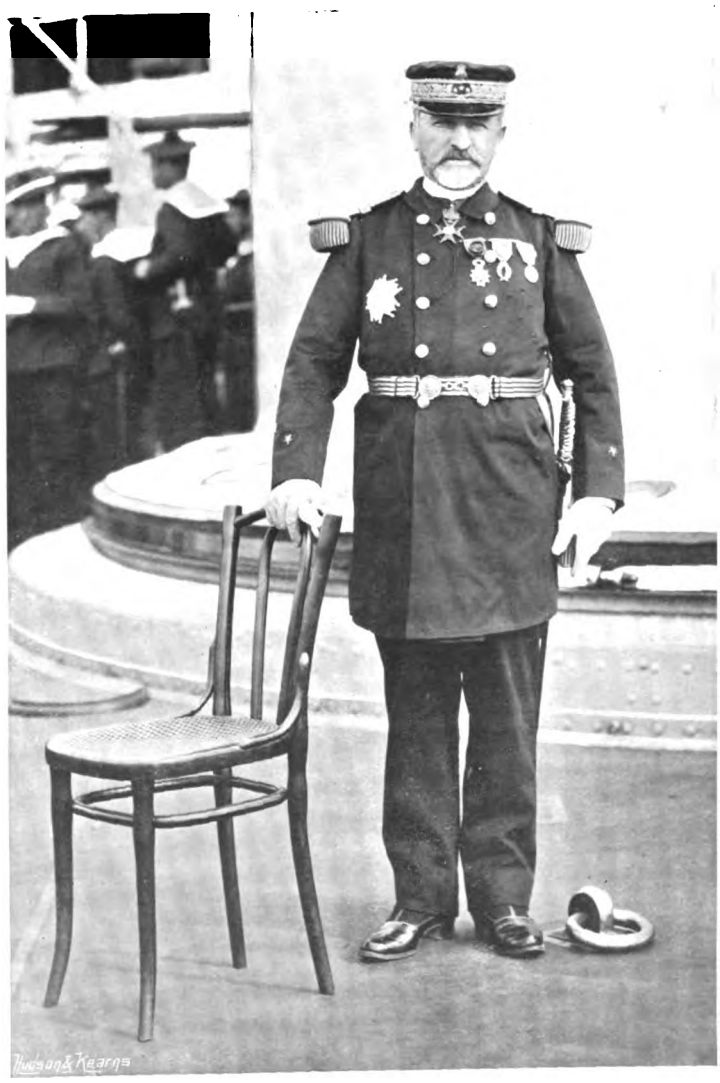
A GREAT deal of attention has lately been attracted to the Fleet of our lively neighbours beyond the Channel by the accession to office of a new Minister of Marine in the person of M. Lockroy, who is known to be possessed of a superabundant fund of energy, and with undisguised contempt for what he considers the antiquated notions of some of his predecessors. When M. Lockroy was Minister about two years ago, he upset the state of things then existing in many ways, but no sooner did Admiral Besnard come in than his innovations began one by one to disappear. Apparently the energetic Minister's zeal has not been chastened by experience. He has certainly an excellent officer at his right hand, in the new chief of the Naval staff, Vice-Admiral Cavalier de Cuverville, whose portrait we give.

The admiral is known to be a man of high character, enlightened views, and large experience, as well as a diligent worker, albeit a student, perhaps, more than a man of action. When Naval Attaché in London some years ago, he made a profound study of our Navy, for which he conceived very high respect. More recently, as Naval Prefect of Cherbourg, he is said to have been a good deal preoccupied with the presumed unsafe situation of that port, which some Frenchmen think might one of these days be assailed from the rear, if we were to land a sufficiently strong force to entrench itself behind a modern counterpart of the lines of Torres Vedras thrown across the narrow neck of the Cotentin peninsula. In this way, they argue, might Cherbourg be completely invested. His friends say that Admiral de Cuverville is a far-seeing man, and that, when he was a captain on the West African station, he indicated not only the difficulties that France would meet with in the Gulf of Guinea, but even the points of dispute and recent settlement on the Niger. What is certain is that he is a man of strong religious convictions and unflinching zeal, which he has displayed more than once to the displeasure of the coldly agnostic Government of France. His promotion to vice-admiral was retarded in consequence, but he said to a friend that, though painfully impressed by the occurrence, there was in his heart neither bitterness nor regret.

THE NEWEST FRENCH TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER AFLOAT.

Photos. M. Bar. Copyright.

"LA FOUDRE," WITH THE NAVAL BALLOON ON BOARD.



THE NEW CHIEF OF THE FRENCH NAVAL STAFF.

Such is the officer who is chiefly to collaborate with M. Lockroy in promoting the welfare of the French Navy. For years back there has been a veritable hurly-burly of change in the Admiralty in the Rue Royale, which has induced hot and cold fits in many matters, and led to great diversities of types of ships in the Fleet. But this year, at least, the French Navy has had an advantage over ours. It has had manœuvres. It cannot be said that a Navy is asleep that immediately reproduces, with improvements, in the *goulet* of Brest, the circumstances of Santiago de Cuba, that sets its torpedo-boats to break booms in harbours, and to attack the squadron at night, that practises very intelligent tactical schemes of reconnaissance and search, and experiments in coaling under way at sea and at considerable speed, as well as in ammunition supply at record rate by means of overhead cranes and trolleys.

We illustrate one interesting episode of the manœuvres in the Mediterranean. The "Foudre" (6,086 tons), built as a torpedo-transport and depôt ship, but not yet used for that service, is seen leaving Toulon, with the Naval balloon on board, in a specially fitted place at the stern. The balloon ascended, towed by the ship, and the officers in her surveyed the movements of the squadron, explored the coasts and batteries, discovered ships at their moorings, and signalled to the ships below. To ascend in a balloon in the presence of an enemy is risky, as the Americans discovered at Santiago, but still balloons may conceivably play a very useful part. The French ballooning in the Mediterranean has its headquarters at Lagoubran, near Toulon. It was this year very successful,

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as were the flights of messenger pigeons.

The new Minister assumed office just as the manœuvres were about beginning, and infused a good deal of spirit into them before they closed. He is greatly interested in torpedo warfare, and something of an exponent of that large school in France which trusts a good deal to torpedo-boats, submarine vessels, and swift cruisers. The first-class boat we illustrate is of the very latest type in the French Navy, and has just been completed at Le Creusot. There are many other boats of the class, intended for a speed of 23·5 or 24 knots. No. 216 is 121-ft. 4-in. long, and displaces 88 tons. She is of steel, with twin screws, driven by engines of 1,500 horse-power, and has two torpedo discharges, one in the bows, and the other on a turn-table on deck. Boats of this class carry about ten tons of coal, and have a complement of twenty-three.

We add a very remarkable picture of the "Sinaï" just before she was launched at La Seyne on July 19. Although she has been built for the Messageries Maritimes, to ply between Marseilles and Indo-China, and not for the Navy, she possesses qualities that would fit her for a transport or auxiliary cruiser. She displaces 7,455 tons, and is built upon fine lines, being 393-ft. 8-in. long, with 45-ft. 3-in. beam. She is subdivided into six transverse water-tight compartments, and will be driven by engines of 3,000 horse-power. It does not seem likely that she will possess very high speed. The La Seyne yard of the Forges et Chantiers de la Méditerranée is the largest of French private ship-building establishments. The "Jauréguiberry," "D'Entrecasteaux," "Chateaurenault," and many other French and foreign vessels have been built there, and the armoured cruiser "Montcalm" is now in hand. A battle-ship and armoured cruiser for the Russian Government are also to be laid down; and the French Government will doubtless find much more work for the builders of the "Sinaï."

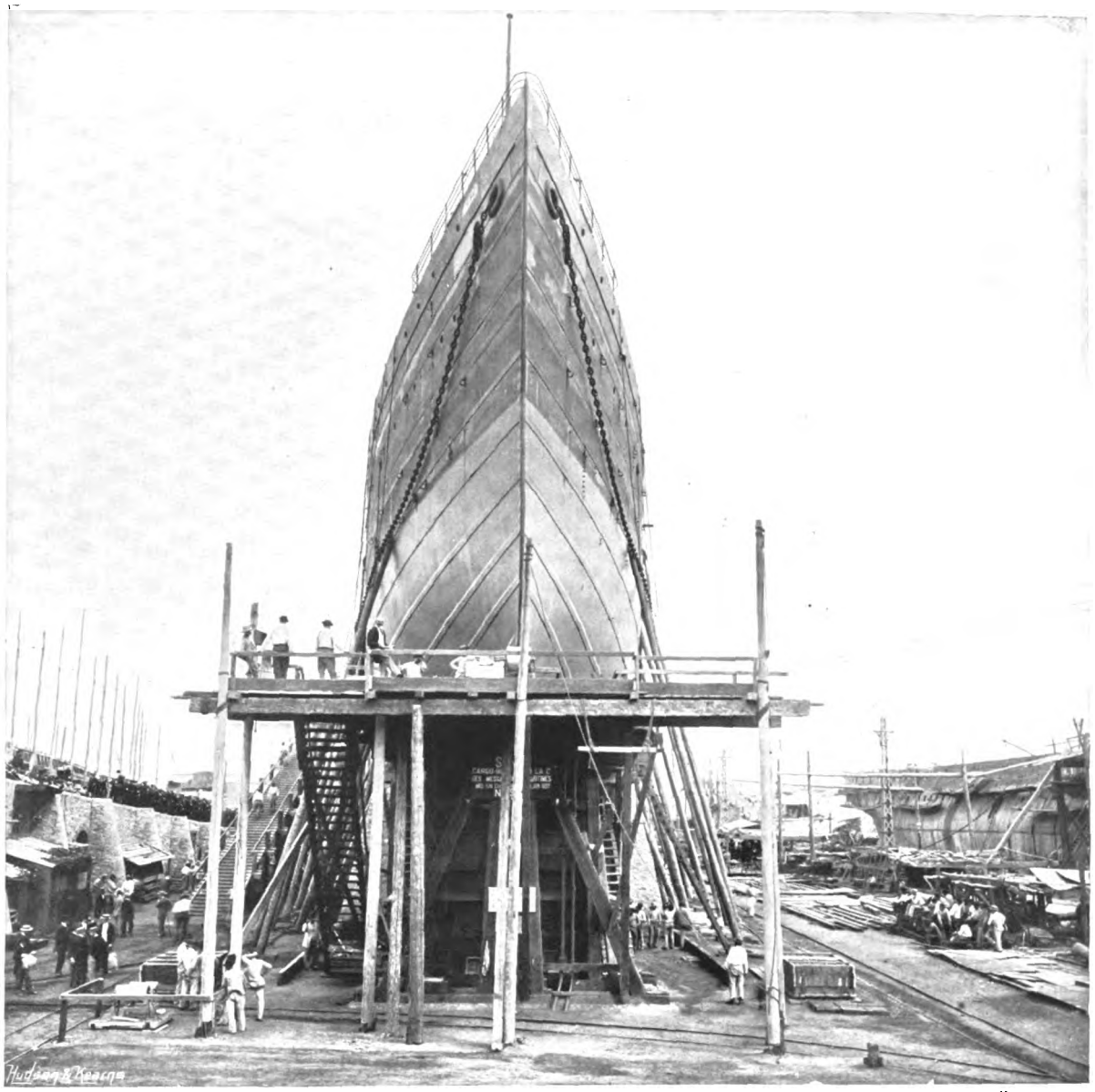

Photo. M Bar. Copyright.

THE "SINAI" BEFORE LAUNCHING.

The "Skipper" of the "Lightning."

THE winsome little laddie whose portrait is reproduced here is the son of Commander Treherne, R.N., of the torpedo-boat destroyer "Lightning."

At a children's fancy dress ball, recently given at Admiralty House, Portsmouth, by Lady Salmon, he created a great sensation by appearing equipped in the "No. 2" or ball dress of a commander in the Royal Navy, which is that worn at all official or public balls, dinners, and receptions. The uniform is exact, down to the minutest detail, with the one exception that the gold lace and epaulettes are on a half scale—not to be wondered at, considering the size of the bonnie little commander.

Laughingly questioned by Sir Nowell Salmon, the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, as to his right to assume Her Majesty's uniform, he drew himself up to his full height, as much as there is of it, saluted in the most orthodox fashion, and gravely replied, "I am Commander Treherne, Royal Navy, commanding H.M.S. 'Lightning,' and senior officer of the Portsmouth torpedo-boat destroyer instructional flotilla." It need hardly be added that the juvenile "Commander Treherne, R.N.," was the "beau of the ball." And his reputation outlived the night, for when the Duchess of York accompanied Captain H.R.H. the Duke of York down to Portsmouth, on the occasion of the latter commissioning the "Crescent," she heard the story, and asked Sir Nowell Salmon to take her to visit the "Lightning," so that Captain Treherne might show her the photograph we now reproduce, the original of which hangs in Captain Treherne's cabin.

"COMMANDER" TREHERNE, R.N.

Commander Treherne has seen much service both in peace and war, and has held important posts open to his rank. He is one of the few British officers afloat who have been in action with an armour-clad, for he was a middy of the "Shah" when she engaged the Peruvian rebel turret-ship "Huascar." He served also through the Egyptian War. "Commander Treherne, junior," will doubtless follow his father's profession, and if he makes as smart an officer, his mother may well be proud of him.

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Preparing for Commodore Watson.

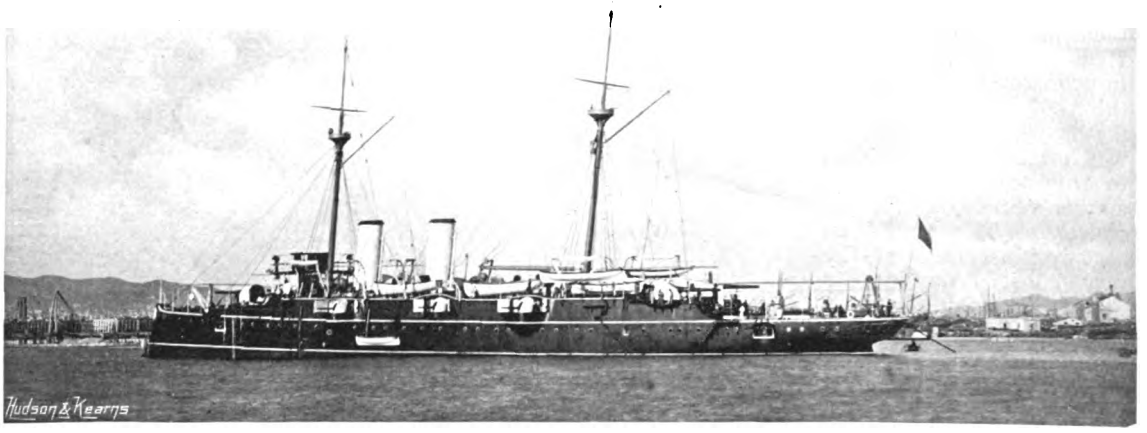
ALTHOUGH Commodore Watson is not now likely to make his threatened attack upon the Spanish coast, active preparations have gone on in Spain for his reception, even as if a descent of troops might be made upon the shores of the Peninsula; and we are able to illustrate some of the work of training. Drafts of troops have been made from the interior to the maritime provinces, as also to the Canaries and Balearic Islands, the batteries have been improved, and guns have even been brought from the fortresses in the Pyrenees to protect some of the harbours. At the same time the seamen and boys under training have constantly been engaged in exercises, and there can be little doubt that everything has been done that could be accomplished.

The ship we illustrate is the protected cruiser "Alfonso XIII.," a sister of the "Lepanto," both belonging to the third, or reserve fleet. They were built about seven years ago, at Ferrol and Cartagena, and displace 5,000 tons, carrying four 7·8-in. and six 4·7-in. Hontoria guns, with twelve small quick-firers. They would be no match for Commodore Watson's battle-ships, and, if ever engaged, would be in a like position of inferiority and danger to that of Admiral Montojo's squadron at Manila. Yet we cannot doubt that the officers and men of these ships would fight with all the devotion and courage displayed by their unfortunate comrades in the Philippines and at Santiago de Cuba.

We see, in another picture, the company of the "Alfonso XIII." at their quarters ready to resist an attack. It is an exercise common in every Navy for the training of men in their fighting work. Ships are cleared as if for action, and pipe or bugle brings every man to his appointed post. Here the work is chiefly musketry. The action is to be at close quarters, where a hail of rifle fire may demoralise an adversary and defeat his purpose of attack.

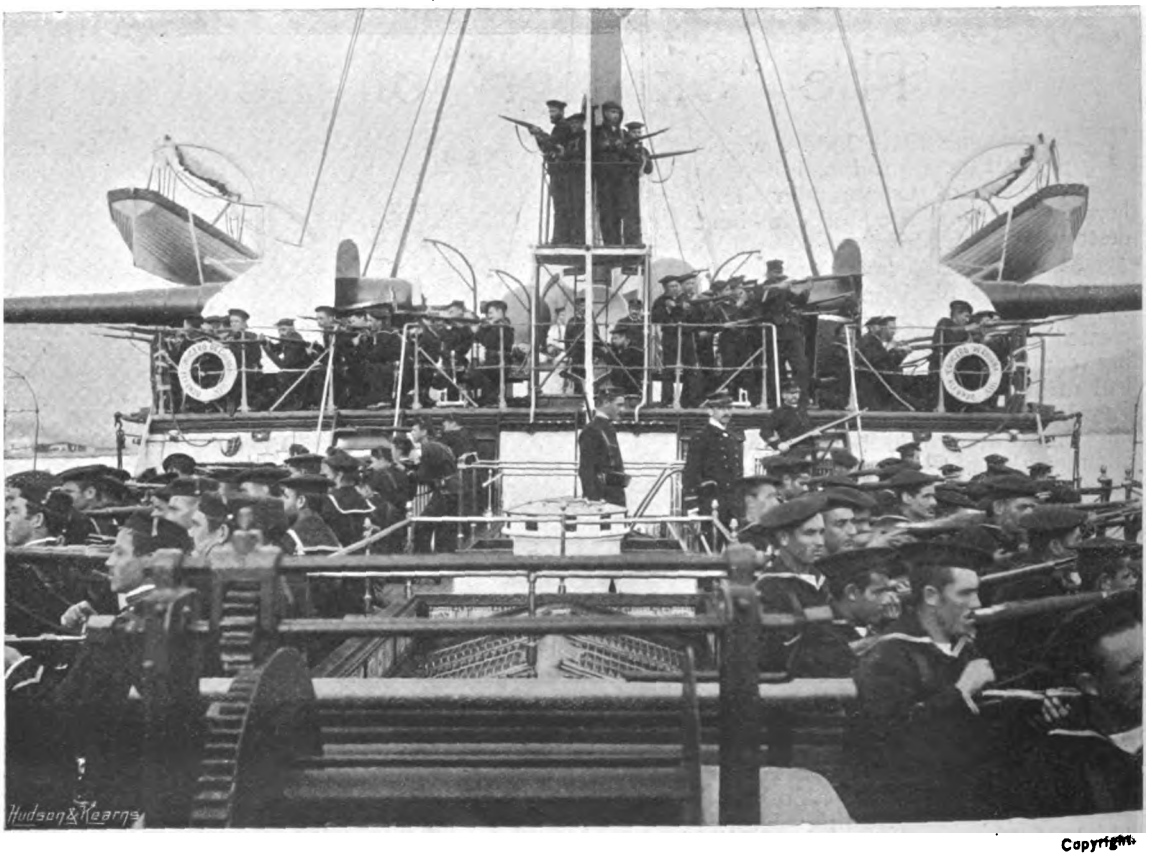
Our other picture is of a landing party from the old wooden sailing corvette "Villa de Bilbao," a vessel of 1,189 tons, built in 1847, and now used as a training-ship. Boys are constantly passing through her before being drafted to the fleet.

The illustration shows admirably how Spanish bluejackets are equipped and armed when they go soldiering ashore, as we see them here ready for action on a country road. The rig is not unlike that in our own Service.



THE PROTECTED CRUISER "ALFONSO XIII."

THE "VILLA DE BILBAO'S" LANDING PARTY.



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MAN AND ARM SHIP.

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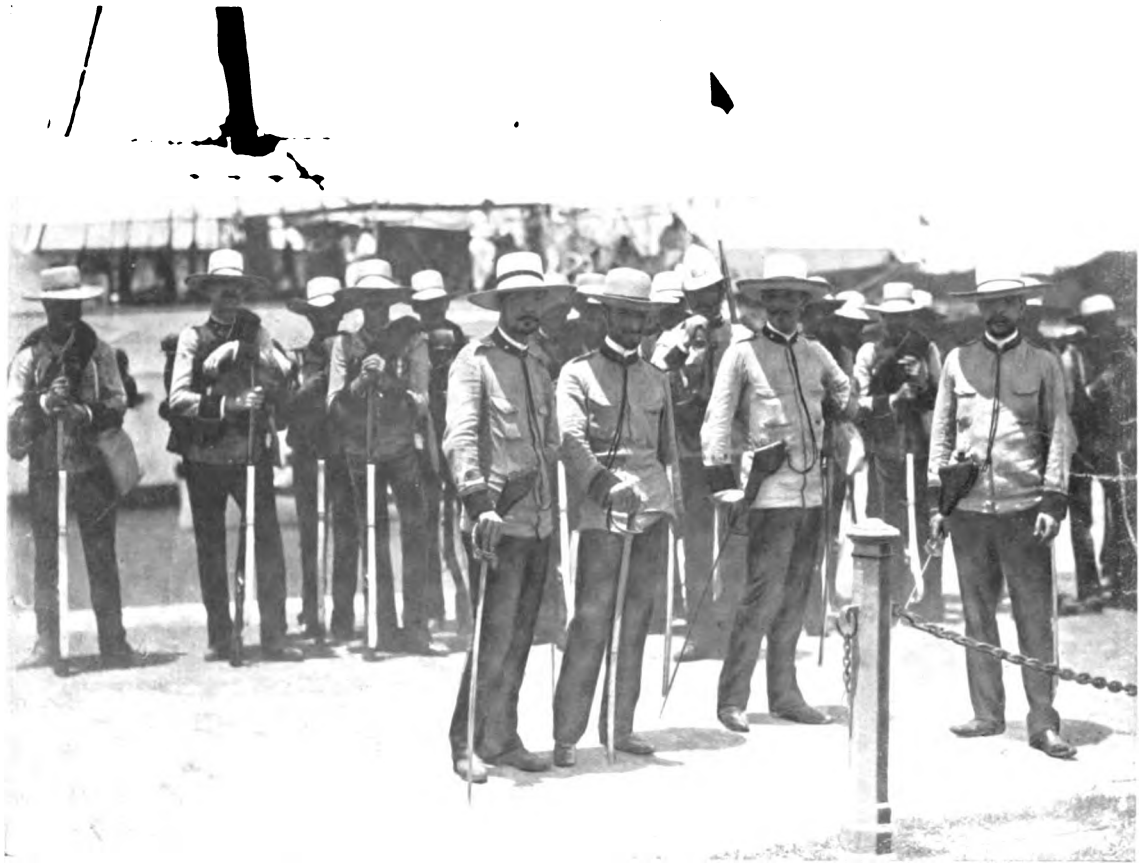
With the Spanish Troops at Manila.

[By One of the Besieged.]

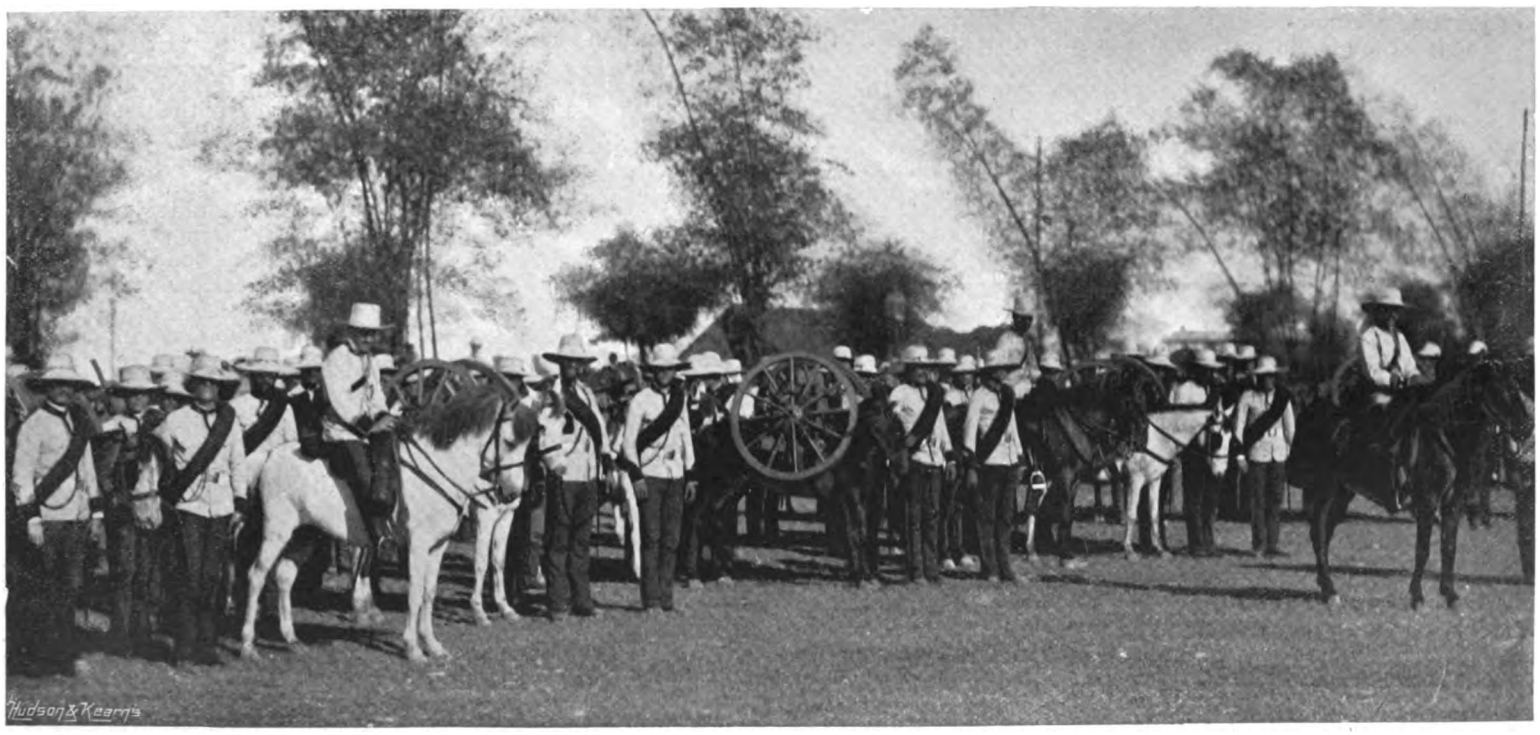
MANILA, July 17.

THE value of having clear-headed officers is effectually demonstrated from day to day in Manila. The persistency of the Spanish troops is admirable, but with one or two exceptions the officers muddle things from beginning to end. The picture over page of the Field Artillery in action at the Polverin, the powder magazine at Malate, on the southern outskirts of Manila, illustrates this fact. South of Malate the territory is held by the insurgents, who have been kept in check at this point for week after week, the Spaniards pumping shot and shell wholesale into the woods day and night, whether any rebels were there or not. It is true they prevent the enemy from sheltering there, but they hit nothing but trees the while. This is the sum total of Spanish strategy in the defence of a position.



SPANISH TROOPS EMBARKING TO DEFEND THE APPROACHES TO MANILA.

Outside the town of Manila the country is such that a well-managed force with a base at Manila ought to be able to keep out an advancing force without much difficulty. It cannot be called open country, though there are plenty of expansive rice fields, for the woodlands are many and luxuriant, and the hedgerows have been allowed to grow in the course of years into respectable thickets, with tropical plantations here and there that are dark and almost impenetrable. With never a half-mile of clear space, artillery can be of little use, yet it is artillery who are constantly being sent out to meet the advancing skirmishers. The Spanish troops are not lacking in courage. Discipline and experience and efficient leading are what they need. There are whole regiments of striplings, not long out from Spain, picturesquely attired, ready and willing to do anything and never count the odds or flinch from death. They are light-hearted and good-natured, hardy, and of long endurance; they can live on almost nothing and hold out tenaciously where a French or German soldier would starve; they will endure the hardships and diseases of jungle warfare and make light of them. But they cannot fight, because they are not trained and their leaders are incapable. Target practice is almost non-existent. This sort of warfare requires, not drums and trumpets, not high spirits and academical education, but the faculty of hiding behind tree stumps and shooting straight and quick. It requires a well-trained eye to spot every movement in the gloom of the foliage, to see further through the trees than the enemy can, to keep cover and drive him out of his. The Philippine native, like all the kindred Malay races, cannot do any fighting as a rule, except at close quarters, slashing with his heavy knife. The weapon is much the same, be it called the machete, or bolo, or kampilan, or parang, or kris; the plan of action is the same—to rush in unexpectedly and hack about swiftly, without the slightest attempt at self-preservation. It is a form of fighting known to British troops in the Soudan and on the Indian frontier, and it takes a lot of stopping. Quickness of eye and hand can only be acquired by long and hard practice, and these poor Spaniards do not get that—until the time when they ought to be using it. The Spaniard is a proud, plucky, high-mettled, long-enduring, tenacious, desperate, heroic, hopeless incompetent.



THE PLAZA DE ARTILLERIA, MANILA—MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY GOING TO THE FRONT.

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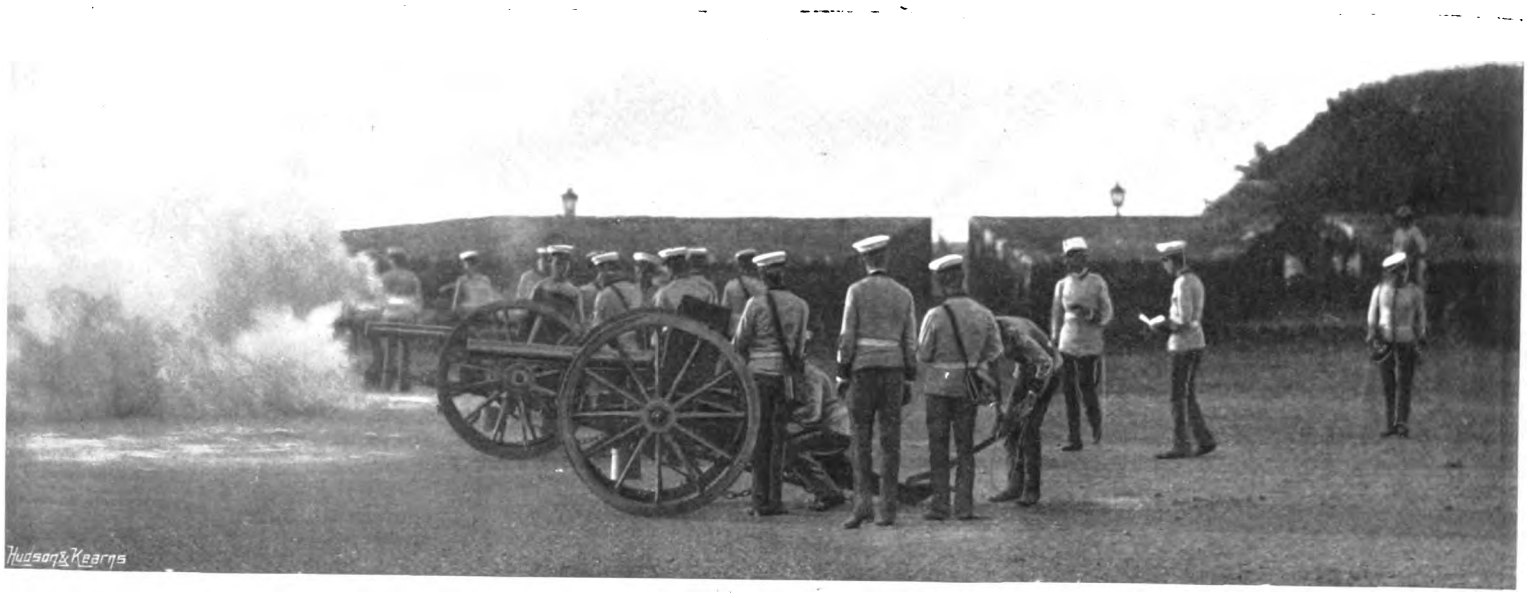

SPANISH FIELD ARTILLERY IN ACTION—FIRING AT THE REBELS IN THE WOODS.

THE IRISH BISLEY.

GOOD fire discipline and accurate shooting are nowadays the great essentials to success in war, and to encourage the latter and teach it, there is no better way than preparing for and striving in rifle competitions.

Lord Roberts has in Ireland, as he did in India, paid the greatest attention to this branch of the soldier's education, and naturally he takes the deepest interest in the annual All-Ireland Rifle Meeting, which has just concluded at the Curragh. Our first illustration represents the competition for Lord Roberts' Cup, shot for on the last day of the meeting, and which was won by that very typical Irish regiment, the 1st Battalion Connaught Rangers. This corps is the old 88th, raised in 1793 by Colonel the Hon. Thomas De Burgh, afterwards Earl of Clanricarde, and recruited chiefly in Connaught, whence its name of the Connaught Rangers. It earned undying glory as one of the regiments of Picton's Division in the Peninsular War, to-day commemorated on the colours by a long roll of Peninsula honours.

FIRING FOR LORD ROBERTS' CUP.

Our second illustration shows the distribution of the prizes by Lady Roberts. "Bobs," as he is affectionately termed by Tommy Atkins, who worships him, is in the centre of the picture in the foreground, with Lady Roberts on his right.

The challenge cups and trophies are here shown. The most important are the Curragh Challenge Trophy, value 100 guineas, the Mappin and Webb Challenge Shield, and the 100-guinea Queen's Cup, presented by Her Majesty the Queen. The first-named is competed for by teams of six from infantry battalions at 200, 500, and 600 yds. ranges, and was won by the 1st Battalion Sherwood Foresters (Derbyshire Regiment). This fine old regiment, whose title recalls the old glories of the English archers, would seem to be as good rifle-shots as their ancestors were bowmen, for they also won the Mappin and Webb Challenge Shield, and tied with the 2nd Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment in the competition for the Queen's Cup.

In this last competition the fight was a keen one, for the Yorkshire lads at one period of the contest headed the Sherwoods by 21 points. This lead, however, the Sherwoods worked off at the long ranges, and eventually both teams tied, with the fine score of 550 points.

The decision of Lord Roberts, on the recommenda-

Photos. L. C. *LADY ROBERTS GIVES AWAY THE PRIZES* Copyright.

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Photos. L. C. Copyright.

THE WINNERS OF LORD ROBERTS' CUP.

tion of the committee, was that each battalion should hold the cup for six months, and that the first and second money prizes should be divided between the two teams. A result satisfactory to everyone.

The result having been wired to Her Majesty, she sent a gracious telegram congratulating the two teams on the excellence of their shooting, and expressing her pleasure at the closeness of the competition.

Our last illustration shows the team of the Connaught Rangers that won Lord Roberts' Cup. They are paraded in front of the Commander-in-Chief and Lady Roberts, and on the right is the subaltern in charge with the cup in his hand.

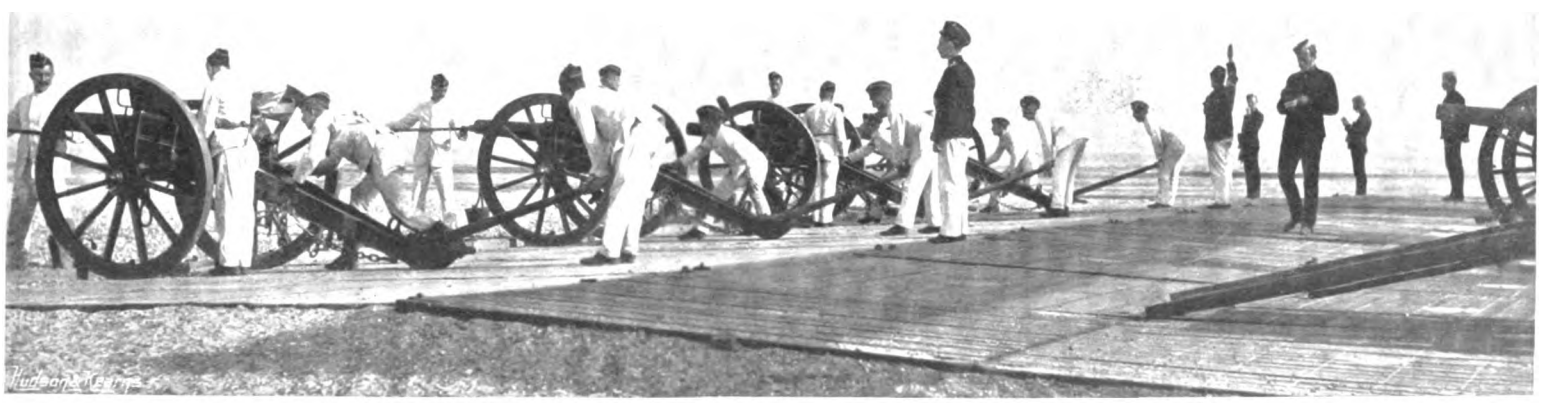
AT SHOEBURYNESS.

A CORNER OF THE CAMP.

SHOEBURYNESS may lack somewhat of the social attractions that go to make Bisley so popular, but none the less is it of the greatest utility and importance to the artillery branch of our volunteer army.

A view of the camp is given in our first illustration, and here there meet from every part of England and Scotland those volunteers who, when the war tocsin sounds, will man the heavy guns in defence of the Empire. Field artillery, in the real sense of the word, is lacking in our volunteer army, but what takes its place are the position batteries belonging to the various regiments of volunteer artillery. Our second picture shows us a position battery of the 3rd Middlesex Artillery in action.

The competition for position artillery comprises the harnessing, driving, ranging, and firing of the 16-pounder guns with which they come into action. The regiment we illustrate was not successful in carrying off the first prize in this competition, as it was won by the 1st Detachment of the Shropshire and Staffordshire Artillery, but both the second and third prizes fell to the two detachments that represented the 3rd Middlesex Artillery. Two other of our illustrations are typical of camp life at Shoeburyness. One shows us a



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THE 3rd MIDDLESEX ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

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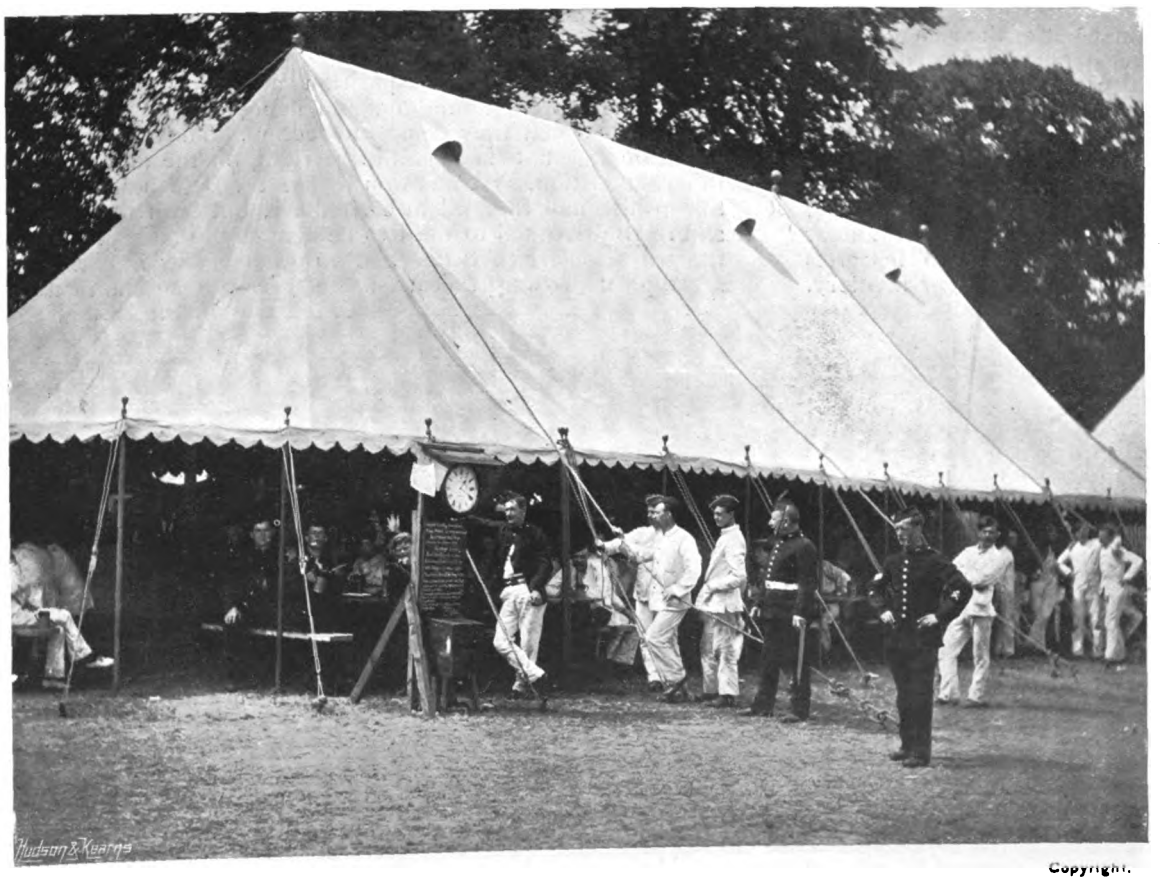
IN THE LINES.

PLENTY OF PROJECTILES.



Photos. L. W. Green. *IN THE CANTEEN.* Copyright.

view of one of the lines of tents. Here it will be seen that wives, sweethearts, and children are well in evidence.

The other gives us the large marquee where the camp canteen is established, and where the volunteer Tommy Atkins relaxes himself and verifies the adage that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Here also it will be seen, by a close inspection of the picture, that wives and sweethearts are again to the fore. Rudyard Kipling would not seem to have been far out when he wrote of the artillery as—

> "the corps
> Which is first among the women an' Amazin' first in war.'

The third picture on this page shows an ammunition truck bringing up projectiles. In the background is a position battery, the limbers of which only are seen.

The great event of the Shoeburyness meeting is, of course, the Queen's Prize for garrison artillery, and this "blue ribbon" for volunteer artillery was won this year by Captain Davey's detachment of the 1st Essex, the second prize going to Wales, as it was won by Lieutenant Hayle's detachment of the 2nd Glamorgan. The winners, the 1st Essex, have now won the Queen's Prize for the fifth time.

A novelty introduced this year into the competitions was a physical drill contest. The prize was an award of £10 given by the National Artillery Association, and was won by a squad of the 3rd Middlesex Artillery, the regiment whose position battery is illustrated in one of our pictures.

This meeting is the thirty-fourth annual prize meeting of volunteers held by the National Artillery Association. Teams were present from almost every part of England, north, south, east, and west. There are two Queen's Prizes given, value £110 and £80, the position batteries taking the smaller prize.

The other competitions are for ranging by sections, group firing with howitzers, and a contest with the 10-in. 18-ton gun, which, it may be mentioned, is the largest weapon in use by volunteers.

It is probable that this year the whole of the cost to the competing detachments of reaching the camp will be defrayed by the council of the National Artillery Association. Last year 63 per cent. of their travelling expenses was returned to the competing detachments. The item in question is a heavy one when it is borne in mind that, in addition to the travelling fare of the men, there must be added the expense of getting the guns, etc., to Shoeburyness.

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AT a time when Russia has her hand on the "open door" of North China, and is rapidly gaining power to slam it in the British merchant's face, it is comfortable to be told that, after all, there is no ineradicable cause of quarrel between the two countries. That is the view put forward by Sir George Clarke in his latest book, "Russia's Sea Power" (Murray). Russia has never, in the course of her inevitable seaward expansion, occupied a single yard of territory that we have desired, he says, though it may be observed that, like a rising flood, we see her coming that way What we desire is not territory, but influence and the unrestricted opportunity of commerce. It would have been well indeed for us to maintain China as an open country, instead of palliating the original aggression of Germany, but, definition having come, let us define. Here I am altogether with Sir George Clarke. Let us absolutely define our sphere, not generalise after the manner of Lord Salisbury, and so arrest the spreading flood. Already Russia has gained immense advantages, and her position in Manchuria is quite unassailable.

This is the conclusion of Sir George Clarke's admirable volume. The first part gives a brief but excellent account of the rise of the Russian Navy, and the middle portion of its present condition. The Navy sprang into being under the inspiring hand of Peter the Great, and proved its worth in the victory of Admiral Apraxine, in which Abo and Helsingfors were captured in 1713, and in Peter's own victory over the Swedes in the following year. Apraxine is commemorated in the name of one of the new coast-defence armour-clads, and Peter's victory at Hango Udd gave name to the unlucky "Gangut," which lies at the bottom of the Gulf of Finland. What strikes one as strange is the great part that Britons have played in the Naval rise of Russia. Orloff, in the Levant, confided to Catherine, in the midst of her great Naval enterprise, that his fleet was "not worth a pinch of salt." But Admiral Elphinston arrived from Cronstadt, after refitting at Portsmouth (where Orloff's own ships had received supplies and British help), and prepared the fire-ships at Tchesme, which Lieutenants Dugdale and Mackenzie took into the bay, while Commodore Sir Samuel Grieg covered the operation. Lord Duffus, attainted for his share in the "Fifteen," was an earlier Russian admiral, and Grieg supplied quite a progeny of officers to the fleet So many were the Britons in the Muscovite Service towards the end of the last century, that sixty are said to have resigned in disgust when Paul Jones was made an admiral.

Nelson used to say that it was good to close with a Frenchman and outmanœuvre a Russian. Inherited Naval aptitudes are, in fact, wanting among Russians, but we may yet see how far they have been acquired. Certainly there was nothing of the right spirit shown at Sebastopol, where, as Sir George Clarke says, an attempt should have been made on the convoy. The self-effacement of the Russian Navy in 1854 has contributed to hide from British eyes how in truth the operations turned on sea power. The Russian Navy lost immensely by the war, which coincided with the birth of the ironclad and the introduction of rifled guns, whereby Russia, owing to her backward industries, was put at further disadvantage. But Sir George Clarke is right in saying that she learned the true lesson of the war, and that the results are traceable in her policy. She has learned the necessity of possessing a fleet, and is building it with surprising energy. Sir George Clarke describes the recent development and the existing fleet exceedingly well. I have found his volume most instructive and suggestive. It is distinguished by lucid understanding and breadth of view, and is no mere compilation of facts.

Now to speak of certain August magazines, chiefly by way of record of their Naval and Military interests. In the *Cornhill* I find Mr. Fitchett giving yet another "Fight for the Flag"—Marlborough at Blenheim, as well as a forgotten page in Sir John Moore's life, his service in Ireland in '98, by Canon Staveley, and a sketch of Sergeant Bourgogne's recently-published reminiscences of the retreat from Moscow, which I believe have been translated into English. Major Mockler-Ferryman gives in *Macmillan* a very dramatic picture of the Uganda mutiny, of which little is generally known, but than which African history contains no more heroic record of valour and self-sacrifice. *Chambers's Journal* has a readable yarn of a Naval officer's trip to San José, Central America. *Koh-i-Nur*, the new magazine, is devoting a good deal of interest to Service topics, and I note with pleasure Commander Scott Wilcox's youthful reminiscences of the Navy, and Commander Henry Crawford's "Where the Stormy Winds do Blow." The *Century* is quite a war number, with finely-illustrated articles on Porto Rico, the Philippines (with a discussion of pending problems), life in Manila, "An Artist with Admiral Sampson's Fleet," Cuba "from the inside," and a "symposium" by four eye-witnesses, descriptive of the destruction of Admiral Montojo's Squadron at Cavite. This last is particularly instructive. *Harper*, accompanying a speculative, but well-informed article, entitled "If the Queen had Abdicated," contrives to give admirable portraits of Sir Henry Keppel and Sir Nowell Salmon. I cannot refrain from mentioning the *Artist* as a particularly good, and, I think, helpful, art magazine. Neither will I omit to call attention to Messrs. Cassell's most praiseworthy and successful attempt to place the treasures of art in the hands of the multitude. At the price of sixpence the set, they have issued to tens of thousands of readers of their *Saturday Journal* four admirable photogravures of well-known works by Sir John Millais and Messrs. Briton Rivière, Dendy Sadler, and G. W. Joy, the last being "Wellington's First Encounter with the French"—at the Military College at Angers. Nothing could be better than these beautiful plates.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Life in the Volunteers.

By CAPTAIN W. HAINES.

Volunteer of 1798 (after Rowlandson)

IT is not so long since people refused to take the volunteers seriously; if they were not openly called "dog-shooters," they were at least accused of playing at soldiers, and the Easter outing of the metropolitan corps or the regimental camps of the provincial battalions partook more of the nature of a picnic or a bean-feast—though I would be sorry to have to define the latter function, which must be obviously something unmilitary—than of a series of exercises seriously calculated to improve their military efficiency Officers of the regular Army who were called upon to inspect volunteer corps were very much to blame for this state of things, as it used to be the custom to "butter" the citizen soldiers with indiscriminate praise, if the simplest parade movements were performed without hopeless confusion, on the principle that it was not fair or right to expect from them anything like real soldierly efficiency, even in items of minor importance. It is pleasant to be able to state that recently there has been a great improvement. Without going into details or piling up figures, which might not convey much to the ordinary reader, it will be sufficient to say that the volunteers now take their military duties more seriously, chiefly owing to the action of the military authorities in exacting a higher standard of efficiency, coupled with the great national movement of the last few years which has induced all the inhabitants of these isles to take stock of our means of defence and offence.

The volunteers, whose well-known motto is "Defence, not defiance," naturally come under the former heading. Their function is, in case any unforeseen combination of circumstances should lead to our losing temporarily the command of the sea, to assist the regular Army and militia to drive the invader from our soil; while the mere fact of their existence is calculated to make an enemy pause before embarking his troops on their perilous enterprise.

Having said this much, I will now go on to the mode of training these citizen soldiers, and to the manner in which the force is officered and recruited. In the first place I may say that every volunteer regiment is affiliated to a regiment of the regular Army, a complete regiment now consisting of two or more regular battalions, one or two militia battalions, and one or more volunteer corps. The reality of this organisation is insisted on in the latest editions of the monthly Army List, where all the battalions of a regiment, regular, militia, and volunteer, are placed under the territorial title on the same page. This is calculated in time to aid in the development of that mysterious something called *esprit de corps*, owing to the teaching of the principle that the volunteers form a part of the Army as a whole, and that they have some share in the ancient titles and the gallant deeds commemorated on the colours of the regiment to which they now belong.

An endeavour is further made to foster this feeling by permitting and encouraging the volunteers to wear the same uniform, with slight distinguishing marks, as their Line battalions, a privilege of which the different corps are largely availing themselves. Of course, some distinguished corps, such as the London Scottish, the Artists, and the London Rifle Brigade, have been so long in existence, and have acquired such a reputation for soldierly smartness, that there is already a sentiment attached to the picturesque but workmanlike uniform they have worn for so many years, and these corps, in consequence, will probably continue to wear the old grey or green in preference to the dress of their linked battalion; but these are exceptions, the general tendency being to adopt the uniform of their territorial regiment.

Uniform has a considerable effect on recruiting. Many young fellows would gladly enrol themselves in the London Scottish, for instance, in order to be entitled to wear the jaunty cap and picturesque highland dress of the regiment; but in a corps like this, only the best men are taken, and in the London Scottish it is further necessary for the recruit to be of Scottish race. However, there are plenty of smart corps to which entrance is much easier, and a lad of sufficiently good physique to pass the lenient medical examination will have no difficulty in finding a corps to suit him. Before joining, I would advise all intending volunteers to find out what liabilities they undertake by the act of enrolling themselves. Certain conditions are necessary to enable the corps to earn the 35s. Government capitation grant for each efficient

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volunteer, and men who fail to fulfil these conditions render themselves liable to a fine of that amount, which can now be enforced by a magistrate. Under these circumstances it will be just as well for the recruit to be quite sure that he can do what is required of him before formally enrolling himself.

The conditions of efficiency are very easy. In each year a certain number of drills have to be put in, and no man who can spare an evening once a fortnight, or a little oftener in his recruit days, in addition to getting away on a few Saturday afternoons to fire his classes on the range, will have any difficulty in passing himself on to the roll of efficients. The question of musketry is a thorny one, and bids fair to become more thorny every day. This country of ours is getting so thickly populated, and the new rifles carry such a great distance, that it is becoming a very difficult matter to get a safe range. On the other hand, volunteers who can't shoot are not likely to be of much value as soldiers, and the authorities are now about to make the conditions of efficiency in musketry more severe than formerly; so it is hard to say what the end will be. The Government will probably have to find a little more money, and the richer members of the various corps will most likely have further calls on their purses, which they have already opened liberally on previous occasions.

But what the young volunteer will most enjoy will be the annual camp, which is always held in the summer and which lasts for a week, during which the corps is encamped in a military fashion, every detail being carried out in the strictest manner according to military routine. The soldiering done in these camps nowadays is pretty stiff, but the incessant work, which would draw the strongest language from the regular soldier, is from its novelty rather enjoyed than otherwise by all well-conditioned volunteers; and there is no doubt that more is learnt in one week in camp than in a year of the ordinary drills in a hall. Some corps go regularly to Aldershot, where they take part in the training of the regular troops; others go into camp with the other regiments of their brigade; and the remainder betake themselves to regimental camps, a mode of training which is the favourite one in those provincial corps which are so scattered that it is impossible to have a battalion drill except in camp.

Off to the Manœuvres.

The artillery volunteers will go to Shoeburyness, or to some similiar place where it is possible for them to get plenty of practice with their big guns. In each regiment the adjutant and the permanent staff, probably of some half-dozen sergeant-instructors—the number varying with circumstances—belong to the regular Army, the former joining the volunteers for five years, the latter till they have sufficient service to enable them to take their pension. This staff are responsible for the military efficiency of the corps, and require a good deal of tact to get through their duties satisfactorily, as it is the weak point of volunteering that neither officers nor men are under any discipline, beyond what they voluntarily submit themselves to, with the exception that when training with regulars or militia they are subject to military law.

If our recruit is desirous of entering the volunteers as a commissioned officer, he will not find much difficulty in doing so, as in most corps there are almost always vacancies for eligible subalterns. In this case he can either get a nomination to a commission from the Lord Lieutenant of the county in which the corps he wishes to join is situated, or he can get nominated to a commission through an introduction to the colonel of the regiment of his choice. Some years ago the dearth of volunteer officers was so serious that the Government undertook to pay a gratuity of £20 to all officers joining, in order to defray the initial expenses of getting fitted out with uniform. This gratuity is not, however, given in a lump sum, £10 only being given on joining, the balance being forthcoming on the young officer obtaining a certificate from a school of instruction; but should he fail to get this certificate within three years, the whole amount of the grant will have to be refunded. This regulation hits country corps rather hard, as their officers, being mostly professional men, and there probably being no school of instruction in the neighbourhood, it becomes a very hard matter for them to earn the grant. The expenses of belonging to the volunteers have been very much exaggerated. Non-commissioned officers and men will be rarely called upon to spend any money, and the calls on the pockets of junior officers at any rate are by no means heavy except in a very few wealthy corps. In fact, I think I shall be well within the mark if I say that the expense of the outfit should not exceed the £20 given by Government, and that £10 a year afterwards should more than cover all legitimate expenses. Of course, in camp anyone can spend just as much as he likes; a man who drinks champagne and smokes cigars of good brands will not do it for nothing; but an economical fellow can have an excellent time, getting plenty of healthy exercise, and feeling that he is putting in his time usefully, for very little expense. Besides the military point of view, the fact of belonging to a good volunteer corps has a very agreeable social side. In camp, when the work of the day is over, the camping ground is usually well filled with visitors, and the time is filled up with tea-parties in the afternoon, and smoking concerts and similar entertainments in the evening. Smoking concerts, dances, and private theatricals usually enliven the winter months, and serve to increase the feeling of good-fellowship in the corps, while a good deal of attention is usually paid to gymnastic, fencing, and boxing classes, winding up with a regular military assault-at-arms. On the whole a well-managed volunteer corps does a good deal to enliven the neighbourhood socially, in addition to providing a safety valve for the military zeal of the younger men, and furnishing a reserve of, we hope, some real value against days of trouble.

Numerous anecdotes attest the humorous side of volunteering; most of them relate to incidents of the unregenerate days, such as the yarn of the volunteer on sentry who, when asked by an irate general why he did not salute him, promptly replied, "Well, I was a-going to, but now you're so sharp, I shan't; so there"; or of the officer who, forgetting for the moment the necessary word of command for reducing his front to pass through a narrow street, called out to his men, "Do as you did in Arthur Street," with, let us hope, satisfactory results. These yarns are chestnuts, as probably is also the following, which however has some humour to recommend it. The story goes that a certain volunteer major, being called out on inspection to put his regiment through the manual exercise, of which he had forgotten all he ever knew, had the presence of mind—knowing well the indistinctness of most military words of command—to place himself opposite the line, and call out in a voice of thunder, "Ha-a-ah hup," which he repeated till the men had gone through the manual, when the fact that the men came to the "Stand at ease" hinted to him that the exercise was concluded. You can imagine his disgust when, on turning round to the general for his approval, the latter officer said, "Very good, Major A., but you gave one 'Ha-a-ah hup' too many!" Of course, nothing of this sort could happen nowadays.

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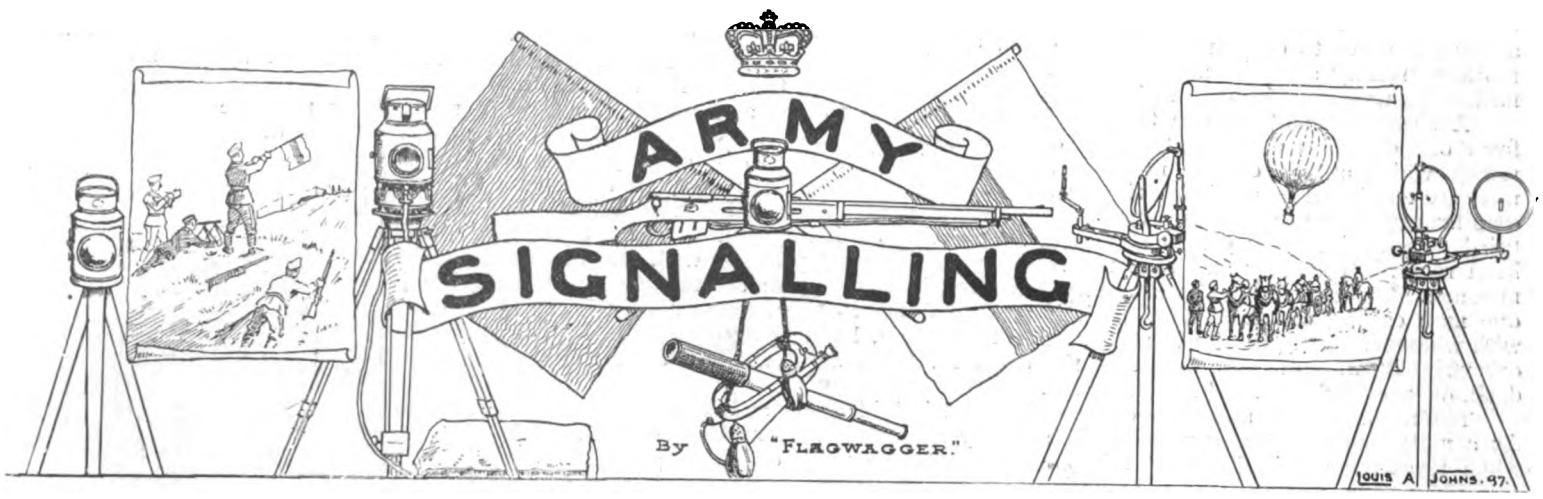

THE rapid transmission of early and accurate information in the field is laid down as one of the fundamental principles governing military tactics, and to obtain this object, visual signalling, as a means of conveying intelligence from one point to another without the necessity of traversing the intervening distance, has been systematised and brought to a very high standard of perfection throughout the Army.

The securest method of conveying information in time of war is the transmission of a written message in duplicate or triplicate by mounted orderlies, if possible by different routes; but the risk incurred by the messengers, the liability of messages falling into wrong hands, and the wear and tear of horseflesh necessitated by such a method, constitute such serious objections that this service can only be employed under very favourable circumstances. The field telegraph and visual signalling must, therefore, be relied upon, in the great majority of instances, for conveying orders and reporting information in hostile districts in time of war.

The electric telegraph affords an accurate and the most rapid means of communication between fixed points, but considerable time is required to lay down and take up the lines, which, in a hostile country, would require to be guarded throughout their entire length. If required for only a short period the cable line would be substituted for the air line, which means that, instead of fixing the wire to poles, it is simply laid on the ground, being paid off from a large drum at a rate varying from three to six miles per hour, according to the nature of the ground traversed.

Visual signalling is, in clear weather, an accurate and rapid method of communication, requires little transport, and can be used in difficult countries where there are no roads. It has the advantage as compared with the electric telegraph of great mobility and offering few points of attack to the enemy, but, on the other hand, it has the distinct disadvantage of being useless in thick or foggy weather. The system employed in every apparatus, semaphore excepted, has but two simple elements, called a dot and a dash, and these are combined in groups to make up the signals necessary to form an alphabet, the alphabet used being that invented by Morse.

The various apparatus employed in signalling are flags, heliograph, and semaphore by day, and by night the oil and limelight lamps. The flags are of two sizes, the smaller and most commonly used being 2-ft. square, with a pole of 3-ft. 6-in. in length, and either dark blue or white, to ensure a strong contrast with either a light or dark background, which, of course, adds considerably to the distance at which signals made with them can be seen. The dots and dashes are made by short and long waves of the flag from the left side of the signaller's head, across and parallel to his body, the flag being held up as high as possible with both hands, so that it may be visible to the greatest extent. With a Service telescope, messages sent with the large flag, which is 3-ft. square, can be read in England at from five to seven miles, the range of the small flag being about four miles under the same conditions. Abroad, where the atmospheric conditions happen to be more favourable than in England, these distances can be greatly extended.

The heliograph may be described as the trump card of visual signalling, possessing as it does the four cardinal military virtues—portability, rapidity, range, and secrecy. It is an instrument for directing the reflected rays of the sun on and off a distant station by means of a movable mirror, but may be described less accurately, though more graphically, as a shaving-glass mounted on a low tripod. By the aid of a sighting vane the mirror is placed in such a position that the sun is reflected upon the distant station, and then signals can be made by depressing a key fitted to the back of the mirror, so that the light can be flashed on to the required point in the dot and dash method.

The range of the helio (as it is usually called) is enormous when the climatic and atmospheric conditions are favourable, *i.e.*, a strong sun and clear horizon, and messages were flashed by it over a space of seventy miles direct during the Waziristan Expedition, 1881. It is extremely portable, a helio, complete with stand, being of no more weight than a soldier's rifle, and it possesses a real virtue in secrecy, in that its signals are quite invisible to persons standing a very short distance from the spot on which its rays are directed. This very fact, however, shows the necessity of having the sun reflected full on the distant station, to ensure which the helio has to "follow the sun" as he travels through the sky. This is effected by two screws, one of which gives a vertical movement to the mirror about its centre, and the other a similar horizontal movement, both of which are manipulated by the signaller while in the act of sending, without any interruption to the message.

The semaphore is a system of signalling rapidly at short distances by means of two flags held in either hand, shown either singly or in combination at different angles with the body, and is precisely the same system as employed in the Royal Navy. It can be read with the Service telescope up to a distance of three miles, and is invaluable for transmitting intelligence for comparatively short distances, being the easiest system of all to read, and, at the same time, the quickest and least fatiguing to send. It has also the advantage of being the only system of signalling which can be employed without any apparatus, as the letters can be formed and read with but little more difficulty by using the arms alone.

For signalling at night the oil-lamp is used when the distance between stations is under four miles. This instrument is simply a large bull's-eye lantern fitted with a shutter, worked by a key from the outside to enable the light to be exposed for long and short intervals, constituting the dot and dash of the Morse alphabet. The limelight lamp is a more complicated apparatus, capable of exposing a light so powerful that signals made by it can be read with a telescope at a distance of over twenty miles. In appearance it is not unlike the lanterns used at sea for ships' sidelights, but is furnished with a large, double circular lens in front. The light is derived from a pencil of lime raised to a white heat by means of an oxy-hydrogen flame, the hydrogen being obtained from the methylated spirit, which is the spirit used, while the oxygen gas is conducted from a gas-bag on the ground to the lamp by an india-rubber tubing. Signallers are instructed in the method of obtaining the oxygen gas from the mixture of certain chemicals in prescribed proportions.

Acquiring information and transmitting it without delay is, equally with the conveying of immediate orders, of such tremendous importance in military operations that the value of signalling will be readily understood, and it can be employed most usefully to this end in hilly countries with unfriendly inhabitants, between outposts and their main bodies, between important points in a defensive position whence divisional commanders may communicate with the commander-in-chief, and between ships and the shore when landing or embarking troops. It is invaluable also in forming a line of communication in hilly countries for transmitting intelligence from the front back to the base of operations, when the nature of the ground, or other local cause, preclude the employment of the electric telegraph.

In forming such a line of communication a chain of stations is laid down, each station being, as a rule, situated on the highest available ground, and at a distance apart from each other suitable to the apparatus employed. In countries where the atmospheric conditions are favourable for the

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heliograph and limelight lamp, the stations can be placed twenty or more miles apart, but in England six or seven miles would, as a rule, be the limit. By this method important despatches and important information of every description can be forwarded from the scene of actual contact with the enemy back to the base of operations, whence it can be flashed along the wires to every town in England; and the little telegram which catches the eye of the English householder next morning sitting at home at ease over his paper is probably word for word the identical message which winked and flashed its way from hill-top to hill-top on the lonely Indian frontier the day before.

A signalling station, if a transmitting one—that is to say, an intermediate station receiving a message from one direction and forwarding it on to a third station—consists nominally of six men, exclusive of reliefs, which are, of course, necessary, if the station is likely to be employed for any period. Three men are employed in receiving the message—one man lying down reading through a telescope laid on a firm stand and calling out each letter as it is made, the second man writing down, and the third "answering" by giving one dash by his flag or heliograph to show that the word has been received correctly and that the sending station may proceed with the next one in the message. The remaining three men are occupied in sending on the message as it is received, one man calling out each word as it is written down to the second man, who sends it on with whatever apparatus he is using. The third man, looking through his telescope, calls out "right" whenever he sees that the distant station acknowledges each word by the dash, or "general answer," as it is called.

The rate at which messages can be signalled is laid down as six words per minute. As a matter of fact, every message is actually sent at a very much quicker rate, but when the time required for detecting and correcting errors, obtaining repetitions of doubtful words, and for filling in various particulars on the form itself is taken into account, the above is found to be the usual rate achieved. The form employed is that used in military telegraph offices, and very similar to the well-known Post Office telegraph form.

Every battalion of infantry has an establishment of at least eight signallers, who are instructed, trained, and practised by a regimental instructor of signalling. The officer holding this important post is usually a subaltern, and must have passed a course of instruction at the Army School of Signalling, Aldershot, and obtained a certificate there qualifying him for the position he occupies. He is responsible for the efficiency of the regimental signallers under his charge, and he has to aid his commanding officer in all matters coming under the head of his particular department. He is assisted by a non-commissioned officer, who must also be in possession of a similar certificate from the School of Signalling. Classes are formed regimentally for the instruction of selected men, who are thus ready to fill up any vacancy in the ranks of the trained signallers. When two or more regiments are quartered in the vicinity of each other, one officer is specially selected as a brigade signalling officer, whose duty consists in a general supervision of all the signalling operations, and in practising the signallers of the several regiments in schemes which resemble the work which would actually be expected from them in the field. To ensure that the proper standard of efficiency is maintained, and to stimulate a healthy inter-regimental rivalry, the signallers of every battalion in the Army are inspected annually, the messages sent at the inspection being forwarded to Aldershot for checking, an award of marks and prizes being granted to the signallers of every battalion which succeeds in obtaining a qualifying number of marks. More substantial awards are granted to the battalions near the top of the tree in the result. The courses of instruction at Aldershot are held three times a year, their duration being about ten weeks. Immediately on joining, and before being allowed to proceed with the course, the officers and non-commissioned officers attending are examined in reading the flag and lamp at a prescribed rate, in order that no time may have to be wasted in mastering the elements of the art, for on the result of this examination depends whether the would-be signaller is allowed to proceed in his ambitions. The first month of the course is devoted to what is, perhaps, the most monotonous part of signalling, namely, close and unremittent reading and sending with every apparatus, flag, lamp, semaphore, heliograph, and "sounder." The latter instrument is a field telegraph battery worked by a key and fitted with a telephone end, and is vulgarly known as the "Buzzer," from the nature of the sound emitted. Much attention is devoted to mastering the difficulties of reading from this instrument, not only because it is that used with the field telegraph, but more especially because the ear is found to be a more docile pupil than the eye in grasping the idea of *time*, which is the one thing needful in signalling. Paradoxical though it may appear, practice in reading the sounder by ear is the best method to employ in overcoming the difficulties of reading the visual apparatus by eye.

When the more mechanical portion of the course is finished, and the class is sufficiently advanced to read and send on every apparatus with great accuracy at the rate of twelve words per minute, the work becomes of a more interesting character, and the instruction imparted in the class-room is applied and put into practice in the field.

Besides the practical work, considerable attention is devoted to the more theoretical, but equally useful, branches of the art, such as map reading, discovering positions indicated on the map by taking bearings, study of country, and correct location of stations. A severe examination takes place at the end of the course, but the continuous practice usually tells its tale, and the greater portion of the would-be signallers are generally enabled to return to their regiments as initiated "flag-waggers."

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The Royal Scots Greys' Route March.

THE experiment tried three years ago by the Inniskilling Dragoons, when stationed at Piershill Barracks, of journeying to Barry Musketry Camp by route march, has just been repeated with marked success by the Royal Scots Greys. Besides the headquarters and two squadrons from Edinburgh, a squadron from Maryhill, Glasgow, took part in the march. The headquarter squadrons, under Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. W. P. Alexander, made Linlithgow their first stopping place. The following morning, in the capacity of a cavalry screen, the regiment marched on Stirling, when the troops in the town offered opposition to their advance. The next stage of the march was Crieff, where another rest was made. The approaches to Perth, whither the route lay, were defended by the depôt of the Black Watch, but the Greys won their way to the fair city.

After a Sunday at Perth, the last stage of the march, the journey from Perth to Dundee, twenty-two miles, was done under a broiling sun, but the troopers bore up splendidly. On their arrival at Dundee, where large crowds had assembled to welcome them, the troops, in spite of their travel-stained appearance, presented a fine spectacle.

At length Barry was reached and tents were pitched. The return journey was made by the same route.

THE REGIMENT PASSING THROUGH DUNDEE.

The Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth.

THE Commander-in-Chief of the British Army is not a mere figure-head, but an official who is always fully employed. If he is not to be found busily engaged on the subject of Army Reform at the War Office, he is witnessing a field day at Aldershot, or inspecting some branch of the regular or reserve forces. Except during his annual leave

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LORD WOLSELEY AND STAFF.

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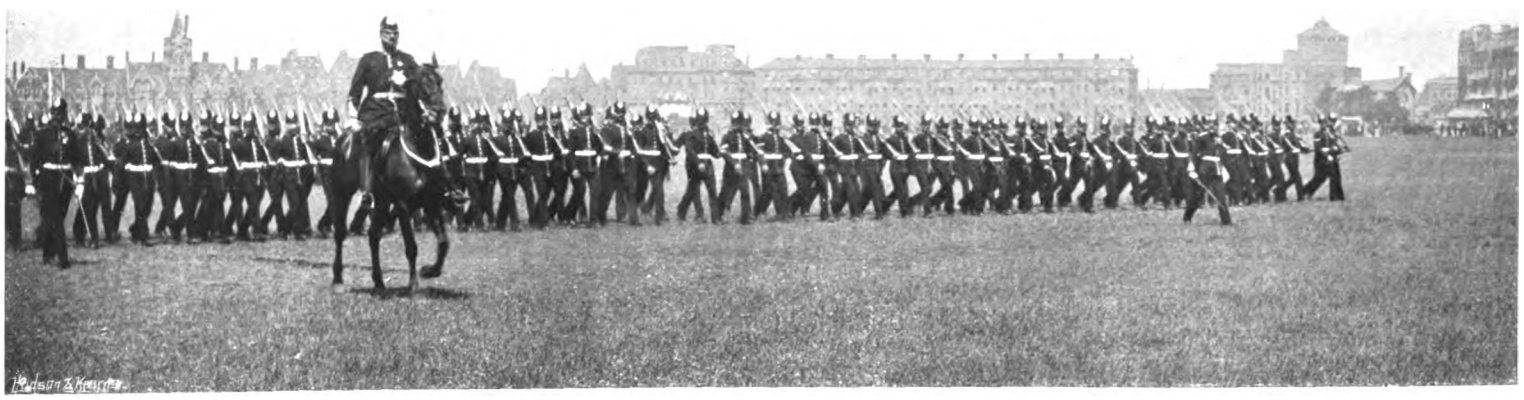
THE EAST LANCASHIRE MARCHING PAST.

he can lay claim to very little leisure time. Lord Wolseley lately visited Portsmouth and inspected the garrison, which, however, was to a great extent depleted, owing to the absence of the "Fighting Fifth," or Northumberland Fusiliers, on a recruiting march through the 5th Regimental District. The scientific corps, too, were conspicuous by their absence, for they were at the moment concerned with the arrangements for the defence of the port; but, for all that, some 2,000 troops appeared on parade and marched past Lord Wolseley. When at Portsmouth, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army determined to witness some experiments in connection with the facilities for resisting a Naval attack on that place. A display was arranged for his benefit, and on the first night of his stay Lord Wolseley took up his position on the Square Tower and watched an attack by torpedo-boats on the harbour. Search-lights were employed on shore, and the six quick-firing guns placed along the beach were brought into play. The following day the Commander-in-Chief and his staff visited the Isle of Wight and inspected the defences. In the visit of the Commander-in-Chief to Portsmouth, the military critic discerns more than a mere official inspection. Such experiments are but signs of the times, and tend to show that the authorities are fully alive to the intimate connection which ought to be maintained between our Naval forces and the defenders of our ports on land by whom their efforts are supplemented.



THE SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY IN REVIEW.

Photos. Russell & Sons. *THE ROYAL ARTILLERY PASSING THE SALUTING POINT.*

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CAMELS FOR KHARTOUM.

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA.

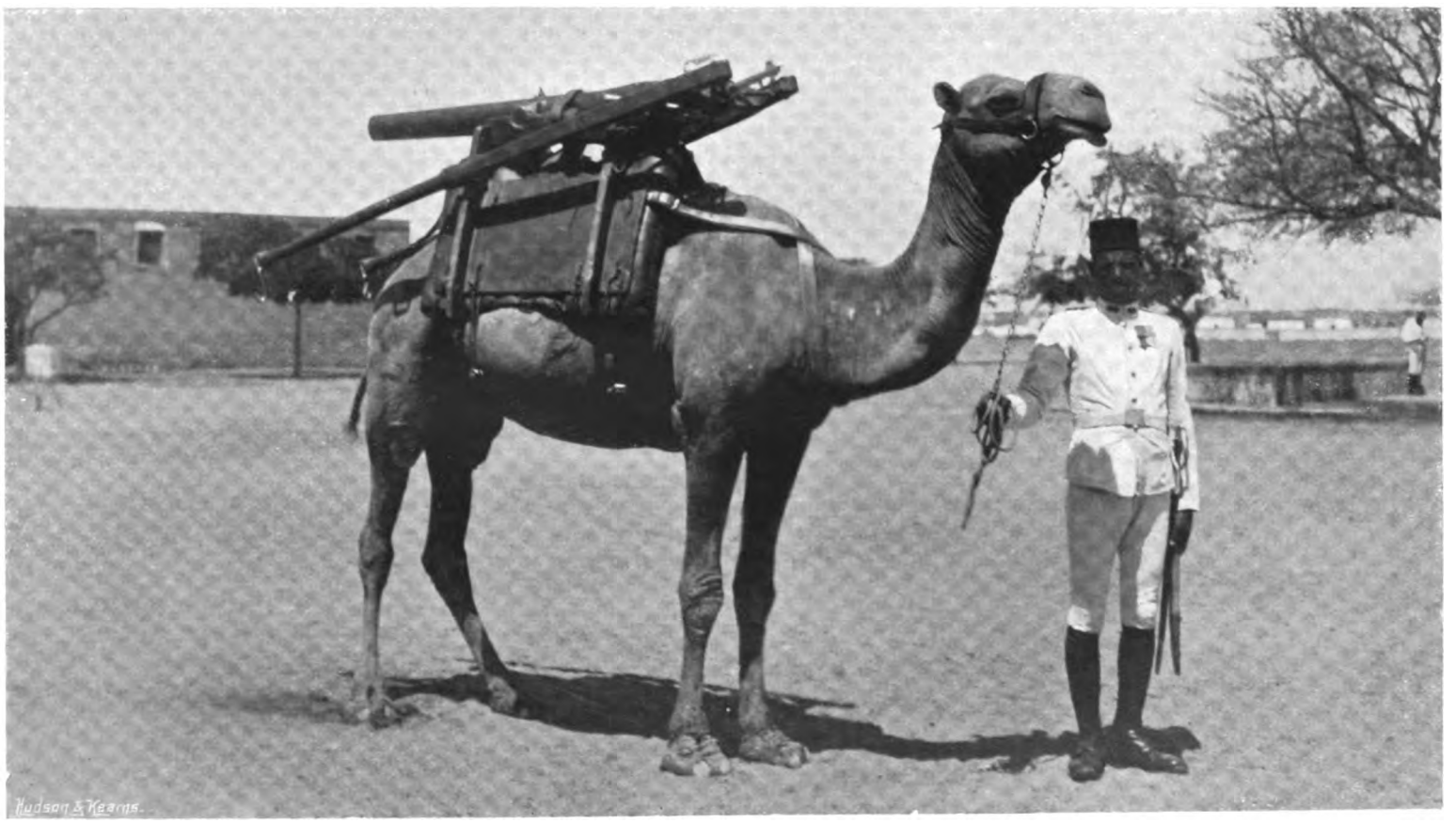
IN tropical regions, where water is an important item always to be reckoned with, the camel forms a valuable means of transport. Whatever his faults may be, and he has many, no one can accuse him of being a "thirsty soul."

In addition to the marvellous provision which Nature has made with regard to the "rations" of this wonderful "ship of the desert," she has further fitted him for travelling on the trackless plains of the Sahara. These facts combined have led to the establishment of camel corps in Egypt, and in every instance they have rendered good service.

On such expeditions as the one now on its way up the Nile, men mounted on camels will be employed to reconnoitre and carry despatches, and will in effect take the place in great measure of cavalry in an ordinary cultivated country. One of our illustrations depicts some scouts of a Soudanese battalion resting with their "mounts" in the desert. They are naturally fighting men, and being accustomed to the animal from early childhood, take kindly to their mounted duties.

Not so the English Tommy Atkins, as any of those who served in the Guards' Camel Corps can testify. To ride a camel is by no means an easy task for the novice; it matters not whether he be a rough rider in his own regiment or not. For the first few days he fancies himself back at "riding-school"; first he is thrown violently forward, then back again in his saddle, until his back aches from repeated friction. Add to this the habit, common among camels, of "taking charge" and galloping wildly over the desert, and Tommy Atkins is not in his element at first, but he soon overcomes the difficulty, and in time becomes attached, in a way, to his steed.

Camels are not only used to accommodate "mounted infantry," so to speak, they can be used as pack animals, or, as depicted in the accompanying illustration, to transport guns from place to place. The man in charge of the camel on which the gun is carried is a soldier of the Egyptian Army, and wears the Egyptian medal and Khedive's star.



ON THE WAY TO KHARTOUM.

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A GROUP OF SCOUTS.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 82.] *SATURDAY, AUGUST 27th, 1898.*

Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G., ETC.,

COMMANDING THE NORTHERN ARMY

(See "Notes and Queries.")

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The Military Manœuvres on Salisbury Plain.

TWO rival armies are about to meet each other on Salisbury Plain, and to carry out a mimic campaign on a more extensive scale than has ever been attempted before in this country. The Government has now realised the importance of having an Army trained to the highest pitch of excellence in every particular. Even at Aldershot it is impossible to give the embryo defenders of the Empire any idea of war on a large scale. A more extensive area of operations had to be found, and this has been furnished by the securing of a large tract of open country in the vicinity of Salisbury Plain.

The troops, as already indicated, are to be divided into two armies—the Northern and Southern. The former is to be commanded by General H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, and the latter by General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C.

The Northern Army is to be composed of three divisions of infantry (each with divisional troops added), an independent cavalry brigade, and various corps' troops. The Southern Army is similarly composed.

For some time a number of details from the Engineers, Army Service Corps, and Army Ordnance Corps have been busy preparing for the arrival of the two armies, for much has to be done to this new manœuvre ground before it is fit for occupation by Tommy Atkins.

The water supply threatened to be a subject of great difficulty, but the "ubiquitous sapper has come to the rescue," and there now seems no cause for alarm.

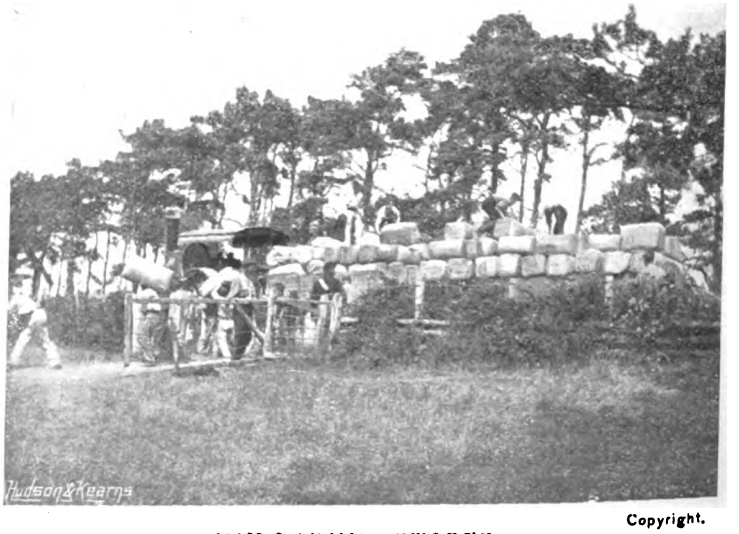
Food is not so easily obtained. It must be conveyed by rail as near to the respective camping grounds as possible, and thence placed in store.

Photo. Gregory. *GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C., G.C.B.,* Copyright.
COMMANDING THE SOUTHERN ARMY. See Notes and Queries.

The provisions have been for many days arriving in large quantities. The biscuits, tea, sugar, ham, etc., for the Southern Army, whose starting point is Wareham, have been conveyed by sea to Poole, and thence conveyed to Trigon Farm Camp, two miles from Wareham, by traction engines. The stores of the Northern Army, whose starting point is Ludgershall, have been conveyed by the South Western Railway.

Ordnance stores, such as blankets and the like, have also been brought to camp by traction engines. The unloading of the trucks has furnished both work and amusement for the soldiers whose duty it is to empty them. We say amusement, for when there is anything that can with impunity be "chucked about," as Tommy terms it, his happiness is for the

Photos. Churchill. *EN ROUTE FOR WAREHAM.*



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UNLOADING STORES.

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time unbounded. For the purpose of storage, there have been erected at both camps buildings of corrugated iron, and so quickly have supplies been arriving that it is impossible for the packers to keep pace with the carriers; so that a halt has often to be called, as may be seen by one of the accompanying illustrations. With so many valuable munitions of war in the vicinity, the authorities do not trust the inhabitants, nor indeed the soldiers, to "keep their hands from picking and stealing." Accordingly, sentries are posted outside the stores night and day to preserve intact the nourishment which is being prepared for the Army when it arrives *en masse*.

Photo. Gregory

WITH LUCK'S DIVISION AT BULFORD.

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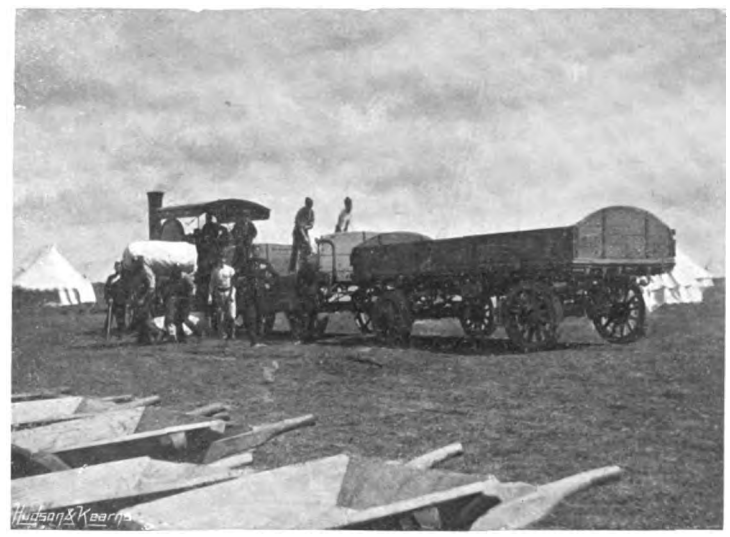
Since August 15 the troops have been arriving, and the country is beginning to assume an aspect of war. After réveille every morning, the men are to be seen outside their tents indulging in the most elaborate toilet which the circumstances of the case permit. Scenes such as are here depicted are common in camp. The "cook house," whether it be a building with a roof or merely a "field kitchen," is regarded by Mr. Atkins as one of the most important of the official departments, and his respect for the master cook and his assistants is calculated to increase after a few days of hard work on Salisbury Plain.

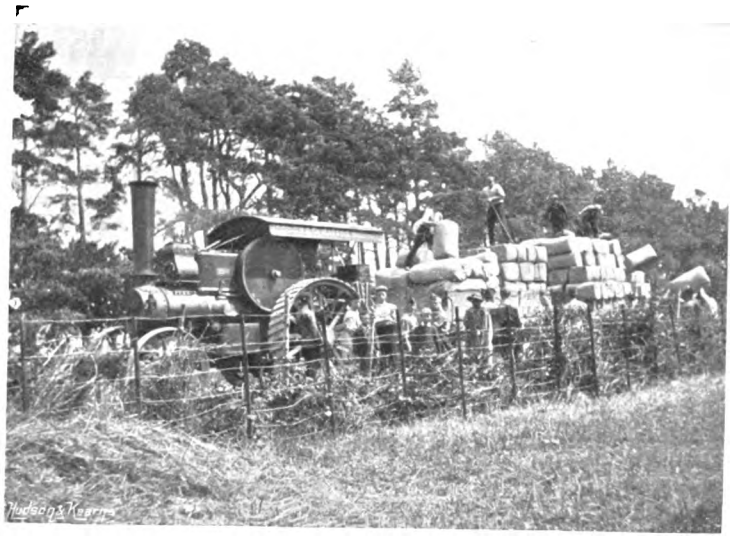
While we describe the preliminary movements of the troops in camp before the contact of the two forces, we must not forget that one branch of the Service—the cavalry—has been already engaged in manœuvres on the Plain. The division under General Sir G. Luck has not been idle during the last weeks at Bulford, and "troops of horse" have been in evidence, pursuing each other, or lying in wait, accompanied by the deadly Maxim; but the General has not forgotten to permit his men to indulge in recreation. After the fatigues of drilling and campaigning, one day in the week was pronounced a holiday, and dedicated to sports, tent-pegging, and other military games.



THE LAST BALE.

For the last two weeks the influx of troops has been continuous; and now, after several days of divisional and brigade drill, interspersed with minor tactics, the two armies will prepare to move from their standing camps, and begin operations against each other as hostile forces. The strategic scheme is based on the somewhat far-fetched but essential assumption that, the British Fleet having met with the fate of Cervera's squadron off Santiago, our foes have landed an invading force, which, advancing on London by way of Salisbury, there meets with the defenders of the soil. Sir Redvers Buller, with the Southern Army, will represent the enemy, while to the force commanded by the Duke of Connaught will be entrusted the protection of the roads leading to the capital.

At the conclusion of the operations there is to be a general concentration near Amesbury, for a grand march past at the foot of Beacon Hill.



REGIMENTAL NECESSARIES.

Photos. Churchill.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

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A MORNING TOILET, WAREHAM.

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SPORT IN INDIA.

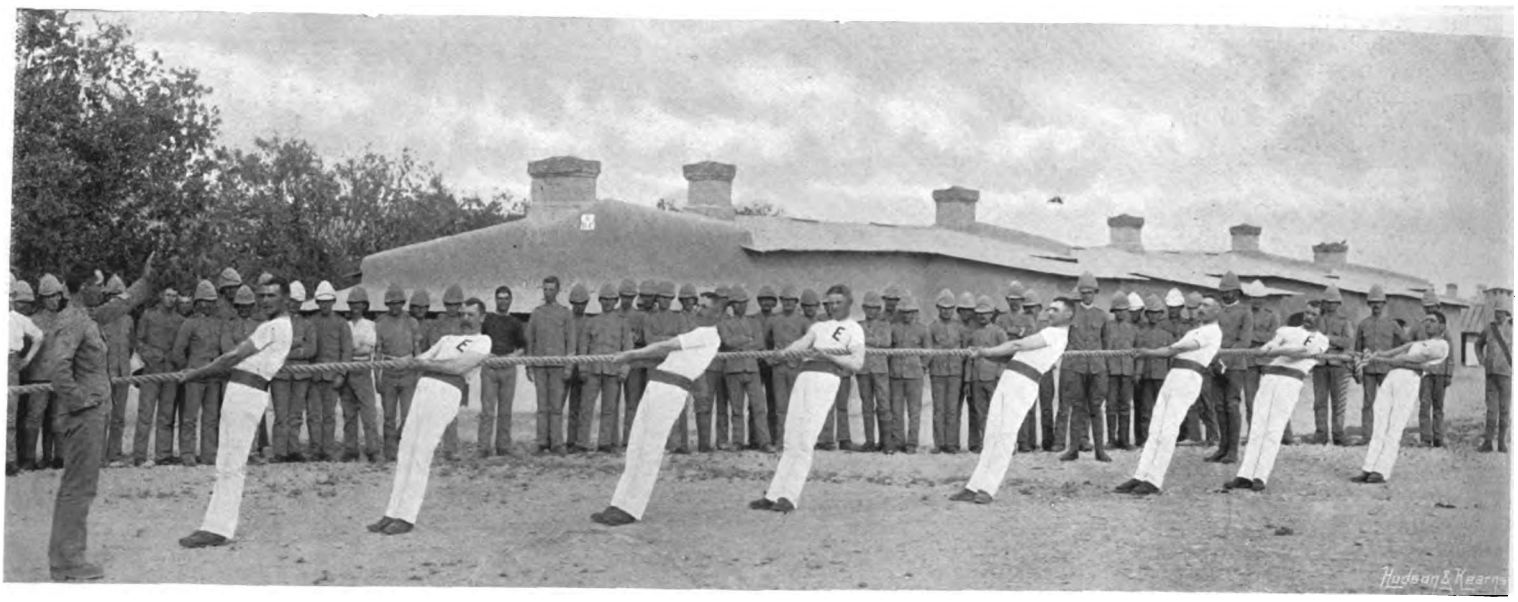

Photo. Bremner. THE 1st WILTSHIRE TUG-OF-WAR TEAM. Copyright.

FOR the soldier, India is essentially the land of work, where Tommy Atkins is at all times acquiring military knowledge under active service conditions. All military exercises are carried on more elaborately than is possible in the Mother Country, and accordingly the soldier gains a more extensive acquaintance with things military than his comrades who remain at home. Despite the business-like way in which manœuvres and the like are carried out, however, the defenders of our Empire stationed in India find ample time to indulge in all the manly sports for which Englishmen are so famous.

Indeed, the hard work which falls to the lot of our soldiers in India only serves to make them more eager for play when opportunity offers. Thus we find that not only those games and sports which are available in England, but many more in addition, are in evidence at military stations in India, for there are placed within the reach of Tommy Atkins in the East various means of enjoyment which are impracticable at home stations for many reasons.

Shooting, for instance, can be indulged in at small cost in almost all parts of India, and there is no truer sportsman than the British soldier; but it is more with field sports that we are here concerned.

In every battalion or regiment a day is set apart for regimental sports, in which not only the men but the officers take part. It is a red-letter day in the history of the regiment, when each company strives with the others to carry off the greatest number of prizes.

Not the least interesting among the events is the tug-of-war, in which teams from the several units take part, and great is the excitement which prevails in the final round for the inter-company trophy. Although the members of the team actually furnish the physical force which must eventually decide the issue, the result depends to a great extent on the exertions of the coach—usually a non-commissioned officer.

The illustration at the top of this page depicts the team of E Company of the 1st Battalion Wiltshire Regiment, winners of the company tug-of-war at Quetta. That Greek has in this instance met Greek may be gathered from the appearance of the conquering team.

Polo is, of course, the favourite game of the officers both of the native and British Army, and though not an English game, is played to perfection by many regimental teams. The second illustration depicts the team of the 8th Bengal Cavalry, winners of the Bengal Cavalry Challenge Cup and Connel Cup for the present year.

Photo. Barton THE WINNERS OF THE BENGAL CAVALRY CUP. Copyright.

The Wimbledon Cup.

OUR illustration represents a well-known National Rifle Association trophy, which at the last Bisley Meeting produced some very brilliant shooting. Eventually the cup, which is valued at £50, was won, after a keen struggle, by Private Marke Wood, of the 4th V.B. Suffolk Regiment, better known as the Cambridge University Volunteers. Mr. Wood made a highest possible score of 50, beating Major Pollock, a former Queen's Prizeman, on the tie shooting.

AN INTERESTING MEMENTO.

The Wimbledon Cup, an interesting reminder of the pre-Bisley days, has been supplied by Messrs. Hancocks and Co., of New Bond Street, for the last thirty years.

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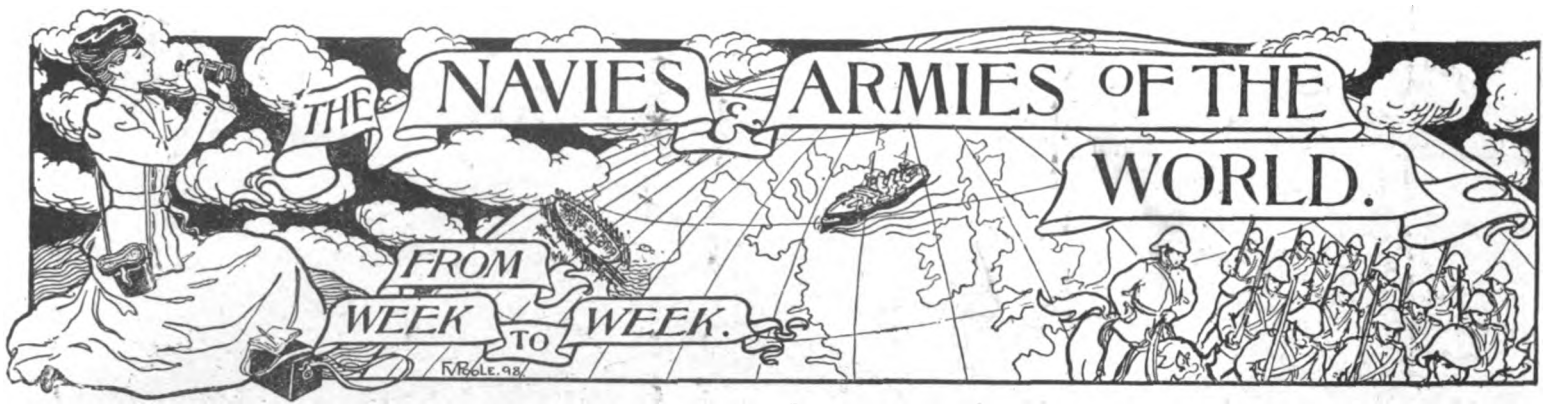

THE correspondent of the *Times* in Havana, who, as all the world knows, in spite of the anonymity of our Press, is Mr. Knight, writes, and no doubt with absolute accuracy: "Whether it" (viz., the outcome of the situation in Cuba) "be independence or American annexation, there seems small chance of peace in Cuba for some years to come. These men who have been fighting for so long—in some cases for nearly all their lives—as rebels or outlaws have lost all capacity or inclination for honest work." The blame implied by the use of the word "honest" here is, perhaps, a trifle unjust. Be the insurgents what they may, the Spanish government has been other than a good one, and fighting to free your country from bad administration is not necessarily a dishonest occupation. If the correspondent had said peaceful work, he would have been perfectly fair. Moreover, he would have made a remark which could be proved to be accurate by a long string of historical examples. Men who have led the free, idle, adventurous life of the "guerrillero," the partisan fighter, for years, always have been unfitted for quiet toil. It is too tame, too laborious, to be borne after the pleasant freedom they have known for so long. The United States have had their own experience of that truth. Though their Civil War lasted only for four years, it bred a race of freebooters who had to be disposed of by "authentic hemp," as Carlyle would have said. Some years ago the papers were very full of the doings of a family of "Jameses," who had been followers of one of the Confederate irregulars—Morgan or Quantrell. They would not settle down, poor fellows, and so took to horse stealing, highway robbery, and such-like courses, till they were all killed out. The last of them was, if I mistake not, shot in the back by a follower who was bribed by a reward to perform that feat—which was not very honourable to the authorities, who might surely have found a more excellent way of vindicating law and order.

* * * *

BUT this kind of thing was once a matter of course after all wars. When military service lasted for a long time, and armies were disbanded wholesale at peace, an outbreak of crimes of violence was looked upon as a matter of course. The soldiers had been unfitted for industry, and what were they to do except "take to the road"? Neither was the training they got in war calculated to teach them orderly habits. What could be expected of men who had been employed in such work as the desolation of the Palatinate by the orders of Louis XIV., or the burning of Bavaria by Marlborough after Blenheim to punish the Elector? Our own Civil Wars were humane in comparison with others, but abroad we were no better than our neighbours. Still, we did our foreign wars with small bodies of native soldiers, and therefore had not so much to suffer from disbanded men as other states. When the Peace of Westphalia put an end to the Thirty Years' War, some of the soldiers were so indignant at being deprived of their only means of livelihood that they fairly broke out, and had a last good burst of plunder and ravage over the whole country-side. Earlier specimens of heroes of this order were the Free Companions of the Great White Company, who, when peace was made between Edward III. and the French King, had nothing better to do with themselves than to plunder the Pope at Avignon, and then wander away to fight for any one who would hire them in Spain and Italy. A little later, and as a result of the wars of Henry V., came the truly dreadful scoundrels called the Ecorcheurs, the Flayers or Skinners, one of whose leaders was the Spaniard, Rodrigo of Villandrando. It took the ordonnance companies of the French King, the first of modern standing armies, some years of steady industry to get them rooted out by killing in action, burning, hanging, and breaking on the wheel. It was thought wonderful that so few of the soldiers of the New Model took to criminal courses; but that was a very exceptional army. All the Parliament's soldiers in the Civil War were by no means above reproach. The notorious "Colonel" Thomas Blood, whom Ireland had the honour of producing, who kidnapped no less a man than the great Duke of Ormonde, and all but carried off the Crown Jewels in the reign of Charles II., was a soldier of the Parliament. After all, our fathers had some excuse for thinking that the Army was not always a school of virtue. Nor need the Navy swell with spiritual pride over its superiority to the Army, for it has produced a fair sprinkling of pirates.

* * * *

EVEN in quite modern times the great Napoleonic wars left behind them a whole class of men of all nations who could not "take their part of peace." War had become their business, and they knew no other. Cochrane was, after all, only the most famous and able of a large body. There were less-distinguished Naval officers who took their swords to any revolutionary cause which offered them employment. From the nature of the wars of the time, the soldiers of fortune were more numerous than the sailors. In this country, for instance, we raised a little army quite openly to help the insurgents in South America against the Spaniards. The Foreign Enlistment Act was passed to stop this use of England as a market for mercenary soldiers. It did come in time to prevent an expedition from sailing. It was these men, who were by no means all English, who finally defeated the Spanish general, Morillo, at Carabobo in Colombia. Morillo had served under the Duke in the Peninsular War, and, in fact, it was he who began the battle of Vittoria by storming the heights on the extreme left of the French line. Our men boasted that at Carabobo it was the cheer of the English infantry, when they advanced to charge the centre, which first cowed the Spaniards, who had hitherto stood firm. They had heard it at Albuera and Salamanca. Most of these heroes died of fever, and the few who survived ended by drifting about South America in poverty. Yet their sad fate did not deter others from following in their footsteps when the Oporto Grenadiers and the Spanish Legion were raised. Among them there was a good sprinkling of old Peninsula men, as can be seen from the autobiography of Costelloe. In the later seventies there were still a few forlorn survivors living in Spain—all very poor, and some of them having all but forgotten their English—human wreckage cast up on a foreign shore.

* * * *

THE stretch of country chosen for the scheme of the Military Manœuvres is, no doubt, very fit for the purpose. Yet if it is true that geography decides, or at least largely helps to decide, the course of wars, this must be one of the most unmilitary parts of England. It would not be easy to pick out a part of the kingdom in which less of real importance in the fighting way has ever taken place. It was natural that in the Wars of the Roses, which were essentially a struggle between North and South, this district should lie apart. But in the Civil War, when there was much alternate advance and retreat between East and West, great events seem to have avoided the space within the War Office line with a kind of minute. And this is the more curious because so much took place just outside. Cheriton, Reading, Basing House, which stood so stoutly for the King, Newbury, and Donnington Castle, another Royalist stronghold, Devizes, Lansdowne Heath, and Roundaway Down, were all the scene of hard fighting, and some of them of decisive events. They lie in a ring round the manœuvre district. But within those bounds the only spot where anything very signal took place was at Lyme, which was obstinately held for the Parliament by Blake, and others, and was relieved by the Earl of Warwick, for the Parliament. As a rule the towns made no notable defences, and the armies of either side marched through unchecked. Goring, in his retreat from Hampshire to the West, plundered the country round Salisbury shamefully. To plunder the country shamefully was the one military operation of which that scandal of the Royalist cause was capable. It would be difficult indeed to quote a single officer-like action which stands to his credit. The defence of Lyme was a real piece of service, for it did much to defeat the effort of the King's generals to get control of the Southern Coast. It says very little for them that the place held out at all. The explanation is, perhaps, that it was held by some of the best kind of the Parliament's men, and that they were always better than the King's when it came to push of pike.

* * * *

APART from this passage of real fighting, the manœuvre district saw little but the marches of armies. Waller overran it easily for the Parliament. Then the Western Army invaded it for the King, and occupied Dorchester easily. This was the army which did so many fine things while it was led by Sir Bevil Grenville, the grandson of him of the "Revenge," by Slanning and Trevannion. Grenville was killed by a blow with a poleaxe while leading his Cornishmen to the storm of the Parliamentary lines at Lansdowne Heath. The army went afterwards to wrack and ruin under Prince Maurice, Goring, and Sir Bevil's brother, Sir Richard. This last-named gentleman, whom the Parliament called "skellum" (rogue) Grenville, was a shocking person, who ill-treated his wife brutally, and who seized a chance to hang the attorney who conducted her case against him in the Star Chamber. The rest of his life was in harmony with these achievements. He seems to have embodied all the passion and violence of the headstrong Grenville stock—to have been, so to speak, his grandfather of the "Revenge" gone quite bad. Essex crossed the district on his march to the West, which ended by the surrender of his infantry at Lostwithiel. After Naseby, Fairfax marched by Dorchester on his advance to the West to raise the Royalist siege of Taunton, and make an end of the King's forces in those parts. He had, however, no fighting till he was well beyond Dorchester. His difficulties thereabouts arose solely from the "Clubmen"—the unlucky country people who turned out, armed with bludgeons for the most part, in the vain hope of keeping their country clear of military requisitions from both sides. They had a flag with the motto:

"If you come to take our cattle,
Be sure we will give you battle."

Fairfax managed them with a beautiful mixture of firmness and humanity.

* * * *

THE battle of Waterloo must be for ever interesting to us all. Therefore the reader will not be unwilling to have his attention turned to an article by Henri Houssaye on the "Bataille de Waterloo. De six heures du matin a trois heures de l'après midi," in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* for August 1. M. Houssaye is known for other works on the fall of the Empire. The article has all the usual French merits of clearness and vivacity, and is exhaustive besides. There are two points of interest in it. The first is that M. Houssaye shows clearly how completely Napoleon was governed by his own delusions. He had decided in his mind that Wellington was a bad general and the English were bad troops, and so in spite of the advice of Reille and Soult he persisted in making a front attack on them in a strong position. The second is that M. Houssaye repeats the old calumny that our soldiers were fortified with gin. It seems very hard for a modern Frenchman to write like a gentleman.

DAVID HANNAY.

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The Simla Intelligence Branch

By Capt. Owen Wheeler.

"Bairdville" the old office of the Simla Intelligence Branch

WHEN I first joined the Intelligence Branch of the Quartermaster-General's Department in India, that important institution had not long been established on a firm basis, and in some respects was in rather an unfinished state. Nowadays the "I. B." at Simla is housed in the fine set of offices opened some fourteen years ago to accommodate the various Government departments and the Army Headquarters staff. But my introduction as a "twig"—the unpaid attachés of the branch were commonly alluded to by this undignified name—occurred before the move had taken place from "Bairdville," a rather tumble-down but pleasantly situated house perched up among the pine trees, and not, to all appearances, a very safe receptacle for a mass of really secret and most valuable papers. However, I don't suppose that any leakages took place, and I daresay the very absence of any ostentatious bolts or bars or other protective appliances led wicked outsiders to believe that the "crib" was not worth "cracking." Yet in certain quarters the contents of some of the cupboards in that ramshackle old "Bairdville" would have found a ready market at a very tempting price. One makes this statement all the more readily because, nowadays, those same treasures are much more strongly guarded in the matter of strong walls and fast-closing doors, though not in the matter of personal incorruptibility, since the "I. B." has always been, in that connection, absolutely above suspicion.

I go back to those old days, because it was then that the Indian Intelligence Branch was beginning to get over the troubles inseparable from a new organisation, and to settle down in a groove of really useful and sometimes brilliant work. Not many years previously Major, now Lieutenant, General Sir Edwin Collen had visited the home Intelligence Department—now known as the Intelligence Division, and housed at 18, Queen Anne's Gate—and brought away with him details of the system on which it was worked, this system being applied, with necessary modifications, to the Simla office. At the time of which I write, the head of the latter was Colonel, now General, Sir William Lockhart, the great Frontier commander, who has recently been selected to succeed Sir George White as Commander-in-Chief in India. Next to him came Major, now Colonel, Bell, Royal Engineers, who won his Victoria Cross in the first Ashanti War, and whose powers of work and physical endurance were something quite extraordinary. Then, as Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, we had Captain P. Maitland, now Major-General, and Secretary to the Government of India in the Military Department; and, in addition to these three, there were two paid attachés, and as many unpaid ones as the office chose to accept. These last were volunteers who, as a rule, were glad enough to exchange six months of regimental duty in the plains for six months of Simla, with their travelling expenses to and fro paid by Government. I was lucky enough at the end of my unpaid term to secure a paid appointment, which I held for two happy years, so I may claim to know something more of the "I. B." than I should have done if I had been only a temporary "twig."

The supreme head of the Indian Intelligence Branch is the Quartermaster-General, who directs all its operations, and is responsible for its general efficiency. It is not disclosing any secret to say that the work is divided into sections, each officer of the permanent staff taking a certain country or countries, and, with the help of the attachés—I believe they call them "staff-captains" and "staff-lieutenants" nowadays—keeping the office information regarding his section as smartly up to date as possible. The work, of course, is extremely interesting, and results from time to time in the production of most valuable reports, gazetteers, and other books of reference, a number of copies of which are printed confidentially at the Government press, and kept in readiness for issue, if required, to general officers commanding and other interested authorities.

In addition to the geographical sections there is a topographical section, which is always kept busy in the preparation of maps, the reproduction of sketches, photographs, and so forth. During my time at Simla I was encouraged by the Quartermaster-General, the late Sir Charles Macgregor, to make a good many experiments in connection with the application of photography to military purposes, and I have little doubt but that the art-science is now freely used in the collection of military intelligence. I remember, by the way, that one high official who saw me working with an instantaneous shutter—then not such a common piece of apparatus as it is now—challenged me to snap-shot him walking quickly across a lawn. This I did, and the result was a brilliant success. But as the high official "came out" with one foot in the air and one arm sticking almost straight in front of him, like a pump-handle—an attitude which made him look purely ridiculous—he declined to allow me to circulate any prints, as I naturally wished to do, in order to demonstrate the photographic resources of the office.

It would be impossible to imagine a more perfect director of an Intelligence Office than the late Sir Charles Macgregor, whose untimely death cast such a gloom over the whole Indian Army, and whose memory is still fondly cherished by hundreds of those who served under him. The story of his own personal explorations would fill many volumes. Indeed it *has* filled at least half-a-dozen published volumes, among which his "Life and Opinions," "Travels in Baluchistan,"

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and "A Journey Through Khorasan" are standard books. A born fighter, who had been seven times severely wounded in action and at forty-five was already a K.C.B., a C.S.I., and a C.I.E., he was fitted by professional distinction for almost any command, but as a Quartermaster-General, with an Intelligence Branch under his immediate supervision, he was ideal. The "I. B." was to him something of a pet child, for he had been largely concerned in its creation, but it was a child of which he expected and obtained a good deal more than could have been got out of such an infant by a less respected and less experienced Quartermaster-General. Brusque and gruff as he could be at times, I think there was not a man in the office who would not have done anything he possibly could for Macgregor, simply as a matter of personal devotion, while he on his part was always proud of, and ready to exhibit his pride in, his department in general and the "I. B." in particular. Sir Charles subsequently commanded the Punjab Frontier Force, and, since his death, Lord Dufferin aptly alluded to him as a type of the gallant Lord Warden of the Marches. But a good many old "twigs" will think of him oftenest as Quartermaster-General in India, and wonder whether in that capacity we shall ever see his like again.

Some of the attachés in the old "Bairdville" days have since risen to considerable distinction. Especially may I mention Lieutenant, now Lieutenant-Colonel, J. M. Grierson, a most enthusiastic soldier and a wonderful linguist, who at present occupies the congenial position of Military Attaché at Berlin. It seems only yesterday that Grierson was telling me that some day he hoped to get that very billet, yet it must be nearly fifteen years ago. Younghusband, now so well known as Captain F. Younghusband, C.I.E., who recently visited South Africa as "special" for the *Times*, was another "twig," who even then had done some excellent work in exploring the passes leading out of Kashmir. But, as a rule, the unpaid attaché did not travel very far outside a moderate groove, and managed to put in quite as much amusement as hard work during his six months among the deodars. It was not, for instance, altogether unusual to find him during office hours studying a document which, on examination, proved to be not a Foreign Office report, or even a new book of travels relating to his section, but a transcript of a part in the forthcoming comedy at the (Simla) Gaiety Theatre.

I remember one high-spirited attaché who used to delight in mystifying his comrades, and who one morning greatly worried myself and my stable companion by inquiries as to whether we had seen "little Benjamin." He had come in from an adjoining room where they were making out some tabular statements, and nothing but "little Benjamin" would satisfy him. We asked him several times who "little Benjamin" was before he would explain that "little Benjamin is *our ruler*," which was required for the aforesaid tabular statements, and was unaccountably missing.

Those who know Sir William Lockhart can imagine what a delightful chief he was to work under, although in his heart he did not care for his post, and used to long for more active duties. "What I should like best of all," he told me once, "is the command of a native cavalry regiment," and he was sorely disappointed when Sir Donald Stewart, then Commander-in-Chief, declined to give him one of the new corps formed about that time, and placed him in command of the 24th Punjab Infantry instead. This time I must say "only fifteen years ago," for it seems a short time in which to have so much more than realised an ambition of that sort. As Commander-in-Chief in India, Sir William Lockhart will have command of a good many more cavalry regiments than he anticipated handling "only fifteen years ago."

Colonel Lockhart could be very humorous at times with reference to the work of his Branch, and I have rarely laughed so heartily as I did at his description of a tour which he made along the Frontier, where, even then, as a former Chief of the Staff in the Afghan War, he had a considerable reputation. From far and wide natives had come down to meet him, bearing all sorts of strange offerings, among them a crowing cock, which he was forced to accept, and which gave considerably more trouble than it was worth, until its donor's departure enabled prompt measures to be taken for the abatement of the nuisance. Also when Major Bell had undertaken an important and rather adventurous journey for the purpose of gaining some special information, his chief would insist upon alluding to him as "our Mr. Bell," just as if he were a commercial traveller who had gone round for orders.

On that same journey Major Bell had, if I remember rightly, a curious experience, which gave the Quartermaster-General and all the rest of us great amusement. Fascinated, no doubt, by his personal appearance and other excellent qualities, an elderly widow lady of a peculiarly ferocious and untrustworthy tribe took a violent fancy to the gallant sapper, and, as she could not reasonably expect herself to become his blushing bride, determined to become his mother-in-law. Major Bell's grave description, in a letter to the Quartermaster-General, of the manner in which this woman and her daughter dogged his footsteps during his sojourn with that tribe, and of his efforts to politely explain that he did not desire the alliance, was very funny, though, since for the time he probably held his life in his hand, the incident may have had its graver aspects.

Of course it would be utterly improper for me to enter into anything like details of the work done by such an organisation as the Intelligence Branch during the period I belonged to it. But I may say that the outside public little knows how admirably it is being served by that comparatively small office, and what risks are cheerfully undertaken by the officers employed in it in order to gain the best and latest information possible. One man, for instance, told me, as if it were rather a pleasant story than otherwise, the following cheerful incident. While on a reconnaissance in Baluchistan he was visited by a native chieftain, a young fellow whom he invited into his little tent and chatted with for half-an-hour or so in very friendly style. As the visitor rose to go he remarked that he had been feeling rather seedy of late, and perhaps the English officer could say what was the matter with him. Then the youngster pulled up his sleeve and showed my friend his arm. "There wasn't much doubt as to the nature of his complaint," remarked my friend genially,—"it was small-pox!"

A case of small pox

Another Intelligence Branch officer had a narrow escape from a turbulent tribe who barred his way, and said that if he and his escort wanted to advance they would have to fight for it. This pleasing communication was delivered in the evening, and, as the traveller was not of a retiring disposition, he returned an abrupt reply to the effect that in the morning he would certainly advance, and that he would sooner fight than not. After making the necessary preparations he went off to bed, and slept the sleep of the just. In the morning he advanced, as he had said he would. But there was no fight, the tribe having gone off to find someone who was not quite so ready to oblige them in the matter of coming to blows.

By way of illustrating the thoroughness with which the Indian Intelligence Branch does its work, I think I may mention the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, which culminated in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Unless I am very strangely mistaken, the groundwork of that brilliant campaign was based on a report which had been prepared the previous winter by an officer now very high up in the service of the Indian Government.

Probably some of the most important work ever done by the Indian Intelligence Branch has been done during the last three years in connection with the Chitral Campaign and the Frontier risings. The native explorers, although in some cases highly trained and most gallant fellows, can seldom be entirely relied upon, while the information gleaned from ordinary natives is almost sure to be found wildly inaccurate. Of the Swat Valley and the country known as "Tirah," the summer resort of the Afridis, we knew next to nothing until Sir Robert Low opened up the one and Sir William Lockhart occupied the other. To-day we may be quite sure that there are not many square miles in either of the two regions in question that have not been carefully mapped out, and their characteristics recorded and indexed in the wonderful department of which I have striven to collect a few fleeting and perhaps not wholly uninteresting reminiscences.

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MR. FLEETWOOD H. PELLEW, honorary secretary of the Bristol Branch of the Navy League, who bears a name greatly honoured in the British Navy, has had the happy idea of writing a concise account of events from the Peace of Utrecht to the Treaty of Paris, 1713-63, published under the title of "The Rise of British Naval Power" (Mardon, Bristol). It is intended chiefly for schools, and I can but hope that it will find its use. We are altogether too neglectful of the duty of instilling into boys the supremely important function of the Navy, and must not be surprised that their elders are ill-informed. It may be said that the rise of our Sea Power began before Mr. Pellew's period—in fact, with the War of the Spanish Succession—but he has chosen a supremely important set of operations by which we broke the monopolies of Spain and defeated the purposes of France. There is much to make us grieve in the events that preceded the Seven Years' War, and most of all the fatuousness of people and rulers—is there not a danger of its recurrence?—who were content with promises and disinclined for war. I wish Mr. Pellew had enforced some of his points more forcibly. Discriminating readers will discover them, but for schoolboys they would have been better more strongly expounded. The threads seem sometimes to need gathering together, and the economics of the question might have been brought forward. But I desire to render justice to a very conscientious work successfully accomplished. The book is well illustrated, with portraits and reproductions of old engravings of engagements, which are very fully described. There are even portraits of statesmen and military officers, as Pitt and Clive, a picture of the death of Wolfe, and a map of the battle of Plassey. The author modestly describes his book as a compilation, and withholds opinions of his own. I notice Carlyle and Macaulay cited among his authorities, though neither of these writers took a very broad view of Naval concerns; but Mr. Pellew writes with discrimination and judgment, and I warmly congratulate him on his work.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's intrepid voyage appealed with extraordinary force to the imagination of Englishmen. We are never, as a race, slow to render a generous tribute of admiration to foreigners who possess the qualities we value in ourselves, and certainly Nansen, Sverdrup, Johansen, and their brave companions were fine exemplars of the spirit of adventure, the desire to achieve, the hardihood, the daring, and the resource that Englishmen do often display, and their labours were in that Arctic field in which many of our countrymen have toiled and won. Thus I suppose there can be no doubt as to the welcome that will be accorded to an edition of "Fridtjof Nansen's 'Farthest North,'" which has just appeared (Newnes, 2 vols., 8s. 6d. each). In the original form the book was not accessible to the general public except through the libraries, but now, in excellent shape, with effective binding, and with about 120 full-page and very many small illustrations, besides maps, the work is within the reach of a very large class. It is a story that will delight the old and enthrall the young. I can, in short, conceive no better present for youths at that period when they begin to feel that the world, with all its possibilities, is before them. The first volume is devoted to an account of the preparation and equipment of the expedition, and to the adventurous voyage up to the time when Dr. Nansen handed over the command of the "Fram" to Sverdrup, departing himself, with Johansen, on his journey over the ice. The second volume relates that adventurous progress to the "Farthest North"—86° 13·6′—and southward until Nansen grasped the hand of Mr. Jackson, and returned to civilisation in the "Windward." Captain Sverdrup then takes up the story, and the account of the heroic exploration is brought to a close. Nansen's voyage has demonstrated that sea covers the region of the pole, with floating ice driven by the wind and impelled to some extent by a current. There is therefore the greater reason to believe that the pole will yet be attained. The work appears opportunely at the time when the expedition to the Antarctic, sent out by Sir George Newnes under command of M. Borchgrevink, has just left England in the "Southern Cross."

Sir Walter Gilbey is an eminent and practical authority on the question of horse breeding and rearing, as well as generally upon stock, and his two little brochures upon "Young Horses (Suggestions for Rearing)," and "The Harness Horse" (Vinton, 2s. each), have been sent to me, each in a third edition. The first is really a suggestion for keepers of large breeding studs and generally for those who have to do with horse-rearing. The contention is that an often-observed deterioration of quality is due to the over-grazing or "staling" of land. Grasses destroyed by the horse in feeding take from three to five years to come again, and this is particularly the case with white clover and the small grasses so necessary for his nourishment, and therefore in-foal mares and young stock should not be turned on land continually and recently grazed by horses. Cattle do not bruise the grasses to anything like the same extent. "The Harness Horse" contains a patriotic stimulus for English breeders to produce animals of the class. Under the idea that the railway would take the place of coach and post horses, we sold our breeding stock to foreigners, upon whom we now chiefly depend. In breeding other stock we are predominant, and Sir Walter Gilbey adduces abundant evidence to show that like success is attainable in the matter of the harness horse. The Hackney Horse Society has shown the way, and fortunately we still possess the best of the old Hackney breeding stock, nearly all our Hackney sires, it may surprise many to hear, being descended in the direct line from the famous Darley Arabian, whose blood, in the race-horse, is the *cachet* of breeding fashion. I would commend these two brochures very warmly to horse-breeders.

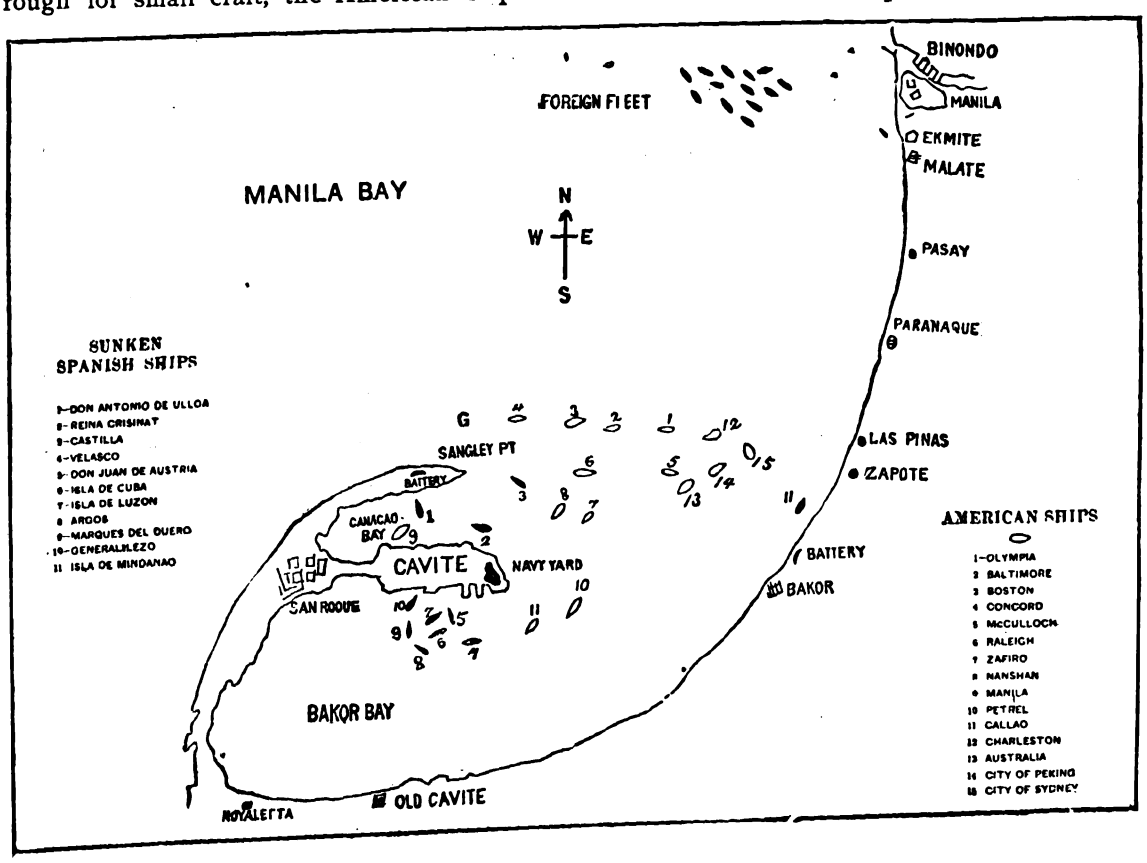
"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

THE BATTLE OF CAVITE.

THE accompanying map shows the position of the Spanish and American war-ships immediately after the battle of Cavite. The correspondent of the *Hong Kong Daily Press*, in which the map was published, says of it:—

"I am quite sure that it is the first accurate illustration of how the sunken Spanish men-of-war are located and where the American squadron is now anchored. Since the monsoon commenced to blow with so much force and make the bay rough for small craft, the American ships have moved in closer to Sangley Point, where there is better protection. Nearest to Sangley Point is the 'Concord,' then the 'Boston,' 'Raleigh,' 'Baltimore,' 'Olympia,' and 'McCulloch' at proper distances. A little further to the south are the auxiliary vessels 'Nanshan' and 'Zafiro.' In Canacao Bay is the prize 'Manila.' Not far from the Navy Yard are the 'Petrel' and the prize 'Callao.' The 'Peking,' 'Australia,' and other transports cannot come very far in, because the depth of water will not permit. There are only about two feet of clear water under the keel of the 'Nanshan.'



"Of the destroyed or sunken Spanish fleet, the 'Reina Cristina,' 'Castilla,' and 'Don Antonio de Ulloa' are at the entrance of Canacao Bay. Around Cavite Point, where they went like a dog to his kennel to die, are the 'Velasco,' 'Don Juan de Austria,' 'Isla de Cuba,' 'Isla de Luzon,' 'Argos,' 'Marques del Duero,' and 'General Lezo,' and off to the East Bakor is the burned hulk of the 'Isla de Mindanao.'

"A more interesting day cannot be spent than one occupied in visiting these remains of Spain's proud fleet. They are a sight never to be forgotten by friend or foe. They prove that skilful gunnery can work ruin, but that fire does irreparable damage and ends all future use of a vessel except for old iron. They also show the horrors of war—that war is hell, frankly expressed."

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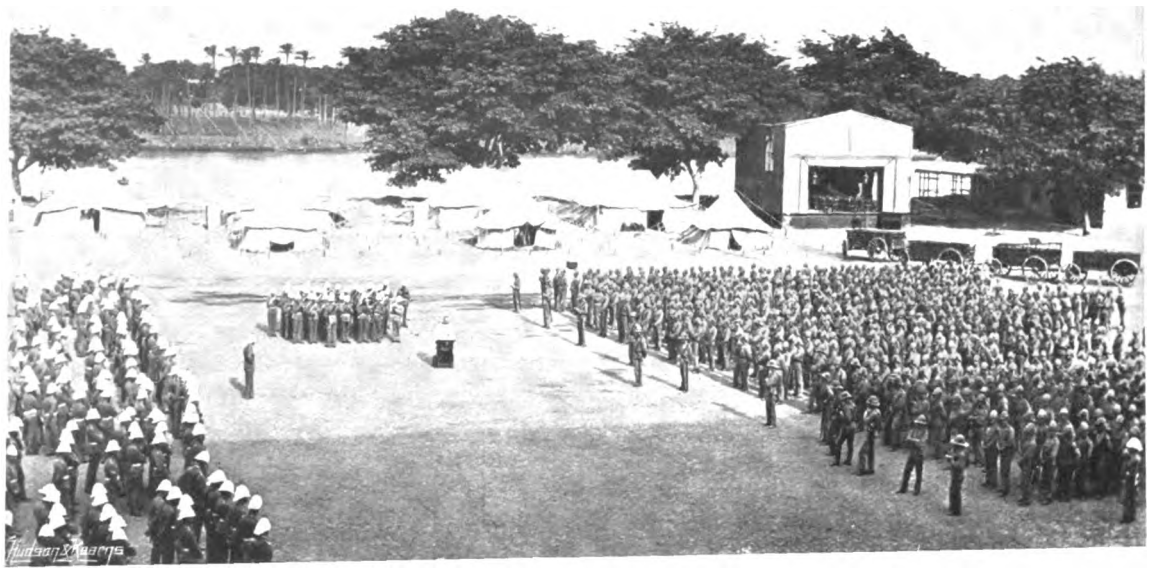
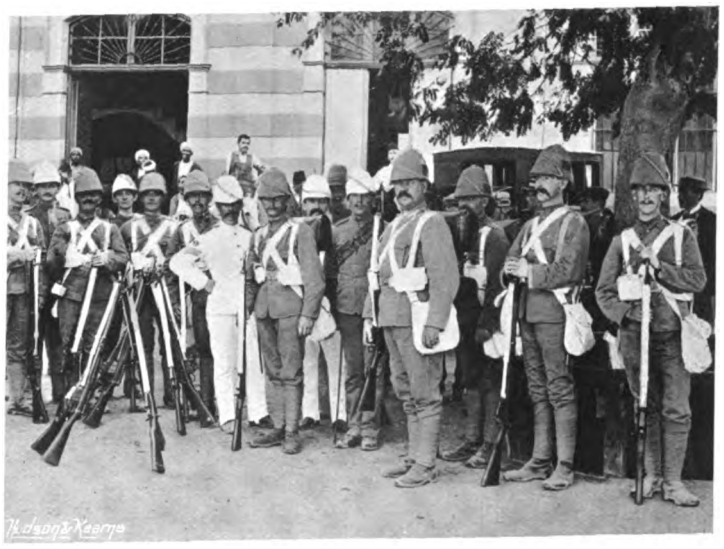
ON TO KHARTOUM.

ALMOST ere these lines are in print, the last act in the drama of the avenging of Gordon will be in consummation. To effect the enterprise, that most excellent little Egyptian Army which British officers have created has been reinforced by a division of British troops. In the last push forward, Sir Herbert Kitchener had of British troops only one brigade of four regiments, that now known as the 1st Brigade, and under the command of Colonel Wauchope, of the Black Watch, and this has now been reinforced by a second British brigade, which is under the command of Colonel the Hon. N. G. Lyttelton. Some illustrations, taken before the departure of these reinforcements to Sir Herbert Kitchener, we here present to our readers. One picture shows us the 2nd Rifle Brigade and 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers attending an open-air Church of England service at the Kasr-el-Nil barracks at Cairo. Both battalions are splendid bodies of men, and will undoubtedly fight, perhaps even better than they can pray. In another we get an excellent presentment of the field kit served out to the troops, by the illustration of two colour-sergeants of the Rifle Brigade waiting for the "fall in" to sound. It will be noticed that, besides a "helmet curtain," each man wears also a "spinal protector"—a useful precaution, as you can get sunstroke



AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE FOR THE TROOPS.



WAITING FOR THE DESERT TRAIN.

THE EQUIPMENT FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

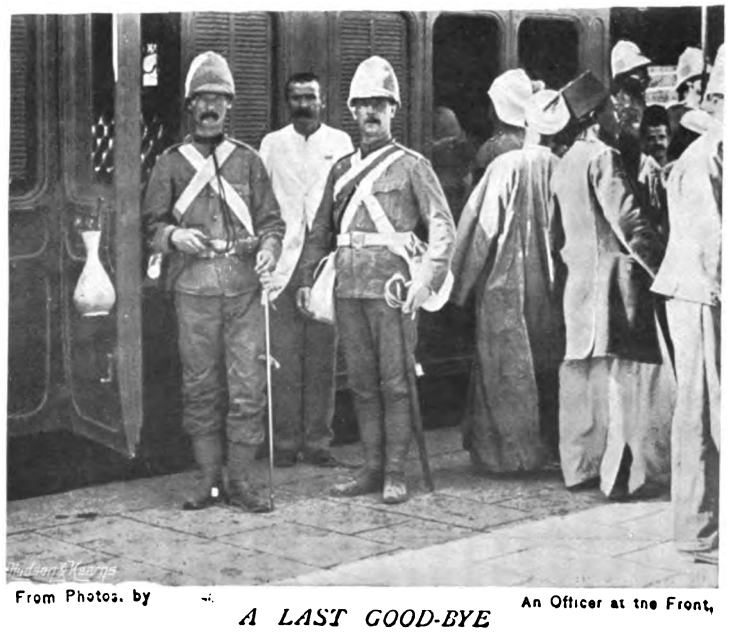
from an unprotected spine as well as from an unprotected head or neck—and, moreover, each has a green veil for use if necessary. The backbone of the Army is its non-commissioned officers, and on them much—very much—of the soldier's efficiency depends, and so let us hope that one or both of these two get their chance at Omdurman.

"When the Children of Israel made bricks without straw,
They were learning the regular work of our corps,
The work of Her Majesty's Sapper."

In the next illustration is represented a group of the corps in the shape of a detachment of the Royal Engineers, which accompanies the 2nd Brigade, waiting under the trees at the railway station.

"They send us in front with a fuse and a mine,
To blow up the gates that are rushed by the Line,
But bent by Her Majesty's Sapper."

And this detachment will be able to make anything in Omdurman move, from the Khalifa downwards, and that pretty quick, for they take up with them 600-lb. of dynamite. Finally, our last illustration represents two warrant officers on the point of departure for the Soudan.



From Photos. by An Officer at the Front,

A LAST GOOD-BYE

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On the Training of Men and Horses in the Field.

THE Cavalry and Engineer Pioneers' Camp, to which our illustrations refer, was held during June and July this year, at Hurn Bridge, Hampshire, on a site kindly lent by the Earl of Malmesbury. The camp was under the command of Captain A. H. Cowie, R.E., and the troops were composed of the mounted detachment Royal Engineers, parties of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, 6th Dragoon Guards, 15th Hussars, and 12th Lancers.

The subjects shown here will give the reader a fairly good idea of how the men and horses are trained in the work and various exercises appertaining to the art and science of modern warfare.

The first illustration, a pleasing group of men and horses, is typical of a soldier's first duty to his charger on arrival at the camping ground, viz., "Water your horses," and it will be noticed that the officers share with their men in this important duty.

The quality and quantity of the water supply of an army is always of vital importance, and even in time of peace it is sometimes a matter of great difficulty to the engineering staff to maintain an adequate supply where large bodies of troops are massed in localities distant from a natural source.

In spite of the conscientious care and zealous preparation by military experts, an alteration of the original programme in connection with the cavalry camp at Bulford this summer has been found imperative, in consequence of a sudden falling-off in the water supply; but in the subject of our illustration no such drawback existed, as a natural and copious supply had been located by the advance party.

The next picture shows the cavalry and mounted sappers fording the Avon, immediately after striking camp on the morning of July 19, *en route* to Aldershot. The spot selected for crossing is known as "Watton's Ford," at Bistern, near Ringwood, Hants. This photograph reproduced is remarkable because it was taken at 6 a.m. on a dull, showery morning with a camera held in the hand. It necessitated rising at 4 a.m., a bicycle ride of ten miles, and using a reed-cutter's boat without the owner's permission, to enable the writer to be on the spot before the arrival of the troops. It is on occasions such as these that the skill and judgment of the military tactician are brought into play, and a few remarks on the nature of the ford may not be out of place here. On account of the depth of water and height of the opposite bank, it would be well-nigh impossible with heavy-wheeled transport to effect a crossing in a straight line; possibly, for this reason, under different conditions a slight variation in the method of crossing would have been adopted. It will be seen from the illustration that the troops in actual warfare might have been subjected to an enfilade.

WATERING HORSES ON ARRIVAL AT CAMP.

FORDING THE RIVER AVON.

Photos. R. C. Ryan. *A KNOWING CARD.* Copyright.

The *bon amitié* that exists between the cavalryman and his horse is remarkable, and is in many instances a great factor in the progress of training peculiar to cavalry horses; and it is in the next illustration that we see Tommy Atkins in a "lighter vein," and as a result of his fun and able tuition, we have under our notice a mare eating a hayband bound to the fetlock of her hind leg. This mare is one of the "Bay Troop," B Squadron, 15th Hussars, and her accomplishments do not end with this trick, as she will eat corn out of the hoof of her near foreleg when held up and filled for the purpose.

The amount of energy and untiring patience spent in training our cavalry is enormous, and swimming horses form no exception to the rule. "The Run" at Christ-

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church, being only four miles from Hurn, offers special facilities for this branch of training. "The Run" is about 250-yds. in width, there is considerable depth of water, a fairly strong current, and it is at this point that the Rivers Avon and Stour empty themselves into the sea. In our next illustration we see the horses lining the shore, unsaddled and ready for swimming over independently. Some half-dozen men are detailed for this, while a small boat takes over the saddles and other impedimenta. This is but one of the methods adopted for crossing streams that are unfordable, where no bridges exist and it is practically impossible to construct even a temporary one. It is rather the finish than the preliminary part of the course of instruction that we notice first.

FERRYING HORSES OVER "THE RUN."

A horse in a frightened condition is at all times well-nigh unmanageable, and in the case of a doubtful starter the cause for fright is a real and not a fancied one. To walk into the sea on a shifting sand-bank, and to find that it ends abruptly in deep water, is enough to scare any timid horse

THE LAST BATCH.

at his first independent swimming lesson, but with the aid of "a leader" and a push from behind the crossing is soon effected. Undoubtedly, when the horse and rider are nearing mid-stream, the best position, and the one generally adopted, is for the rider to allow himself to be towed along, and to hold on to the horse's tail for the purpose, so relieving the horse from the rider's weight, but in mid-stream we see a case in which some guidance is necessary to keep the horse's head in a direct line with the opposite shore, the rider holding on to the mane, and using the reins as occasion requires.

The independent swimming of horses over a river is nearly always attended with considerable risk. A horse

IN MID-STREAM.

may suddenly change his mind and wish to return, and such hesitation on his part may result in his "turning turtle." In such an instance, his chance of finding a watery grave is pretty well assured.

The "Berthon" collapsible boats form a part of the equipment of our Engineer Pioneers, and whenever available would certainly be pressed into service. As we see it in the last batch, this picture does certainly give a good idea of the collective method of swimming horses, and it only remains to say that a rope is first of all carried across the stream, one end being fixed to the bow of the boat, and with a similar rope attached to the stern, the boat is ready for hauling backwards and forwards with its load, a squad of eighteen or twenty men being told off on either side for the purpose.

The collective method has much to recommend it in ferrying horses across an unfordable river.

Photos R. C. Ryan Copyright

A DOUBTFUL STARTER.

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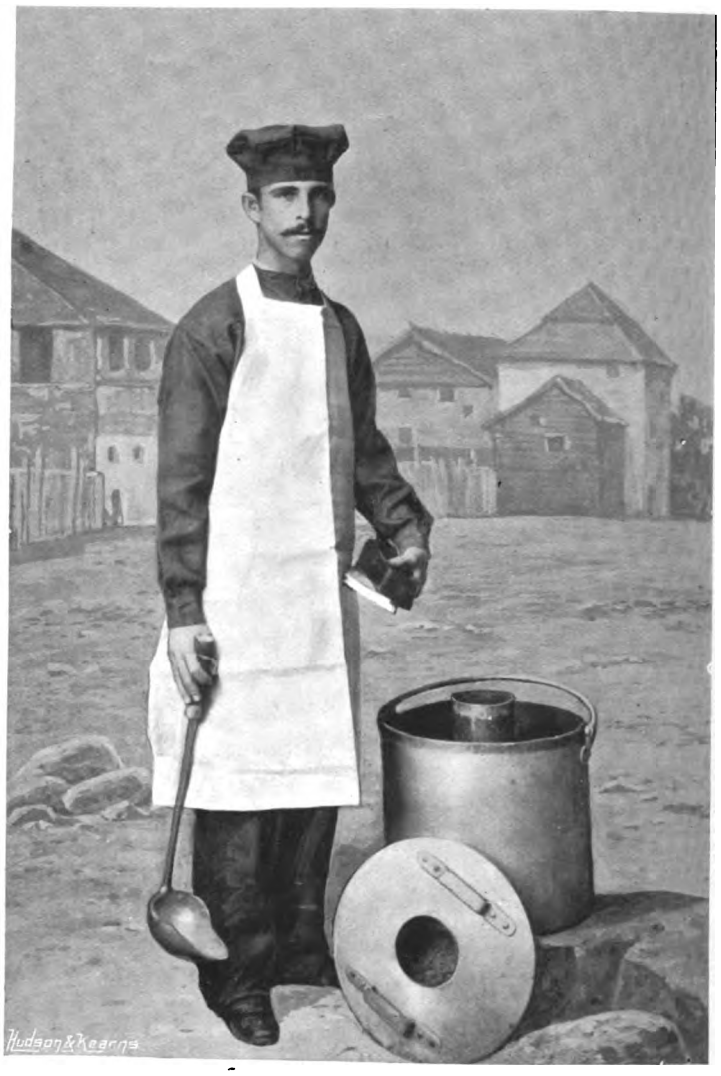
SPANISH ARMY TYPES.

CARABINERO IN FIELD KIT.

Photos. R. Rocafull. Copyright.

AN ARMY SERVICE MAN.

THESE pages have already given many pictures of types of various branches of the Spanish Army and scenes depicting its occupations, but the Spanish soldier has shown such excellent qualities of courage, endurance, and hardihood during the war, that other representations of him will be welcome to our readers. The first picture is of a carabinero in his marching kit. Properly speaking, perhaps, the carabinero is not a soldier at all, for he is a customs guard, and this force is paid and maintained by the Treasury; but, as is the case in Russia and elsewhere on the Continent, the men of the customs service are practically a military body, their training and discipline being under the Ministry of War. There are over 10,000 of them, with a small mounted force, organised in districts. Their uniform is of a serviceable character, and they, too, wear the *Ros*, or cap, which General Ros de Olano invented many years ago, having, it is supposed,



THE RANCHERO, OR MILITARY COOK.

some dim reminiscence of the Scotch bonnet in his mind, now, with modifications, practically lost.

The next man depicted belongs to what is known as the "Cuerpo Administrativo del Ejercito," answering generally to our Army Service Corps. It is really an Intendance Department of the Army, having a great many officers, charged with administrative and commissariat duties, with a large corps of tradesmen attached, who must have served six months in the Army, such as carpenters, bakers, and butchers. It will be observed that, while the carabinero has a short tunic, the Army Service man wears the long Army tunic, and that, though shod with the curious *alpargatas*, or sandals, for marching, he carries his boots attached to his knapsack.

The other illustration scarcely calls for description. It is of the quaint figure of a Spanish company cook, standing with his ladle ready to serve out his savoury mess.

A corps which has experienced a great deal of arduous work in the course of the war is the Spanish Medical Department, which is organised in a manner analogous to our own, and consists of trained medical officers, but there is also a department styled the Sanitary Brigade, which is almost identical with our Medical Staff Corps, and is under the orders of the medical officers. The brigade is organised in sections, corresponding to the military districts, and, in time of peace, furnishes attendants for military hospitals, while in war it has important duties in field hospitals, medical transport, and the formation of bearer companies.

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The Royal Marines at Bayonet Exercise.

THE excellent illustrations which we give herewith represent a company squad of Royal Marines going through the bayonet exercise, under the instruction of a first-class infantry drill-sergeant, on the parade ground of the Plymouth divisional headquarters.

In the complete bayonet review exercise there are twenty-eight different movements following one another in rapid succession, but the six represented are fair examples of the remainder.

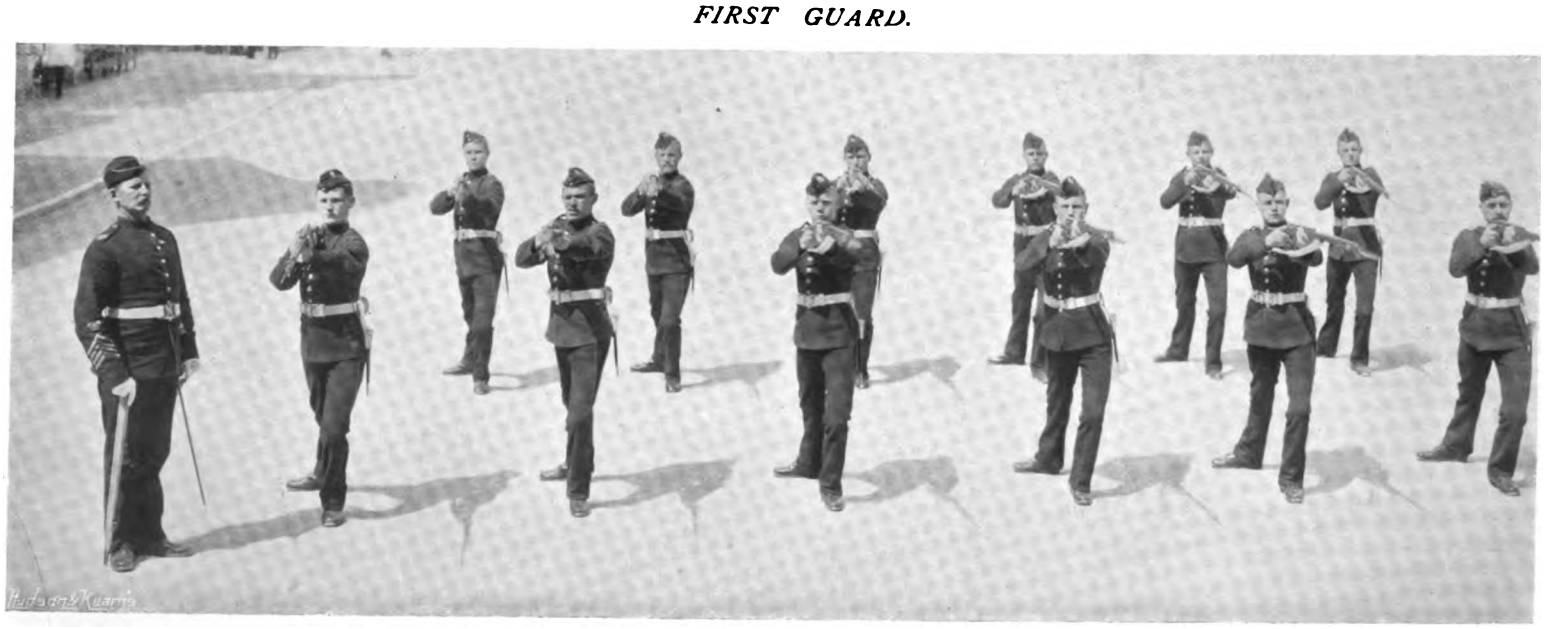
The great test of excellence in the display is that every movement should be correctly and vigorously performed, exactly simultaneously throughout the squad.

In the British Service this exercise has always been considered of great importance, because it is expected that our battles will end in a glorious bayonet charge. Even the introduction of rapid loading arms of precision has not destroyed the value of the instruction, for it teaches the recruits to rely on a weapon which they have always with them, serves as a means for their physical training, and aids them in the general manipulation of their fire-arms.

Good and steady shooting, especially in the standing position, can only be obtained from men whose muscles have been specially trained to hold the rifle in any position without conscious exertion, for any feeling of strain would either hurry the shot or send it wide of the bull's-eye. Hence, instruction in the bayonet exercise is an important point in an infantryman's training, and, in addition, when well done, it makes a most attractive display. For these reasons a company competition has always formed part of the programme at the Royal Military Tournament in London, and therefore also at the District and Regimental Tournaments all over the country, which lead up to the central display, each regiment sending its best company squad—all the men in the squad must be *bonâ-fide* members of the same *company;* hence the team is not a *regimental* one in the ordinary sense of the

"ENGAGE."

FIRST GUARD.



Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

FIRST POINT.

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FIRST POINT WITH THE LUNGE.

word—to the District Tournament to compete for the honour of appearing at the Agricultural Hall.

In all the districts which include a marine division, a Royal Marine squad is always either first or second, and first place at the central tournament has been won by the Royal Marines for the past five years in succession. This shows that, in spite of the long periods the marine is destined to pass on the ocean wave, he is not allowed to neglect this side of his life's work.

Bayonet exercise on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war is generally a cramped and frequently interrupted performance, a stalwart marine, joined to a "gun with a big knife attached," requiring a fair amount of space when disporting himself after this method. If we add to this want of space a rolling ship, and a wet and slippery deck, we see that it requires a considerable amount of skill to perform the exercise with the smartness and precision laid down in the drill-book; yet the evolution is being daily carried out in practically every latitude.

"SHORTEN ARMS"—FIRST POSITION FOR THIRD POINT.

In a sea fight no chance of using the bayonet is likely to occur, but when the marine is landed, to "talk to them 'eathen kings," this weapon is of the highest use. Then, besides the actual fighting, the sentry nightly has to trust to his bayonet to defend him from an unseen foe. At "fire" and "collision" quarters on board, specially selected marines are posted to protect the boats.

Photos. W. M. Crockett

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THIRD GUARD.

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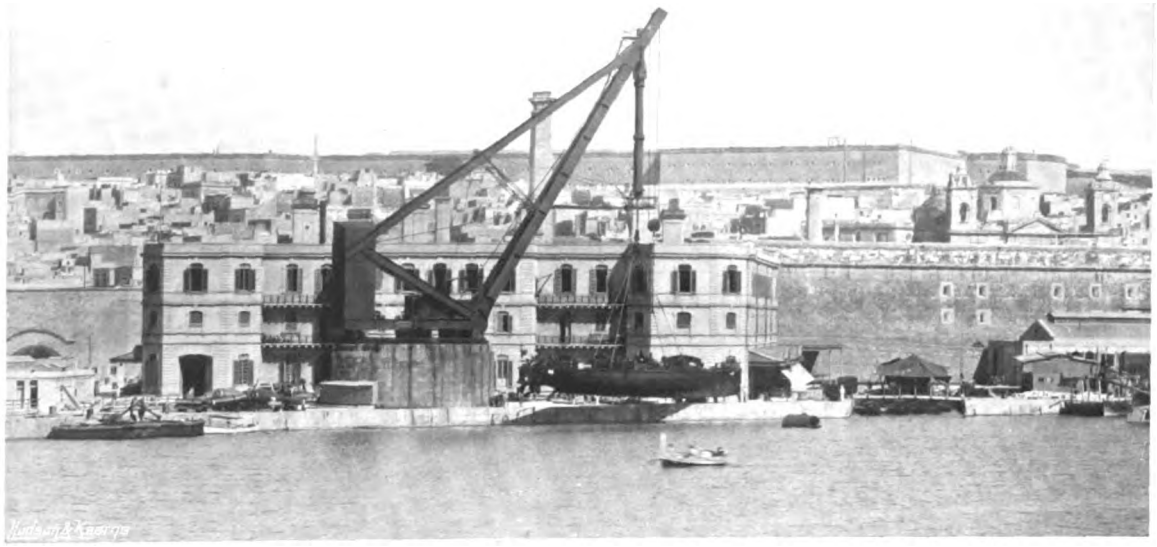
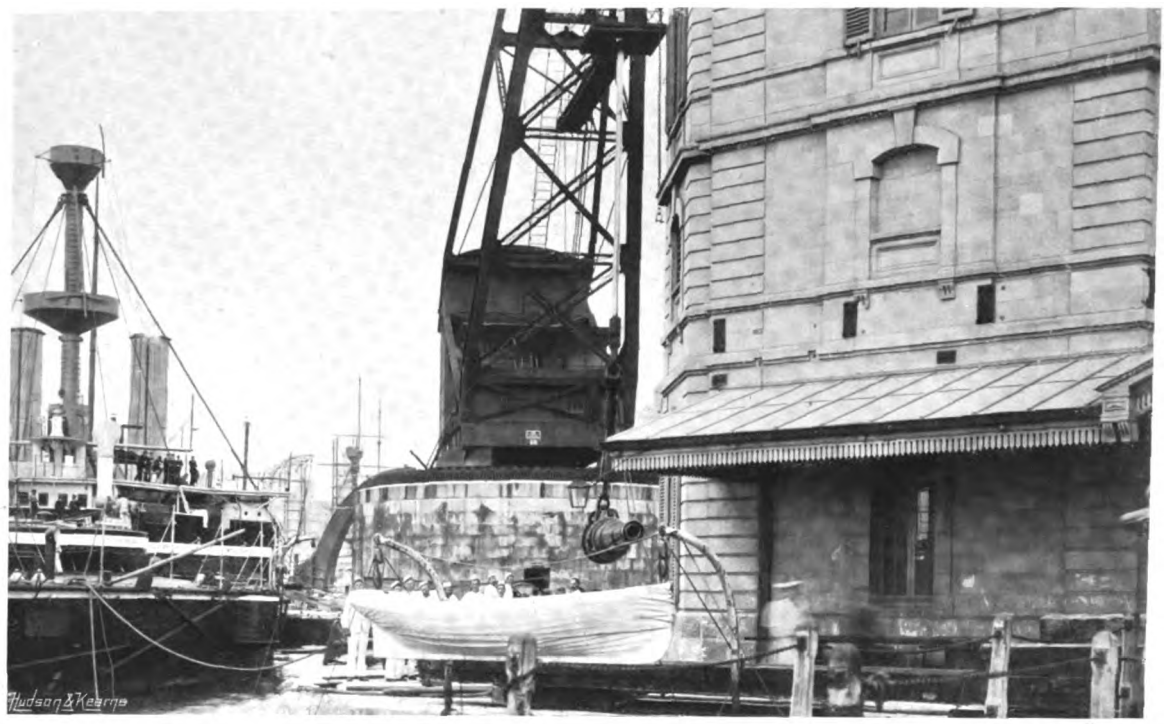
MALTA DOCKYARD.

MALTA is the headquarters of the Mediterranean Fleet, as well as a station for refitting and coaling Her Majesty's ships passing to and from India and the Far East. The Naval Yard occupies the greater part of the water-sides of Dockyard and French Creeks. The former has on the left of its entrance a victualling department, where not less than a year's provisions and clothing for the fleet is stored, and there are bakeries for both soft bread and biscuit. The residence of the Admiral-Superintendent adjoins the victualling depôt. At the head of this creek the first dock was built. As steam vessels gradually replaced sailing ships, and required frequent docking, it was extended so as to form two docks when necessary and is now called "Double Dock." . The outer one is 256-ft., and the inner 300-ft., giving a length on the flooring of 534-ft., with a depth of 25-ft. at the sill, and a width of 82-ft. at the coping, and 27-ft. on the floor. The right-hand side of the creek is a continuation of the dockyard, with official residences, ropery, and small workshops. With the introduction of ironclads, the docking accommodation was found insufficient. This led to the utilisation of the left shore of the adjoining opening, called French Creek, where the Somerset and Hamilton Docks were built, and named after the First Lords of the Admiralty who held office when they were planned. Our illustrations show the portion of the Naval Yard above the Somerset Dock, with the hydraulic crane, capable of lifting 160 tons, and therefore used for hoisting torpedo-boats or heavy guns. The building in the rear is appropriated to shipwrights' work.



HYDRAULIC 160-TON CRANE IN FRENCH CREEK, AND VAIDALA BARRACKS.



HYDRAULIC CRANE REMOVING 67-TON GUN.

We also give a full length view of the Hamilton Dock, the last erected in the Naval Yard, which the ill-fated "Victoria" was the first to enter. Its length is 520-ft., breadth at coping 126-ft., and on flooring 63-ft., with a depth of 35-ft. on the sill, which is sufficient for any vessel of our fleets.

Photos. R. Ellis. Copyright

HAMILTON DOCK.

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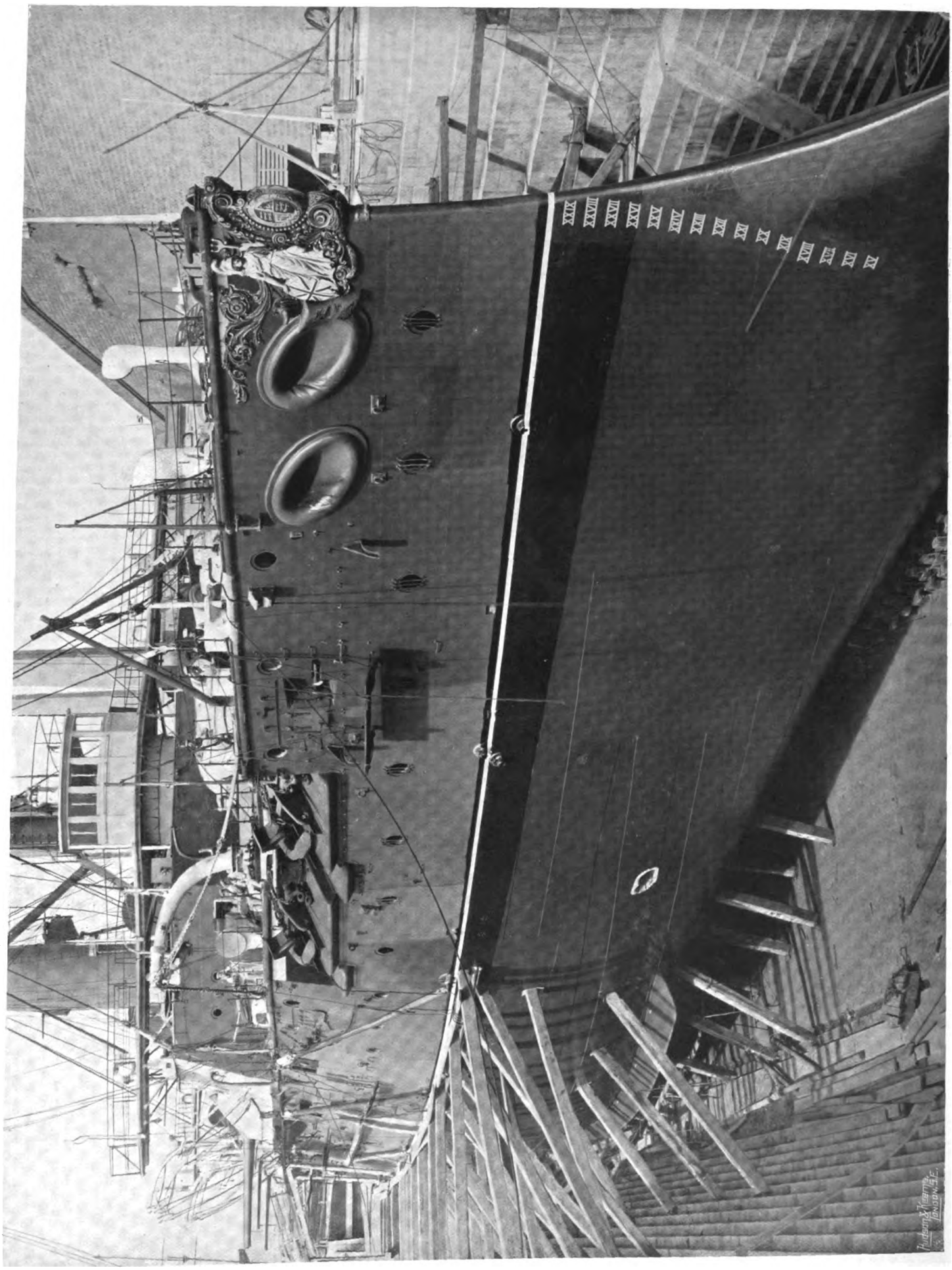

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THE "EMPRESS OF INDIA" IN HAMILTON DOCK.

Photo. R. Ellis.

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GENERAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G., K.T., K.P., etc., commanding the Northern Army, entered the Royal Engineers in June, 1868, and in November of the same year was transferred to the Royal Artillery. Since then he has served in the Rifle Brigade and 7th Hussars. He is now colonel of the former regiment, as well as of the Inniskilling Dragoons and Scots Guards. In the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, he commanded the brigade of Guards at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and was thanked for his services by both Houses of Parliament. After the campaign he was made C.B., and received the medal with clasp, the Khedive's star, and the 2nd Class Medjidie. From December, 1886, till March, 1890, he commanded the Bombay Army, and from August, 1890, to October, 1893, the troops in the Portsmouth District. Since then he has commanded the Aldershot Division. No officer is more popular, and during his tenure of office at Aldershot he has justly won not only the esteem of the members of his staff, but of every officer, non-commissioned officer, and man who has had the pleasure of serving in his command. *(See illustration on front page.)*

* * * *

GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C., G.C.B., commanding the Southern Army, entered the 60th Rifles in 1858. He received his baptism of fire during the China War of 1860, and ten years later took part in the Red River Expedition under the present Commander-in-Chief. In 1873 he was engaged in the first Ashanti War, and for his services as Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General he received his brevet majority and was made C.B. It was in the South African War of 1878-79, however, that Sir Redvers won that coveted distinction, the V.C., for several acts of gallantry during the war. After this campaign he received his brevet lieutenant-colonelcy and was made C.M.G. He commanded a brigade in the Egyptian Expedition 1882-84, and was promoted major-general and made K.C.M.G. In the Soudan in 1884-85 he acted as chief of the staff. In 1887 he became Quartermaster-General, and three years later Adjutant-General at headquarters. Sir Redvers vacated the appointment in September, 1897, and will in October take over the command of the Aldershot District. *(See page 530.)*

* * * *

THE two systems which now govern the supply and appointments of officers in the Navy and Army were borrowed in the first instance from China, namely, competitive examinations and the three years' system of appointments. The former has obtained amongst the Chinese for centuries, and it is curious to note that in the land of its birth, and where the system still finds favour to an extent unknown amongst ourselves, it is only applied in a modified form to aspirants for the fighting services. The practical Chinese have always held that physical qualifications are quite as essential as intellectual ones for men whose vocation is war and fighting, and the examining officers exact a certain standard in "physical drill," such as wielding a heavy club and shooting at a mark with bow and arrow. To be sure, the Chinese system can hardly boast of having produced a high class of officers, but that is owing to the difference that exists in every Government department between theory and practice, a sort of moral rot which has brought the Chinese Empire to the verge of dissolution.

* * * *

WHETHER the system of three-yearly appointments is as beneficial to the State as to its servants is open to question; for, while it ensures an equal distribution of pudding to the claimants, there is no doubt that sometimes it works disastrously. Curiously enough, in borrowing the system from its inventors, we have lost sight of the particular purpose for which it was instituted, viz., as a means of paralysing attempts at revolution. One of the shrewdest observers of Chinese character, the Abbé Huc, long ago pointed out that, while the object of the measure was to hinder influential men from taking root anywhere, such a system could not fail in the end to be a source of disorder, because the officials, having only a few years to pass at the same post, live in it like strangers, "without troubling themselves about the wants of the people under their care; they are only birds of passage."

* * * *

ACCORDING to the Abbé Huc, the Chinese mandarin excuses himself for neglect of duty by saying, "Why should I undertake what I shall never have time to finish? Why sow for another to reap?" There is a familiar ring about these words which goes to prove how little human nature differs all the world over. Another point of similarity between the holder of the three years' appointment in both countries is noted by the Abbé: "He is entirely in the hands of the permanent officials, who easily render themselves indispensable and are the real governors." Summing up, he declares that it "is one of the causes which is working the ruin of China." Were it not for a higher sense of duty amongst British officials, together with a more rigid system of supervision—to say nothing of the inspiring influences of the "search-light" of public opinion, the Press, which illumines every department of the Government services—the three years' system might have borne the same fruit here as it has done in China.

"A. P."—The old titles of admirals, vice-admirals, and rear-admirals of the Red, White, and Blue were abolished by an Admiralty Order of Aug. 5, 1864, based on an Order of the Queen in Council dated July 9, 1864. In this it is ordered that: "Admirals, vice-admirals, and rear-admirals shall in future wear respectively a white flag with the red St. George's Cross thereon at the main, fore, or mizen topgallant masthead. All Her Majesty's ships of war in commission shall bear a white ensign with a red St. George's Cross, and the Union in the upper canton." The grades at the present time are differentiated thus on board ship: An admiral of the fleet or admiral, by the plain St. George's Cross flag, the red cross on a white field at the masthead; a vice-admiral, by the same flag with a red ball in the upper part of the flag near the staff; a rear-admiral, by the same flag but with two red balls. So whether a ship has one mast, like the "Warspite" or "Colossus," two, like the "Majestic" or "Royal Sovereign," or three, like the "Alexandra" or our older battle-ships, makes no difference and no difficulty.

* * * *

"H. H. L."—A Field Battery of Royal Artillery, at its full strength, consists of the following:—5 officers, 9 sergeants, 8 artificers, 6 corporals, 2 trumpeters, 6 bombardiers, 76 gunners, 59 drivers, 1 storeman—in all 172; 29 riding horses, 102 draught horses; 6 12-pounder breech-loading guns, 6 gun carriages, 6 ammunition waggons, 1 forge waggon, 1 ammunition and store waggon, 2 artillery waggons, and 1 store waggon. For each gun there are carried, either with the battery, with the divisional reserve, or with the ammunition park, 190 rounds of shrapnel, 48 of common, 16 of case, and 2 of star. A Horse Artillery Battery has 179 officers and men, 85 riding horses, and 106 draught horses.

* * * *

THE STRENGTH OF ARMIES.

Oh, it aint the strength of numbers goes to make an army strong,
And a bad 'un aint no better just because its lines are long;
A million strapping riflemen who don't know how to shoot
Are far from nearly half so good as twenty twelve-year foot.
A hundred thousand cuirassiers who've hardly learned to ride
Are just so many cockle shells a-tossing on the tide;
But the man that knows his business is the man what is a man—
And he's the sort that we must get, if love or money can.

Oh, it aint so much its strategy that makes an army win,
As sitting back and holding tight like mad through thick and thin.
The general in his cocked hat thinks out the thing to do,
But once the guns go buzzing he's no more than me or you.
The finest tactics in the world are dear at half-a-crown
Unless you've soldiers strong enough to whack the foeman down.
Let's have the clever generals, cocked hats and strategy,
But the plodding, firing fighting man's the thing we want to see.

Oh, your modern youthful soldier man's a knowing dog, I ween—
A sort of clean-shaved, scientific, 'stension class machine;
He'll talk to you of theories, and how his rifle's made,
And while the fighting's only sham he is a dashing blade;
But when they say "Ball cartridge load," and when the butts are men,
Your scientific fighting man won't see his home again:
For he's standing up to Sudden Death, that blessed autocrat
Who slogs the little man for six and carries out his bat.

It's your hoary-bearded army that can fight, and march, and fight,
And starve all through a bloody day and keep awake at night;
It's your hopeless, stupid army, that don't know when it is done,
But battles on like blazes when the foeman claims he's won;
It's your hardened host of scallywags will charge and chase away
The scientific millions, though they've clearly gained the day;
It's your lost-for-ever army that will conquer or will die—
And we mean to have that army, or we'll know the reason why.

F. NORREYS CONNELL.

* * * *

IN reply to a query as to the origin of the rank and title of commander in the Navy. The rank dates its institution from Charles II.'s time, who first appointed the smaller craft of the Navy, such as fire-ships and brigs, to be commanded by officers bearing the title of "master," and then, apparently to prevent these new "masters" being confused with the navigating class of "master" in the larger men-of-war, ordered the fire-ship and brig officers to assume the fuller title of "master-commanding." The masters-commanding next, in William III.'s reign, began of their own accord to move for a further change in title, hoping to gain a step in rank with additional pay. With the result that by Admiralty Minute, February 4, 1697, it was ordered that in future all commanders of fire-ships sixth rates should be commissioned as "masters and commanders." The double title continued in use down to 1793, when, under Lord Chatham's Administration at the Admiralty, the first part of the title, "master and," was dropped and the style "commander" left by itself to designate the rank. As before, though, the officers continued to hold independent commands of ships of the smaller classes "under the line." It was not until 1827 that commanders were first appointed to the larger men-of-war. William IV., when Lord High Admiral (as Duke of Clarence), introduced what is the present practice, by appointing commanders to all flag-ships and line-of-battle-ships to fulfil most of the executive duties hitherto performed by first lieutenants. The idea was to provide a class of officers from whom the Admiralty might readily make choice for direct promotion for the rank of captain, with the certainty of finding fully qualified and picked officers ready to hand.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask where he can get a copy of the song "Here's to the last who dies," and when it was written. The song, he says, was sung at the time of the Sepoy Mutiny. Can any of my readers enlighten him on this point?

THE EDITOR.

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THE SIKHS.

By One Who has Served with Them.

PERHAPS the best known of our gallant native Indian regiments are the Sikhs and the Ghoorkas, and though these two races are widely different in temperament, there is nothing to choose between them in loyalty and bravery.

Though so familiar by name, few people know much about them, who they are, and whence they come. The Sikhs are one of the races in the Punjab, and were originally a Hindu religious sect (Sikh means disciple) founded in the fifteenth century by a Hindu named Nanuk Shah. He preached the unity of the Godhead, universal toleration, and endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation between the Hindus and the Mohammedans. He obtained such a large and increasing number of followers that enemies were soon raised against them, and they suffered much persecution in consequence.

At length this caused Govind, one of Nanuk's successors, to entirely change their creed. He abolished caste, preached the doctrine of universal equality, and, instead of argument, advocated the use of weapons against their oppressors. At the same time their name was changed to "Singh," meaning warrior.

After Govind's death, they separated into different communities scattered through the Punjab, each under its own chief, but all united in the Sikh Commonwealth called the Khalsa. At the end of last century or the beginning of this, the Sikhs were united into one nation under Ranjit Singh, the Lion of Lahore.

By this time the Sikhs had long dropped their peaceful character, and were trained to the use of arms from their boyhood. Ranjit, seeing what a great advantage military training and discipline gave to the British, determined to adopt European methods in his own army. He accordingly attracted to his service several well-known European officers, two of whom had served under Napoleon. The effect of their teaching soon became apparent, and it is probable that at no period of our history have the British had to contend against such well-disciplined native troops. They paid special attention to their artillery, and even brought it to a higher state of efficiency than had been reached in the British Army.

So successful did Ranjit become that it appeared as if he would contend with the British for the supremacy in India. But he was a wise ruler, and saw that it would in no way benefit him, so he remained a faithful ally to us until he died in 1839.

After his death the country soon fell into a state of anarchy, and the army obtained the upper hand, passing laws for increasing their pay, and obtaining the reins of government.

It was just after the British reverses in Afghanistan, and the Sikhs began to sneer at the British Army. They even attended our reviews, criticising the soldiers, and copying our manœuvres. The government was in the hands of the unprincipled Rani Joindur, and when the Sikhs suggested a march on Calcutta, she fell in with the suggestion, as it would be a good way of getting rid of the unruly soldiery. Without the slightest provocation they crossed the Sutlej, and thus began the Sikh War of 1845-46.

They were defeated on the hardly-fought battle-fields of Mudki and Firozshah, but caused Sir Harry Smith to retreat at Badhowal. Eventually their power was completely broken in the sanguinary engagements of Aliwal and Sobraon. They revolted in 1848-49, and were at first successful in the battles of Ramnugger and Sadoolapore, but were completely overthrown at Goojerat, and their country was annexed to Great Britain.

It was in these battles that Briton and Sikh learned to know and appreciate one another's good qualities, and since then they have fought side by side. The Sikhs rendered us loyal help during the Mutiny, and their recent achievements including their gallant defence of Fort Chitral, are too well known to need repetition. In fact, they have taken part in practically all the little wars going on in various parts of India.

In the Straits Settlements and Hong Kong the stern and dignified Sikh policeman is the terror of Chinese and other evil-doers.

In latter years their services have been utilised in Africa, and under British officers they have defeated large forces of slave-dealers in Uganda and British Central Africa. It was only the other month that Lieutenant Alston, with one or two British officers, some Sikhs, and a small force of Soudanese and natives, routed 23,000 men under Kabarega and other slave chiefs.

At the present time, about six per cent. of the population of the Punjab consists of Sikhs, and their numbers are estimated as being about 2,000,000.

Lyddite for the Sirdar.

By Lieut.-Colonel John Graham.

"THE function of an explosive is to explode. Remember this in dealing with them." So runs the official warning, and no doubt Sir Herbert Kitchener remembered it when he resolved to use Lyddite as an agent in the final smash of Arab tyranny in the Soudan. The statement which recently appeared in the columns of the *Times*, to the effect that Lyddite shells, and howitzers for firing them, had been sent off to the Sirdar, probably conveyed no very distinct idea to the generality of readers. It is, however, an announcement of considerable importance, and the behaviour of the shells referred to will be watched with keen and critical interest.

The question, What is Lyddite? may be answered without much technicality. It is "simply picric acid brought into a dense state by fusion"; and what about picric acid? It is "obtained by the action of nitric acid on carbolic acid, a constituent of coal tar oils." These being the chemical facts, it may be added that Lyddite is a "high explosive," and that it should be treated with the utmost caution. It is, in fact, a powder not for propelling shells, but for bursting them, and it is less sensitive to heat than to impact.

The shells, therefore, in which it is loaded have their fuse holes at the nose, and are cast thick at the base, in order to lessen the effect of the gun's discharge on the explosive contents of the shells. An artillery authority says: "If an explosive is described as absolutely safe under all circumstances, do not treat it as some people do a big dog, and try how much it will stand. Under these circumstances, both explosive and dog are apt to bite. Prefer to see the truth of such assertions tested by the manufacturer, or his agent, rather than by yourself." These instructions are essentially necessary when high explosives are dealt with, and especially when they have to pass through many hands and be transported to a great distance. "It is wiser," says the same authority, "to read special instructions before an accident happens, than to have to refer to them after the accident, to see if they are not, after all, issued for some reason, and meant to be studied." The Lyddite shells are easily identified by being painted yellow, and are doubtless accompanied by all necessary directions.

Lydd is the name of an experimental and practising station in Kent; the termination is employed in the names of many explosives, such as dynamite, tonite, cordite, melinite, and Maximite, the last of which is said by its inventor to have developed the maximum of energy.

To make one more extract from the quaint and impressive instructions quoted above: "Do not expect the same class of explosive to do every variety of work. Different classes have their different functions, just as a chisel and a gimlet are both useful tools, but will not do each other's work." Now, the function of Lyddite is to explode. It does not send the shell to its destination, but bursts it when it arrives there, and it not only bursts the shell, but acts as a powerful destructive of adjacent objects. This powder has recently been introduced into the Service owing to its destructive qualities, which are less when it is loose, but are enhanced by the confinement and resistance of the shell. It is, when so confined, an extremely violent and sudden explosive.

Propelling powders, on the other hand, are as little violent as it is possible to make them. A strong and quick-burning powder places too great a strain on the gun from which it is fired, is irregular in its action, and expels the projectile without being completely burned out; hence the elaboration of slow-burning tame powders which can be used to fire shells, like the Lyddite, from howitzers or shell-guns, at a high elevation, and without producing such a shock as to ignite the bursting charge.

Readers may probably gather from the foregoing details that the Sirdar expects to encounter, not merely Dervishes, horse and foot, but fortifications of a more or less formidable kind. Rifle and shrapnel fire is effective against troops, but something additional and totally different is required in the attack of works. It is a case of "chisel and gimlet"; and it may be confidently assumed that Lyddite shells will prove to be the appropriate instruments for rendering Dervish strongholds untenable. Better evidence of the extraordinary qualities of Lyddite will thus be obtained in a few hours than could ever be supplied by "the manufacturer or his agent." There is every prospect that it will do its work efficiently, and make an important addition to our artillery experience.

Artillerists at home and abroad have been trying to invent a shell capable of being fired at a high angle of elevation, and of not merely dropping into an enemy's works, but of clearing out their defenders. This question may have much light thrown on it by the (37th) Howitzer Battery and its Lyddite shells in this campaign.

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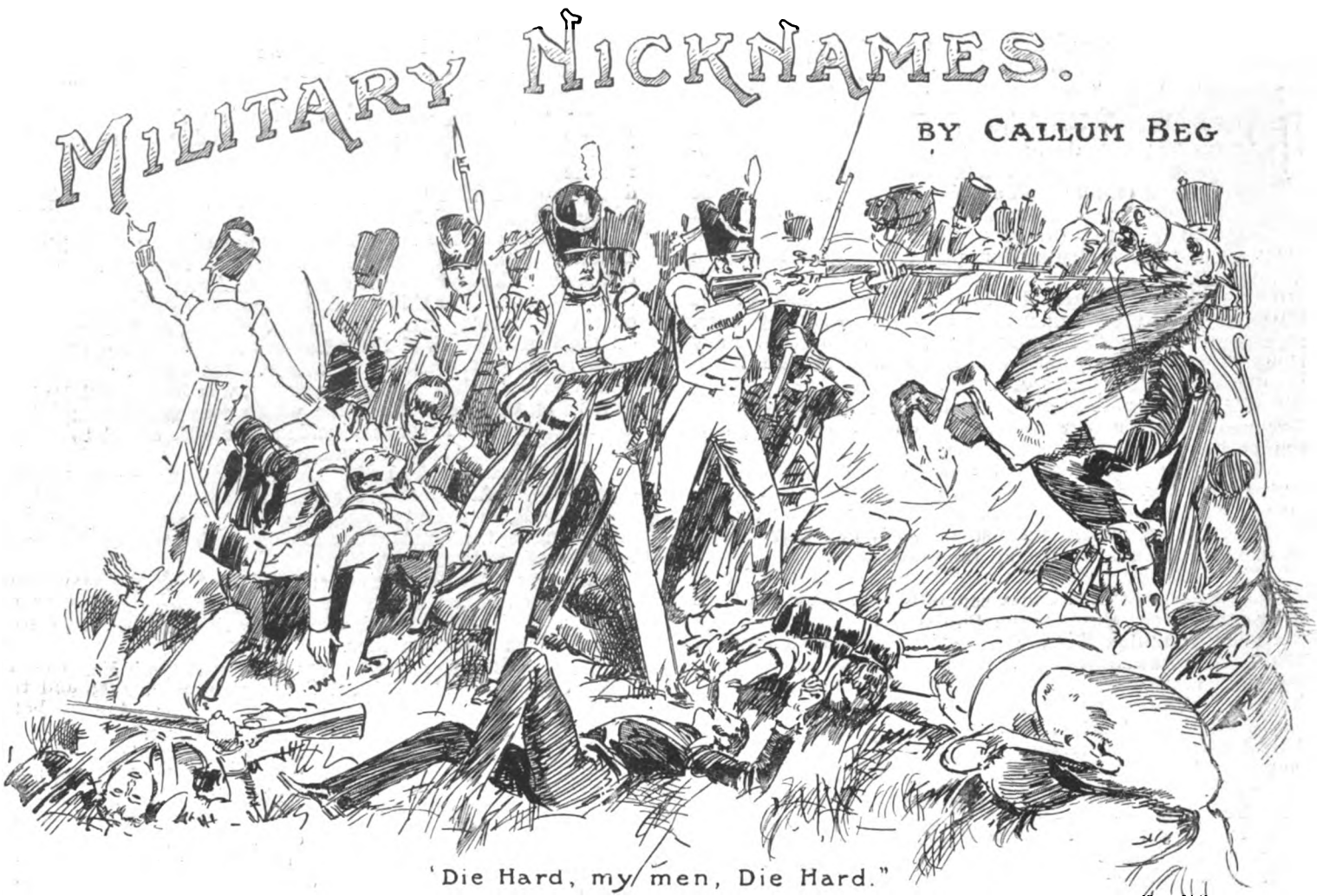
MILITARY NICKNAMES.

BY CALLUM BEG



'Die Hard, my men, Die Hard."

EVERY section of the British Army has, at one time or another, gained for itself a name—honourable or otherwise—which, not infrequently, has practically superseded its official title. To compile an exhaustive list of such nicknames, and explain the precise origin of each, would prove little short of an impossibility.

It is not the intention of the writer to undertake such a colossal task. The purport of this article is simply to notice those sobriquets which are likely to be of interest to the general reader, and explain, as far as practicable, the source from which they are derived. In more than one instance the origin is doubtful. Under such circumstances one cannot, in the absence of positive evidence, do better than accept as an explanation the most popular legend on the subject.

During the reign of William III. the "Blues" were known as the "Oxford Blues," being then commanded by the Earl of Oxford. This had the effect of distinguishing the regiment from the "Dutch Blues," also in the service of the Sovereign.

The "Virgin Mary's Body Guard" would seem to point to the ancient origin of the 7th Dragoon Guards; but the title dates only from the reign of the second George, when the 7th were sent to maintain the cause of Mary Theresa of Austria.

The 3rd Hussars were for many years quartered in Scotland, when Lord Adam Gordon commanded there. On their return they received the somewhat appropriate title of "Lord Adam Gordon's Life Guards." "Paget's Irregular Horse" is no longer applicable to the 4th Hussars, at present one of the smartest regiments of cavalry in the British service. When commanded by Colonel Paget, however, their drill was somewhat unsatisfactory. The name "Straw-boots" originated at Warburg, when the 7th Hussars, having worn out their boots, covered their feet with straw bands. At Saragossa the 8th Hussars (then Pepper's Dragoons) defeated a body of Spanish cavalry, and took their belts. For their gallantry they were ordered, by King's Regulations, 1768, to wear the sword belt over the right shoulder, and acquired the nickname "Cross Belts."

The 9th Lancers are known as the "Delhi Spearmen." The sobriquet had its birth at the Siege of Delhi, where the 9th used their lances to some purpose against the enemy.

The *alias* of "Cherry-Pickers," given to the 11th Hussars, is supposed to have originated in the Peninsular, where, on one occasion, the troopers amused themselves by plundering a cherry orchard; but it is not unlikely that this name—as well as that of Cherubims—alludes to the crimson overalls. At Salamanca the 12th Lancers, on account of their courage and smartness, won the name of the "Supple Twelfth."

The 13th Hussars are known as the "Ragged Brigade." The name was first given them in the Peninsular War, where, owing to the hard work falling to their lot, they were anything but presentable. At Ramnuggur the 14th Hussars successfully charged a superior force of Sikhs in 1848, and have since been called the "Ramnuggur Boys."

At Emsdorff the 15th Hussars justly earned the name of the "Fighting Fifteenth" by their gallant conduct in defeating five battalions of the French Army. The badge of the 17th Lancers is a "death's head," and their motto "Or Glory." On this account they are known as the "Death or Glory Boys." The regiment, when commanded by Lord Bingham, was nicknamed "Bingham's Dandies," from the smartness of its turn out.

The Grenadier Guards were at one time allowed to augment their regimental pay by working (for private individuals) in plain clothes, which led to their being designated "Coalheavers."

The Royal Scots are commonly given the credit of being the oldest regiment in the army, and can, at least, claim descent from a body of Scots that entered the service of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, in 1625. The regiment proceeded to France in 1633 to assist Henry IV. in his wars with the Leaguers, and was styled the "Regiment de Douglas."

It is related about this time that a dispute arose between an officer of the Scots and a *confrère* of the Picardy Regiment as to which was the senior corps. The Frenchman contended that the ancestors of his Picardy warriors had been employed in guarding the tomb of Our Lord after the Crucifixion; but the "canny Scot," not to be outwitted, maintained that on that particular occasion his regiment was on guard at the palace; at the same time adding the somewhat crushing retort, "Had we been in your place we should not have slept." This incident is said to have given rise to the title of "Pontius Pilate's Body Guard," by which the Royal Scots are known to this day.

The Queen's,* Royal West Surrey Regiment (2nd Foot), on the marriage of Charles II. to Catherine of Braganza, was raised to garrison Tangier and given as a badge a "Paschal Lamb," the cognisance of the House of Braganza. It was one of the regiments employed in carrying out the wholesale butchery devised by Judge Jeffreys, and at that time was known as "Kirke's Lambs." The name is said to have been ironically applied, in consequence of the rigour with which it carried out the cruel orders, but there is reason to believe that the title originated before the noted persecution, and was derived solely from the regiment's historic badge.

* The territorial regiments are placed in the same order as in the Army List. The former number is given in parentheses.

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The Buffs (3rd Foot) have from time to time borne quite a variety of nicknames, but that of the "Resurrectionists" is perhaps the most noteworthy of all. This sobriquet has no connection with "body-snatching." It originated at Albuera, where the regiment was charged by the Polish Lancers with such impetuosity that it was judged incapable of rallying, but the gallant Buffs successfully pulled themselves together, and took part in the conclusion of the fight.

The King's Own (4th Foot), like the Queen's, takes the name of the "Lions" from its badge. It was the first regiment to join the Prince of Orange on his arrival in England, and was on that account permitted to bear the "Lion of England."

The Northumberland Fusiliers (5th Foot) were at one time known as the "Shiners," so smart did they appear on parade and in the Peninsular as "Lord Wellington's Body Guard," after being for some time on duty at the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief.

When under Colonel Guise the Royal Warwickshire Regiment (6th Foot) was named "Guise's Geese." One cannot, however, believe that such a distinguished regiment could have deserved the name unless it arose from the unflinching way in which the men followed their commanding officer. Some authorities deduce the word "Geese" from its facings, which were grass-green, but there seems no substantial reason for supporting this theory.

The "Elegant Extracts" was bestowed on the Royal Fusiliers (7th Foot), the officers of which were chosen from other corps.

The "Holy Boys" is well known as the nickname of the Norfolk Regiment (9th Foot). Two reasons are given for the pseudonym. During the Peninsular War the men of the regiment are reputed to have sold their Bibles to buy drink. This story, however, is denied by those who declare that the name was first suggested by the mistake on the part of the Spaniards, who mistook "Britannia"—the regimental badge—for the image of the Virgin Mary. As in many similar cases, it is impossible to ascertain which story is the true one.

The Devonshire Regiment (11th Foot) acquired its name of the "Bloody Eleventh" from the execution it wrought at Salamanca.

When the 2nd Battalion of the Somerset Light Infantry (13th Foot) was raised, recruits were given a considerable bounty on enlistment. This naturally led to much drunkenness and fighting in the 13th, which was afterwards known as the "Bleeders." The regiment also won the more enviable title of the "Illustrious Garrison of Jellalabad" or the "Jellalabad Heroes" at the siege of that city in 1842.

To the West Yorkshire Regiment (14th Foot) was given the nickname "Calvert's Entire." Sir Henry Calvert, at the beginning of the present century, was colonel of the regiment for twenty years, and it is said that its three battalions were kept up for his benefit.

The East Yorkshire Regiment (15th Foot), being on one occasion (during the American War) short of ammunition, continued to snap their muskets, misleading the advancing enemy, who faced about and retired. This anecdote serves to explain the origin of the name "Snappers," which still clings to the 15th.

The Bedfordshire Regiment (16th Foot) was formerly known as the "Peacemakers," having no battles embroidered on the colours.

During the war in Nepaul, 1814, the Leicestershire Regiment (17th Foot) captured one of the enemy's standards charged with a tiger. For this it was granted "The Royal Tiger superscribed 'Hindoostan,'" and was henceforth called the "Bengal Tigers."

The Lancashire Fusiliers (20th Foot) won distinction at Minden, and were afterwards styled the "Minden Boys."

For its gallant conduct at the passage of the Brunx river, in North America, 1776, the Gloucestershire Regiment (28th Foot) is still known as the "Slashers."

The Worcestershire Regiment (29th Foot), having been the first to shed blood in the American War of 1770, was appropriately dubbed the "Vein Openers." The rank and file of this regiment are permitted to wear an eight-pointed star on the valise. No other Line regiment is allowed this privilege, and for that reason the regiment is known as the "Star of the Line."

At Dettingen George II., mistaking the East Surrey Regiment (31st Foot) for the Buffs, addressed it, saying, "Well done, old Buffs!" On being told that the regiment was not the Buffs, the King, correcting himself, exclaimed, "Well done, young Buffs!" The 31st has since claimed the title of the "Young Buffs."

The *alias* of the 2nd Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry (46th Foot) is "Red Feathers." In 1777 the light company of the 46th surprised a party of Americans, capturing their baggage. For this the Americans swore to be revenged on the light company. The latter, wishing no one to suffer on their account, dyed their feathers red, in order to be the more easily distinguished in action. On another occasion this regiment, while under heavy fire, was harangued by its Colonel on the grand discipline which prevailed among the Lacedemonians. After this incident the 46th added to their titles that of the "Lacedemonians."

The "Have-a-cake Lads" are the West Riding Regiment (33rd Foot). A custom of carrying oat cakes on the point of their swords, in order to entice the hungry to enlist, was prevalent among the sergeants recruiting for that regiment, about the time of the Peninsular War.

In 1701 the Royal Sussex Regiment (35th Foot) was ordered by William III. to wear orange facings as a special honour. This distinction is marked by the name of "Orange Lilies" given to it soon after.

When the Dorsetshire Regiment (39th Foot) was commanded by Colonel Sankey the men rode to the battle of Almanza on mules, thus winning the name of "Sankey's Horse." The 2nd Battalion (54th Foot) is known as the "Flamers," having assisted at the burning of New London.

Lord Nelson, at the Battle of St. Vincent, is said to have called the 2nd Battalion Welsh Regiment (69th Foot) the "Old Agamemnons," after the name of his ship.

When the 2nd Battalion Essex Regiment (56th Foot) was raised, its facings were pompadour (so called after the Marchioness of Pompadour). The 56th thus became the "Pompadours."

The Northamptonshire Regiment (48th Foot) is otherwise designated the "Steelbacks." The stoicism of the men when being flogged is responsible for the unenviable appendage. The regiment is, however, more proud of being called the "Heroes of Talavera," having done good service at that battle.

"The Eagle Takers."

When in Egypt the Royal West Kent Regiment (50th Foot) was known as the "Blind Half Hundred" on account of the men suffering from disease of the eyes. The habit, on the part of the soldiers, of wiping their faces with their black cuffs gained for them the name of the "Dirty Half Hundred."

Since the days of Albuera the Middlesex Regiment (57th Foot) have been the "Die Hards." During this action the colonel encouraged his men, when suffering terrible loss, by exclaiming, "Die hard, my men."

The Wiltshire Regiment (62nd Foot) was in 1776 named the "Springers," from the alacrity they displayed in pursuing the rebels in Canada.

The Royal Irish Fusiliers (87th Foot) are the "Old Fogs." The latter is derived from the warcry "Fog-an-Bealach." After capturing a French Eagle at Barrosa the regiment gained the nickname of the "Eagle Takers."

The 2nd Battalion (89th Foot), when commanded by Colonel Blaney, and employed in hunting down Irish rebels, was known as "Blaney's Bloodhounds."

The 2nd Battalion (94th) has always been termed the "Garvies" (herrings). At one time the regiment was composed of very small thin men.

The 2nd Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (93rd Foot) is justly proud of the title the "Thin Red Line," won at the battle of Balaclava.

The "Dirty Shirts" are the Royal Munster Fusiliers (101st Foot). At Delhi, in 1857, they fought in their shirt sleeves.

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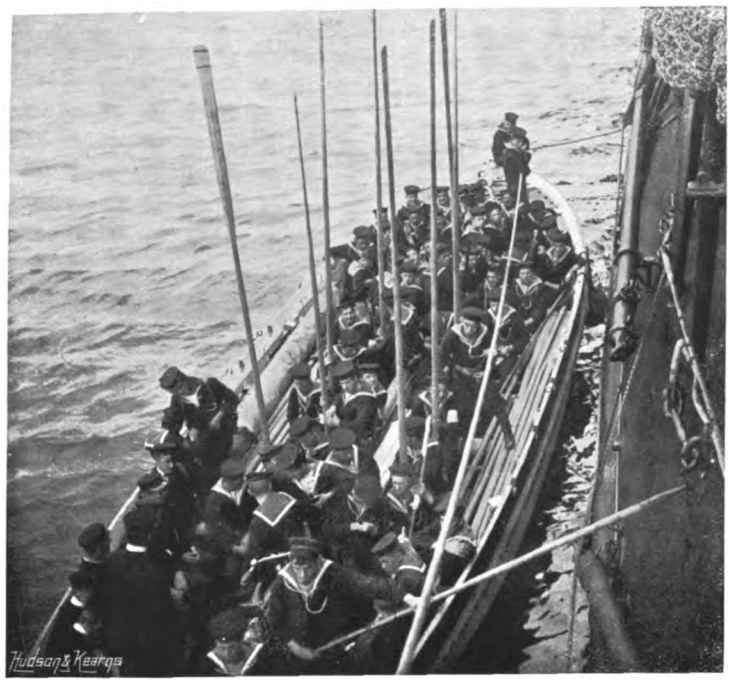
Round the British Isles with the Channel Squadron.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

DURING our stay at Kirkwall, both the marine detachment and the brigade of seamen were landed for route marching, much to the admiration and excitement of the peaceful inhabitants, who had probably never before seen so many men at once.

The seamen landed some 3,000 strong, assembled on the sea front, and then marched with bands playing through the town, and out into the country about three miles. The vice-admiral, who was accompanied by H.R.H. the Duke of York, stood in the open space in front of the cathedral, and

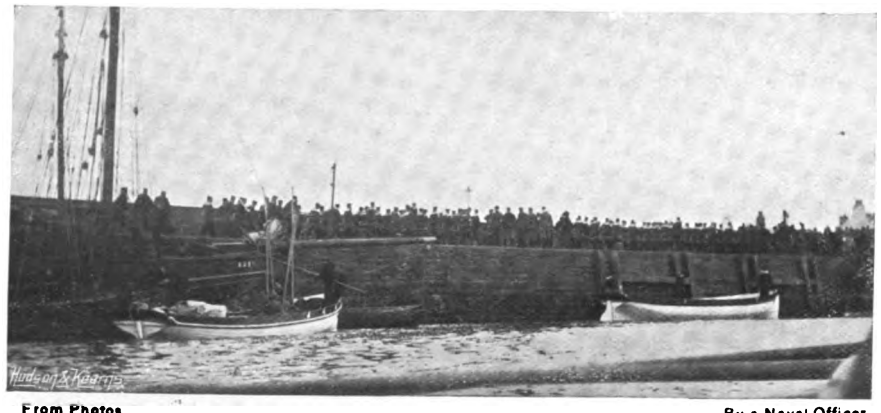


INTO THE LAUNCH.

inspected the men as they passed by. On the whole, they presented a fine appearance, for though rather young, as all Channel ships' companies must be, they looked remarkably fit and healthy, thanks to the bracing Northern air. One of my pictures shows the tail end of a company going over the gangway into their boat, the launch, which is shown in the first illustration. The men landed in light marching order, that is, they took only their rifles, sword bayonets, and leather gear.

Another picture shows three of the boats packed with men ready to be taken in tow by the steam-boat, and I also illustrate the disembarkation of the men and some of the

TOWING THE BOATS ASHORE.



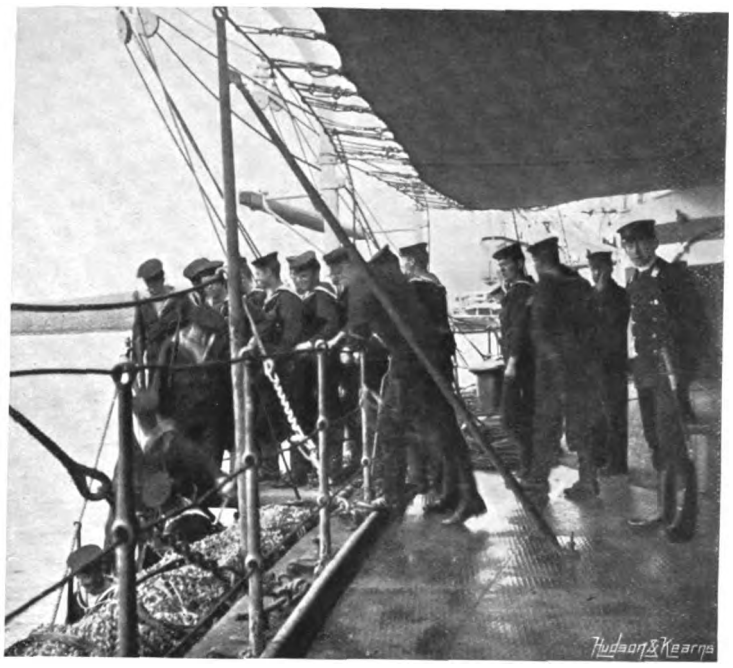
From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

THE LANDING AT THE JETTY.

THE GUNNERY TRAINING CLASS.

companies marching off along the jetty to take their places in the line. It was no light undertaking to get 3,000 men landed, fallen in, and marched off in something like half-an-hour.

The squadron left Kirkwall on July 20, and proceeded



GOING OVER THE GANGWAY.

to the Western Hebrides, anchoring the next day in Broad Bay, in the island of Lewis. A good number of officers landed in the afternoon on a wild-looking coast dotted with the huts and villages of the fishing inhabitants. These dwellings are extraordinarily primitive—low stone walls about 4-ft. high, and a semi-circular peat-thatched roof, kept together by old fishing nets and such-like. Many of them boast but one room with no window, and no ventilation except the chimney-hole in the roof. The average native hut in the South Sea Islands is far more commodious and much cleaner.

The next day, after the anchors were weighed, the ships spread for torpedo practice. This practice is carried out twice in each quarter, and is generally a longish business, as of course the torpedoes have to be recovered after each run. Two or three torpedoes are kept especially for this purpose, so as not to run any risk of damaging the main armament.

One picture shows a torpedo, having just been brought back by a cutter after its run, being hoisted in to be prepared for another. This particular torpedo is the latest pattern to be found in all the most modern ships. It weighs about three-quarters of a ton, is 17-ft. long, and 18-in. in diameter, has a speed of about thirty-five miles or more an hour, and carries a charge of 200-lb. of gun-cotton in its head. As for its accuracy, the practice speaks for itself, 10-yds. either side of the cask target at which it is fired at 500-yds. range being about the average, even with the well-worn practice torpedo, quite good enough for any battle-ship target. The torpedoes are discharged from the ship as she steams at 10 or 12 knots past the target. Practice with torpedoes from picket boats is also illustrated. One picture shows a 52-ft. picket boat steaming about

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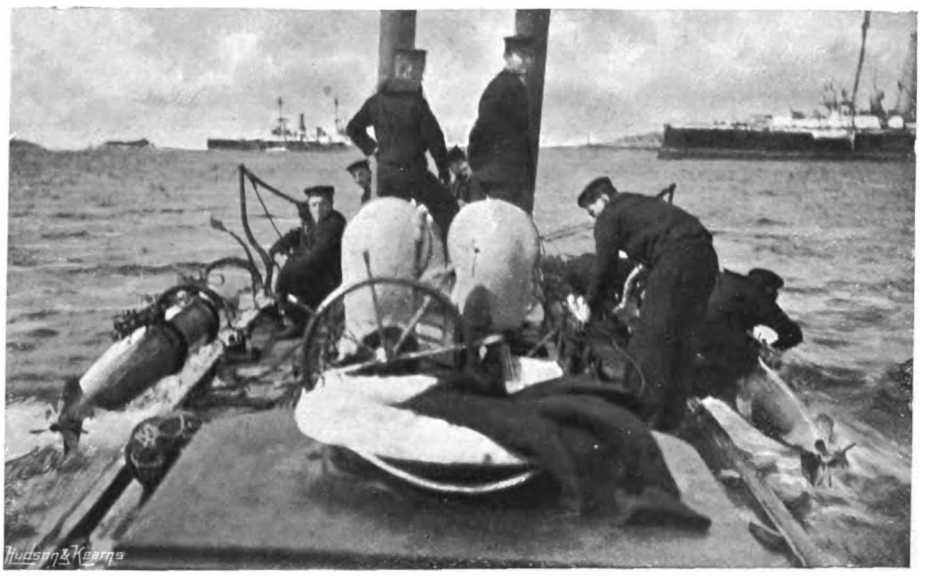
15 knots to fire her torpedoes at the target. On actual service, of course, everybody would be in the conning-tower forward, or under cover, and the torpedoes are fired by pulling on a lever in the tower. The accuracy of a torpedo fired in this way, though not quite up to Bisley form, is quite good enough at 400-yds. for any vessel 100-ft. long.

Another picture gives an excellent idea of the general arrangements in one of these boats; the two torpedoes are seen in their tongs being prepared for a run. I also show how a torpedo is recovered. The men are just hoisting it up again into position. On the nose of the torpedo is that abomination known as "Holme's Light." It is a tin tube containing phosphide of calcium, which has the peculiar property of burning in the water with a thick white smoke

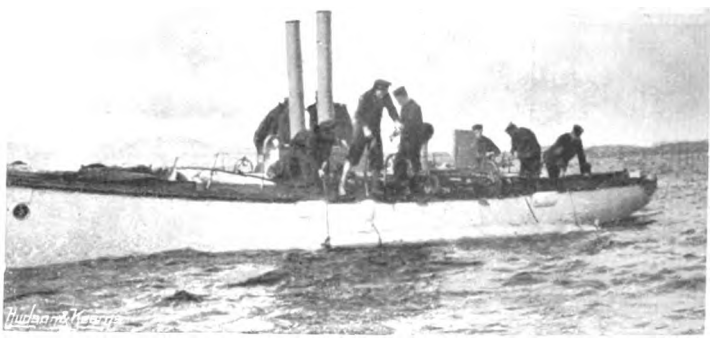


TORPEDOES READY FOR FIRING.

BROUGHT BACK FOR TORPEDO PRACTICE.

and a fearful smell. It is a very useful guide to the whereabouts of the torpedo, and is always used at practice. The remaining pictures speak for themselves. One is a cutter coming alongside the ship in a heavy rain squall, and the other shows the gunnery training class. All ordinary seamen receive a preliminary training on board in gunnery, torpedo, and signals before they are rated able seamen. The course lasts about thirty working days, and in Channel ships, where there is a constant flow of young seamen and boys, there are always thirty or forty in each ship under instruction, while a matter of 100 or more are trained in each ship in the year.

It is marvellous what an immense amount of boat work is done on such a cruise as this, not only for drill purposes, but in connection with the ordinary duties of the Fleet. Of course it goes without saying that the small steam-boats are sometimes employed, but what are termed the "duty" boats of the ships are generally cutters, or gigs using oars or sails as a means of propulsion. The young bluejackets, and the younger middies or cadets who are in charge of these boats, get a lot of useful instruction and experience in this way, making up in part for the lack of that drill aloft with sails and spars which gave to the older seaman his essential characteristics, adaptiveness to circumstances and readiness of resource. The squadron arrived at Stornoway on Friday, July 22, and spent three quiet days there, as of course there is not much going on on a Saturday or Sunday. The officers, however, took advantage of the courtesy of Mr. Matheson, of Lewis Castle, and attended a garden party on Saturday in con-



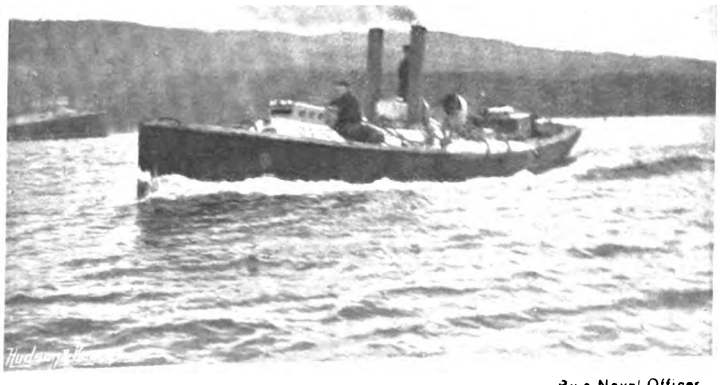
RECOVERING A TORPEDO.

siderable force, whilst the disciples of Isaac Walton had excellent sport in the rivers and lochs of Lewis. A considerable number of medium-sized salmon were taken, and quantities of sea trout. The squadron left harbour again on Tuesday (July 26) for Loch Ewe, where it stayed till Friday, and then left again for Dunvegan, anchoring each night *en route*, once in Loch Kishorn and once in Gairloch. Nothing of much interest occurred during this period, though the scenery was

COMING ALONGSIDE IN A SQUALL.

at times splendid, but even this was discounted by the stormy wet weather which prevailed.

Sunday evening saw the fleet anchored near Dunvegan, and about six miles from the celebrated old stronghold of the Macleods. It is claimed for this castle that it is the oldest inhabited castle in the kingdom. It dates back to the twelfth century, if not considerably further.



From Photos. *STEAMING TO THE ATTACK.* By a Naval Officer.

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On Board the "Terrible."

THE GUN-ROOM OFFICERS.

Photos. Symonds & Co. VARIOUS IDEAS AS TO "COALING RIG." Copyright.

THE "Terrible" has recently been brought somewhat prominently forward by reason of her excursion to Gibraltar, bearing as passenger no less a personage than the First Lord himself, the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, who very zealously determined to see for himself how things worked on board. Unfortunately, the trial cannot be said to have been successful, and the alarmists and "growlers," in the House of Commons and elsewhere, fired off a tremendous broadside of invectives and adverse predictions for the future, in which all our new vessels with similar boilers are foredoomed to ignominious failure. However, cocksure as the pessimists are, we are assured by the highest responsible authorities that the defects are being satisfactorily tackled, and will undoubtedly be obviated in due course. Meanwhile, a short visit to the big cruiser will no doubt be of interest.

It will be acknowledged that coaling ship is an operation of paramount importance nowadays; and that it is also a heavy one will be realised from the fact that the "Terrible" carries, under ordinary circumstances, 1,500 tons, and in war time could accommodate no less than 3,000 tons. The shipping of 1,000 tons or so is a not uncommon occurrence in such a vessel, and every effort is made to get through it as rapidly as possible; hence the large number of officers detailed for superintendence, who are represented in one of our pictures in all the glory of the various fantastic "rigs" considered suitable for the occasion, with a liberal top-dressing of coal dust laid on over all. The commander, on the ladder, fancies a white suit of duck, which can be washed afterwards. Among the others, old monkey jackets and sea-boots predominate, and some of them appear to be just in the right trim for a "Christy Minstrel" performance before having a wash.

Then we see the gun-room officers in their ordinary working dress, the smaller midshipmen, as is usual on the occasion of a photographer's visit, being "coiled down" in front, while their seniors assume a more dignified attitude in the rear. Another picture shows a portion of the company of the

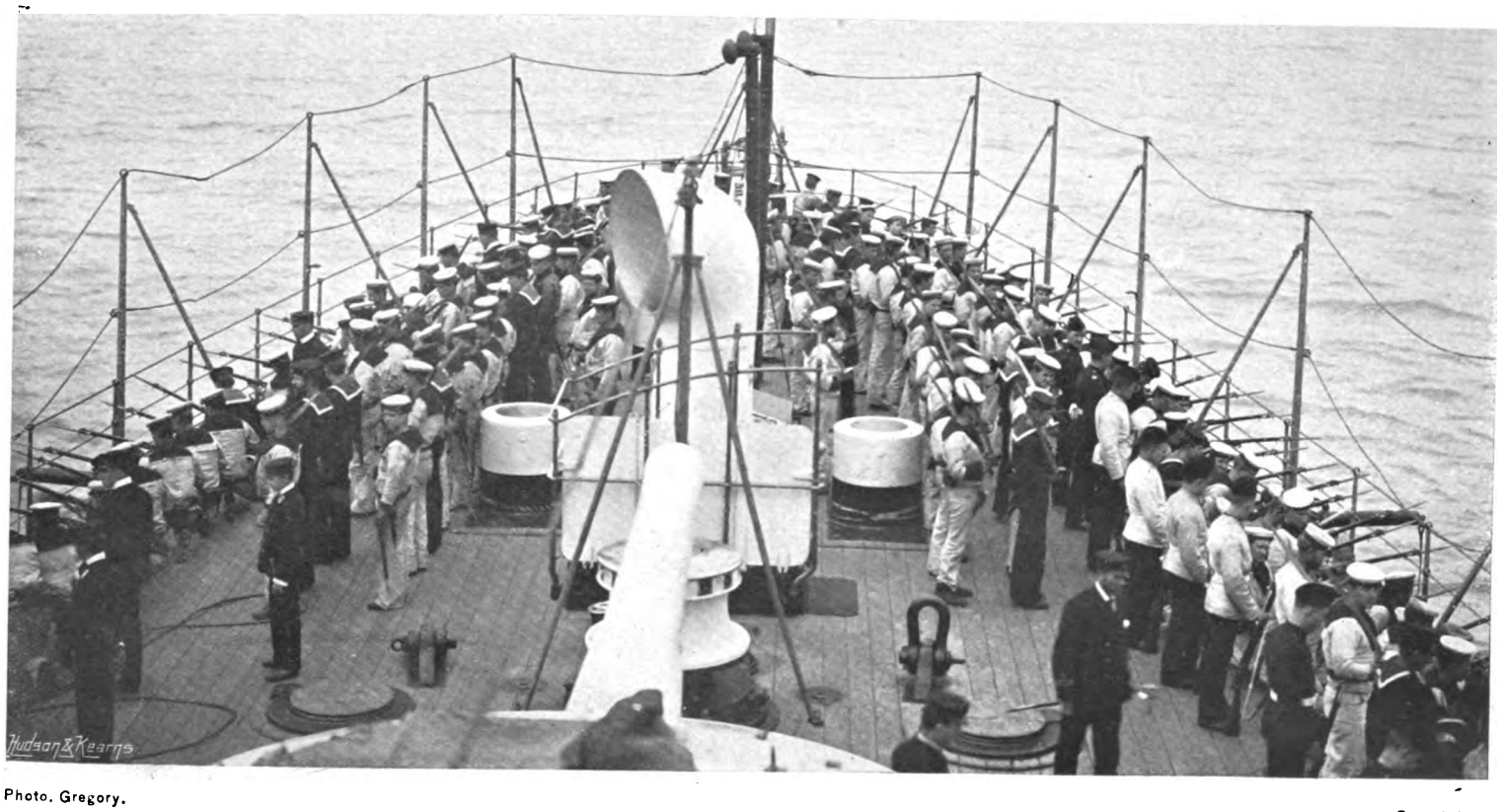

Photo. Gregory. A WARM TIME FOR THE BOARDERS. Copyright.

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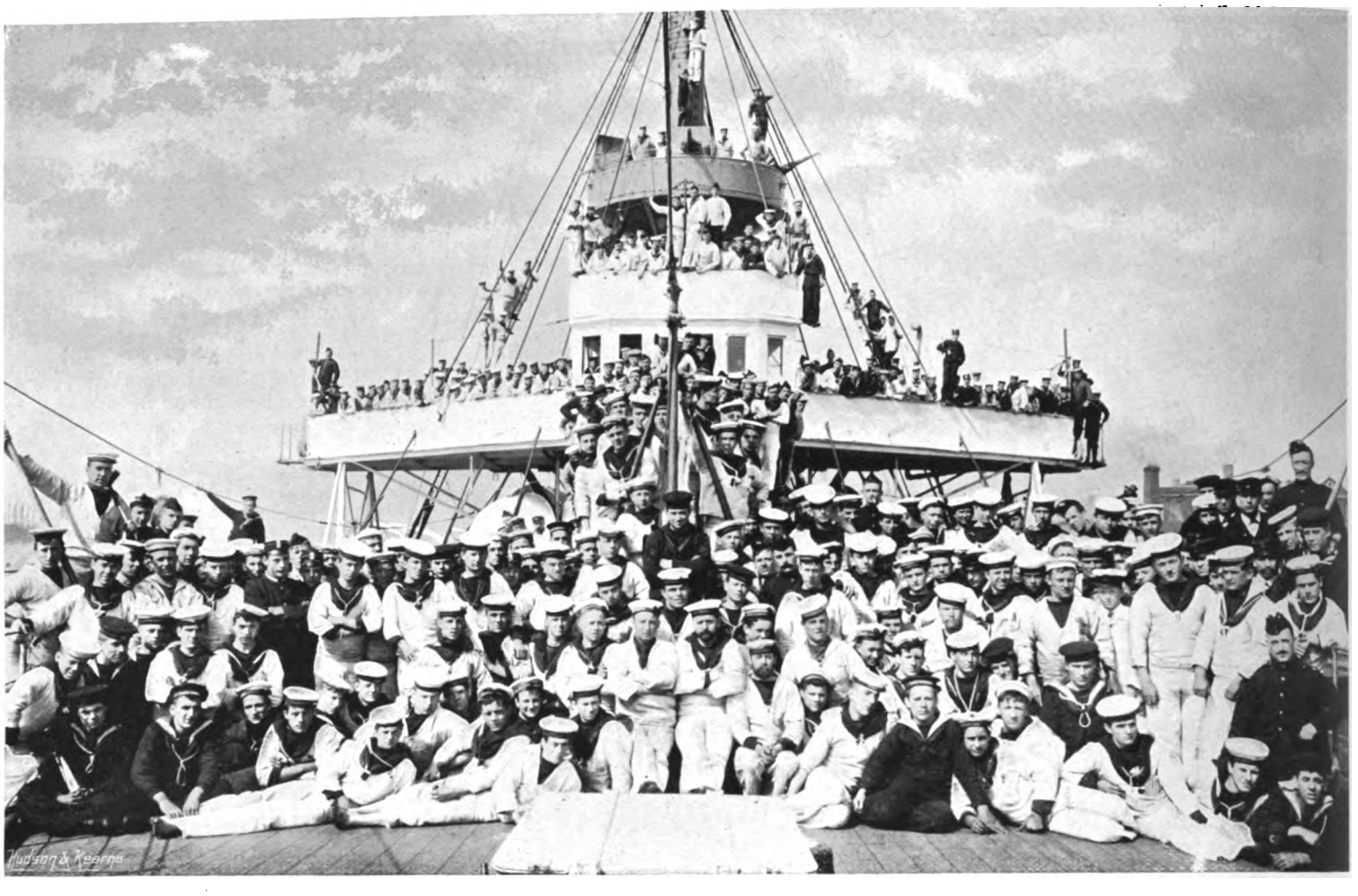

Photo. Symonds & Co. Copyright.

THE COMPANY OF THE "TERRIBLE."

"Terrible" assembled on the after part of the deck to "repel boarders," the actual carrying of a vessel by assault being still regarded as among the possibilities of Naval warfare. It is not easy to see how anyone is to get on board the "Terrible" and haul down the colours against this formidable array.

Then, again, we see Jack engaged in the process of beautifying his ship, a very necessary one after the operation of coaling, or a long sea voyage.

Finally, the company of the "Terrible," grouped on the forecastle and various points of vantage, make a very fine and effective group. The total complement is no less than 894.

Photo. Gregory Copyright.

OUTWARD ADORNMENT—PAINTING SHIP.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 83.] *SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1898.*

Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

CAPTAIN JOHN R. E. PATTISSON, R.N.

(See "Notes and Queries.")

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A Port Guard Ship—The "Sans Pareil."

SCRUBBING CANVAS GEAR.

OF all that has been done of late years to make more complete the organisation of our Naval strength, not the least important is that which has transformed our First Reserve Squadron from a collection of obsolete craft into a fleet of powerful if not absolutely modern battle-ships, cruisers, and small craft. This squadron is, except when mobilised for the annual manœuvres, scattered in single ships at various points round the coast. Known in the Service as "gobby" ships, they are manned with only two-thirds of their full complement, but on mobilisation can be at once filled up to their full strength from the Coastguard and Naval Reserve. It comprises nine Coastguard ships stationed on the English coast, at Hull, Harwich, Southampton, Portland, and Holyhead; in Scotland, at Queensferry and Greenock; in Ireland, at Bantry and Kingstown; and five Port Guard ships whose stations are respectively Portsmouth, Plymouth, Sheerness, Pembroke, and Queenstown. This fine squadron is composed of seven first-class and three second-class battle-ships, two first and two second class cruisers, and some of the ships have also attached to them as tenders eight of the type or craft known as torpedo gunboats. Thus there is always ready for sea and prepared for any contingency a squadron of twenty-two vessels.

SERVING A 6-POUNDER.

This year there were no Naval Manœuvres, but the Reserve Squadron mobilised as usual for a cruise, while the Port Guard vessels went to sea for gunnery practice. Some snapshots taken on one of the ships we here reproduce.

The ship chosen is the "Sans Pareil," a first-class battle-ship, now Port Guard ship at Sheerness.

For many reasons she is a highly interesting ship. She is a sister ship to the ill-fated "Victoria," whose terrible loss is one of the saddest episodes in the history of the British Navy, and yet one that will always evoke a thrill of melancholy pride as one of those occasions in which the courage and discipline of the Royal Navy have been so conspicuously shown. As a piece of warship construction representing an idea she is also unique. She has a limited stern fire in the shape of a 10-in. gun throwing a projectile of 500-lb. weight and capable of perforating 24½-in. of wrought iron; a battery of twelve 6-in. guns, originally breech-loaders, but now quick-firers; and finally, in the great bow turret a brace of the heaviest guns ever put afloat in the Service, the 110-ton breech-loader, which throws a projectile of 1,800-lb., and can perforate 38-in. of iron. The bow turret, with its two big monsters, can be seen in our picture of cleaning after coaling—a very necessary operation, another phase of which is shown in the picture of a squad scrubbing spare canvas gear, which has probably been utilised as a screen to keep the coal dust out of the living accommodation of the ship. Let us hope necessity did not entail coaling on a Thursday, for on that day the afternoon signal flies for "make and mend clothes," and means a general "stand easy."

CLEANING AFTER COALING.

Another of our illustrations was evidently taken on that day, as it shows us one of the carpenter's crew taking an afternoon siesta on the bench at which he has, we may be sure, put in work enough to entitle him to repose. Another illustration shows us powder being got out of the lighter alongside for stowage in the magazines. Each of the square cases contains three charges for a 6-in. quick-firer, each charge complete in its own cartridge. The round cases each contain a charge for the 110-ton guns, which means 960-lb. of what is known as "slow-burning cocoa" powder.

SNATCHING A SNOOZE.

GETTING OUT POWDER.

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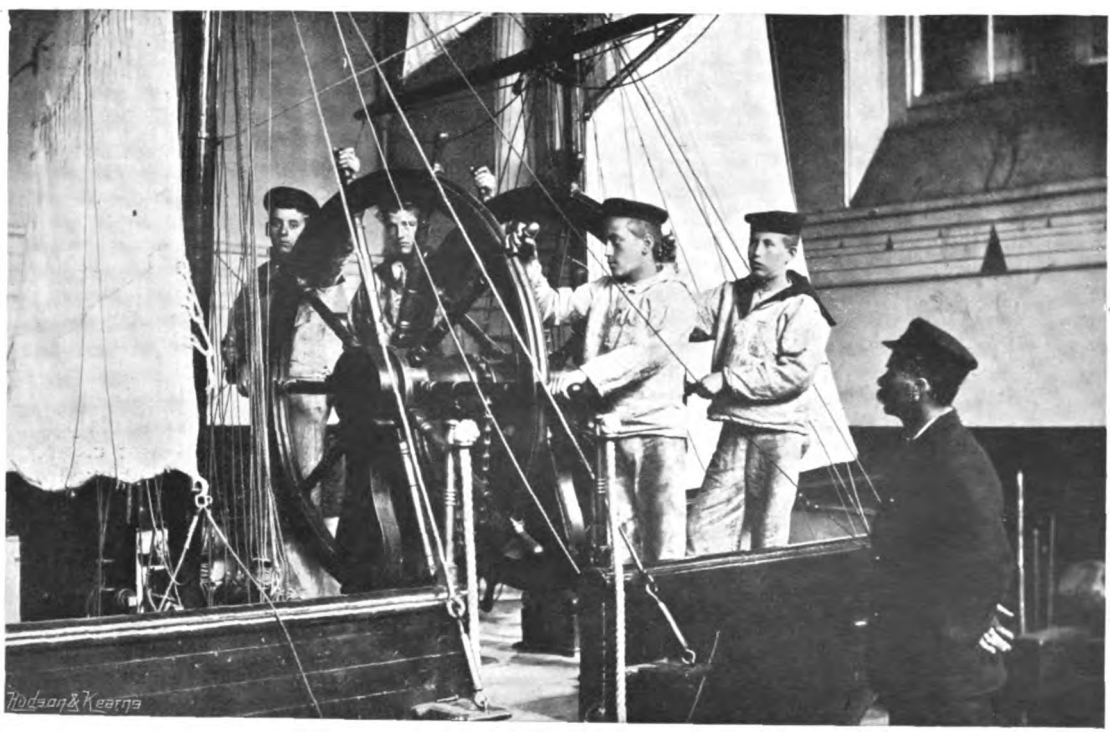
Greenwich Hospital School.

BLUEJACKETS IN EMBRYO.

THIS magnificent institution, in which 1,000 boys are always under training for service in the Royal Navy, dates back nearly two centuries, for it was in 1712 that a school was first founded in connection with the hospital for the education of 150 boys, the sons of pensioners. At this time there also existed a school of 600 boys under the control of Lloyd's Patriotic Fund, and known as the Royal Naval Asylum. In 1829 the endowments of the latter were handed over to Greenwich Hospital, and thus was formed that institution which has passed into the lower ranks of the Royal Navy so many thousands of its best men. The school is intended entirely for the sons of warrant officers, non-commissioned officers, petty officers, and men of the Royal Navy and Marines, but there are exceptions made, admitting the sons of other seafaring persons, as, for example, in the case of children of men drowned in life-boat service. There are, moreover, 100 boys nominated by the Drapers' Company, under the Sir William Boreman's Trust, and for whom the company pay £10 a year each. These lads are day scholars of the Upper Nautical School, which will be referred to later, and in their selection preference is given to sons of inhabitants of Greenwich, especially watermen, seamen, or fishermen. To obtain admission to the Greenwich Hospital, boys must be between eleven and fourteen, able to read and write, and have a knowledge of the four simple rules of arithmetic. Moreover, the physical test is severe, for candidates have to undergo a very stringent medical examination, to stand 52-in. to 56-in. without shoes, and to be 24½-in. to 26½-in. round the chest, according to the age at which admitted. At the age of fourteen, boys who entered the school before twelve and a-half, and at fifteen all boys undergo re-examination, medically, and if found fit, are retained until fifteen and a-half, and then entered for continuous service in the Royal Navy. If not eligible for the Royal Navy, a boy can still be entered for the Mercantile Marine and enrolled in the Royal Naval Reserve. Brains also get a great chance, for from those lads who have passed the seventh standard before fourteen, fifty are selected by competitive examination for the Upper Nautical School, and allowed to choose whether they will embrace the Navy as a career, be apprenticed in the merchant service, or compete for entry as dockyard apprentices. And the education given to this class is of a very high order, for they are instructed in practical mathematics, application of steam and machinery to navigation, navigation and nautical astronomy, surveying both on land and water, drawing, natural science, and either French or German. For the scholastic education of the boys there is a staff of four schoolmasters, while for the technical training there are fourteen instructors, all of them ex-bluejackets of the Royal Navy.

A VERY "STEADY" CRAFT.

In three of our illustrations the instructors are depicted engaged in putting classes through the practical training that is given, and these speak eloquently of the thoroughness with which the lads are taught. Seamanship is taught on a large model, excellently shown in one of our illustrations. In another room a movable model, which we also illustrate, is used to teach the boys the art and mystery of steering, laying a course, and handling sails in tacking and wearing. For this purpose the room has painted around it the signs of the compass, which are well seen in



Photos. W. S. Campbell. *A BIT OF PRACTICAL TRAINING.* Copyright.

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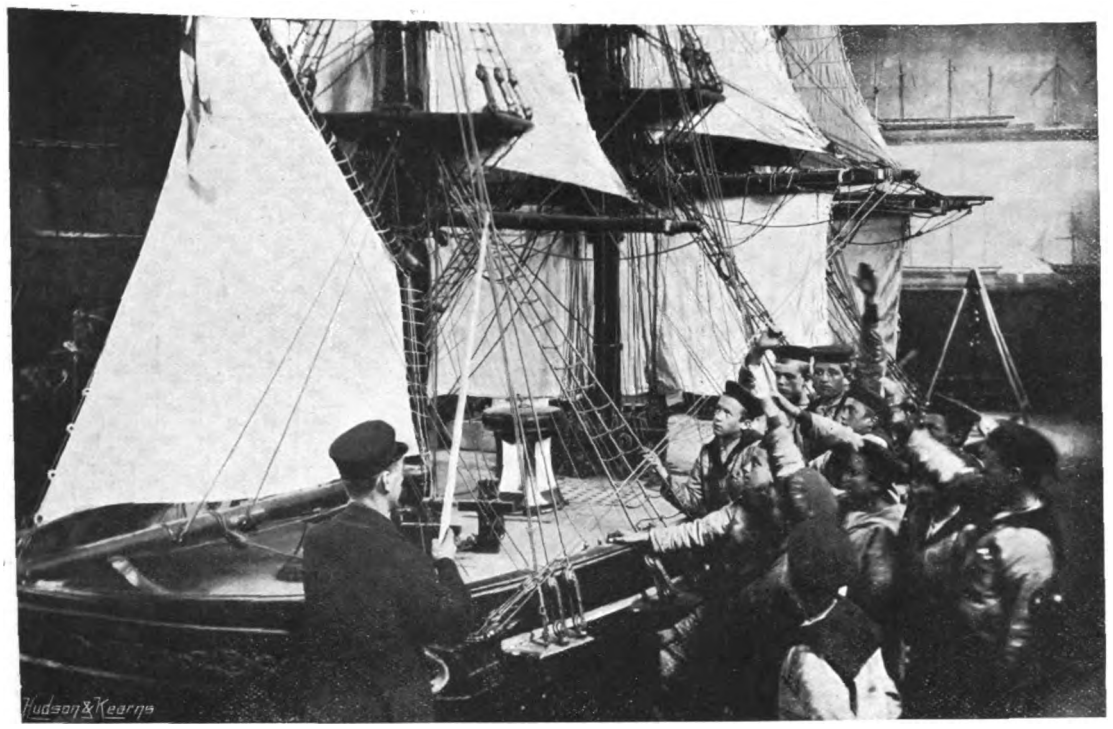
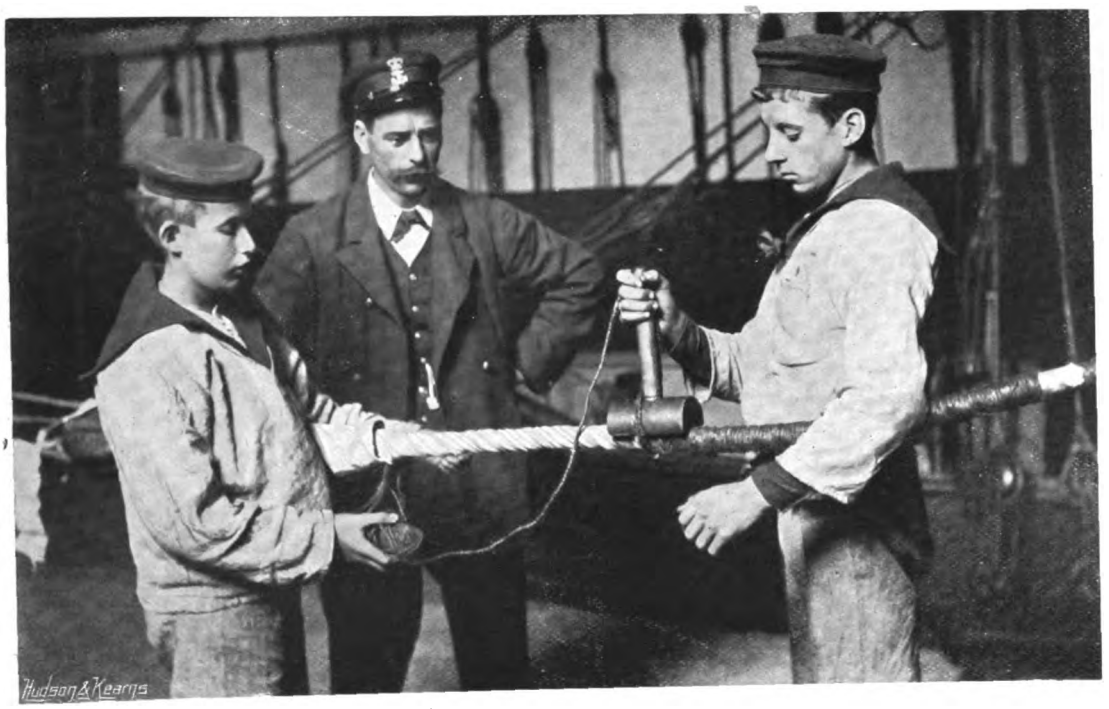


UNDER PLAIN SAIL.



A USEFUL INSTRUCTION FOR SAILORS.

Photos. W. S. Campbell. *CLOSE CROPPING.* Copyright.

the illustration, and the ship itself revolves on racers by the action of the steering wheel, and so can be laid on any course, and, in imagination, sailed under any conditions of wind.

Instruction is also given in all that relates to knotting and splicing, cables and running rigging, while on a topsail yard the boys can lay out and learn to reef and furl sails. Another branch of the seamen's calling that is taught the lads is that of semaphoring and signalling. In all the class-rooms the walls are painted with large representations of various work in connection with rigging, refitting, working anchors, etc., as well as large type instructions likely to be of use. Thus insensibly the boy imbibes, at the period when his mind is most receptive, knowledge which will be invaluable to him in the career he is being educated for.

For actual drill aloft there is the full-sized ship erected on the great asphalted court in front of the building, as depicted in another of our illustrations.

Here the embryo man-of-war's man gets the skill and nerve that will some day be called into play in a typhoon in the China Seas, or in the teeth of an Atlantic gale. Curiously enough, considering the enormous number of lads that have been passed through the school, accidents are practically unknown. Some years back a lad fell from the main yard, struck the shrouds, and rebounded on to the asphalte. He was, however, so slightly injured that he was able to walk to the infirmary, and since then the netting shown in our illustration has been placed round the ship. Practical instruction in trades is also taught to the boys. They are taught sail-making; and every suit of sails for the models is of their own construction. Tailoring, too, is another useful trade in which they are instructed. They make their own white working rig and flannels and mend and repair their own clothes.

Finally, as another of our illustrations shows, there are to be found amongst them clever amateur barbers, who, though they could not dress a lady's hair for a Court ball, could certainly give a priest a tonsure. In short, the sturdy group shown in our first illustration will but require to get their sea-legs, and have just the few finishing touches put to their nautical education, when they pass from the school to the Royal Navy. In this picture, if the reader will look closely into it, he will see that even at this early period of his career the feminine element, so dear to Jack and to whom Jack is so dear, has already entered into his existence. In a further article we will deal with the daily life of the boys, illustrating it by a series of reproductions of photographs showing their recreations, sports, etc.

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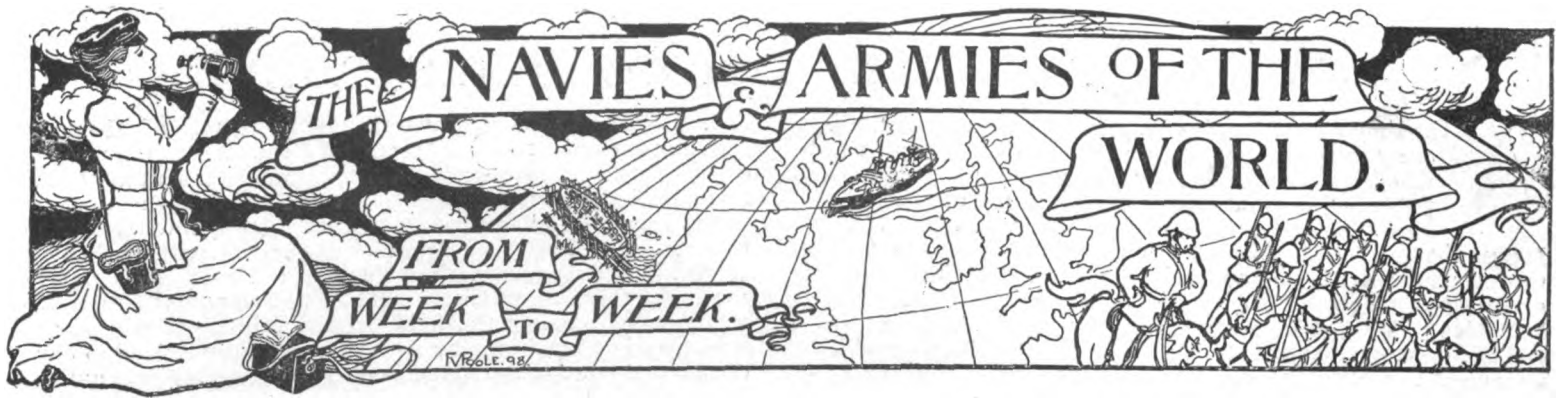

THE Army has just had a lecture, and the Navy, or part of it, has deserved one. This is really not an unfair summary of some news published this week. The lecture to the Army is not, one must allow, new, but it has just been published as a Parliamentary paper, and so has only recently come to everybody's knowledge. So one may fairly treat the "Memorandum of the Commander-in-Chief, in which he points out the duties of officers in the matter of the moral conduct of the men under their control," as a novelty. There was a time when it would certainly have provoked not a little derision. The belief that the worst man makes the best soldier, which, by the way, excited the fierce anger of Sir William Napier, had many partisans not so long ago. In those days, Lord Wolseley's memorandum would unquestionably have provoked some such comment as was passed by one famous judge of our day on another no less famous judge: "There 'e goes, the 'oly 'umbug, a-'umming of 'is 'ymns. I 'ate 'im." The judge was no less renowned for his misuse of the letter "h" than for his law. Of course this would be equally foolish and unjust. There is substantially nothing in what Lord Wolseley said which had not been said long before by Blaise de Monluc, that renowned and ruthless soldier of the sixteenth century. Monluc, of whom no man can say that he was a humbug, holy or unholy, put an address to the captains and lieutenants of France before his commentaries, which have been called the soldier's Bible. In this address he told the young officers to whom he was speaking pretty much what Lord Wolseley has just told the British Army, as to the results of pursuing vicious courses which unfit the soldier for active work and blunt his intelligence. The French memoir writer enjoyed the privilege of using a certain freedom of language denied to the Commander-in-Chief, but after all they say the same things. Monluc, it may be added, is an excellent authority to quote against those who maintain that morality of conduct is not advantageous to the fighting man. He was himself a first-class fighting man, and, as he was no religious fanatic, the man of the world cannot dispute his competence.

* * * *

ALL the same one has one's doubts whether either Monluc in his time, or Lord Wolseley in ours, can have produced much effect. The weak point with both is that they appeal to prudential considerations. They can but say this or that line of conduct will injure your health, interfere with the discharge of your duty, and obstruct your promotion. Now this kind of argument is wasted on imprudent men who are swayed by passion and excitement. The prudent man who thinks of his future hardly needs it. At the utmost, it may be useful to a beginner who is in danger of being misled by bad example, but is not naturally self-indulgent or foolish. To such a one, whose real danger is that he will fall into excesses, for which he has no natural liking, because he is afraid of being laughed at for a milksop if he abstains, a word of sober encouragement in well-doing from a respected superior may be of great value. But these form a small class. With the mass of men there are but two ways in which the appeal to morality of life can be trusted to work. One is the religious call, which for obvious reasons it is very difficult to make, and even that, powerful as it can be for a time, has rarely worked alone. The two standard examples of military forces which were pious and moral are the army of Gustavus Adolphus and the New Model. But there were circumstances in regard to both which it would be hopeless to attempt to reproduce. They were raised in a time of great religious enthusiasm, and in the heat of a fierce struggle for principles. It was possible to punish sins against morality as if they had been military offences, with armies of this character. Such errors were punished, and that severely. When Cromwell was occupying Edinburgh, one of his soldiers was flogged through the High Street, together with the woman of the house on which he had been billeted, and her servant. The reader can reconstruct the story for himself. There is nothing obscure about it. Now it would be as good as physically impossible to inflict any punishment in such a case to-day. But what more than the religious influence, or the fear of punishment, helped to keep these men moral (and here we come to the second influence spoken of), was that they were allowed to marry. Cromwell's men were encouraged to marry Scotch women during their occupation of the country. Many did, and were enabled to do so by the high rate of their pay. Lord Wolseley, who is an Irishman, may learn a great lesson by looking into the history of his own country. Down to the seventeenth century, the Irish—men and women—were among the most unchaste in the world. They are now conspicuously the reverse; and the reason is simple. The Roman Catholic clergy applied themselves to reforming the national sin. Their great method was to encourage early marriages, and they succeeded, with the result that they made the race too prolific for the resources of the country; but at any rate they achieved what they set out to effect. Let every soldier who is a trained man be authorised to have his wife "on the strength," and there will soon be a moral reformation. What it would cost is a question the War Office is quite competent to answer for itself.

* * * *

THERE is one part of the memorandum which one hopes has received full consideration at Whitehall. Officers are told to "do their utmost to promote a cleanly and moral tone among the men"; and "The Commander-in-Chief desires that in making recommendations for selection for promotion regard should be had to example set to the soldier." Now this sounds very well, but it is to be hoped that officers will be much on their guard against tale-bearing and hypocrisy, both of which might well be encouraged under the shadow of these passages in the memorandum. Officers are not for ever mingling with the men, and it is not desirable in the interests of discipline that they should be. How then are they to find "reason to suspect that immorality is carried on"? There is at any rate a very manifest probability that they will be informed by the tale-bearing of soldiers who want to enjoy the credit of having set an example. There is a great deal of human nature in barrack rooms, as well as in schools, and one knows that it is not the best boy who is fond of telling the head-master. Besides, one has only to think for a moment to see how easily an opening might be found for spite, when anything like an inquisitorial examination is allowed to be made into the words and actions of men when they are not on duty. Even short of that, one can imagine that wily scamps might find an affectation of Puritanical morality an admirable device for drawing the worms from the commanding officer's nose. We have more than one authority who tells how certain "blue lights," *i.e.*, very pious Naval captains, were befooled by shameless scamps on the lower deck, who, much to the surprise of old friends, developed an uncontrollable appetite for singing psalms so soon as they discovered just where the skipper's weak side was.

* * * *

THE outbreak of the seamen and marines of the Channel Squadron at Milford Haven is an incident which calls for the use of sharp language, perhaps as fully as anything which has happened recently. If there is any class of men which is not entitled to complain of the amount of leave it gets on full pay, it is this. The whole sum and substance of the grievance which the men have resented by getting drunk and disorderly amounts just to this, that when the ships are on a cruise they have to endure the common restrictions of a sailor's life. They may be confined to their ships for three or even four months, with a few breaks of eighteen to twenty-four hours each. Well, if they were taking a sailing clipper to New Zealand they would have the confinement, and no eighteen or twenty-four hours off at all. Moreover, they would not have their twenty days a year of leave on full pay, nor anything like the same number of hours on shore when the ship was in port. When a merchant sailor or any other workman wants a week off he has, with very rare exceptions, to take it at his own expense. Sailors and marines might as well remember these facts. As it is, they appear to have imitated Jeshurun, of whom they have heard, and of whom it is recorded that he waxed fat and kicked.

* * * *

THE letter which Count Muravieff has handed to the Ambassadors in the name of the Czar will naturally provoke a good deal of comment, not all of it respectful. It is easy to say that Russia, having gained a great deal of late years, is now trying to "faire Charlemagne," as the mysterious French has it, or, as we would say, to draw the stakes. When a Power has won great advantages, is also not very rich, and has many calls upon it, there are obvious reasons for proposing that everybody should rest content with what he has, and should undertake not to increase his strength. This, by the way, is the substantial meaning of the Czar's letter, and not, as some seem to suppose, that the Powers should agree to disarm. But that Russia will gain if the Czar's proposal is accepted is no sufficient reason for rejecting it. Putting aside the political aspects of the proposal, which are complicated, it really is a point worth considering for all nations, whether it would not be worth their while to give up trying to increase their armaments. After what has happened of late years, we may fairly take it for granted that the Armies and Navies of all States do represent with accuracy what their respective resources, and faculties, make it possible for them to possess. If this is so, then they are in a natural position, and have attained to a rational balance of power. In that case it seems to be clearly their interest to give up endeavouring to get more, and to apply themselves to endeavouring to improve the quality of what they have. From the purely Naval and Military point of view there would be no loss incurred in doing this. Rather the contrary. The danger for most of us is that we will go on piling up material till at last it outgrows efficiency—that there will be more ships, in fact, and more weapons of all kinds than there are fit men to use them. This is a wasteful process, and not one which in the long run tends to efficiency. A great deal of nervous excitement would be spared the world if all States agreed to make an establishment of their respective forces, and not to increase them. They would not thereby disarm, nor would they be prevented from giving their Fleets and Armies increased practice. It may appear a dream, but the thing could be done, and it would be better than that which we have all been doing of late.

DAVID HANNAY.

THE Royal Welsh Fusiliers is a regiment distinguished in many ways beyond its splendid roll of battle honours, in which respect it ranked third in the whole Army up to the territorial amalgamation of 1881. In the first place, it has a goat led at the head of the regiment, which is the only regimental pet that is permitted a recognised place on parade. Indeed the goat should perhaps be called a member of the corps rather than a pet. How the goat came to be enlisted is one of those things which have now been forgotten—though of course there are legends to account for it. Another unique distinction of this fine old corps is the "flash," a bow of black ribbon fastened to the back of the collar of the tunics of the officers and sergeants, the representative of the ribbon with which pigtails were formerly secured.

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With Kitchener before Khartoum.

AT the time of writing, Sir H. Kitchener stands with his army practically within striking distance of the Khalifa's stronghold; by the time this article is published, he may have actually struck the decisive blow. Before another issue of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED sees the light, it is more than probable that Omdurman will have fallen, and Dervish rule, to all intents and purposes, be entering upon a final phase of dissolution and decay. By the help of the vivid word pictures sent by the war correspondents with the Sirdar's force, let us try for a moment to realise the objective of this tremendous act of national vengeance. Not to Khartoum must we give our chief attention, for that, except as regards the dockyards, is now in ruins, very much, no doubt, to the Khalifa's present regret, for there seems no question that its more elevated position would, as in Gordon's time, have greatly assisted a force standing stubbornly on the defensive. Omdurman, the new capital, lies along the left bank of the Nile, a labyrinth of mud houses and narrow lanes, occupying a space some five miles long by two miles broad. The inner portion of the town is enclosed by a great wall from 11-ft. to 30-ft. high, and from 7-ft. to 12-ft. broad, and within this enclosure is the great Mosque containing the Mahdi's tomb and the Khalifa's treasure. To the north of the town a great marsh runs inland for several miles at right angles to the river. Inland and to the west is rising and rocky ground. The main defences of the town consist of a chain of forts, connected mostly by trenches, and mounting one or two guns apiece. No mean position this for such foes as the Dervishes have proved themselves to hold. Yet for months the eagerest, intensest hope of almost every British man, woman, and child has been, not that the Khalifa should surrender or evacuate Omdurman, but that he should make the most stubborn resistance of which he and his supporters were capable. The feeling has been universal that this time what is to be done must be done so thoroughly as to smash the Dervish dominion once and for all. The more desperate the opposition, the more complete the triumph. More than thirteen years ago the Mahdi murdered Gordon, and established one of the most hateful, most destructive tyrannies ever inflicted upon a fertile land. To-day, the more boldly his successor faces the inevitable vengeance which Great Britain has so patiently, so relentlessly prepared for him, the more terrible, the more exemplary, will be the crash with which his evil empire will go tottering to its fall.

Inspiring as is even the imaginary picture of the end and aim of a great campaign, in this particular instance the past stages, especially the more recent ones, are, if anything, more inspiring still. The Nile Expedition of 1884 was perhaps the most magnificent failure ever recorded in the military history of a nation. The advance of the Sirdar, which we have a right to regard already as a grand achievement, and which only wants the crown of a foregone conclusion to render it a glorious triumph, has more than rivalled Lord Wolseley's feat in all save the almost superhuman struggles made by the earlier expedition against obstacles there was then no time to remove or circumvent. With Sir H. Kitchener the forward movement has been rendered immeasurably easier and more certain by wise precautions and long-headed seizure of opportunities; but the spirit exhibited has been just the same, and it is pleasant to record that it has been exhibited no more freely by the British troops than by the Egyptian and Soudanese. From the start there has been but one sort of feeling observable on all sides, the anxious yearning, namely, to "get there," and, in the homely language of the barrack-room, to "knock spots" out of the scoundrels who killed our Gordon, and robbed Egypt of the Soudan.

Without further generalisation, let us look back a little on the actual operations of the past few weeks. At the end of July it will be remembered that the British reinforcements which were to give the Sirdar a second British brigade had not left Cairo, some details, in fact, having only just landed at Alexandria. From that time, until a few days back, the Nile and its banks, to within forty miles of Khartoum, and the railway as far as the Atbara, where the Sirdar smashed the Emir Mahmud on Good Friday, subsequently establishing there a considerable camp, have simply buzzed with the forward passage of armed men. Early in August the Sirdar fixed, as a preliminary rendezvous, a place called Wad Habeshi, which, with another spot near it called Wad Hamed, lies at the commencement of the Sixth Cataract of the Nile, about 110 miles from the Atbara, and fifty from Khartoum. Here his first step was to effect an early concentration of the Egyptian Division under Major-General Hunter. A good deal of honest marching was put in by this portion of the force, and those who came in boats found it necessary to tow them the greater part of the way. Yet the brown Egyptians and the black Soudanese struggled manfully along, and by the end of the second week in August practically the whole of Hunter's Division was at or about the Sixth Cataract. Some of the corps had had interesting experiences. A battalion, for instance, had marched from Suakin to Berber, along a route which experts had declared to be so utterly waterless as to be impracticable. A squadron of cavalry had left the Nile at Korti, just as poor Herbert Stewart's camel corps did in January, 1885, and struck across the Bayuda Desert to Metemmeh, passing the field of Abu Klea, still white with bones, and debouching at a spot at which may be said to have commenced one of the saddest episodes in our military annals, Wilson's final attempt—too late—to relieve the hero of Khartoum.

While the Egyptian Division was shaking down well at the front, the British brigades were coming up by rail, in boats, on foot, and on horseback, with that relentless regularity and in that easy continuous flow which bespeak a perfect Quartermaster-General's Department. The rail, as we have said, extends as far as the Atbara, and never, surely, in the history of railways was a line more severely taxed. After pouring tons upon tons of supplies into the Atbara Camp, which were pushed on thence to the great Supply Depôt on Nasri Island, near the Sixth Cataract, it took up the transport of British Guard and Line regiments, and kept dumping them down at the Atbara railhead with a persistent regularity which the war correspondents, irritated by the heat and dust storms, seem to have found quite exasperating. About the second week in August the depletion of the Atbara Camp began, and now the centre of interest shifted swiftly to the rendezvous on the Sixth Cataract. Between the Atbara Camp and Wad Habeshi stretches the rich but deserted country of the Jaalin, a riparian tribe which has suffered most terribly from the incursions of the Dervishes. Through this country, and up the river, pressed the British corps, until on the 22nd the *Times* correspondent, telegraphing from Wad Hamed, announced that the concentration was practically complete. The interest of this announcement is accentuated by the simple fact that at the beginning of August the Sirdar had explained that he intended the concentration to take place on the date in question. Great generals, in such matters, usually keep their word; but no general, British or otherwise, ever made a much more serious promise, or one which might have more easily remained unfulfilled had not the whole campaign been planned with consummate skill and almost mathematical exactitude.

At Wad Hamed, on the 24th, the Sirdar held a grand parade, and may well have felt proud as there passed by him the superbly fit and splendidly equipped troops of his little army, 24,000 men ready to go anywhere against anything, and bursting with implicit confidence in their gallant and sagacious leader.

Between Wad Habeshi and the other end of the Sixth Cataract, which is marked by a camping ground called Shabluka, lies one of the worst "bits" in the whole journey from Cairo to Khartoum. The cataract itself is about ten miles long, and consists of a series of rapids rushing between innumerable rocks and islands, the channel narrowing in places to 80-yds. On either side of the country is a rocky waste, through which it is said a camel cannot struggle in less than eight hours. The cataract was reconnoitred by the Sirdar in person as far back as August 17, and between the 24th and 28th was successfully negotiated, the troops passing along the difficult country on the bank, and concentrating afresh on the 27th at Jebel Royan. From this forward base the Egyptian Division marched for the final stage of the advance on the evening of the 28th, to be followed by the British Division the next day.

This is as far as we can safely go at the time of writing. Meanwhile a most interesting reflection is what will happen after the Khalifa has been either driven from Omdurman or killed like a rat in his hole. It is not inconceivable that even if we succeed in stamping out the Dervishes as completely as we hope, and intend sooner or later to do, we may have trouble in other directions. The French are evidently trying hard to get their flag hoisted on the Nile in the neighbourhood of Fashoda, and Menelik wants to extend the frontiers of Abyssinia westwards to the White Nile, and southwards beyond Lake Rudolph. We need not here discuss the unpleasant possibilities which might be attached to any collision on our part with either French or Abyssinian aspirations. But it will easily be seen that, after the fall of Omdurman, the first duty of Sir H. Kitchener's force will be to anticipate any attempt on the part of others to profit by our great sacrifices and endeavours. And if our gun-boats can only meet Major Macdonald on his way up from Uganda before the French can get to Fashoda, we are safe in that direction at any rate, and probably should not have much subsequent difficulty in coming to an amicable arrangement as to the Upper Nile with Abyssinia.

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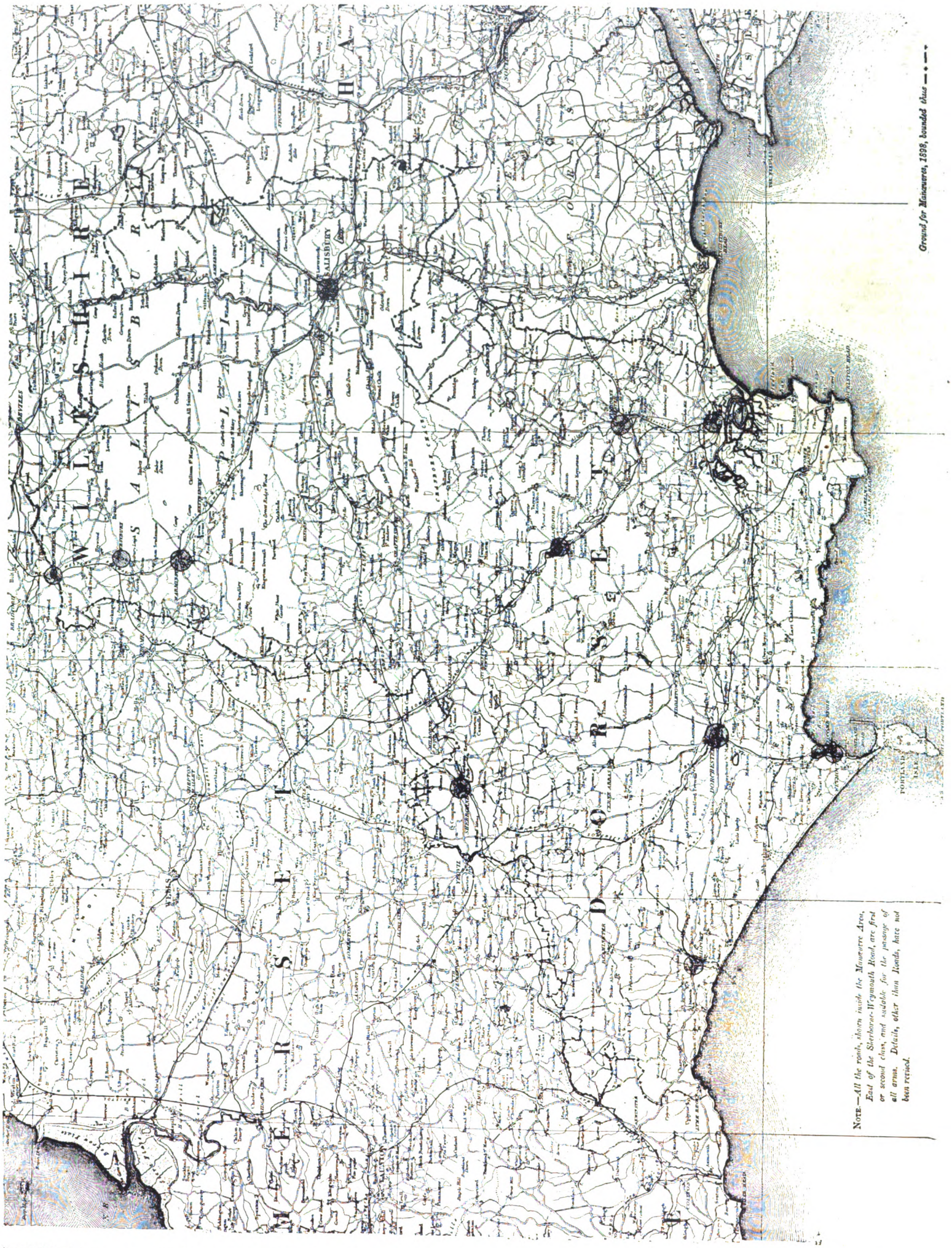
Map of the Military Manœuvres.


Ground for Manœuvres, 1898, bounded thus — • — •
SALISBURY
DORCHESTER
PORTLAND ISLE
Note.—All the roads shown inside the Manœuvre Area, East of the Sherborne-Weymouth Road, are first or second class, and suitable for the passage of all arms. Details, other than Roads, have not been revised.

THE above map, which is reproduced from that issued by the Intelligence Department, will enable our readers to follow the movements of the troops on either side during the operations now taking place. The manœuvre area is shown by a line which, touching the sea near Lyme Regis to the westward, trends eastward, passing through Yeovil until it is nearly as far north as Devizes, and then from Ludgershall comes away south, taking in Salisbury, until it reaches the coast again not far from Bournemouth. A very large space is thus given for the operations, although it is scarcely likely that the greater part of this ground would be covered, as the time is limited, and arrangements have been made for all the troops to be at one point for a review and march past on the last day.

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MANY will like to make acquaintance with "The Adventures of a French Sergeant" (Hutchinson, 6s.), a reprint, I believe, of the edition of 1826. The very dramatic story, which has a certain Defoe-like fidelity to apparent facts, appeared in Paris in 1825, and was immediately translated into English and German. Goethe grew to "like the sergeant," and few can resist the attraction, but he would not vouch for his veracity, and I think we must all suspend judgment on that point. The story is circumstantial, and probably has a basis of fact, with considerable additions drawn from the stores of imagination. To begin with, there are things that give one pause. The sergeant, Robert Guillemard, was born at Sixfour, near Toulon, and intended to enter the Navy, but, the examinations being deferred, he was drawn for the conscription, and became a soldier. Drafted on board the "Redoutable," he found himself, at Trafalgar, despatched to the mizen-top when the ship fell foul of the "Victory," and he describes the vigorous firing exchanged with the British topmen. Now it is known that Nelson, keenly sensible of the danger of having combustibles aloft, had no sharpshooters in his tops, so that Guillemard's memory, so to put it, played him false. It was he, according to his own account, who shot Nelson, though he was far from glorying in the action. Others, he thought, would claim the honour, as indeed they did, and his word would not be believed, so, to escape ridicule, he said nothing about it at the time. His continued existence, to meet with countless other adventures, must be reckoned a marvel, for the men in the "Victory" were convinced that not a soul escaped from the "Redoutable's" top to tell the tale. Guillemard lived to be a valet to Admiral Villeneuve, whom he saw murdered—such is his tale—at Rennes. Now, if this were true, it would be interesting, for, as we all know, it was officially asserted that the unfortunate admiral had committed suicide. I lately saw a letter from a confidant of Marshal Berthier, who reported the general belief in the French fleet to be that Villeneuve destroyed himself after receiving a letter from the Minister of Marine. The Minister, who, according to this writer, was detested, had given orders which Villeneuve had obeyed, though they proved to be at variance with Napoleon's instructions. The correspondent feared that the admiral's death would make it impossible to meet out due punishment to many commanders who were asserted to have misbehaved at Trafalgar. Guillemard broadly hints that Villeneuve was assassinated to prevent disclosures.

Guillemard then joined the army in Germany, was at the siege of Stralsund, and was wounded more than once. Later on he had strange adventures in Spain, escaped from imprisonment, and joined the army before Tortosa, and, for his bravery, was made a sergeant, and received the cross of the Legion of Honour. Then he took part in the Russian campaign, was present at Borodino, which he describes, and was afterwards wounded, captured, and sent to Siberia. In very remarkable chapters he describes his experiences there. Coming home in 1814, he joined the forces of the Duc d'Angouleme on the Loire, and so saw nothing of Waterloo. Afterwards he was in the service of Joachim Murat, King of Naples, whom he assisted to escape from Toulon to Corsica. He served also in Spain before being discharged from the army. True or false, it is a most dramatic and even thrilling story. It arouses interest by the many historical questions it raises, and attracts and holds the attention of the reader by the power and convincing force of its descriptions. The translation is an excellent one, and you may go far before you find a book so interesting, readable, and instructive as "The Adventures of a French Sergeant."

How Charlotte Bronte would have rubbed her eyes if she could have seen "Shirley" selling, in excellent form, enshrined in the best of paper and print, and well bound, with a frontispiece, for eighteen pence, or so much less as the discount bookseller will let you have it for! This is what the new edition (Newnes) provides for us, and, in the same series, "Jane Eyre," "Mr. Midshipman Easy," "John Halifax, Gentleman," and "The Last of the Mohicans" have appeared, and are to be followed by other classics. I should look for nothing more acceptable on a bookstall at holiday time, and should proudly reserve the volume for my bookshelves.

We are not regarded by the nations of the Continent as a military people, and yet there is probably not an army in the world to which we have not given officers of distinction. Lately, in reviewing Sir George Clarke's "Russia's Sea Power," I drew attention to English and Scotch names in the Russian Navy. They exist also in the Army. A Ramsay is now commander-in-chief in Finland, and a Prescott and a Drake, descended from the famous Sir Francis, also hold high positions in the Service. But my purpose is to write of a small volume lately published at Valparaiso (Imprenta y Litografia Inglesa) entitled "Aide Memoir del Oficial en Servicio," by Colonel Carlos H. Sanders, formerly captain of the Royal Marine Light Infantry. Captain Sanders entered the Chilian Army some time since, and has lately published a vigorous plea for the embodiment of a force of Marines for the Chilian fleet. In the present brochure, in pocket-book form, he has provided a number of suggestive particulars and details concerning field service for the Chilian officer. In character the little volume does not differ from many in existence in this country, but it is interesting to know that a British officer is thus assisting in the training of Chilians. The arrangement is alphabetical, and such subjects as the formation of advanced guards and outposts, the length of columns on the march, transport, water supply, range of vision, fortification, indications of the neighbourhood of an enemy, and reconnaissance are included in the manual.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Decisive Naval Victories.

THERE are very few instances in the world's history of a powerful fleet being totally destroyed after the manner in which Admiral Cervera's fleet has been wiped out of existence, and in most of those cases the British Navy has had a share, though it is needless to say that it was not the British Fleet which was annihilated.

The first sea fight on record was one between the Corinthians and the Corcyreans, in 665 B.C., and some 200 years later (469 B.C.), during the many conflicts between the Greeks and the Persians, Cimon, son of Miltiades, completely destroyed the Persian fleet near the river Eurymedon, in Pamphylia.

For long Romans and Carthaginians battled for Naval supremacy, and at first the advantage lay with the Phœnician colonists, who, in a fierce sea fight off Trepanum, annihilated the Roman fleet in 249 B.C. But eight years later the Consul Lutatius avenged this defeat by totally destroying the fleet of the Carthaginians.

Most schoolboys remember how Octavius utterly defeated Mark Antony, at Actium, in 31 B.C., but before the battle the latter's fleet was considerably weakened by 300 of his galleys deserting to the enemy. It can easily be understood that the war-ships of these early times were extremely small, when we read that in 269 A.D. Claudius II. inflicted a severe defeat on the Goths, sinking 2,000 of their vessels.

From this time to the Spanish Armada there is no record—with the possible exceptions of the battles of Sluys and Lepanto—of any regular fleet being totally destroyed by an enemy, though there are numerous instances of fleets having been partly destroyed, or of severe defeats having been inflicted. It is unnecessary to refer to the destruction of the Armada in 1588, when Philip's huge fleet was so completely routed by the combined forces of the English, and the storms which sprang up, scattering the already demoralised Spanish Navy. Then Elizabeth's gallant seamen captured or burnt many a fleet belonging to Spain while on their expeditions to the Spanish Main, and nearly 100 years later Blake again showed of what the English Navy was capable, by defeating and burning the Spanish fleet in Santa Cruz Harbour, on April 20, 1657.

The record of glorious victories achieved by the British Navy, often in face of vastly superior numbers, is almost endless, and few indeed are the victories scored against us. In a fierce battle off Cape Finisterre, on May 3, 1747, Anson captured a French fleet of thirty-eight sail. Then, during the American War of Independence, when the British fleet was on the whole greatly superior to that belonging to the colonists, Howe destroyed an American fleet on Lake Champlain, on November 11, 1776, and another American fleet shared the same fate in 1779. In the last American War, however, the tables were turned, and a British squadron was taken or destroyed on Lake Champlain in September, 1814.

On August 1, 1798, occurred the sanguinary battle of the Nile, when the British, under Sir Horatio Nelson, defeated the French, commanded by Brueys; nine of the French ships of the line were taken, two burnt, and two escaped. The admiral was killed when his flag-ship, "L'Orient," blew up, only a few of the crew escaping.

It was Nelson again who destroyed the Danish fleet at Copenhagen, in 1801, and it was at the beginning of this fight that the famous incident occurred of his putting his telescope to his blind eye and failing to see the signal. When the city capitulated after the bombardment of 1807, the captures included eighteen ships of the line, fifteen frigates, six brigs, and twenty-five gun-boats, besides all kinds of stores.

Then, on October 21, 1805, comes Trafalgar, the greatest of all British victories, when Nelson was shot down in the hour of his greatest triumph. The combined French and Spanish fleet, under Villeneuve, consisted of thirty-three ships (eighteen French and fifteen Spanish), while the British numbered twenty-seven. In the engagement, nineteen of the enemy's ships were taken or destroyed, and Bonaparte's Navy never really recovered from the crushing defeat it sustained in this battle.

One of the most gallant exploits of the Navy occurred on November 1, 1809, when the boats of the British fleet, led by Lieutenant Tailour, of the "Tigre," entered Rosas Bay, and captured or destroyed eleven ships of the Spanish squadron anchored there.

On October 20, 1827, a combined British, French, and Russian fleet, under Admiral Codrington, engaged the Turkish and Egyptian fleets at Navarino, when Turkey's Naval power was destroyed; over thirty of their ships—many of them powerful four-deckers—were destroyed, several being blown up by the Turks themselves to prevent them falling into the hands of the victors. This battle was called by the Duke of Wellington "an untoward event."

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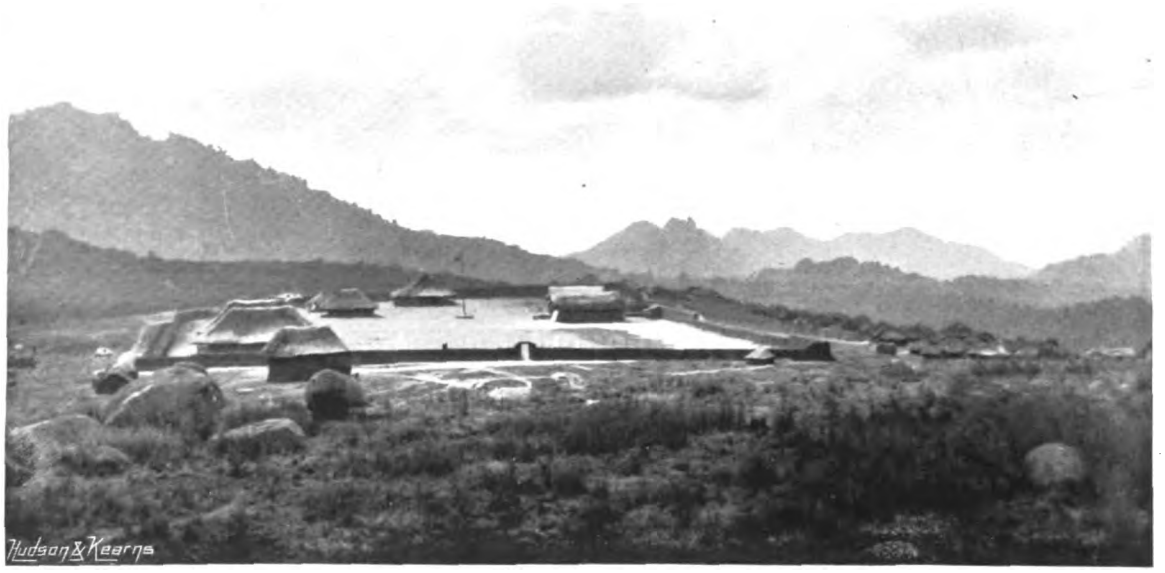
British Central African Protectorate.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

TO most of your readers, the heading will probably convey little or nothing beyond a vague idea of tropical vegetation in a climate unfortunately notorious for malaria and general unhealthiness. Portions of Central Africa are certainly, from a climatic point of view, quite as bad as, if not worse than, the most deadly spots on the Gold Coast; but this does not apply to the whole country, nor indeed to more than a few places.

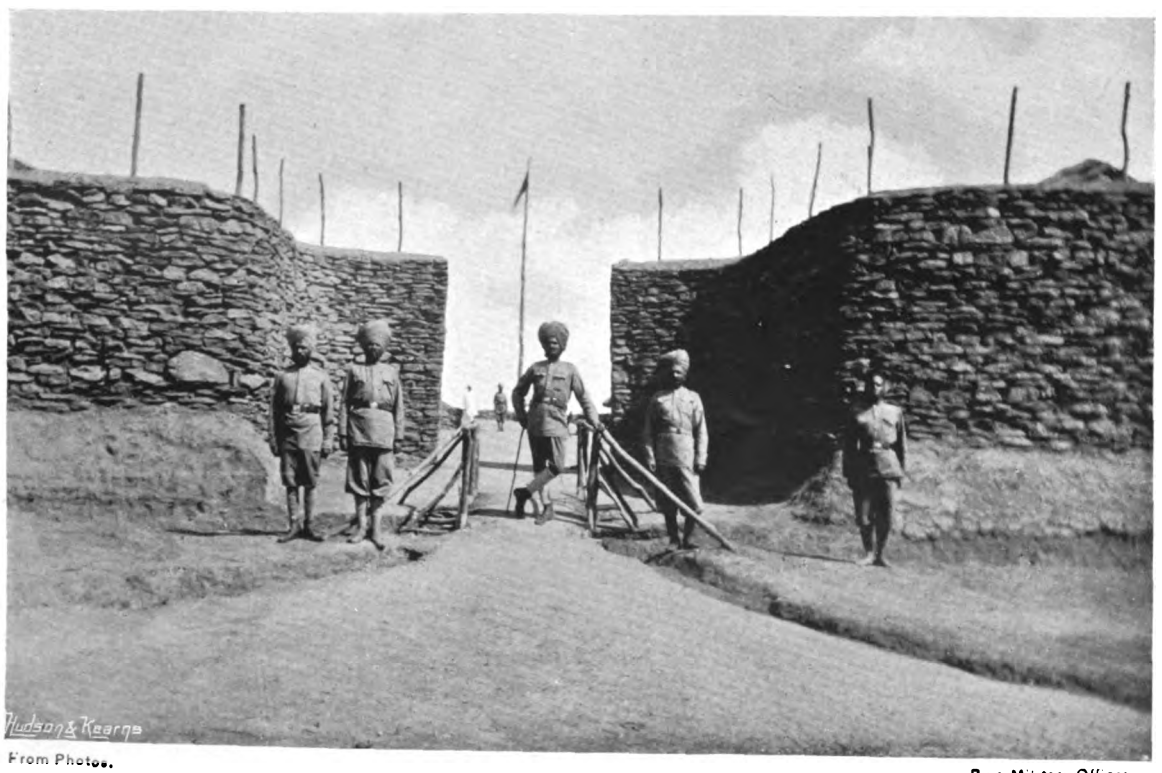
The illustrations depict one of the localities which, if the tropical rains were more reducible, would be almost an earthly paradise.

Mangorte Fort was commenced by the late Captain Alston, and was almost completed at the time of his death. There can be little doubt that the tremendous work he lavished upon the task told on his constitution, and left him without any reserve strength to fight against a severe attack of fever which seized him when in Blantyre. The massive and thorough nature of the building is shown by the sketch of the gateway, and affords an excellent illustration of the difficulties which had to be overcome. All the stone was quarried and trimmed by natives who had no previous knowledge of such work, and then built by the same men. The difficulties of the task can be appreciated when it is recollected that Captain Alston had no experience as either an engineer or architect, all his early service having been in the Guards; and the work will always be a fitting monument to the versatile character of his genius. It is sad that a life so full of promise, and which could only have been the commencement of a brilliant career, should have been brought to a close before he even learnt that his efforts and magnificent work had been valued at their true worth. The Jubilee *Gazette* contained the announcement of his having been given the Companionship of St. Michael and St. George, but the news did not arrive until after his death.



MANGORTE FORTE, CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE OFFICERS' BUNGALOW.



From Photos. By a Military Officer

THE GATEWAY OF THE FORT

The task which he so ably commenced has been most admirably terminated by his successor, Lieut. Brogden, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry. Unlike most men who take over a work not completed, he was satisfied to carry out the ideas already in course of execution, and did not start on an entirely fresh plan, merely modifying in such details as obviously were necessary. This officer had, before joining the armed forces in Central Africa, seen considerable service on the Niger, while in the employ of the Royal Niger Company, having on more than one occasion received the thanks of their council.

In addition to having the completion of the fort to superintend, he received

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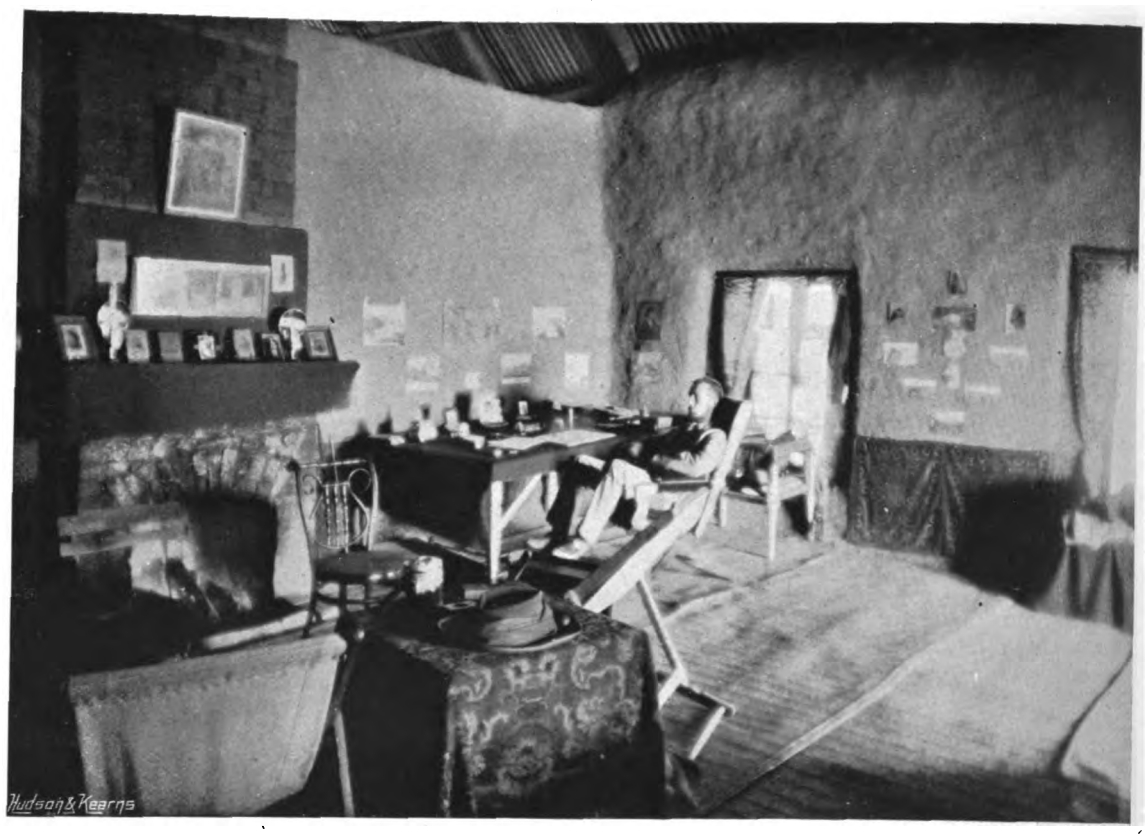
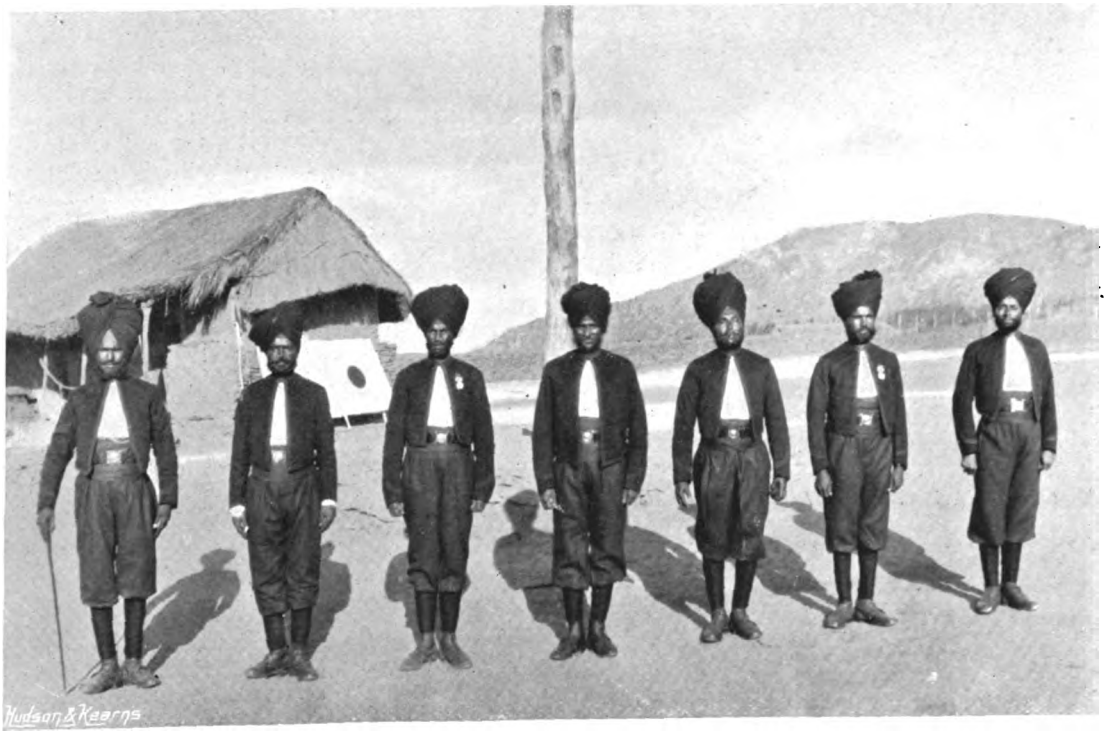
orders on his arrival to raise, equip, and train a company, 120 strong, from the natives of the country.

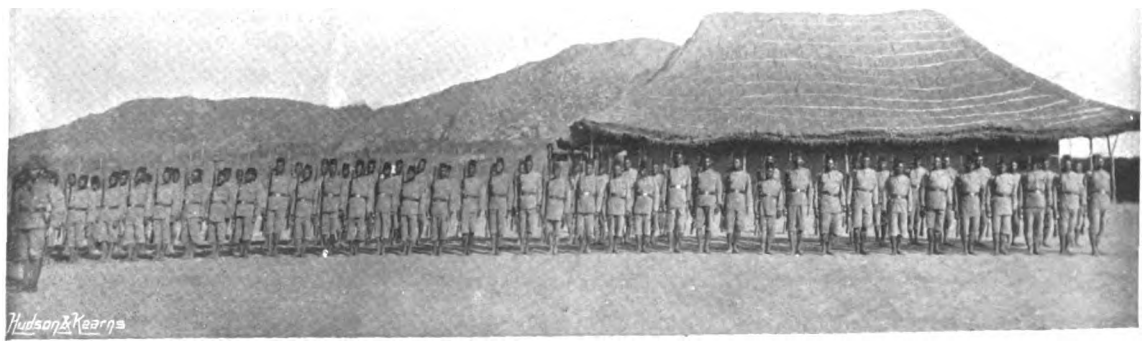
The result of his efforts is shown in the illustration of the Mangorte garrison, who only a few months ago were almost naked savages, unacquainted with the most elementary ideas of discipline. The difficulty of instilling soldierly ideas and habits of smartness into recruits is well known to all officers who have served at the home depôts, but their labours are considerably less than have to be overcome when dealing with men totally devoid of all mental training. In spite of the obstacles to be overcome, the result was a conspicuous success, so much so, that in December of last year, when the Angoni Zulus rose, Lieut. Brogden's company distinguished themselves in a most marked manner by the steadiness of their conduct in action, and their admirable fire discipline. Again in the early part of this year the Southern Angoni rose, and the company were sent, at a moment's notice, to the relief of the civil officials, who were beleaguered and very hard pressed. The operations that ensued were, if not the most conspicuous that have taken place in Central Africa, certainly amongst the most successful, and depended for their success entirely on the admirable behaviour of the Mangorte Company. It is not often that an officer has the immense satisfaction of making a force and commanding it himself in any considerable action, thus being afforded a practical test of the result of his work. The report of these operations was forwarded through the Foreign Office to the Commander-in-Chief, and when Parliament next meets will be published in a Blue Book and laid before the House. The effect of this is the same as a general's despatch, and is equivalent to a mention in despatches. A few years will certainly see Central Africa one of our most prosperous colonies, and it is to be hoped that the efforts of those who made trade possible, many of them, alas, at the cost of their lives, will not be forgotten.



THE COMMANDANT'S QUARTERS.



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.



From Photos. *THE GARRISON OF THE FORT.* By a Military Officer.

LIEUT. BROGDEN, R.M.L.I.

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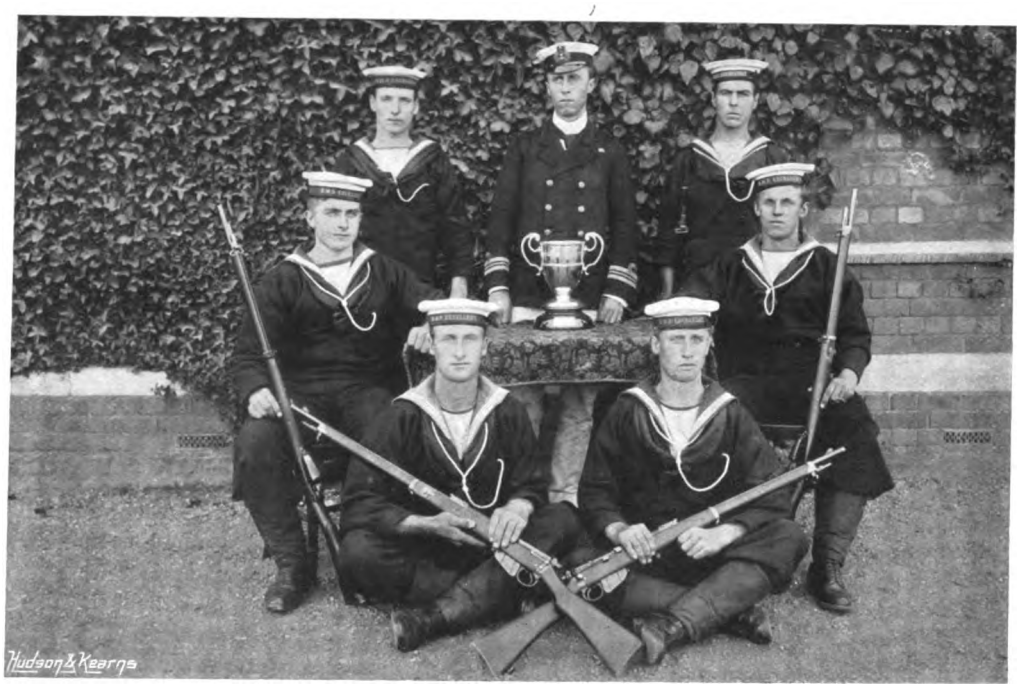
Musketry in the Navy.

IT might be supposed by those unacquainted with the duties of the British bluejacket, that musketry formed no part of Jack's training. Most of us, in fact, are accustomed to associate the modern man-of-war's man with big guns and torpedoes, forgetting that he is armed with, and may often be called upon to use, a smaller engine of destruction than either of the two mentioned, in the shape of a Lee-Metford rifle.

In almost all our expeditions of late years a Naval brigade, or at least detachment, has been landed, and the men have proved they can fight on shore as well as on board ship, either using the bayonet, the rifle, or its first cousin, the machine gun.

We think we are right in saying that yearly the interest taken in musketry by the Royal Navy steadily increases. A visit to Bisley during the National Rifle Association's meeting must confirm this view. Bluejackets are to be seen everywhere—at every firing-point where they are permitted to compete; and not only do they distinguish themselves in teams, but can place on record some excellent individual performances. The Naval Camp—as the small canvas village which accommodates the representatives of the senior service at Bisley is called—is always a centre of attraction. Wherever the British sailor sojourns, whether it be at Hong Kong or within a mile or so of Brookwood Station, he contrives to make a circle of acquaintances. This year, at Bisley, the detachment of the "Excellent" won laurels during their stay in camp, and succeeded in carrying off the Brinsmead Challenge Shield. This competition is open to the Royal Navy, the Royal Engineers at Chatham, Aldershot, and other home stations, Militia Engineers, Volunteer Engineers, Royal Artillery, Royal Marine Artillery, Militia Artillery, Volunteer Artillery, Regular Infantry, Militia Infantry, Volunteer Infantry, and Royal Marine Light Infantry.

WINNERS OF THE METHUEN CUP.



WINNERS OF THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE CUP.

Photos. Russell & Sons. Copyright.

WINNERS OF SIR J. DAVIS'S CUP.

Though some twenty-four other teams competed, the men of the "Excellent" headed the list by six points. For the "Brinsmead" the teams are formed up at 600-yds., and fire one shot at a vanishing target, which appears for fifteen seconds. On the disappearance of the target they advance, halting and firing again every time that the target appears. When about 250-yds. from the targets the teams are ordered to retire, and continue the firing retiring instead of advancing.

In a previous number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED was reproduced a photograph of the winning team advancing in this competition.

In addition to the shield the winners receive £12, the second team £9, the third £6, and the following five in order of merit £3 each.

For the United Service Cup, too, the Naval team shot well, although it did not succeed in carrying off the cup. A team of bluejackets was also entered for the Whitehead Challenge Cup, open to various branches of the Service, and P.O. J. Samphier, of the "Victory," won the first prize of £10 in the Morris competition.

The achievements of the Royal Navy in musketry are not, however, confined to Bisley Common, as reference to our illustrations shows.

The teams of the "Excellent" have won an enviable reputation in shooting. They have won the Methuen Cup, the Queen Charlotte Cup, and the cup offered for competition by General Sir J. Davis, K.C.B., Commanding the Southern District. That Jack can handle a modern rifle as effectively as he can man a big gun, cannot be gainsaid.

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"Si vis Pacem, para Bellum"

[FROM A NAVAL CORRESPONDENT.]

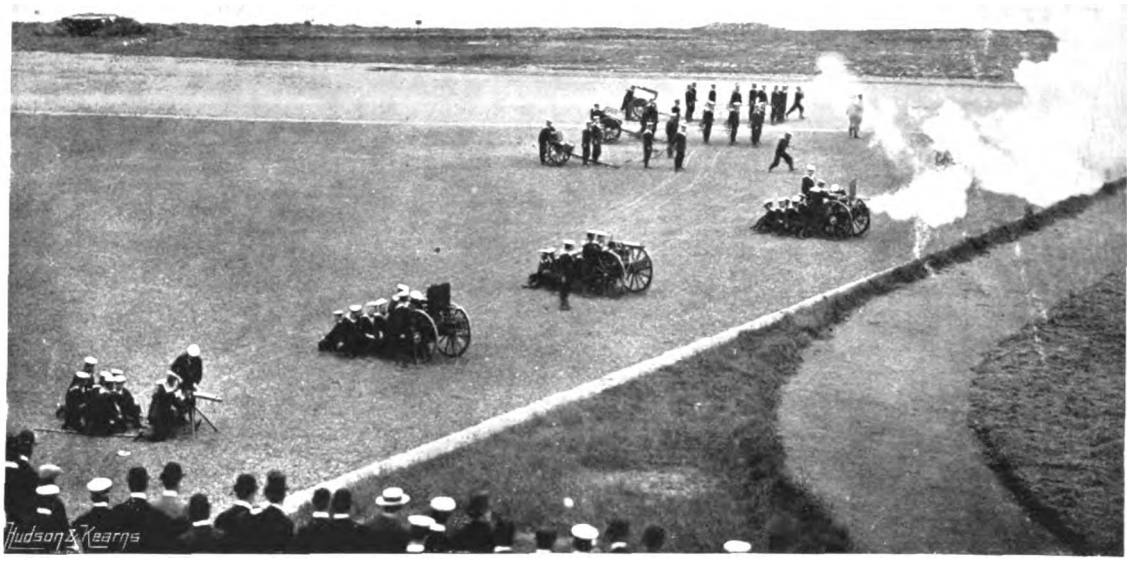
IS the motto of the "Excellent," or more properly termed in these days the School of Gunnery at Whale Island; and the truth of that maxim has been fully proved by the use of other "Maxims."

At the Queen's Birthday Review on Southsea Common, I remarked to a military man, "What do you think of the British seaman?" His reply was characteristic, "He makes a first-class soldier." Another, a dear old Indian Mutiny colonel, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "My boy! we cried for joy when we saw 'Peel's lads,' with their heavy guns, had come to our relief at Lucknow." Seamen have always been renowned for their field gun and battery gun work; it is a drill that bluejackets delight and excel in.

In the Mediterranean in 1864 I have seen a brigade of twenty-four guns, four batteries of six guns each, drilling on Florianna Parade Ground at Malta. Bluejackets have taken their guns where horses have refused to go, and no obstacle has ever been too great for them. As a general once said, "Horses can't do it? Then tell the sailors to go!" and they went.

One of the illustrations I send you shows field-pieces, Nordenfelts, and Maxims. On the right of the picture are the quick-firing guns, and on the left the machine guns, the latter just receiving the order to "commence firing."

In another picture you see them all ready for action; but the bluejacket crews are now taking advantage of the cover of their guns, not needlessly exposing themselves, ready to obey any order, and waiting patiently until it comes. Lastly, you see a battery dismounted, or taken to pieces; every gun number is sitting on the portion that he takes apart, and has to put together when they are all assembled again. Gun numbers are at the guns, limber numbers at the limbers, and the wheelmen on their wheels.



A QUICK-FIRING BATTERY IN ACTION.

A FIELD BATTERY DISMOUNTED—SITTING ON THEIR WORK.

Photos. Gregory.

A FIELD BATTERY IN ACTION—TAKING COVER BEHIND THEIR GUNS AND LIMBERS.

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With Buller's Army at Wareham.

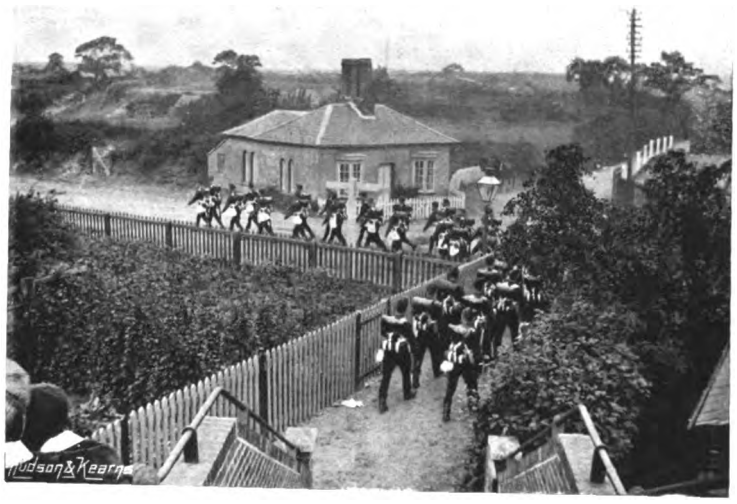
SINCE the appearance of our last article dealing with the manœuvres, troops have been continually arriving within the area of operations, preliminary drills have been frequent, and hostilities are imminent.

Few, if any, of the inhabitants have ever before witnessed the mobilisation of so large a force, and, as may be well

W. Churchill. *A BLOCK AT THE RAILWAY STATION.* Copyright.

imagined, no small excitement prevails among the native population.

Not only in camp, but at the railway stations, large crowds have collected to inspect the troops on their arrival and welcome them to the country.



W. Churchill *LEAVING FOR THE CAMP.* Copyright.

The arrangements for the detraining of troops on such a large scale demand most careful attention on the part of staff officers and railway officials, for the arrival of the troop-trains must not be allowed to interfere seriously with the ordinary traffic. The detraining of every unit as it arrives has, then, to be carried out expeditiously. As each train

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SOLDIER SERVANTS AND OFFICERS' LUGGAGE.

Copyright *SOME LIVE BAGGAGE.* H. & K.

arrives at the station the "advance" is sounded, and the men then form up on the platform before marching off; but before the bugle sounds no man is allowed to leave the compartment in which he is travelling, so orderly are the arrangements There is, of course, a certain amount of

Copyright. *"NOW THEN, HURRY UP."* H. & K.

baggage with every force, and this has to be unloaded. The duty of unloading is performed by a fatigue party told off for the purpose, but the remainder of the troops march straight to camp.

All kinds of luggage sanctioned by regulation is conveyed from the station to camp either by waggons of the Army Service Corps or by hired transport. Several carts of the

W. Churchill. *THE 7th FIELD COMPANY R.E. ARRIVE.* Copyright.

latter kind are to be seen in one of the accompanying illustrations waiting to carry the belongings of Tommy Atkins to his temporary quarters. The troops have just detrained, but the intricacies of shunting, understood only by the railway staff, have for the time stopped their advance.

There can be no doubt that the way in which troops

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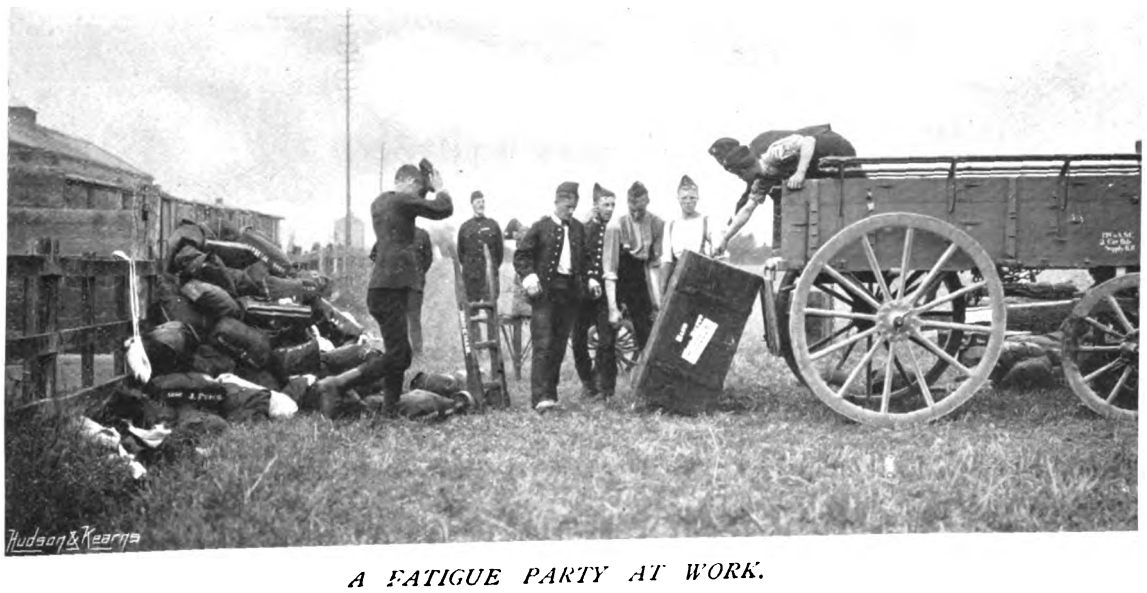
entrain and detrain is a fair criterion of their smartness and state of discipline, and these qualities have been conspicuous in the case of the troops that have lately been arriving at Wareham to join the Southern Army.

In speaking of detraining, it must not be forgotten that other freights are continually arriving in addition to Mr. Atkins and his small portmanteau.

There are horses designed for every kind of military work—draught horses and chargers—as well as machine guns. The former, as those in charge of them know too well, are liable from time to time to give trouble when the time comes for detraining. Machine guns do not present any great obstacle as regards unloading, but they are conveyed to camp by the respective machine gun detachments without the aid of horses, and, as may well be understood, this is no easy matter on a burning August day, especially when the roads are cut up by constant heavy traffic. On manœuvres the amount of baggage carried by officers is but small, but for all that it is well safe-guarded, and its presence furnishes a fair excuse for a number of officers' servants being allowed to remain behind at the station to see it conveyed to its destination. Especially after a long journey, the soldier servant would be more than human were he not to welcome the relaxation as a means of refreshing himself at the nearest house of call as soon as he has secured his master's baggage. Such privileges can seldom be enjoyed by the fatigue party left to unload the baggage, for they are constantly under the eye of a non-commissioned officer, and are marched to camp as soon as the duty is completed.

ON THE WAY TO WAREHAM.



A FATIGUE PARTY AT WORK.

The hot dry weather has had the effect of giving to the troops, after their march along a dusty road from the station, the appearance of millers or bakers; but, though doubtless fatigued after their journey by train and the march to camp, most of them have arrived in the best of spirits, smiling and joking, as the British soldier always contrives to do.

One of our illustrations depicts a party of sappers after their arrival. They have piled arms and taken off their accoutrements before enjoying a brief but well-earned rest.

Provisions continue to arrive in camp, and among them we may include live oxen to be killed for use by the troops. Herds of these animals are often to be met on their way to headquarters, as they appear in the illustration. A familiar sight, too, is the general service waggon of the Army Service Corps, loaded with baggage, slowly wending its way to camp, or a battalion which has travelled all night marching cheerily along to the strains of a bugle band.

It is his disregard for trifling inconveniences that

TO THE CAVALRY CAMP.

H. & K.

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makes the British soldier what he is—always cheerful amid hardships, and on that account a good campaigner.

Although there will be no loss of blood in the coming campaign, it must not be supposed that the troops will not be called upon to undergo discomfort or privations.

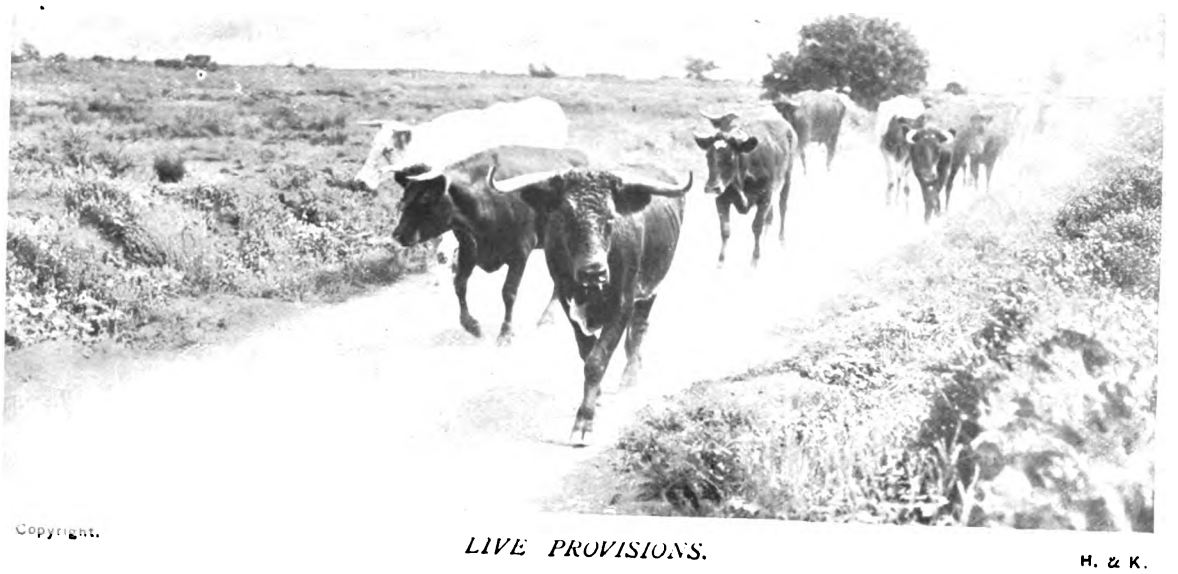
The standing camps have been rendered as comfortable as circumstances will permit, and there has been great activity among those branches of the Service entrusted with the preparations. The Royal Engineers have been particularly busy. To them has fallen the greater part of the work connected with the laying out of the camp, the erection of temporary buildings, making of revetments, and work of a similar nature. Fascines are always in demand, and are used in almost every branch of field engineering. One of our illustrations depicts a party of sappers constructing a fascine, which may be described as a long faggot of brushwood. It is put together in a "cradle," made by placing a number of stakes in the ground and crossing them diagonally. When sufficient brushwood has been placed in the "cradle," it is "choked" to the required thickness and tied at intervals. When complete it is trimmed, and may be cut to any length required.

A STEEP ASCENT.

Others have been busy constructing telegraphs, for there is to be no lack of proper communication between the forces. There is field telegraph for each Army corps; neutral semi-permanent lines connecting the headquarters of each Army corps with their respective divisions, and neutral semi-permanent lines connecting the director and umpire-in-chief's camp with the headquarters of the several camping districts. Strict rules have been issued with regard to telegraphic appliances and wires. Damage to any wire within the manœuvre area is forbidden, nor can either force interfere with any of the offices. Under certain conditions, however, a field line may be put out of action. Perhaps the two most interesting portions of the scientific corps to be employed in the manœuvres are the bridging battalion and the balloon section. These units have been equally divided, and one half is stationed at either camp. When the fighting commences the work of the latter will be watched with special interest. We have heard much of the strides made at Aldershot in military aeronautics, but so far the value of balloons in our Army has never been put to the test, at least, not under circumstances in every way similar to those of active service. There will be ample opportunity for the employment of the bridging battalion before the hostilities cease, and after its preliminary training at Henley-on-Thames we may expect to see good work.

For the last ten days the greater portion of Buller's army has been engaged in brigade and divisional drill, and the various portions of the army are now well accustomed to work together.

THE MAXIM ARRIVES.



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LIVE PROVISIONS.

H. & K.

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The value of these introductory exercises cannot be over-estimated. It is desirable that a commander should know something of the capabilities of the officers and troops under his command before taking the field. Sir Redvers would, but for this arrangement, have been practically unacquainted with the troops he commands; for these, unlike most of the

FASCINES IN CONSTRUCTION.

Northern Army, have not been under their commander before mobilising on Salisbury Plain.

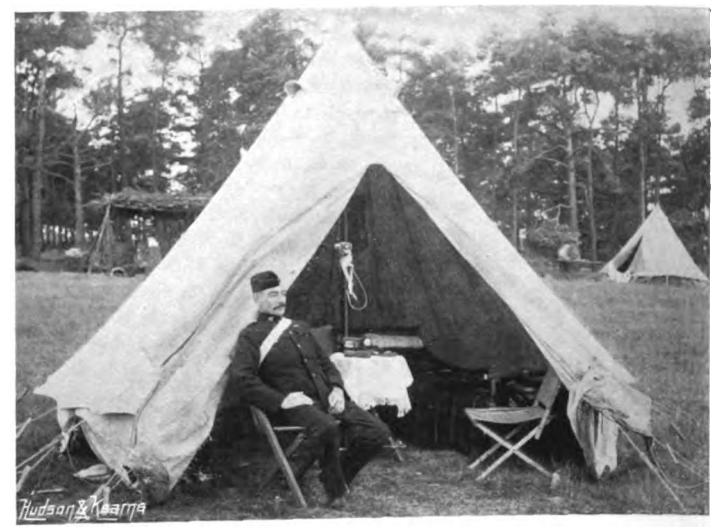
The cavalry, after their preliminary manœuvres under General Sir George Luck, are in capital condition. Never

READY FOR USE.

before have they been afforded an opportunity of working together in such large numbers, and it is expected that enormous benefit must accrue from their employment with the two rival forces. The present will also be a befitting time for testing that much-despised force, the mounted infantry—despised, at least, by the mounted branches of the Service.

R. C. Ryan. *A WELL-EARNED REST.* C pyright.

The Army Service Corps and the Army Ordnance Corps have not been idle. The waggons of the former are continually on their way to and from the railway station, but the transport duties are too onerous to be carried out exclusively by the corps. The authorities have, therefore, found it



W. Churchill. *AN OFFICER'S TENT.* Copyright

necessary to supplement the resources of the Army in this respect by adding thereto a considerable number of hired waggons.

Their action in the matter has led to a considerable amount of adverse criticism from the pens of those who advocate a still larger increase in our forces. Until the operations have concluded, however, it will be impossible to judge to what extent we might with advantage employ hired transport in time of war.

W. Churchill *THE WATER CART.* Copyright.

The Army Ordnance Corps has found ample employment in the collation of the stores and munitions of war which have been daily arriving. A fair idea of the varied nature of the valuables which come under the care of the corps may be gathered from the illustration, in which a heterogeneous collection is drawn up outside the tent set apart for use as an ordnance store.

The good weather has so far ripened the crops that no serious obstacle to the movement of the troops is expected to result from standing crops, or, indeed, from the corn in stooks.

R. C. Ryan *CAMP EQUIPMENT.* Copyright.

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IN an article which appears in this week's number we deal with the Coast and Port Guard ships, which form our first squadron of reserve. As we go to press four of the Port Guard ships are steaming round to Bristol, to let those attending the annual meeting of the British Association see something of the might and power of Britain's Navy. They are the "Sans Pareil" from Sheerness, the "Nile" from Devonport, the "Trafalgar" from Portsmouth, and the "Thunderer" from Devonport. All, with the exception of the last-named, are first-class battle-ships, and the "Thunderer," though a bit out of date, is probably the most powerful second-class battle-ship we possess. Magnificently protected, re-engined and re-armed as she has been, many a Naval officer would be only too glad to take her into action against a more modern ship. The "Nile" and "Trafalgar" are sister ships, and were the immediate predecessors of the "Royal Sovereign" and "Majestic" classes which now compose our Channel and Mediterranean Squadrons. The "Sans Pareil" is described in the article, and on our first page I reproduce a portrait of her commander, Captain J. R. E. Pattisson. Thirty years ago he was, as a young lieutenant, capturing slave dhows on the East Coast of Africa, and bore his part in the taking of the Nicobar Islands; the ordinary every-day sort of work in the Naval officer's career. Since then he has earned other laurels in the Egyptian Campaign, for which he wears the Queen's medal and the Khedive's bronze star.

* * * *

I HAVE to thank Lieutenant H. S. Vaughan, 3rd V.B. the Queen's Own Royal West Kent, for the following note: "With reference to the query as to the ostrich plumes of the Highlanders on page 488 of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of August 13, these were first adopted by the Highland regiments serving under Abercromby in Egypt. The men, who up to that time wore merely the plain round bonnet (which still forms the basis of the present bonnet), suffered considerably from the glare of the sun, and were given permission to add ostrich plumes to their bonnets as a shade to the eyes. After the campaign, in commemoration of their services therein, and partly, no doubt, because of the imposing effect of the headgear thus adorned, sanction was given to the permanent retention of the plumes for full dress."

* * * *

A SMALL machine has just been invented by an American, which will enable the soldiers to utilise the bicycle for the purpose of spying out the land in a much more efficient manner than heretofore, since as he travels over the country on his bicycle the machine will provide him with a written record of the surface contour. It is a simple little device, which attaches to the top tube of the bicycle near the handle-bars, and consists of two parts, a revolving cylinder, carrying a paper strip, and a pointer which marks the record thereon. This pointer is controlled by a complementary mechanism, and adjusts itself always to the position of the bicycle. When the cyclist travels up hill the pointer moves towards the upper edge of the paper strip, which naturally moves in proportion to the eminence upon which the bicycle is rising; when the road dips the pointer runs in the opposite direction. The paper slip on which the record is made is ruled off in parallel lines, and the record is made of course to scale. The cylinder carrying the paper is worked by a belt attached to the crank axle of the bicycle, and the cyclist rides as fast or as slow as he pleases. The United States Army is considering the advisability of adopting this machine as an adjunct to tactics, and American military experts point out that by its aid a general on the march can always be kept acquainted with the nature of the country ahead of him. An engineer can be sent on ahead on a bicycle fitted with this machine, and return with an exact profile of the road; thus the general will know just what he has to encounter, and make his arrangements accordingly.

* * * *

"CYCLIST."—My opinion is that the French Army is in advance of all others, so far as cycles and cycling are concerned. Captain Gérard, the inventor of the *bicyclette pliante*, which soldiers can fold up and carry on their backs, was in command of a cyclist company attached to an infantry division in last year's manœuvres. The trials then made proved eminently satisfactory. His experimental company is attached, for the manœuvres of 1898, to a cavalry division, and is entrusted with duties which will thoroughly test its powers, but Captain Gérard anticipates as great a success as that of last year. In some circumstances, as, for instance, in wet clay or in standing crops, it is impossible either to ride or wheel the cycle. It is therefore so constructed that it can be doubled up and slung on the back, the cyclist carrying it as easily as he does a haversack, and having both arms free for the use of his rifle. The inventor's idea is that cyclists should always be available, when necessary, as combatant troops. The Russian authorities prefer his cycle to all the others that they have tried, and the outcome of both Russian and French manœuvres will be watched with interest by military wheelmen.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT asks me, "What is the oldest volunteer corps, and how do the corps rank in order of precedence?" Undoubtedly the oldest volunteer corps in the Service, and in the world, is the Honourable Artillery Company, which dates back to 1537, when Henry VIII. granted a charter of organisation to the "Fraternity or Guylde of Saint George: Maisters and Rulars of the said science of Artillary as aforesaid rehearsed for long-bowes, cros-bowes, and hand-gonnes." This ancient organisation is now the Honourable Artillery Company, and has borne on its muster-rolls the names of very many distinguished Britons, one of them being the great blind poet that christened us "God's Englishmen." Of the ordinary line volunteer corps the senior are the five volunteer battalions of the Devonshire regiments. From the sixth to the thirtieth the regiments are all Middlesex, the senior being the 1st Middlesex (Victoria and St. George's), the senior volunteer battalion of the King's Royal Rifles. Lancashire ranks third, her regiments carrying the order of precedence on from thirty-one to fifty-two, the senior being the 1st Volunteer Battalion Liverpool Regiment (late 1st Lincolnshire). The junior regiment of all is also a Lancashire regiment, the 7th (Isle of Man) Volunteer Battalion Liverpool Regiment. The senior Scotch corps is the Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade (late 1st Edinburgh), which now forms the first three volunteer battalions of the Royal Scots. Its order of precedence is seventy-fifth. Wales, however, was before Scotland in the field, as the sixty-first in order of precedence is the 1st Volunteer Battalion Welsh Regiment (late 1st Pembrokeshire), the earliest Welsh battalion.

* * * *

"LANCE-CORPORAL" is anxious to know something of the squadron system. In 1892 regiments of cavalry were divided into four squadrons, each squadron being commanded by a senior officer, responsible to the commanding officer for the drill, discipline, etc., of the unit. The officer commanding a squadron should be a major. Under him there is a captain and four subalterns. The non-commissioned officers attached to each squadron are:—A squadron sergeant-major, who superintends the roster of duties and discipline of the squadron; a squadron quartermaster-sergeant, charged with the care of accounts and stores; eight sergeants, one farrier sergeant, eight corporals, and one shoeing smith corporal. Besides these there are two trumpeters, three shoeing smiths, one saddler, and one hundred and sixty privates. These figures refer to a service squadron of four troops at home on the higher establishment. A squadron may be sub-divided into three or four troops, but the troop is no longer an administrative unit. There are, therefore, now no troop sergeants-major. Regiments of yeomanry cavalry are also divided into squadrons. Certain regiments of yeomanry cavalry carry standards, but no reference is made to them in the regulations.

* * * *

"BRIDGETON."—Two brief but desperate contests were waged between the British power in India and the Sikhs, in 1845-46 and 1848-49, which resulted in the destruction of the latter as an independent kingdom. The first war had its origin in the dissensions which convulsed the Sikh country after the death of Runjeet Singh. At length an army of Sikhs, flushed with their triumph over all lawful authority in their own country, crossed the Sutlej and extended their ravages over British territory; but their advance guard was met by Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor-General, at the head of four regiments of infantry and one of dragoons, and was routed at Mudki with heavy loss. Three days after, the main body, which had in the meantime crossed the river and entrenched itself at Fergestah, was attacked by a large British force under Sir Hugh Gough and Sir Henry Hardinge, and after a conflict which lasted two days was also routed. Still undismayed by these reverses, the Sikhs again entrenched themselves at Sobraon, on the left bank of the Sutlej. There a battle, stubbornly contested on both sides, was fought on February 10, 1846. The force under Sir Hugh Gough, consisting of British troops and Sikhs, numbered 35,000. Eventually, after a vigorous defence, the enemy's position was taken, and they were driven over the Sutlej with a loss in killed, drowned, and wounded of 13,000. One of the Sikh regiments engaged in these two battles was the 4th Bengal Infantry (Prince Albert Victor's), and between 1846 and 1861 the regiment was not engaged in any active service.

* * * *

THE same correspondent asks about a medal which, from his description, is evidently that for the Burmese War of 1852, with the Pegu clasp. In consequence of the outbreak of hostilities between the British Government and Burma in that year, the province of Pegu was invaded. Pegu, the capital, was taken by Major Cotton, with 300 men, in June, 1852, without loss, and it was afterwards abandoned. It was again occupied by the Burmese and strongly fortified with a garrison of 4,000. It was recaptured by General Gordon, with 1,200 men and two guns, in two hours, with a loss of six killed and thirty-two wounded. The province of Pegu was annexed to British possession by proclamation on December 20, 1852.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"The following proclamation, issued by Admiral Sir J. B. Warren, on his arrival at Halifax (1812), brings out very strongly the revolution in national sympathies which has taken place since the date of its issue. The proclamation will of itself sufficiently illustrate the state of affairs in 1812. To-day French sympathies are generally allowed to be on the side of Spain, and British sympathies on the side of the United States:—'Whereas many British seamen are now in the United States of America, and several of them by various means have been seduced to serve on board the American ships at war with the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and others who have deserted from His Majesty's Service have been forced to serve against their native country. I therefore call upon all British seamen and others, in the present state of the war, and before it may be too late to join the British colours, under which many of them have obtained glory and honour, to repair to any of His Majesty's provinces, garrisons, ships, or vessels; and upon giving themselves up, and declaring their sense of error, I pledge myself to obtain for them H.R.H. the Prince Regent's free pardon and forgiveness, and to those who are willing to enter into the British Navy every encouragement they could wish. I trust that every British seaman will unite in supporting the noblest cause that was called for the effort of man—the preservation of liberties, independence, religion, and laws of all the remaining nations of the world, against the tyranny and despotism of France, and to defend the honour of the British flag upon the seas, at a moment when Providence has blessed His army with success in sustaining the cause of injured Spain and Portugal.'"

THE EDITOR.

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REGIMENTAL BADGES

THIRD ARTICLE

THE series of badges which are reproduced with this article are a specially interesting group. That fine old battle honour, the "Castle and Key," the origin of which, in its connection with the Essex Regiment, I explained in the first article of this series, is here shown as worn by the Suffolk, Northamptonshire, and Dorsetshire Regiments, and it will be noticed that the two latter display with the badge the legends respectively of "Talavera" and "Primus in Indis." The legend "Talavera" appears on the helmet and waist plates of the Northamptonshire, to bear witness to the magnificent behaviour of their 1st Battalion, the old 48th, at what Wellington called "the hardest fight of modern times." The Dorsetshire's proud motto of "Primus in Indis" they owe to the fact that the old 39th were the first King's battalion to proceed to India, where they landed in 1754, and in 1757 they bore a prominent part in Clive's great victory at Plassy.

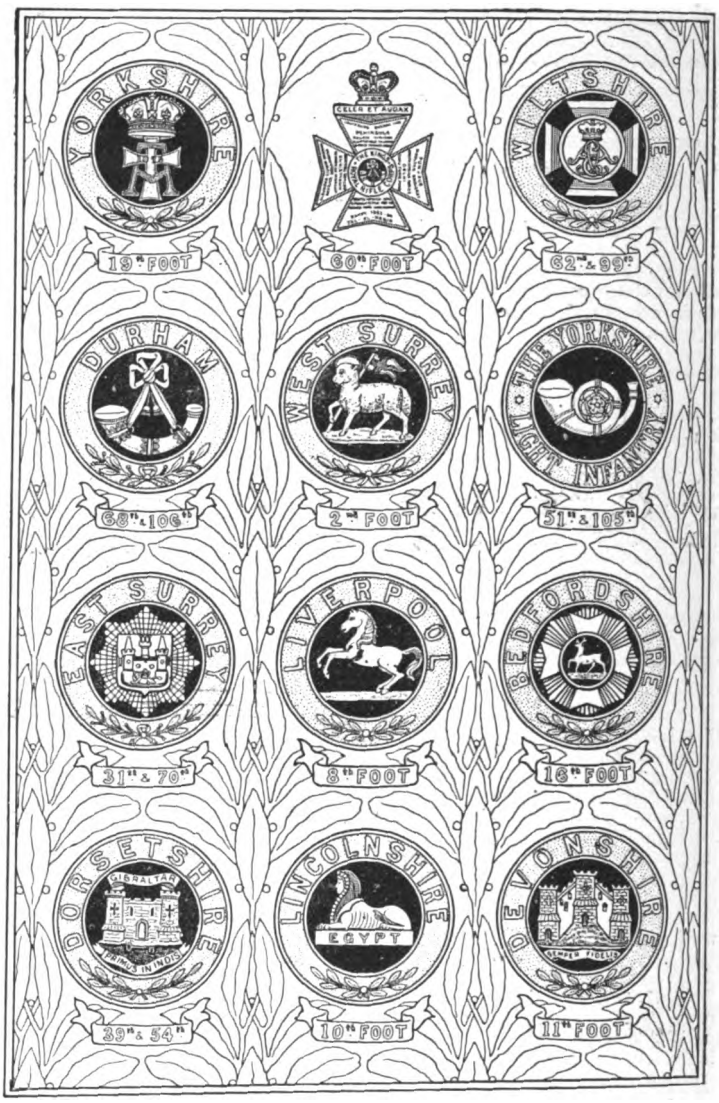
The battle honour of the Sphinx, given to those regiments engaged in Egypt in 1801, is, it will be seen, worn by the Lincolnshire, who earned it as part of the force which was despatched from India under Sir David Baird. Another glorious old battle badge, the unique property of the corps, is the feather worn in the badge of the Royal Sussex. This they earned by, and wear in memory of, a gallant feat of the old 35th, their 1st Battalion, who, in the Plains of Abraham, before Quebec, swept down on and routed a crack French corps—the Royal Roussillon Regiment of Grenadiers.

Another grand old battle badge is the Albuhera wreath worn by the Middlesex, in right of their 1st Battalion, the old 57th—the "Die-hards." "Die hard, my lads, die hard," rang out the voice of Inglis, their gallant commander, and die hard they did in truth, for there fell on the bloody ridge Colonel Inglis himself and twenty-two other officers and 400 rank and file out of a total in all ranks of 570. Note also that the Middlesex Regiment wear as a badge the Prince of Wales's plume with the motto "Ich Dien"—a rather unique distinction, as the corps has no personal connection with either His Royal Highness or the Principality. It was an old badge of their 2nd Battalion, the old 77th, the Duke of Cambridge's Own, from which battalion they also derive their cognisance of the cypher and coronet of H.R.H. the late Commander-in-Chief. The Welsh of course wear the Prince of Wales's plume as the cognisance of the Principality, and accompany it with the only Welsh motto in the Service, "Gwell Angau Na Chwilydd," which Anglicised means "Death before dishonour."

That fine old Welsh cognisance "The Red Dragon," the old emblem of Cadwallader, is one of the badges of the 24th, now the South Wales Borderers. Three times has a battalion of this grand old corps suffered practical annihilation. Once in the retreat from Burgos during the Peninsular War, again at Chillianwallah in the second Sikh War, and finally at Isandhlwana. At this last battle the gallant Melville and Coghill saved, at the cost of their lives, the Queen's colour from the enemy, and ever since, by special command of Her Majesty, a silver wreath is always borne on the Queen's colour of each battalion of the South Wales Borderers.

Another national badge, the Irish Harp, is shown in the waist plate of the Connaught Rangers, and the White Horse of Hanover, the story of which was given in the first article of this series, figures as the badge of the King's Liverpool Regiment. The Yorkshire Light Infantry share with the Highland Light Infantry the distinction of wearing a badge in the shape of a French horn, a device adopted by these two regiments on their being made Light Infantry on their return from the Corunna Campaign. Regimental tradition asserts that the "Celer et audax" motto of the old "Sixtieth" was given them for the "alertness and intrepidity" shown by the regiment before Quebec. Territorial insignia are also displayed on a number of the badges here represented.

Three only of the dozen Yorkshire regiments display the White Rose of York as a colour badge, and these are the three whose badges we depict. The Yorkshire only wear the rose on the colours, but the two other regiments, the Yorkshire Light Infantry and East Yorkshire, wear it also on appointments as depicted. To these three regiments the badge is specially appropriate, for their territorial connection with the county has always been maintained. The 51st (1st Yorkshire Light Infantry) was "Yorkshire" from its birth in 1755, while the two others have been territorially connected with the county since 1782. As a matter of fact—apart from the two Inniskilling Regiments, whose "Castle of Inniskilling" is a



war honour—only six regiments display territorial insignia as colour badges. These are the three regiments above named, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, whose badge I dealt with in the last paper, the Hampshire Regiment, and the Devonshire. This latter is here shown, and represents the "Castle of Exeter" with the motto "Semper Fidelis," a badge derived from the old Devon Militia, and conferred on the latter for their constancy during the Civil War. The "Hampshire Rose," the colour badge of the county regiment, is in truth the "Red Rose of Lancaster," conferred as a badge on the City of Winchester by Henry V. as he passed through on his way to Agincourt. The other territorial badges shown in our illustrations are, with two exceptions, all militia distinctions, and are derived since the territorial organisation. The Star and Arms of Guildford worn by the East Surrey are derived respectively from the old 3rd Royal Surrey and the old 1st Royal Surrey Militia. The Hart and Ford of the Bedfordshire is the county badge of their 4th Battalion, the old Hertfordshire Militia. The centre of the Star of the Garter in the Royal Sussex badge is the badge of their county militia. The exceptions are the municipal arms of Manchester and the municipal arms of Derby, a hart lodged, but both these were only adopted at the introduction of the territorial system. Of personal insignia, two are here shown. The cypher and coronet of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh are worn by the Wiltshire Regiment, they being Duke of Edinburgh's by the right of their 2nd Battalion, the old 99th. The old "Green Howards," now the Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire Regiment), are very proud of their badge, which they received on the inauguration of the territorial system, and which must have consoled them for the loss of their time-honoured green facings. It was designed by the Princess herself, and consists of the letter A, through which passes a Danish cross, with in the centre the date 1875, this

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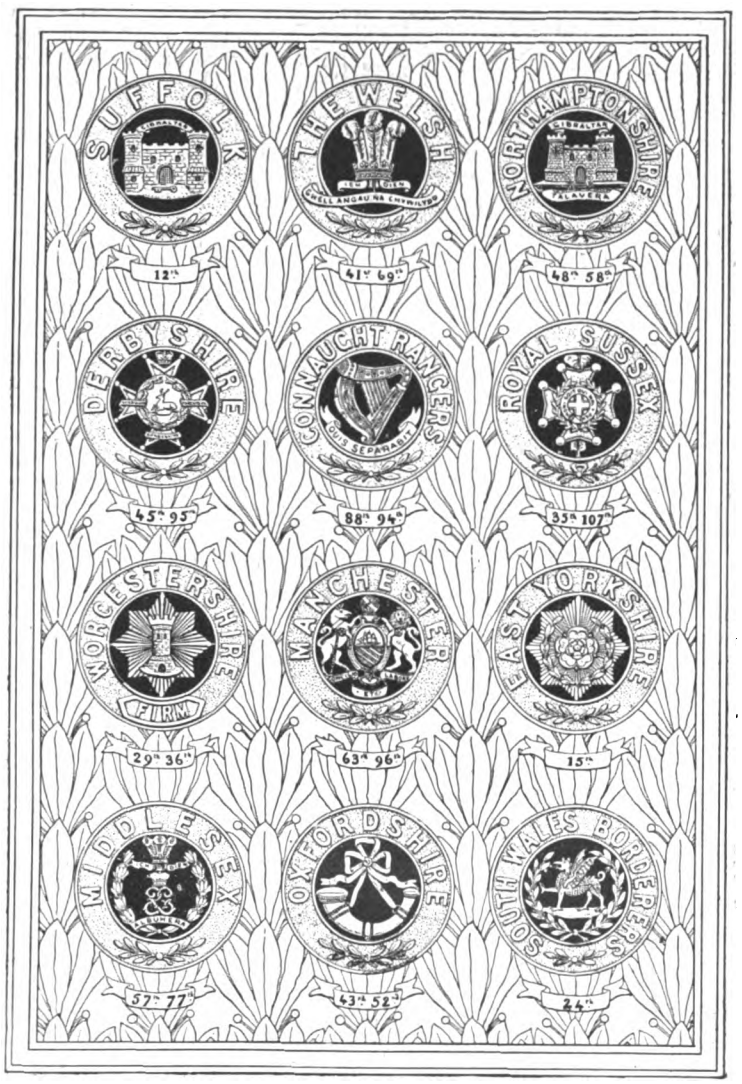
being the year in which the regiment became Her Royal Highness's godchild, the whole surmounted by the Princess's coronet.

Of the curious old badge of the Worcester, the Castle and Star, there is no record, but it is an old 29th badge. It is, with all due deference to our artist, not now worn, as the present badge, which replaces the castle in the centre of the star, is a lion within the motto of the Garter. "Firm" is the old 36th badge, the origin of which is also obscure, but tradition asserts that the regiment adopted it when Lord Cornwallis commended them for their firmness at the storming of Bangalore on March 21, 1791. The fine old badge of the Paschal Lamb, assumed by the Queen's (Royal West Surrey) when first raised for service at Tangiers in 1661, is traditionally asserted to have been assumed in honour of Charles II.'s consort, Catherine of Braganza, but probably, as Macaulay suggests, the Christian emblem was adopted as a sign they were warring against infidels. Finally, a very interesting emblem, which is the distinctive mark of a few regiments, appears in seven of our badges. This is the Maltese cross, of which that worn by the Bedford is the oldest badge of this kind in the Service. In their case it commemorates the bestowal of the Order of the Bath on their colonel, James Stanley, who commanded the regiment at Steinkirk, Landen, Namur, etc. It is supposed to date from 1694, but this is probably a mistake, for from the time of Charles II. till its revival in 1725 there were no creations to the Order. Stanley, who in 1702 had become Earl of Derby, was probably one of the thirty-five knights then created. The "Jager" battalion of the 60th, when raised in 1797, adopted this badge, and from them the corps take it. They were raised in the main from a foreign corps known as Hompesch Bavarians, the brother of the infamous Hompesch, the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, who treacherously surrendered Malta to Napoleon in 1798. The old 95th assumed the



badge when made Rifles in 1815, and the new 95th (now the 2nd Derbyshire) adopted the badge when they became 95th in 1824. The King's colour of the 35th was the first British flag that flew from the ramparts of Valetta, and yet, curiously enough, I am assured by the regiment that the badge comes to them from their 2nd Battalion, raised as an East India Regiment in 1854. The Wiltshire, though not at the capture of Malta, adopted it when in Sicily in 1806. Finally, the Border Regiment, whose badge was shown in my first article, wear it, but there is no trace of its origin, though I learn from the regiment that the records substantiate it as having been worn for generations.

SUBMARINE MINES.

By LIEUT.-COL. F. H. ARMSTRONG.

EVERYONE must recollect Mark Twain's humorous description of the weapon with which his Arab escort was armed in Palestine, and the pathetic horror which inspired him when it was proposed to fire it off, in order to overawe some troublesome visitors to their camp. One gaze down the bore of its "lingering eternity of a barrel, honey-combed with rust," was sufficient to show him that such a weapon was dangerous only to the possessor of it. Yet the atmosphere of military authority which floated around that effete old matchlock induced a feeling of respect for it, even amongst the most lawless of brigands—although it is difficult to say why.

It is this atmosphere of blue funk—to use a vulgar expression—which clings to the employment of submarine mines, and which has gained an unpleasant notoriety for them, not so much from what they have designedly done, as from the great uncertainty which attaches to their action, even when laid with the utmost care and precaution; so that, just as the Arab brigand cannot pretend to know how far the fragments of the ancient matchlock may fly, in the event of the soldier having the temerity to discharge it, and its bursting in his hands—for a precisely similar reason the glorious uncertainty of what a mine may do when it is fired in the vicinity of a passing vessel creates a most uncomfortable sensation in the minds of those who believe themselves to be within the possible sphere of its influence.

In point of fact the submarine mine is a sort of military bugbear, and I have very little confidence in its value as an efficient agent of defensive warfare. Even if it is possible to place a mine actually beneath a vessel, or at least beneath its bilge, it does not at all follow as a matter of certainty that very serious mischief must necessarily ensue when it is exploded. As an illustration of the difficulty experienced sometimes in attempting the destruction of a vessel, even when the mine is actually in contact, I may instance the "Forest," a sailing ship of about 2,000 tons displacement, which baffled the united scientific skill of all the technical officers of the "Defence" to blow up in September, 1877, for a period of five days. It was only after a consecutive series of mines, amounting in the aggregate to no less than 4,560-lb. of powder and 1,150-lb. of gun-cotton—laid at intervals during this period—had been secured beneath the vessel's hull, and exploded well below the surface of the water, that the last two or three of the series began to take serious effect, and that the destruction of the ship was finally completed. It is true that the exploding charges were only placed in extemporised mines formed out of casks and cylinders, but similar results would probably have followed even had the mine-cases been of the ordinary character. The instance of the "Maine" was a peculiar one. Even assuming that the work of destruction was commenced by the explosion of a mine laid immediately below the vessel—which is begging the whole question—the completion of the work was clearly due to the blowing up of the magazines forward.

When the mine to be exploded is not in actual contact with the exterior of the ship's hull, but is fired, as an "observation mine," from an observing station on shore or upon another vessel, a relatively slight water-space intervening between them may cause the explosion to be innocuous. An instance of this has just occurred near Cavite, in the Philippines, when two observation mines were exploded just ahead of the "Olympia" without doing the slightest damage to the ship. I have myself seen a charge of 200-lb. of gun-cotton exploded about 25-ft. from the bilge of the "Resistance" without any appreciable effect being produced. This charge was about 8-ft. or 10-ft. below the surface.

Two circumstances appear to have an important influence upon the action of submarine mines, whether of observation or contact character. When a ship is under way, at a good speed, the skin friction of the hull carries along with it a considerable body of water, and this interferes with the explosive effect of a mine, even if discharged immediately underneath, by diverting and spreading the lines of force over a larger surface. The fact of the ship being under way might even lessen the blow which it would receive from the explosion of a contact mine, for the hull would present a less inert mass to the impact exerted. Then the nature of the explosive material is of importance. Powder is more far-reaching

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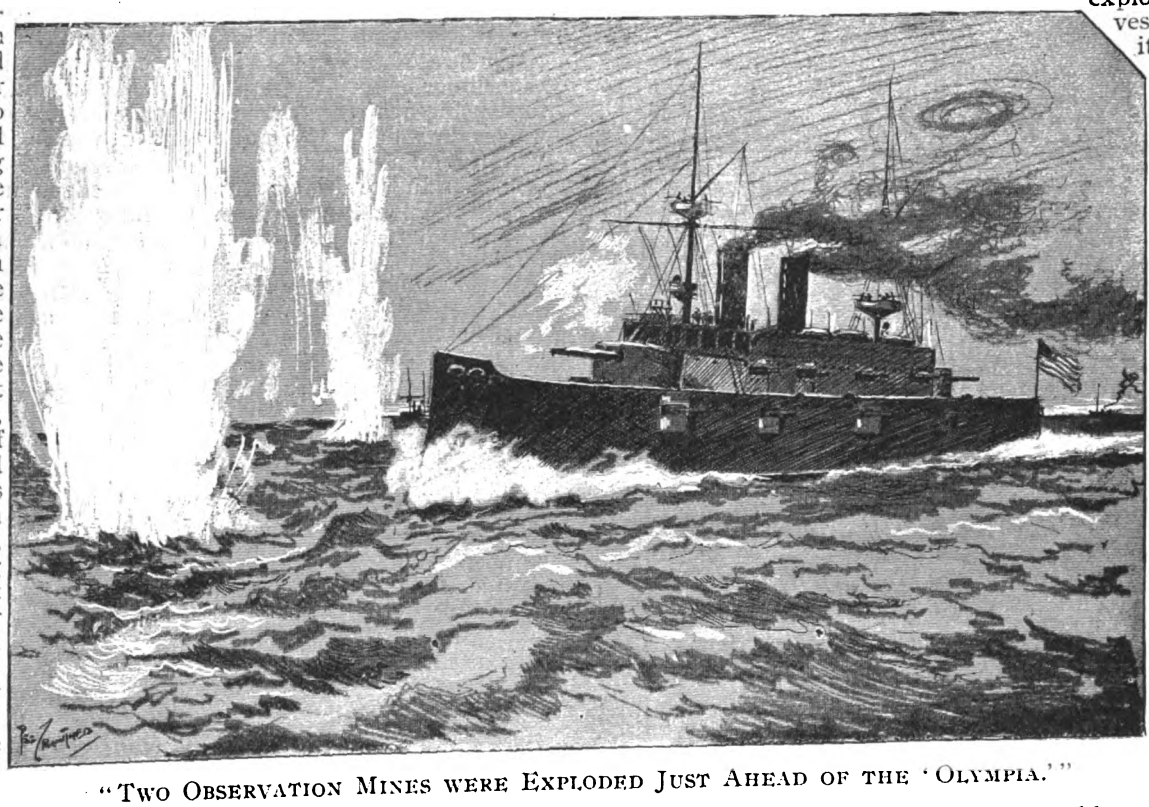
in its effects than gun-cotton, and a charge of 660-lb. of it, when exploded within 24-ft. of a hulk at Carlskrona, tore a hole in the outer bottom 100 square feet in extent. This was about the size of the hole which was ultimately torn under the bilge of the "Resistance," at Portsmouth, when 200-lb. of gun-cotton was exploded actually in contact with the skin.

We will now describe the different forms of submarine mine in use both by the Royal Engineers' submarine miners and the Navy. They are of two kinds, observation and contact. Both are charged at present with gun-cotton, for although a quantity of gunpowder equivalent to a given weight of gun-cotton might have a more extensive radius of action, it would take up too much room, as the latter is about two and a-half times more powerful in its action than powder. At first mine-cases were constructed for 500-lb., 250-lb., and 100-lb. of gun-cotton; the larger sizes being used for observation mines, and the smaller ones being suspended in the water from floating wooden cases containing circuit-closers, a device which closed the electric circuit of a battery when the wooden case was bumped by a passing vessel, firing the charge within by the action of an electric detonator. It is clear, of course, that a much larger quantity of gun-cotton is required for the observation mine than for that which is exploded by contact, as its powers have to be exerted over a considerable area, any spot in which should be fatal to the passing vessel, whilst the contact mine is brought into actual touch with the same.

The observation mine now consists of a cylindrical case of wrought iron 3-16ths of an inch thick, rather less than a yard in diameter and length, with both ends rounded off. It has eye-bolts both upon top and bottom for slinging it into the water, and for anchoring it to the "sinker" or mushroom anchor, which rests on the bottom of the water. The mine charge consists of wet gun-cotton, 500-lb. of which pressed into discs is packed in copper cases, a hole being left amongst the cases for the reception of a primer tin holding dry gun-cotton, which can be ignited by an electric detonator. When packed within the mine-case there is still a considerable space left vacant, which affords the necessary buoyancy to the mine when laid. An insulating plug is inserted in the mouthpiece of the mine, through which wires pass outside, and a dome is screwed on to cover the whole. The wires pass to an electric battery on shore or upon another vessel where the observation station is situated. It is generally on shore, for the purpose of obtaining converging lines crossing the mine-fields by means of directing instruments, so that no buoys are required to direct the firing. When buoys are used, directing instruments are superfluous, as it is only necessary to see that the enemy's ship is crossing the water-space between the two markers, when the whole line of observation mines is exploded, and the doomed vessel must, or should, be destroyed by one or the other of them. The best depth for observation mines below the surface is about 50-ft. They are generally laid out in groups, each mine being about 120-ft. from the one next to it. The radius of destructive influence of the 500-lb. mine is assumed to be about 30-ft., so that each one covers an area 60-ft. in diameter, and the ship's beam occupies the space between each area. A group of six observation mines would therefore block an estuary 720-ft. wide. A single cable takes the six sets of wires from the several mines, they being forked into it at intervals as it lies upon the bottom. Wetted gun-cotton is employed for the charge, as it is safe in this condition, and will detonate as well as when it is dry. The dry primers are only put into the mines when they are about to be used. It should be explained that detonation is a particularly violent form of explosion, and only set up by fulminate of mercury or some such ingredient. Gun-cotton, when ignited in the ordinary way, merely burns away like cotton wool. When ignited by a detonator containing fulminate of mercury, it detonates with great violence and rapidity. Detonation is thus effected in a large mass of gun-cotton in the twenty-thousandth part of a second.

An electro-contact mine, as already explained, is smaller than an observation mine, because it is exploded when actual contact with the vessel takes place, whilst the other must be able to act at a distance of 30-ft. Instead of being suspended from a wooden circuit-closer case, as at first, the electro-contact mine is now put, with its own circuit-closer, into a mine-case large enough for both, made of the same material as before, and very much the same shape as that just described. The charge is only about 75-lb. or 100-lb. of wet gun-cotton, and space is allowed for buoyancy. Above the charge and priming the circuit-closer stands. This is a neat little contrivance for closing the electric circuit—normally open—and allowing the current to pass through the electric primer so as to explode the charge when the mine is bumped by a passing vessel, which of course shakes the mine and tips it over. Different circuit-closers are used. The Royal Engineers' submarine miners use a vertical cylinder with a tall steel spindle inside ending in a ball. The sides of the cylinder, which is insulated from the mine-case, connect with one terminal, and the thin steel spindle, also insulated, connects with the other. A blow upon the mine-case causes the ball to strike the cylinder and closes the circuit. Provided the wires are in circuit also with a battery on shore, the mine will thus be exploded by a passing vessel which strikes it. The mine is anchored so as to float at a depth of about 10-ft. to 15-ft. below the water. Due allowance must be made for rise and fall of tides. Contact mines are grouped as before, but each trio of them is led to an apparatus called a disconnector, where a mine which has been fired is automatically separated from the series so as not to disturb the others. The whole group of mines leads through the disconnectors to a junction-box, and thence by a single cable to the firing battery on shore. Electro-contact mines are also employed, with a small battery inside, to explode mechanically when bumped, a self-acting circuit-breaker being contrived which closes after the mine is laid. They are highly dangerous to manipulate.



"Two Observation Mines were Exploded Just Ahead of the 'Olympia.'"

One of the most interesting processes to witness is the removal of an enemy's mines by countermining and sweeping, which is carried out by our Naval officers to perfection.

The laying down of mines from a vessel afloat is also a most delicate operation, and requires considerable deftness and skill. For observation mines a main cable 1,440-ft. in length has to be dealt with, the six branch cables being forked into it at intervals of 180-ft. This is a most complicated "cat's cradle" to manipulate, without entangling, even in the smoothest water, with its attached mines weighing over 600-lb. each. A series of stout thwarts is secured across a 42-ft. launch, the six mines and the "mark-buoys" to indicate the position of the mine-field being laid in order upon the ends of the thwarts. The cable is then passed over and under the boat so as to bring the branch cable ends in proximity to their respective mine-cases, to which they are connected up. When the site of the mine-field is reached, by towing, the cable is unwound, and the mines with their "sinkers" are dropped, one after the other, a grass line marked with bunting, stretched from the mark-buoy, guiding the men in dropping the mines at their proper distances. The only things left to indicate the position of the mine-field are the mark-buoys. The inner end of the cable is then carried to the firing station.

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Crossing an Irish River.

RIVERS, according to the tactical text-books, are serious "obstacles," but as everyone, even though he may not happen to be a tactician, knows, they are not impassable ones. History teems with examples of the successful passage of rivers by troops, often in the face of determined opposition.

From a very early date it has been customary in well-trained armies to devote special attention to practice in crossing rivers.

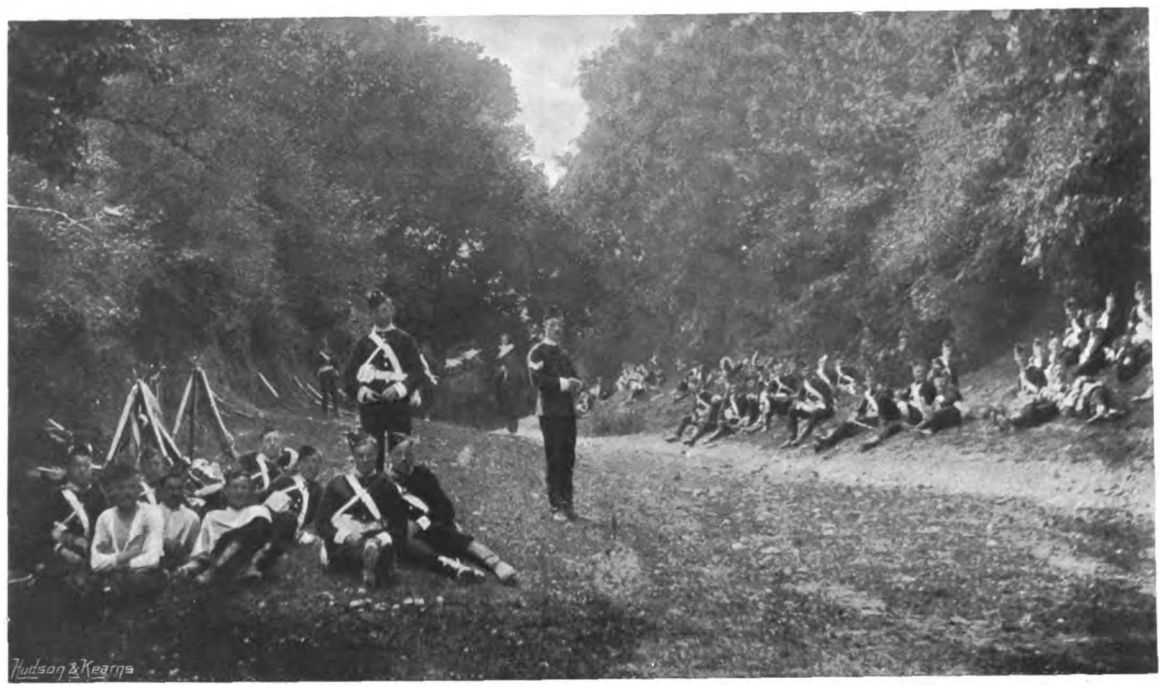
In various armies different methods have been, and are, employed, and readers of Rudyard Kipling will recall a delightful yarn entitled "The Storming of Ling-Tung-Pen," in which a British company, after swimming a Burmese river in the dark, finds itself at dawn *in puris naturalibus* in possession of the fort, but unable for some time to resume its ordinary attire.

The accompanying illustrations of work done at the last annual training of the troops in the Curragh District, under Major-General Boyce Combe, afford pleasant proof that the British soldier receives careful and practical training in the art of crossing rivers. Here we see representatives of Q and U Batteries, Royal Horse Artillery, preparing to float guns and limbers across the River Liffey on an improvised raft.

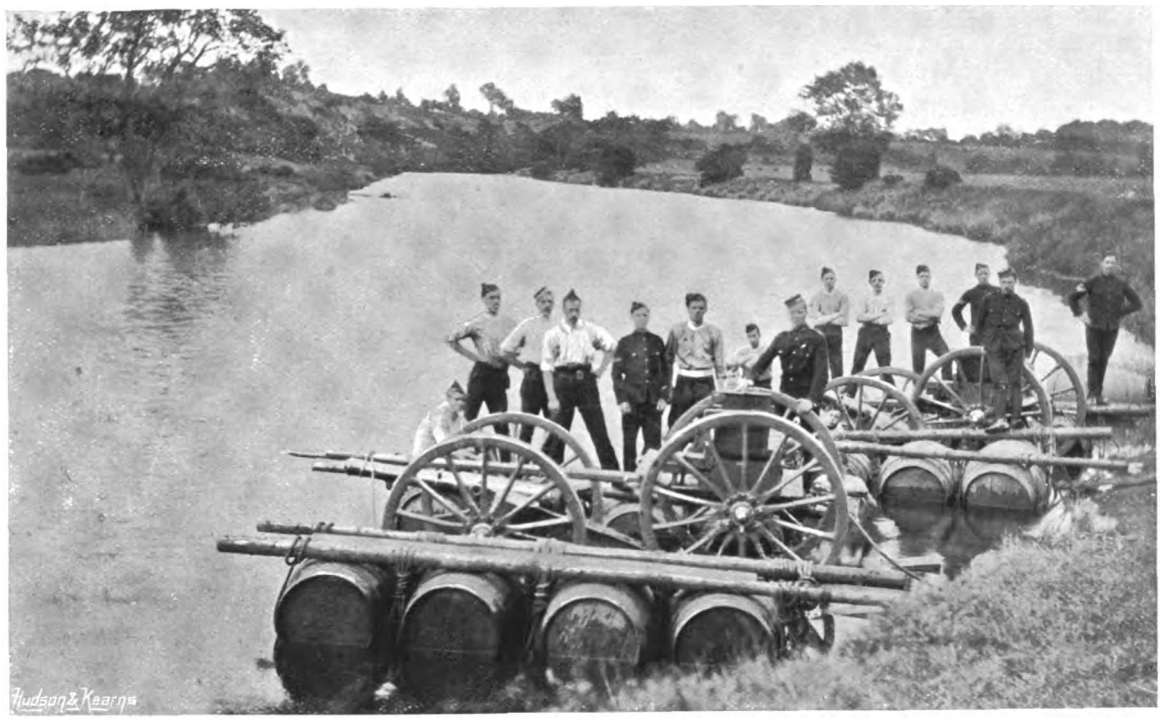
The latter is of very simple construction, being composed of eight 108-gal. casks lashed together by means of trestles and poles or trees longitudinally at the top and transversely at the bottom, the wheels fitting in between the bottom poles, and the four casks on each side being 7-ft. apart, to take the breadth of the axle of the gun and limber.

Sometimes in military training it is sufficient to merely show how a thing *can* be done, but in the British Army the almost invariable rule is to let the unit undergoing training do the thing itself from start to finish, just as it would have to be done on active service. Accordingly we also see a gun and limber actually afloat at some distance from the bank. This is the best of all tests to show not only that the barrel-raft is sufficiently buoyant, but that the lashing is all it should be to enable such valuable freight to be ferried across a considerable water space without fear of going to the bottom.

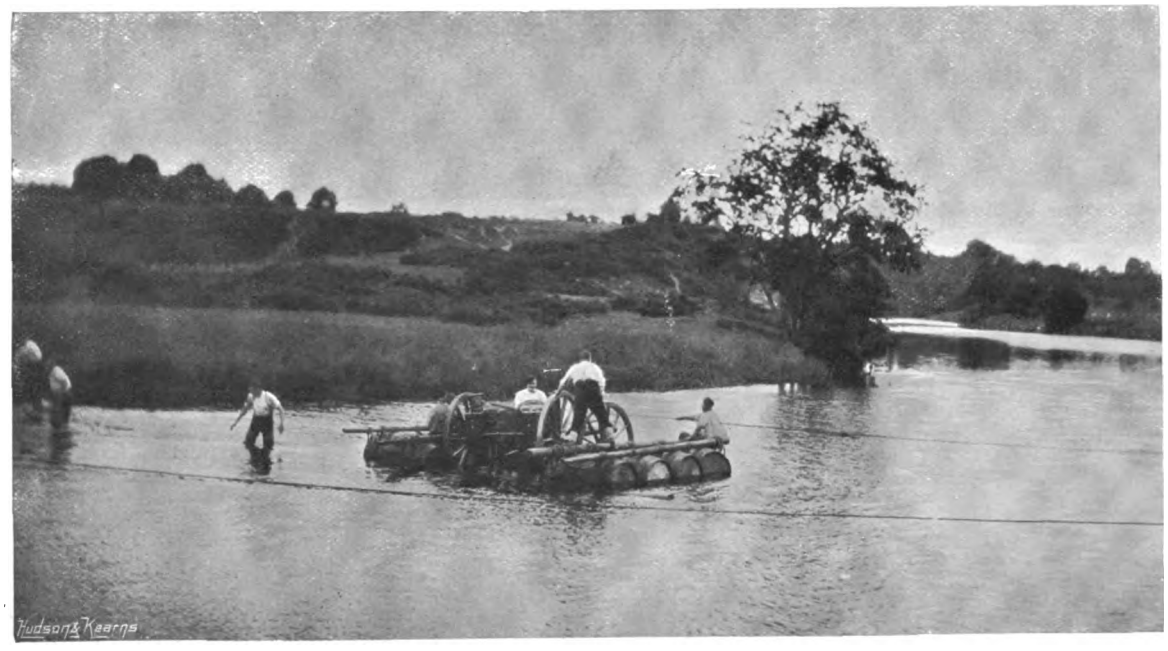
An interesting and comprehensive picture shows different methods of negotiating an unfordable stream. Here again we have the gun and limber afloat on barrels, and, in addition, a neat pontoon bridge, for which, of course, the Royal Engineers—their



AN INFANTRY PICKET AT THE LIFFEY FORD.



MAKING A START.



From Photos. *A GUN AFLOAT.* By a Military Officer.

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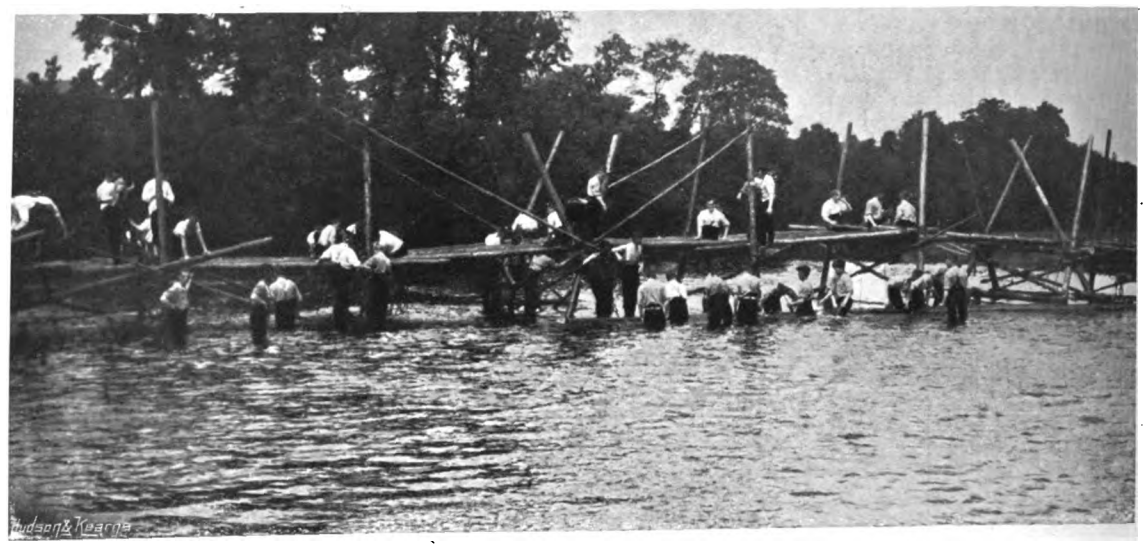
waggons and piled arms can be seen in the foreground—are responsible.

Of course where a ford exists it is absurd to go to the trouble of building bridges or constructing rafts, but none the less a little practice in simply walking through fairly shallow water is a very necessary branch of military training, particularly where mounted corps are concerned. With men and horses so splendidly in hand, as they always are in the Royal Horse Artillery, the operation, as here illustrated, is a simple one. But fords have been known to prove treacherous, and some painful accidents are recorded in our military annals.

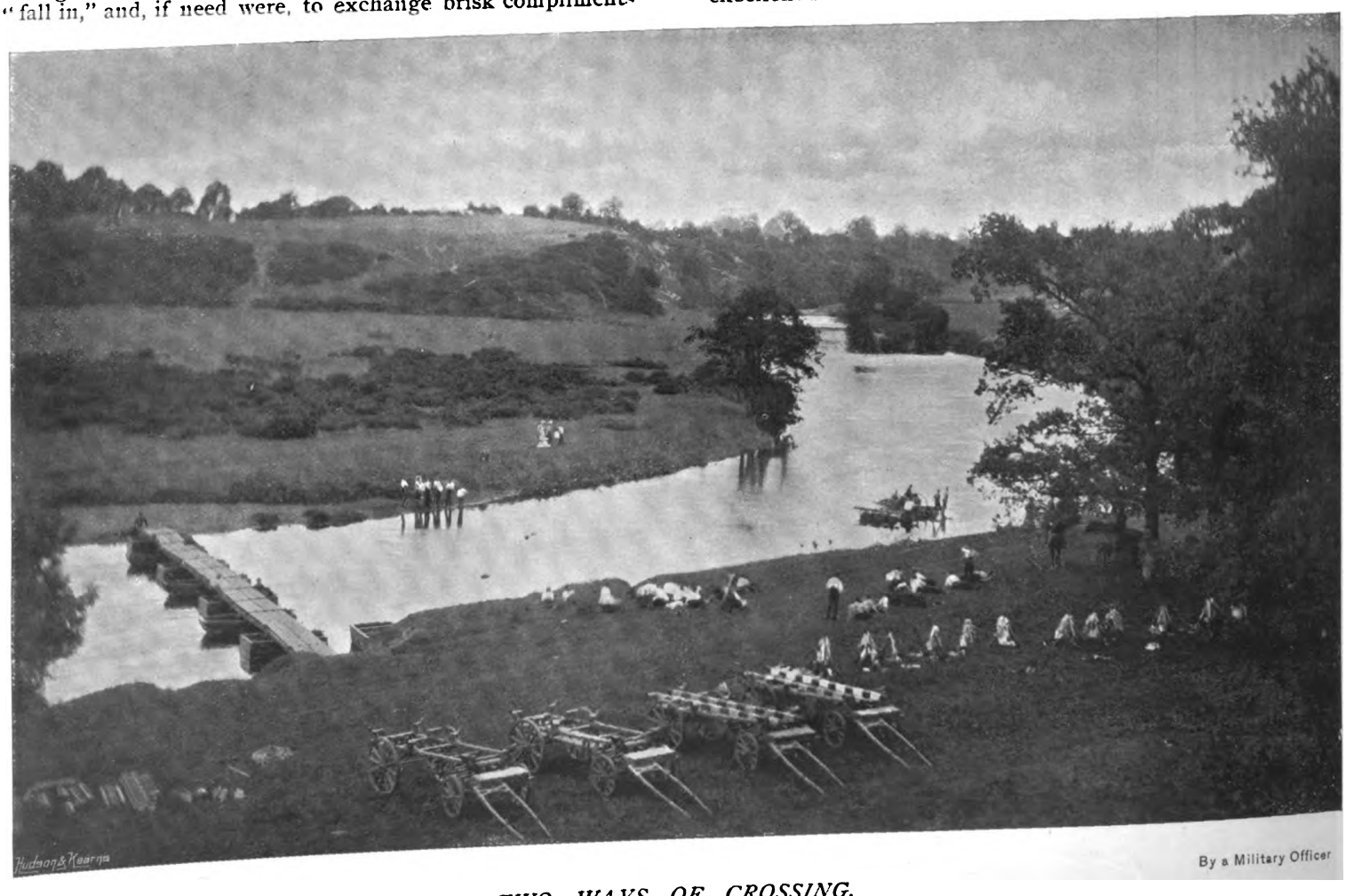
There is, perhaps, no direction in which our Army during the past twenty-five years has made better progress than in the scientific training of our infantry. Nowadays the amount of field engineering which a well-trained infantry battalion is capable of is really remarkable. Among the general public there is a wide-spread belief that this kind of thing is left wholly to the Royal Engineers. Here is an illustration to the contrary, men of a line regiment being shown in the act of constructing a trestle bridge of considerable dimensions. It may be mentioned that when crossing a temporary bridge of this sort infantry are enjoined to "break step," and all horses must be ridden, not led.

Another interesting illustration shows an infantry picket at the Liffey ford. As things are, the picket are standing or sitting "easy," but it would not take many moments for it to "fall in," and, if need were, to exchange brisk compliments with an enemy on the opposite bank. The infantry shown in this and the illustration last referred to belong to the 1st Oxfordshire Light Infantry, the 2nd Battalion of which did excellent service in the late Indian Frontier War.

FORDING THE RIVER.



A TRESTLE BRIDGE.



By a Military Officer

From Photos.

TWO WAYS OF CROSSING.

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Cavalry and Mounted Sappers in the Field

IT has been aptly and truly said of the British Army that more opportunities are given it for attaining experience in the field than fall to the lot of any other military force in the world. In one part of the globe or another it is, indeed, seldom that Tommy Atkins is not crossing bayonets or exchanging shots with a foeman, and more often than not a foeman worthy of his steel. On the North-West Frontier of India, in Burma, in the Soudan, and in other parts of the great continent of Africa, our soldiers are engaged defending their country's interests and contending with enemies, outnumbering them, brave, alert, and moreover assisted by climatic and geographical conditions which render the work more arduous than any which falls to the lot of the continental fighting man; not only is this the case, but it may also be said with truth that the tactics of the enemy differ with each locality in which he has to be met. As, too, he has to be attacked as a rule in his lair, a study of the defensive attributes of these lairs—whether hill forts or merely sangars, such as were met with in the recent Tirah Campaign; zareebas, like that which our troops rushed at the Atbara, or the mud walls which are said to surround Omdurman, the stockaded pahs of New Zealand, or the rock caves of Zululand—is necessary on the part of those who may have to circumvent the wiles of the foe and bring him to book. It is to the Engineer corps our military chiefs mainly look for assistance in destroying these various defensive works of savage foes and dislodging them from their strongholds. A brief description and a few illustrations of one part of the training

LAYING THE CHARGE.

AN EXPLOSION UNDER WATER.

Photos. R. C. Ryan. Copyright.

THE EXPLOSION.

THE REMAINS OF THE TREE STUMP.

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for this work will be interesting. The various uses to which high explosives have been applied must be patent to anyone who has given even a passing glance into the pages of military history, and no modern Army could be considered efficient without a body of men highly trained in the application of these powerful and destructive substances. Obstructions are removed with ease and certainty, and at the same time obstacles may be created, as in the case of a railway being blown up the result might possibly be the destruction of a train, and certainly its delay for many hours. In time of peace it is horrible to contemplate the idea of a large body of troops marching, possibly to their destruction, to an undermined bridge, or to an enemy's magazine abandoned in flight, but such things do occur, and we in training our Army cannot afford to ignore them. Our corps of Royal Engineers are second to none in this particular branch of warfare, and this is the result of careful training and constant practice.

Our first illustration shows a subject selected for experimental purposes, viz., a tree stump mined with slabs of gun-cotton, and the moment has arrived for inserting the detonator prior to the current of electricity being transmitted from a distance that shall produce the spark and ignite the charge.

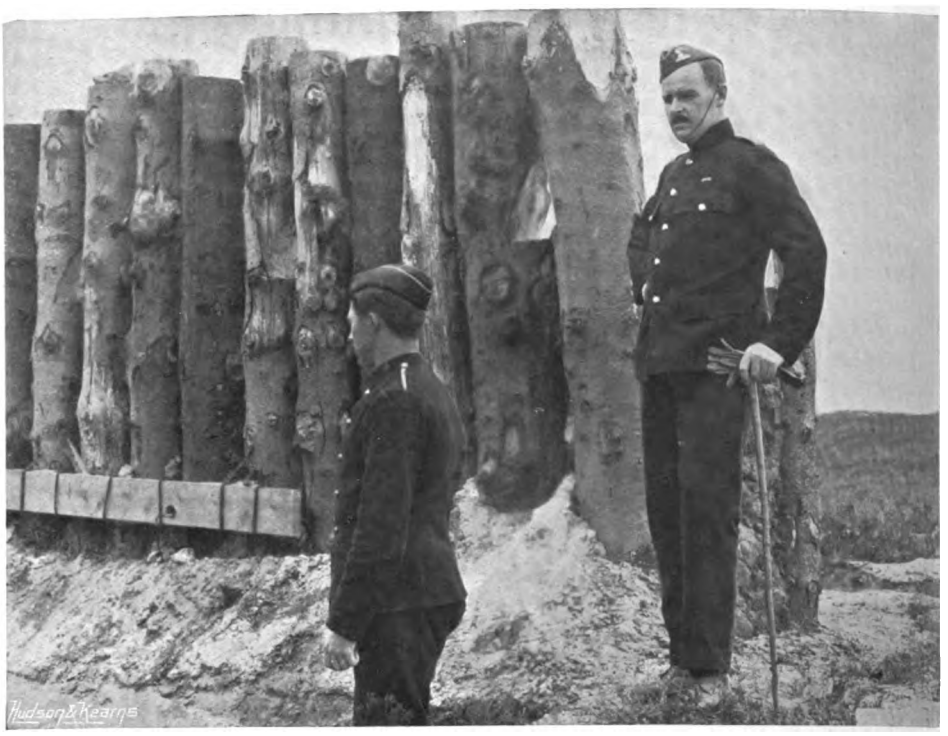
The reader will notice that one slab of gun-cotton is held in position by means of a stick thrust into the ground, while the other portion of the charge is placed in a hole made for the purpose and embedded in clay. The peculiarity of gun-cotton is that the destruction is greater wherever the most resistance is offered, and this effect is noticeable in the fourth picture, which shows the result of the explosion.

Stockades are often used by natives as a means of defence to themselves in the small wars in which we are constantly engaged, and the section of one shown in our fifth illustration was built for the purpose of instruction by men of our cavalry and mounted sappers in the field works near their camp at Hurn this year; it is built of pine logs placed close together, 8-ft. high, and 3-ft. deep in the ground, backed by 2-ft. 6-in. of earth and an inner row of pine logs 5-ft. in height; it is loop-holed for musketry, and is practically proof against small-arm fire.

In the absence of artillery the duty of demolishing such a place would fall upon our engineers, or other sections of the Army qualified to deal with it. In this instance a charge of 21-lb. of gun-cotton—about 4-lb. per trunk being the estimated amount required—was fixed to a plank by two men under cover at a distance, who then advanced at the double, attached it to the face of the stockade by means of a hammer and a couple of nails, lit a one-minute time fuse, and in sixty seconds the demolition was complete; our second illustration shows the actual explosion, while the sixth shows the amount of damage done, with our men on the inside of the breach.

Demolition practice is by no means limited to the surface, and our third illustration shows the explosion of a sunken mine, throwing a column of water some 60-ft. high. This is an exceedingly pretty sight as those who have witnessed practice with submarine mines in any of our harbours will attest.

The last illustration given in these pages is expressive enough in itself, but the reader might be interested to know that this troop of horse belongs to A Squadron, 1st Life Guards, and is known as A 26. The horse is seen performing the remarkable feat of holding his mouth wide open to enable the Guardsman to throw a piece of bread into it. He was taught this trick in less than three weeks, and, strange to say, the horses stalled on either side of him are beginning to acquire this trick by dint of example.



LAYING THE CHARGE AT THE STOCKADE.

ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE STOCKADE.

Photos. R. C. Ryan. Copyright

FEEDING A CHARGER.

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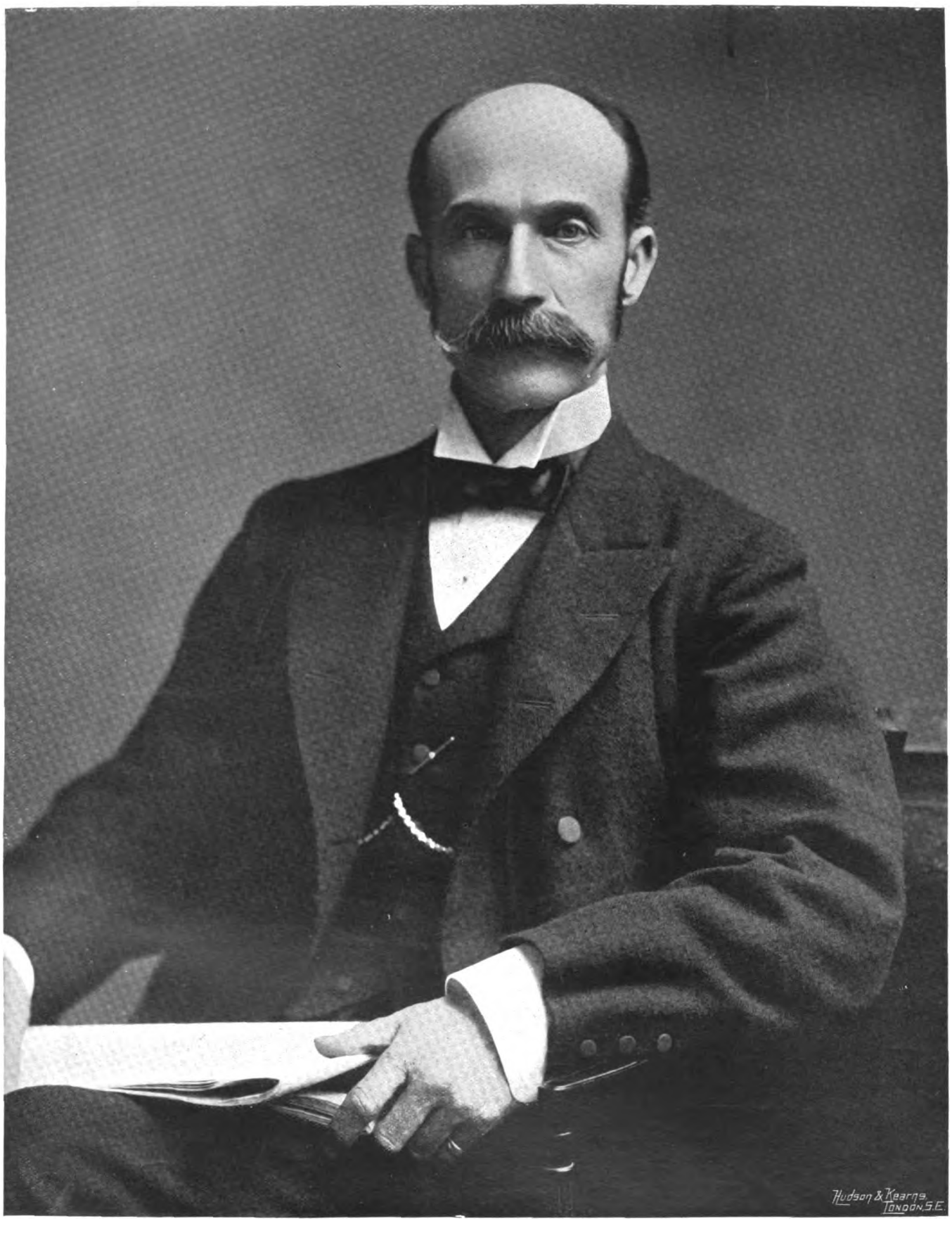
THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VI.—No. 84.] *SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th, 1898.*



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THE MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G., G.C.M.G., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.,

Secretary of State for War, was appointed Under-Secretary of State for War in 1872; Governor-General of Canada, 1884; Viceroy of India, 1888; Secretary of State for War, 1895.

(See Page 582.)

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The War Office.

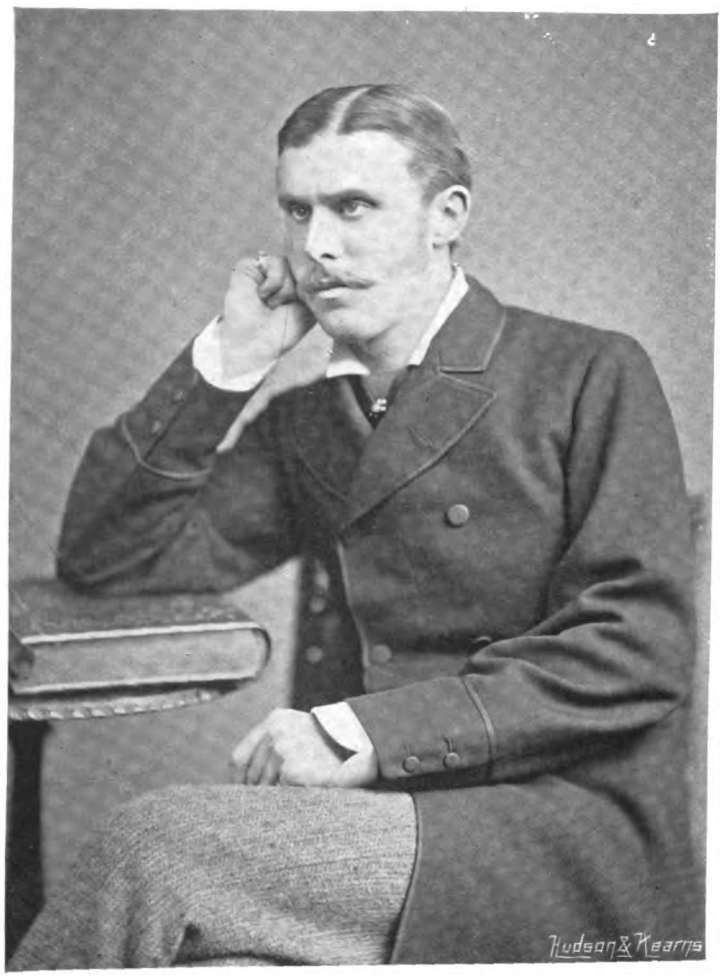

Photo. Lombardi. Copyright.

SIR R. H. KNOX, K.C.B., V.D.,

Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War, entered the Civil Service in 1856; became Accountant-General of the Army in 1882; Assistant-Financial Secretary, 1895; Permanent Under-Secretary of State, 1897. Created C.B. in 1885, and K.C.B. in 1894.

The London Stereoscopic Co. Copyright.

THE RIGHT HON. ST. JOHN BRODRICK, M.P.,

Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War, was appointed Financial Secretary to the War Office in 1886; Under-Secretary of State for War, 1895; and a Privy Councillor in 1897.

Photo. Harold Baker. Copyright.

MR. JOSEPH POWELL WILLIAMS, M.P.,

Financial Secretary to the War Office, M.P. for South Birmingham, J.P. for Worcestershire and for the City of Birmingham, was appointed Financial Secretary in 1895.

Photo. W. and D. Downey. Copyright.

MR. G. D. A. FLEETWOOD WILSON, C.B.,

Assistant-Under-Secretary of State for War, entered the Civil Service in 1870; became Director of Army Clothing in 1893, and Assistant-Under-Secretary of State in 1898. Created C.B. in 1891. Is a J.P. for the County of London.

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MR. H. T. DE LA BÈRE, C.B.,

Accountant-General of the Army, entered the Civil Service in 1853; became Deputy-Accountant-General in 1882, and Accountant-General in 1897. Created C.B. in 1889. Retires this year.

Photo Elliott and Fry. Copyright

MR. H. F. DONALDSON, M.I.C.E.,

Deputy-Director-General of the Ordnance Factories, and Officer in Charge of the Royal Small Arms Factory at Enfield, was appointed in January, 1898, being the first Deputy-Director-General.

Photographic Co-operative Society. Copyright.

SIR W. ANDERSON, K.C.B., D.C.L., F.R.S., M.I.C.E., M.I.M.E.,

Director-General of the Ordnance Factories, including the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, the Royal Gunpowder Factory at Waltham Abbey, and the Royal Small Arms Factories at Enfield and Birmingham. Appointed Director-General in 1889. Created C.B. in 1895, and K.C.B. in 1897.

Photo. Mayall and Co. Copyright.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR F. H. JEUNE, K.C.B., D.C.L.,

Judge Advocate-General to the Forces, was appointed President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice in 1892; Judge Advocate-General, 1893. Created K.C.B. in 1897.

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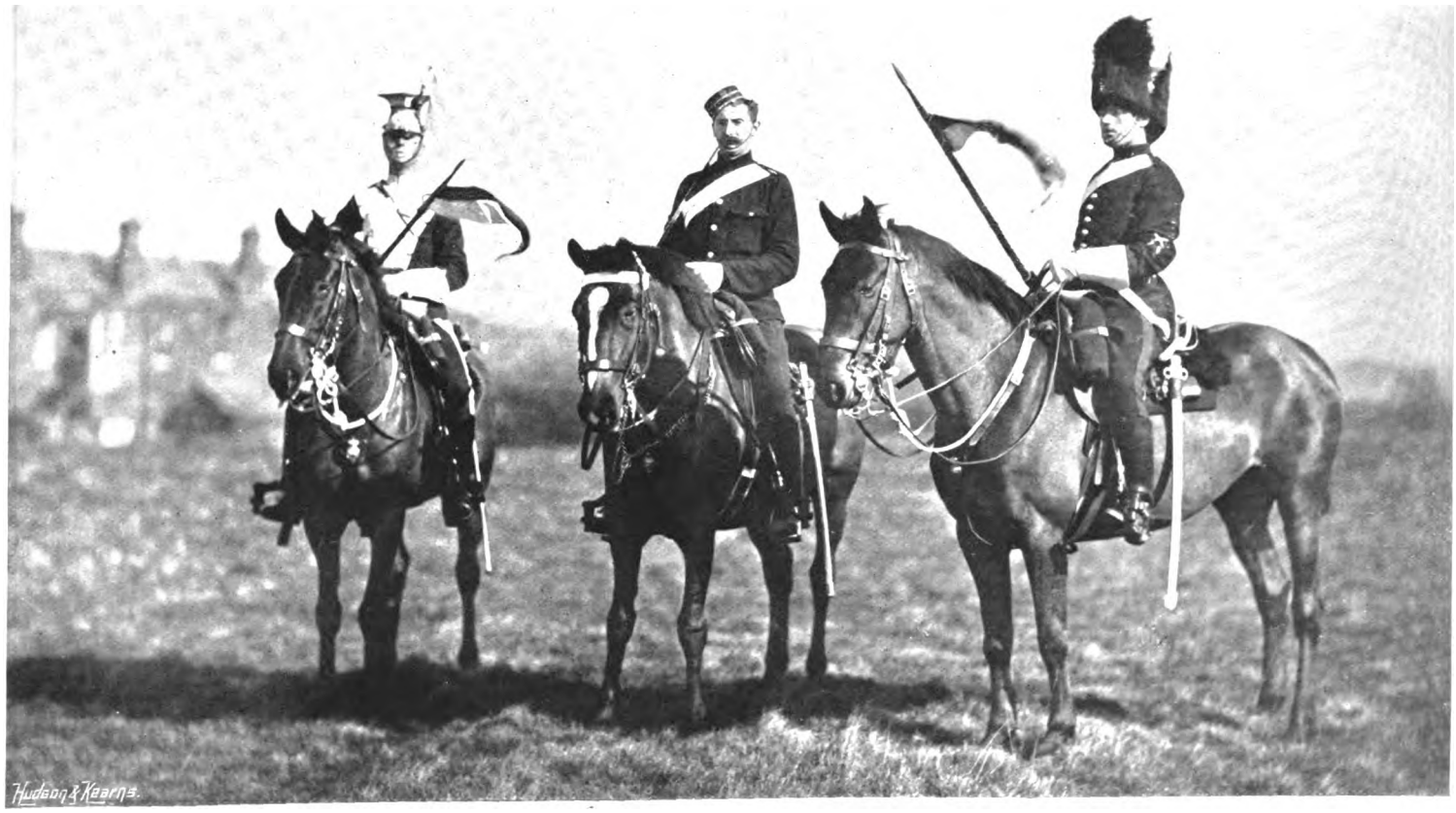

17*th* LANCERS. 1*st* LIFE GUARDS. 2*nd* DRAGOONS.

Photos. Gregory

1*st* DRAGOONS. 7*th* HUSSARS. 16*th* LANCERS.

THE representative of the 1st Life Guards appears in the ordinary working dress of the Life Guards, not in the gorgeous scarlet tunic covered by a cuirass, so well known at the entrance to the Horse Guards. The uniform of the Royal Dragoons is similar to that of the regiments of Dragoon Guards, with the exceptions that the helmet is of white metal with gilt star, instead of brass with silver star, and that the facings are of blue cloth instead of velvet. The plume is black. The representative of the "Greys," unlike the two other Dragoon regiments (1st and 6th), wears a bearskin—a most effective headdress —otherwise the uniform is very similar to that of the "Royals." The 7th Hussars are also of Scottish origin. The uniform is blue, the busby bag scarlet, and the plume white. The 16th are the only regiment of Lancers wearing a scarlet uniform with dark blue front, and are known as the "scarlet Lancers." The 17th Lancers (the Death or Glory Boys) wear a dark blue uniform with white front—a most picturesque dress. The plume is white.

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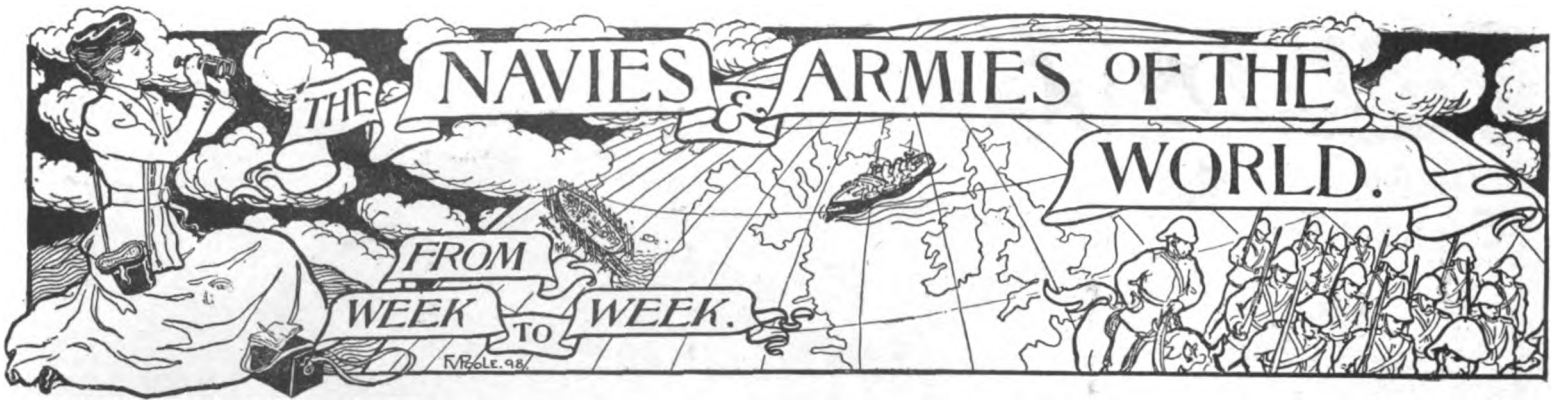

THE republication of "The Adventures of a French Sergeant" has again set going the old contradictions about "the man who shot Nelson." As the book has been adequately dealt with already in these columns, nothing need be said here of Guillemard's more or less genuine reminiscences. His account of the death of Admiral Villeneuve, which is an obvious romance, is enough to prove that if the sergeant had a tale of adventure to tell, as many thousands of men of most nations had in those disturbed times, he treated it as Sir Walter Scott used to do his favourite after-dinner stories. He smartened it up with a cane and a cocked hat. But as regards this particular story, the question suggests itself, "How in the name of all that is wonderful could Guillemard know?" When Benvenuto Cellini claimed the honour of having killed the Constable of Bourbon at the sack of Rome he was asserting what at any rate was not incredible. He says he saw a leader of the Imperial Army, who was conspicuous by his armour and was encouraging his soldiers to mount the ladders, that he fired, and that the man he aimed at fell. Now, as firearms were not much used in the early sixteenth century, as the storming parties would be relying on the white arm, as Cellini was firing in safety for the time being, there is no inherent improbability in the story, and we may believe, if we like, that the exiled French Prince did fall by the hand of the famous sculptor. The chief reason for not believing him is that he was a fluent, audacious, and imaginative liar, who would be sure to colour everything to his own advantage. But the case was different with the French writer. He was in imminent peril to begin with, for our Marines were firing at the French tops from the "Victory's" deck. Moreover, the quarter-deck of the English flag-ship was covered by a pall of smoke, with which was mingled the dust shaken out of the shattered timbers of the "Bucentaure," which the "Victory" had raked as she broke through the allied line. The incessant fire fed the smoke, there was next to no wind, and the pressure of the air would keep the fog thus created down. The deck must, in fact, have been covered as the surface of a marshy country is when the evening mist rises. Now, whoever has looked down on this knows how difficult it is to see into it. With the best will in the world, and however ready he was to expose himself while taking aim, Guillemard can only have fired into the cloud on the chance of hitting somebody on a crowded deck. The probability is that Guillemard, or the writer who took the name, had read a translation of Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography, and that he conveyed the incident of the death of the Constable to his own "Adventures."

* * * *

THE counter-claim made by us, that we brought down the man who killed Nelson, is in all likelihood no better founded. It is true that it is easier to see up through a mist towards the light than to look into it from above. Therefore, the small-arm men on the "Victory's" deck may have been able to see the tops of the "Redoutable," though through a haze, which must have distorted the size and shape of everything, must have produced optical delusions, and so have made accurate aiming very hard, to say nothing of the fact that the old Brown Bess was not exactly a weapon of precision. She killed her tens of thousands in her day, but it was by firing into the lump. James was very tart with Southey for saying that we despatched "the fellow" who killed the admiral. He thought it unfair to apply a disrespectful word to a man who only did his duty. It was a fair point, but he might have said with perfect truth that we could not possibly be sure. Besides, too many such claims were made. Some forty years ago or so there was an old cobbler living at Islington who always boasted that he had "killed the man who killed Nelson." Many tips had been given him, and many a glass of beer, on the strength of this conspicuous service to his country. He had been a Marine, and he had been at Trafalgar. Probably he ended by believing his own story, but nobody was bound to take it for gospel—or the score of similar stories told by veteran seamen and Marines. Just before the Navy Pensioners left Greenwich, a very fine specimen of that interesting body was heard in conversation with a group of admiring Cockneys. "And Lord Rodney," said one of them. "Lord Rodney—Lor', sir, I know'd him quite well; I was his coxswain," said the genial old romancer, who may have been born ten years or so after Rodney died, and it is to be hoped that he got the beer he deserved.

* * * *

BUT, generally speaking, how much credit is due to all the stories we hear of the things said and done in the heat of battle. Here, for instance, is M. Henry Houssaye repeating the well-known old tale of the "mot de Cambronne"—not, of course, the epigram about the Guard which dies and does not surrender, but the unquotable word which he is said to have shouted when called upon to surrender at Waterloo. Now, Cambronne used to deny with anger that he said either the one thing or the other, and could give an excellent reason why he did not—namely, that he had been felled by a musket shot wound on the side of the head long before the rout begun. Surely of all men he was the best authority. Then, M. Houssaye tells us that when the young Guard began to break up, and was everywhere pierced by the English cavalry, General Pelet found himself cut off with one or two men, and "le porte aigle," the ensign who carried the eagle of the "chasseurs" of the Old Guard. Whereupon he cried out "A moi"—"rally, chasseurs; let us save the eagle or die with it." All, so says M. Houssaye, who heard this despairing appeal returned on their steps, made their way through the hostile cavalry, rallied round the eagle, and formed an impenetrable barrier of bayonets. Now, consider the circumstances. There is a body of infantry at the end of a very fatiguing day, who are broken and everywhere mingled with the enemy's cavalry. All, victor and vanquished, are on the move, muskets exploding, horses trampling, accoutrements rattling, "the noise of the captains and the shouting." We are asked to believe that, in the midst of this dreadful clamour, the voice of one man, who, moreover, was by that time probably as hoarse as a raven, was able to pierce through all the noises about him. The human voice properly used will carry very far, but then there must be silence round it, if the words used are to be distinguished. General Pelet's cry must have been lost in the surrounding uproar, and one finds the story quite incredible. It is a different thing with Colonel Inglis's "Die hard, Fifty-seventh," or Lord Clyde's "You die here, Ninety-third." These things were said before the fight began, in comparative quiet, to men still in order who were waiting for the word of command. In such circumstances, any competent preacher or public speaker could make his voice heard by thousands. To make it heard by a few hundred men drawn up in close order was no great feat, of mere speaking.

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SINCE one is talking of stories, and *apropos* of nothing in particular, here is one which is probably as true as most, and contains a moral. It is told of Marshal Lefebvre, the husband of Madame Sans-Gene, and the "best fellow" of all Napoleon's marshals. Lefebvre had begun life as a soldier in the Gardes Francaises, and he came to great honour, to be Duke of Dantzig, and to have 155,000 francs of dotation from the Emperor. When he was at the height of his prosperity, he met an old friend who had not prospered in the world, and invited him home. Lefebvre was very hospitable, but his guest grew more and more sulky, and kept muttering, "You are a lucky chap, you are," in a very envious tone. At last the marshal became impatient, and said, "Look here, I will give you all this on one condition." "And what is it?" "You go down into the courtyard there; I shall put two grenadiers at each window, and they will fire on you. If you escape you shall have the house and all." "Thank you for nothing," was the answer, as one can well believe. "My friend," said the marshal, "more shots have been fired at me than that, and closer, too." Whether the anecdote is true or not, the moral is excellent. The marshal was the one survivor of hundreds who had tried. The grumbling friend had avoided the danger, and was then sour because he did not get the reward. But of course the tale may not be true, or may have been told of heroes who lived centuries before Lefebvre. Stories have a way of attaching themselves to successive men. In the last number of the *Army and Navy Gazette* there is a story of a Naval officer who was court-martialled for not firing a salute, and defended himself by saying that he had ten good excuses, of which the first was that he had no gunpowder. The court dispensed with the other nine. Now this fable is narrated of King Henry IV. of France.

* * * *

THE event of the week just passed has been the "crowning mercy," as Cromwell might have named it, at Omdurman. It is an achievement of which we have every right to be proud. The credit does not lie so much in the actual fighting done in the battle. What happened substantially amounts to this, that an enemy who is mainly, or even solely, formidable at close quarters, made us a present of a battle on the terms most favourable to us. He came out of his intrenchments, and charged in broad daylight in the open. In those circumstances, disciplined men with good firearms had it all their own way. Our soldiers did well, but not better than the French in their late war in Dahomey, or than Major Arnold's men in the last Congo Campaign. What is most pleasing in the whole story is that the victory was the reward of a long previous preparation. To some extent the decision of the enemy to give battle in the open may have been forced upon him by our own measures. Captain Keppel's gun-boats probably helped to worry him out of Omdurman, and force him to fight a pitched battle. In that case the Sirdar may fairly claim the credit of dictating the conditions on which the battle was fought—and the art of generalship cannot go much further. Yet one may in a way, and without offence to patriotism, feel a little sorry for the Baggara. As things stood the odds were so long against them that they had not a ghost of a chance. They are our enemies, and they are unquestionably great savages, yet for all that it is a natural instinct to regret that such brave fellows should have been sacrificed wholesale by being pitted against a crushing superiority of armament and discipline. It is a thought to give one pause in the midst of one's satisfaction over the victory—that civilised man would not do as well as the Baggara did in parallel circumstances. The raw French armies in the beginning of the Revolutionary Wars, our own Militia when they were pitted against Humbert in Ireland, the hasty Spanish levies in the Peninsula, and, again, the newly-raised French levies in the war of 1870-71, ran like hares, though they were as well armed as their enemy. The Baggara, though they must have known themselves to be over-matched, charged and charged again. Civilisation, which gives disciplined man an enormous superiority over the barbarian, also deprives him of certain primitive virtues. The civilised man has to acquire by training what the barbarian has by nature. I take it nobody doubts that a raw European army, a levy that is nearly undrilled men, would have been swept out of the way by the Baggara in half-an-hour. It is an idle speculation, of course, but what would happen if the Russians, say, who are still essentially barbarians, were to be seized by a militant enthusiasm (as they very well might be), and were to break out. Given the combination of a fighting religious fanaticism with breech-loaders, good artillery, and a knowledge of drill, plus a reasonably good general in command, what could stand in front of it. Happily, the combination is difficult to achieve. The Sikhs came near it, but they wanted the general, happily for us.

DAVID HANNAY.

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ARMY FINANCE

By "Exchequer"

The War Office, Pall Mall.

IN this year of extraordinary military activity, when a long-continued and energetically-conducted agitation has at length brought about something like a reasonable scheme of Army reform, and when, as a consequence, the Army Estimates show an anticipated increase of nearly one million pounds over last year's expenditure, it will be both interesting and instructive to follow the example set in various quarters last year, and compare the military outlay of the current year with that of the first year of Her Majesty's reign, showing what the nation gets for the largely-increased expenditure of the present day.

Properly regulated military expenditure should always bear a definite relation to the interests at stake, which are the well-being of the population of the Empire, and the protection of the national honour and wealth. The area, population, and wealth of the Empire having multiplied so prodigiously during the Queen's reign, it might reasonably be expected that the cost of protecting Her Majesty's subjects and their possessions would increase to a corresponding extent; and this is actually the case. The military expenditure of all kinds for the year 1837-38 was a little under £7,700,000; for the year 1898-99 it is estimated at £19,220,500. The ratio of expense to the interests involved will be found to be somewhat greater than in 1837-38; but this is due mainly to the increased cost of modern armaments, and to our greater preparedness for war.

In comparing the Army Estimates of the early Victorian period with those recently issued, an enquirer is likely to experience considerable difficulty unless he knows something of the history of the administrative changes which have taken place during the last sixty years. Until after the Russian War, the finances of the Army properly so-called, so far as its personnel was concerned, were under the management of the Secretary-at-War, who, however, exercised no control over either the personnel of the Artillery and Engineers or the supply of stores to the Army generally. Nor was he responsible either for the Commissariat Department, which, curiously enough, was a sub-department of the Treasury, and was regarded as a civilian branch of the Army, or for the Militia, which was under the Home Office. The control of what was called the Ordnance Department was in the hands of the Master-General of the Ordnance, whose duty it was to supply such bodies of artillery and engineers as the Commander-in-Chief might consider necessary, and to supply war material and stores to the Army on the demand of the Secretary-at-War.

In order to get at the total cost of the Army at the beginning of the present reign, therefore, one has to unearth the records of all these independent departments of the State. And, even when these have been obtained, the differences between the methods of to-day and those of Lord Howick's time make it difficult to work out exact comparisons. It will be sufficient to mention here two instances of this divergence in practice. The obnoxious "groceries" stoppage has this year been practically abolished; but, in the old days, not only the cost of groceries, but almost the entire cost of all food, had to be borne by the men themselves; and in 1837, and for some time afterwards, the Estimates show that, apart from other stoppages, a soldier's pay was subject to a deduction of 6d. a day for bread and meat. It was only that portion of the cost of the daily ration which could not be met by this stoppage that was borne by the public. Thus, in the Estimates for 1837-38, we find the entry, "Cost of provisions issued to the troops exceeding the regulated stoppage from pay, etc."; but this is so mixed up with charges for fuel, light, lodgings, travelling expenses, postage, and so on, that it is impossible to say how much of the Vote was for any one of these various items. It is, therefore, very difficult to institute a comparison between the cost of subsistence of the soldier then and now. And it is an equally troublesome matter to deal with the clothing question, for there were three different ways of supplying the uniforms. In the Household Cavalry, a fixed sum was granted to the colonel for each man on the establishment, and the whole sum voted was expended, under the orders of the Goldstick, in purchasing clothing and equipment. So, too, in the case of the Cavalry of the Line and Infantry, a fixed sum per head was granted. But this sum was left to be spent at the discretion of the colonel, and, so long as he kept his regiment properly equipped, he could make as much profit out of the sum voted as he pleased. In the case of the Ordnance Corps (artillery and engineers) and the Colonial Corps, the clothing was obtained by contract by the Board of Ordnance, and issued in kind to the men. These illustrations of the intricacies of military finance sixty years ago should cause modern critics to be thankful that the Estimates of to-day, complicated as they necessarily are, have at least the merit of being all contained in one volume, and of showing exhaustively, if not with superabundant clearness, what is the total cost for each item, and how that sum is made up.

In considering how the increased cost of the Army has come about, it will be best to deal first with the personnel of the Army—its numbers, distribution, and cost of maintenance—premising that only troops on the home and colonial establishments will be taken into account, the cost of the forces in India being defrayed out of Indian revenues. The total number of regular troops has grown from 90,000 to 180,000 during the present reign. The nature of this growth will best be seen by observing the increase in the several arms. The cavalry numbered in 1837 about 7,700 men; now they number 14,000. The artillery have expanded from 7,300 to 32,000; the engineers, from 1,300 to 7,900; the infantry, from 68,000 to 109,000; and the colonial (Imperial) corps, from 6,000 to 6,500. Besides these, we have now the separate establishments of the Medical, Pay, and Veterinary Departments, comprising in all about 900 officers, who were formerly included in the regimental numbers given above, as well as several altogether new corps: The Army Service Corps, 3,800 strong; the Medical Staff Corps, 2,700; the Army Ordnance Corps, 1,300; and the Army Pay Corps, 600. Now

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taking, as we may, the growth in the cavalry, infantry, and colonial corps to have been normal, a most remarkable increase will be observed in the "scientific corps" (the artillery and engineers), a sure indication, if any were wanting, of the extent to which scientific methods have been applied to modern warfare. It will also be seen that the necessity for having the combatant arms properly catered for, if I may use the expression, has been recognised by the establishment of the several "departmental corps." The Russian War found us without any commissariat supply and transport system, without any ambulance system, without any system for the supply of warlike stores to an army in the field. Now, fortunately, *nous avons changé tout cela.*

In connection with the distribution of the forces over the Empire, it is worthy of note that, in spite of the enormous expansion of Greater Britain, the number of Imperial troops stationed in the colonies at present is very little larger than at the beginning of the Queen's reign. The necessity for maintaining such apparently excessive colonial garrisons was beginning to be questioned in 1837, the sole cause of their being kept up being, apparently, the still vivid recollection of the great Napoleonic war, with its frequent colonial "alarms and excursions"; although it was said that the only way to maintain anything like a standing army was to keep the troops out of sight in the colonies, where it was difficult to say they were not wanted, instead of having a large number of them constantly in evidence at home; so impatient of military display and expenditure were the critics and writers of the time. The forces quartered at home have grown from about 50,000 to over 130,000; so that, broadly speaking, the whole of the 90,000 men added to the Army during the last sixty years are held in reserve at home, ready for emergencies, the units changing periodically with those serving in India and the colonies, so that all have their turn at foreign service.

Passing on to deal with the question of cost, it is worth while first of all to dispose of the "non-effective" charges—*i.e.*, the charges for pensions, superannuation allowances, etc. We are accustomed to complain of the cost of the modern pension list, which for the current year is estimated at £3,080,000, or about one-sixth of the whole Army Estimates. But the charge in 1837 was relatively much heavier, working out at about £2,800,000, or considerably more than one-third of the whole charge. At the present time it is estimated that the non-effective charges are at a maximum, and will tend steadily to decrease; so that, when all the long service men, and officers enjoying the old high rates of pension, have died out, the charge for pensions will be less than it was sixty years ago, in spite of the growth in the numbers of the Army. Deducting the non-effective charges, it will be seen that the cost of the working Army in 1837 was about £4,900,000, and is now a little over £16,000,000. Although the number of officers and men of the regular forces has only doubled, the cost of keeping the Army going is thus shown to be more than three times as great as it was. These figures are remarkable, and well worth looking into. The cost of the personnel of the regular forces, including the charge for administration, for the headquarters staff, and for the various district staffs, will be found to have rather more than doubled, having grown from about £4,350,000 to nearly £9,500,000. This more than proportionate expansion is due less to any material alteration in the rates of pay of the various ranks than to the steps which have from time to time been taken to improve the soldier's position in other respects. He is better fed, clothed, and educated than he was, while the irksome and unfair stoppages from his pay to cover the cost of feeding him, etc., have been removed. The increased expenditure per man has, in fact, followed naturally from the more enlightened view which has gradually been taken of the country's responsibilities towards its defenders, and there is no economist so mean as to regret the increased cost of the individual soldier. Nor, in fact, does this increase do more, relatively speaking, than slightly reduce the large margin of extra expense, for which the reserve and auxiliary forces are very largely responsible. The reserve forces are, as everybody knows, of comparatively recent creation. They did not exist in 1837, nor for many years afterwards. Now, they are about 83,000 strong, and involve an effective charge for the current year of over £800,000. This altogether new item for the reserve forces pales into insignificance, however, when placed beside the extra charge for the auxiliary forces. In 1837 the combined effective charge for the militia and yeomanry was about £200,000. The volunteer force was not then in existence. Now, the effective cost of the militia is over £1,450,000; of the yeomanry, £100,000; and of the volunteers, over £900,000; and there is a tendency to a steady growth in these charges. This is not the place to discuss the value of the auxiliary forces, but the bill for their maintenance is a big one, and is entirely of modern growth, and it is for the nation to see that the money is spent to real advantage.

Leaving now the personnel, another great and significant advance in expenditure is seen. In 1837, the total nett charge for the supply of warlike stores, for ordnance works and repairs, and for barracks and other building works, was just over £300,000. This year, warlike stores will cost £2,268,000; and works and buildings over £900,000. On the increased charge for works and buildings little comment is necessary, since everyone recognises the necessity for the better accommodation of the troops, and for the maintenance and strengthening of certain fortifications. Nor are many people now found to protest against the policy of always keeping on hand a supply of war material sufficient to meet any emergency. It will be remembered that the last Government went out of office on a vote of censure for not maintaining a proper supply of ammunition. It may, however, serve to show the difference between the view held in 1837 and that which now obtains, and to contrast our present preparedness with the neglect of pre-Crimean times, if I say that, as against the £2,000,000 now expended on stores, the Estimates of 1837 provided a sum of £65,000 only, made up as follows:—Small arms, £10,000; stores for ordnance services, £20,000; great coats, £14,000; barrack stores, etc., £21,000. Against these, our present figures are worth quoting, viz.: Guns and carriages, £850,000; ammunition, £676,000; small arms, £365,000; equipment, barrack stores, engineer stores, etc., £650,000.

On looking over the above statement of facts, it must be obvious even to the most casual observer that the Army Estimates of to-day make provision for a much more effective military organisation than did those of the first year of Her Majesty's reign. The "dead period" which followed the great war left the nation weary of military expenditure, and the starving of the Services became the economic policy of the day. The rude and terrible awakening of the Russian War showed the necessity for a complete overhauling of the military system; and little by little the Army has since then been developing into a properly organised and equipped force. As to whether the nation now gets full value for its money is another question. The non-effective charge is still much too heavy, but arrangements have been made for its reduction. The heavy expenditure on the reserve and auxiliary forces is not justified unless the efficiency of those forces is assured, which at present it is not—except on paper. The money expended on equipment, supplies, stores, transport, works, etc., might doubtless, in some respects, be better spent than it is; but the expenditure under these heads tends inevitably to increase, and the only hope is that, for some years at any rate, the new expenditure on these items may be covered by more economical administration. Much may be hoped from the recent "awakening" of the War Office.

So much for the broad facts of Army finance. A few words about those who are responsible for the proper control of the vast sums voted annually by Parliament for military purposes will not here be out of place. It is no light task to have to determine how much money the nation must be asked to provide each year; to consider the claims of various departments or branches of the Army, each eager to spend as much as it can to perfect its own organisation; to decide between the rival claimants, and say what services *must* be performed, and what services *must* stand over; and, having got the money, to watch over, regulate, and examine its expenditure. All these duties, and a good many others, are performed by what is known as the "civil side" of the War Office. At the head of both civil and military sides stands, of course, the Secretary of State for War. This important office is at present held by the Right Hon. the Marquess of Lansdowne, K.G., G.C.M.G., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., who has earned the confidence of all by his single-minded devotion to duty, and by the admirable manner in which he has conducted the affairs of his department during an exceptionally difficult and laborious period. The Secretary of State is assisted by the two Under-Secretaries. One of these, the Right Hon. St. John Brodrick, M.P., is a Parliamentary official; the other, Sir Ralph Henry Knox, K.C.B., is a Civil Servant, and is the permanent head of the War Department. Sir Ralph Knox has the aid of an Assistant Under-Secretary of State, Mr. G. D. A. Fleetwood Wilson, C.B. To these four high officials must be added a fifth, in order to complete the list of those who are held responsible for the conduct of War Office business. This fifth official is the Financial Secretary, Mr. J. Powell Williams, M.P., who is responsible to the Secretary of State for seeing that the military side of the office is properly supplied with money, stores, arms, and clothing, and that due economy is exercised. The permanent officials upon whom the Financial Secretary relies for the due performance of his duties are the Accountant-General of the Army, Mr. H. T. De la Bère, C.B.; the Director of Army Contracts, Mr. Alfred Major; the Director of Army Clothing (vacant); and the Director-General of Ordnance Factories, Sir William Anderson, K.C.B., D.C.L., F.R.S., the appointment of whose deputy, Mr. H. F. Donaldson, M.I.C.E., has recently caused so much discussion in military circles.

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The Speed of a Ship.

By COMMANDER SCOTT J. B. WILLCOX, R.N.

"HOW do you ascertain the speed of a vessel?" is a question frequently addressed to Naval men, and an explanation will therefore probably be of interest to many readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. There are several methods, the commonest and most ancient being by the use of the "log." This instrument consists of three parts—the log-ship, the line, and the marks. The log-ship is a piece of wood about half an inch thick, and shaped like a quadrant, with a piece of lead let in round the circular edge to make it float perpendicularly in the water. It is slung by lines at each angle, the three lines being joined together about 2-ft. from the log-ship. Two of the lines are securely fixed to the "ship," and the other has a bone peg at the end, which, being pushed into a hole in the ship, temporarily fastens it there. From the point of juncture of the three lines a sufficient length is measured, generally about 100-ft., to take the log-ship well clear of the ship's wash. This is called the "stray line," and is marked with a piece of bunting. From the bunting is measured 47-ft. 3-in., and the line marked here with a piece of leather. Then another 47-ft. 3-in. is measured off, and marked with two knots; then another space the same length, and marked with three knots; and so on as far as seven knots. Halfway between each batch of knots one single knot is made. The log-line is then ready for use.

The space between the knots is found from the simple little rule-of-three sum: As 3,600-sec. (number of seconds in an hour), 28-sec. (length of sand-glass), 6,080-ft. (number of feet in a nautical mile); length of line required—which works out to 47-ft. 3-in.

To use the log four persons are required: two men to hold the reel on which the line is wound; the quartermaster, to hold the glass; and the midshipman of the watch, to heave the log. The last-named puts the peg firmly in the log-ship, and then gathers three or four coils of line in his hand, sufficient to admit of the log-ship being thrown well clear of the ship. He asks, "Clear glass, quartermaster?" "Clear glass, sir!" comes the reply, and overboard goes the log-ship and line, the reel rapidly revolving. Presently the middy feels the piece of bunting passing through his hand, and he gives the order, "Turn." The quartermaster turns the glass, and watches the sand, while one "reeler" holds the reel well over his head, so as to give the line fair play. When the sand has run out, "Stop!" cries the quartermaster. The midshipman grasps the line, assisted by the other reeler, and looks for the nearest knot, finding a single one close to his hand. Then the line is hauled in, and four knots appear, which signify that the ship is going four and a-half knots through the water. The jerk of the line draws the peg from the log-ship, which now floats on its flat side, and is easily hauled in. When a ship is going over four knots, a 14-sec. glass is used, the speed being double that shown by the knots on the line.

Another method in use is the patent log. This is altogether mechanical, and consists of a long cylinder with clockwork inside it, and four fins on the outside; it is towed astern of the ship by a line made fast to a swivel in the head of it. As it is dragged through the water the four fins make it revolve, actuating the clockwork inside, which registers on a series of dials the number of knots run. This log has to be hauled in every time one wants to read it. But there is another kind where the fan is towed astern, and the dial is a fixture in the ship. This is called a "Cherub."

These logs are not always accurate, and are constantly verified when near land by cross-bearings. That is, the bearings of two well-known points are taken, and the position so obtained is marked on the chart, the time of observation being noted, and the reading on the patent log. After an interval has elapsed, the position of the ship is again taken by cross-bearings, when the straight line joining the two places on the chart will show the direction of the course steered, and its length the distance run. A comparison with the readings by patent log will give the error of the machine.

To finish, here is a patent log yarn, as told by an old mess-mate. I give it in his own words: "When in the 'Crocodile' in the Red Sea, just after taking the reading one night at eight o'clock, the quartermaster reported, 'Shark taken the patent log, sir!' I got another one over at once. At 9.30 next morning we stopped for half-an-hour. To amuse the ladies I tried for and caught a shark. On opening him we found our patent log, and," he added gravely, "strange to say, it registered the same as the one in use. The line had jammed between his teeth, the fan working all the time he followed the ship. He had swum just 122 7-10 miles." He was always accurate. With one grand exclamation—"Great Scott!"—we all ran.

MANY have thought, and with reason, that the title "Rulers of India" was not very happily chosen for the admirable series of volumes issued by the Clarendon Press. It was too narrow to bring rightly within its pale the makers of India whose names leap to one's lips, and some who are included, like James Thomason, that excellent public servant, who was honoured in a twenty-sixth and supplementary volume, would have been astonished at the lofty title conferred upon them. A new departure has been made by adding, not as part of the series, but in uniform shape, a fresh volume devoted to "Sir Henry Lawrence," by Lieutenant-General J. J. McLeod Innes, R.E., V.C. (Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.). Now, of the men who deserve to be ranked as makers of our Indian Empire, Henry Lawrence stands among the highest. He was *primus inter pares*, indeed, for there were giants in those days, and he has found a sympathetic and discriminating biographer in General Innes, who writes with knowledge and force, albeit in a somewhat laboured style. The book is one of solid merits, and those who would know the man and his work cannot do better than peruse these pages. Henry Lawrence was above all things else a peacemaker, but he never lost sight of the military necessities, and his preparations for the defence of Lucknow were the principal element in our success. He died literally in harness, killed in the Residency building by the fragment of a shell, but to the last feverishly organising, and issuing orders for the defence until the breath left his body. Henry Lawrence's experience had been military, civil, and political, and he possessed an unrivalled knowledge of the ways, feelings, and modes of thought of the natives of all classes. He had been schooled in the Burmese War and the Afghan disasters, as well as in the battles on the Sutlej, and he knew most thoroughly the defects of the military system and the dangers that threatened. His experience convinced him that the right principle was to maintain the rule of the native States by their hereditary rulers wherever it was feasible, and thus he was opposed to the general policy of Lord Dalhousie. It was from 1846 to 1857, when he ruled the Punjab through the Council of Regency, that he made his mark upon India by the eminent value of his services. He was, indeed, a leader of men, and the inspirer of a school, and it was his courage, foresight, and steadfastness, his practical military ability, and the completeness of his arrangements for supplies of food, that enabled Lucknow to hold out until Havelock came to its relief. Thus the name of Henry Lawrence, the man "who tried to do his duty," will always be associated with the pacification of the Punjab and the defence of Lucknow, and it was a happy thought to append this biography to the series of "Rulers of India."

From the making of India I turn to some indication of the making of Germany. Here before me is "Justus Perthes' Deutscher Marine Atlas" (Justus Perthes, Gotha, 1 mark), which Paul Langhans has prepared, and to which Captain Bruno Weyer, of the German Navy (retired), has prefixed a wonderful introduction. Here may be seen upon an excellent map the "iron fist" *im Auslande*, not a very impressive show, indeed—gun-boats and fourth-class cruisers here and there, a single one in the North Atlantic, the western coasts of America marked with the pathetic word *unbesetzt*. Then come excellent maps of the German coast districts, and of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal and the Naval ports. Next we have the German Protectorates, and, lastly, "The German Empire in East Asia." To look at it, you would think this great Empire included large parts of China, the whole of Korea, and much of Japan, but you presently discover a little tinted patch surrounding Kiao-Chau, further illustrated by an inset map in the corner. Captain Weyer's introduction is a magazine of facts of great value and utility. The German Naval administration is described, including the coast districts, ports, harbours, and private yards. There are details also of the fisheries; particulars again of the ships abroad; a view of German mercantile interests afloat; and finally, a complete and detailed account of the German fleet, and of the extraordinary ship-building programme. Many in this country will certainly be glad to possess so useful a side-light upon German Imperial policy.

Now something must be said about a few September magazines. The *Century* is practically a war number. There is a brief article by Mr. Walter Russell on the Cuban blockade, well illustrated. He was one of a "strategy board" in a press-boat divining the movements of the fleet, and receiving requests from officers, such as, "See here, won't you bring my linen from Key West?" Another correspondent gives a stirring account of his adventure "Alone in Porto Rico," and there are articles, too, upon "Malay Pirates of the Philippines," "Spain and her American Colonies," and "Life in Old Cuba." I name these merely as an indication of what to read. In the same way readers of this paper will be glad to know that the Rev. W. H. Fitchett has another "Fight for the Flag" in the *Cornhill*. It is a vigorous sketch of the siege of San Sebastian, in 1813, which cost the allied army 3,800 men, though it was defended only by 3,000. Not fewer than 2,500 were struck down in the sanguinary final attack. As to *Macmillan* and *Cassell's Magazine*, which have also reached me, I must be content to say that they are readable numbers of general interest.

The *Yeomanry Record* is not, perhaps, so well known as it should be. It is a conscientious monthly well abreast of regimental progress and doings, and the August number, which has appeared rather late, contains a good account of the Yeomanry and Volunteer Tournament at the Crystal Palace, with many successful pictures. Greater and greater, indeed, grows the stream of Service literature, both in book and serial form.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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At the Military Manœuvres.

THERE are doubtless some of our readers who are not acquainted with the locality in which the manœuvres have just been carried out. To those, therefore, as well as to others interested in modern military developments, the

THE STAFF AT WORK.

map which we published last week, and which embraces the whole manœuvre area, will be found of value.

It may not be out of place to explain that the actual land

DETRAINING TRANSPORT HORSES.

belonging to the War Department within the area is that lying between Ludgershall, Bulford, and West Lavington, an expanse of country fifteen miles long by five miles wide.

Such a small piece of country does not, of course, admit

Photo. Copyright. H. & K.

WEIGHING CORN.

TOMMY'S LUGGAGE.

of the training, with advantageous results, of any considerable body of troops. The Military Manœuvres Act of 1897, however, authorised the carrying out of manœuvres within certain limits during a period not exceeding three months.

OFFICERS' BAGGAGE.

It stipulates at the same time that the same limits may not be used more than once during five years, although the War Department may hold manœuvres within its own borders at any time.

The area over which a portion of our Army has just been moving in mimic warfare is some 1,500 square miles in extent. It comprises all Dorset and the south of Wiltshire, from a line joining Ludgershall to Trowbridge.

It is about fifty miles from north to south, and at its broadest part its breadth is equal to its length. Should manœuvres again take place next year, the same area will not be included, but the property of the War Department is so well situated that the War Office may apply for powers under the Act to utilise another expanse of country adjoining their land in another direction.

The Act empowers troops to pass over and encamp on any authorised land; to construct military works not of a permanent nature; to execute military manœuvres and to establish a water supply within certain limits. This same question of water has caused no small anxiety to the authorities on the present occasion, and has entailed before the commencement of

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hostilities the laying down of pipes, sinking of wells, and other triumphs of military engineering.

Of course, such operations could not be carried out in actual warfare before the two forces encountered each other, but this is one of the many particulars in which manœuvres do not resemble "the real Mackay." It is the object of the military powers that be to make the conditions of the campaign as like war as possible, but in England much has to be left to the imagination of the belligerents. For instance, the Act has prevented our soldiers during the last three weeks from entering houses, farmyards, orchards, and enclosed plantations without the owners' permission. Churches, schools, towns, and workshops have not been occupied. The movements of the two armies have thus, from a military point of view, been hampered in the extreme. All students of tactics know how important may be a wood or village in a position, perhaps even the key to it, but this consideration has not carried weight with the Government, opposed as it is to anything in the way of militarism.

ON THE MARCH.

SAPPERS AT WORK.

In time of war, too, the roads and footpaths would be entirely at the disposal of the Army, but this has not been so on Salisbury Plain. Before any right of way could be stopped application had first to be made to civil authority, and the

Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

PITCHING CAMP.

Act specifies that before applying for the same a notice must be advertised in a local paper seven days before the request is made. Now, in real warfare, it would be the aim of both the armies to keep their movements concealed from each other, but in the recent campaign it has been impossible to maintain a state of secrecy, which must attend all successful move-

MAKING CATTLE PENS.

ments of troops in war. Continental nations are enabled by their law to carry out operations in a very different way. When manœuvres are ordered, private interests become secondary to those of the Army, and the inhabitants of the district are at once placed on the same footing as if war had actually been declared. Critics who compare the manœuvres of the German with those of the British Army, forget too often that we are not a military Power, and that the condi-

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ARRANGING THE WATER SUPPLY.

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tions in the two countries are anything but similar. In the first instance economy has to be considered, and our War Office, therefore, endeavours to carry out the programme at a minimum cost. This, then, restricts the number of troops, as well as confining the operations within certain areas, for if both armies had been allowed to move at will the difficulty of supply would at once have arisen, entailing additional expense. To provide against such expense, rayons or depôts were established at convenient places, and after each day's operations, supplies for men and horses were to be found at these centres.

Photo. Churchill. *SIR R. BULLER'S HEADQUARTERS.* Copyright.

Each commander knew daily where his force could be rationed after the fight, and this to no small extent influenced the movement of troops. In Germany, on the other hand, notice is given beforehand to the inhabitants of the particular district over which the troops are to move, and it becomes the duty of the former to find food and lodging for the troops in return for payment when required to do so. They must also be prepared to transport the baggage of the troops. In this country it is illegal to billet soldiers in private houses, nor can we compel the inhabitants, even when paid, to find food. Consequently depôts, as we have said, were established, and the free movement of the armies hampered. If this were not so, it would be necessary to have in readiness, following the army, supplies for some 60,000 men and 15,000 horses, for the number of days during which the manœuvres lasted, representing a disbursement of over £500 a day. Such an expenditure is out of the question; so that the establishment of rayons was found to be the only practicable method of supplying both armies with the necessaries of life. It is not our province here to criticise the value of the system resorted to by the War Office; we merely attempt to show some of the chief differences between our military system and that of Germany.

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Photo. Churchill. *THE FAVOURITE PAPER.* Copyright.

In Germany a farmyard or wood may at any time be occupied, but in England permission must first be obtained. Economy, too, on our part, as we have seen, governs the amount of military transport employed, nor can we compel the country people to lend their waggons for military purposes.

Even after having arranged for the establishment of rayons, it was realised by the War Office that unless the reserve men and horses of the Army Service Corps were employed, the transport of a purely military character at the disposal of the Government was not sufficient to supply the needs of the case. This contingency was met by the hiring for the period of some 2,500 waggons from civilian contractors. The cost to the authorities for this supplementary transport was computed at the rate of £2 a day for every driver, waggon, and pair of horses. So far, there have been few complaints, but it will be interesting to learn what decision is arrived at by the War Office when the official report of the manœuvres just completed is compiled "for the information of all concerned." It was at first the intention of the Government to encourage local talent by hiring transport in the district, but the idea was afterwards abandoned owing to the feeble support accorded to the scheme by the inhabitants.

The same experiment, if we may so term a trial arising from necessity, was resorted to with regard to meat for the troops. The provision of rations was placed in the hands of a contractor, who

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was in every way responsible for the quality of the beef and mutton, as well as for its delivery in the required quantity.

In a former issue, an illustration depicted some oxen on the way to camp, but it is not to be supposed that these

Copyright. *RELIEVING GUARD.* H & K.

animals destined to alleviate the hunger of Tommy Atkins were allowed to roam at will over Salisbury Plain. Arrangements were made to provide for failure of the meat supply in camp by having dead meat sent from Deptford, but those once in the area of operations were given little chance of escape, and were kept in pens constructed for the purpose. This meant work for the Royal Engineers, who are depicted here engaged in constructing fencing. Corn, too, for the horses was supplied in a similar manner, and both were

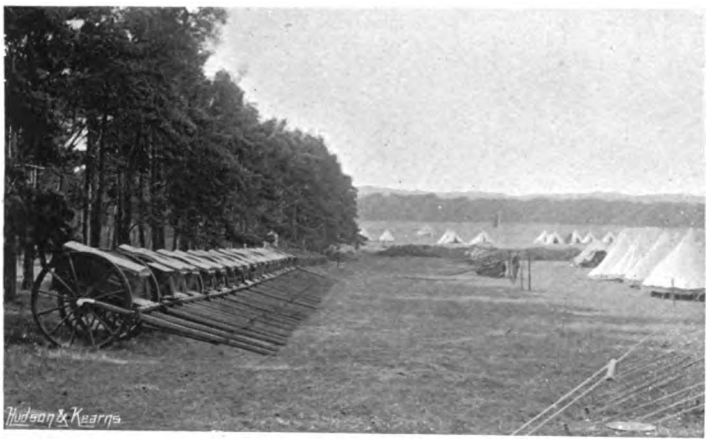

Photo. Churchill *A NOVEL ZAREBA.* Copyright.

regularly examined by the officers charged with the supervision of the supplies.

A subject worthy of note has been the large supply of non-intoxicant liquors. The consumption of lemonade, ginger-beer, and other temperance beverages has been greater than was anticipated. This circumstance goes to show that the soldier of the present day has more idea of self-restraint,

Photo. Churchill. Copyright.
PREPARING FOR PARADE.

and is more inclined to sobriety, than his predecessor. The Army Temperance Association was at work among the troops, and every endeavour was made to keep the soldiers constantly supplied with literature. With so much hard work to do men feel little inclined for bodily exercise after

Copyright. *WATCHING THE FIGHT.* H. & K.

the fatigues of a mimic battle, and it is then a privilege, which the soldier appreciates, to be able to pass a leisure hour in company with literature of an interesting nature.

The manœuvres have been carried out at great expense to the nation, but it may be reasonably supposed that, although localities such as farmhouses and towns were not permitted to enter into the game of war, the country has had the fullest value for its money.

It cannot be doubted that the Army as a whole has benefited from the campaign, with which the manœuvres held on the Plain in 1872 can in no way be compared. England had not then awakened to the necessity of maintaining a thoroughly trained and efficient Army in time of peace. Moreover, the officers of that period were far behind those of the present day in professional knowledge, and it was not thought necessary to take the field with such a complete staff as has just accompanied both the Northern and Southern Armies. The important question of compensation for damages must also be thought of when considering the total cost of the manœuvres of 1898, for this will form an important item. In a cultivated locality there are to be considered the vested interests.

The maintenance of Tommy Atkins is not the only tune for which we must pay the piper.

Copyright. *FAIR CRITICS.* H. & K.

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The Dunedin Naval Artillery Volunteers.

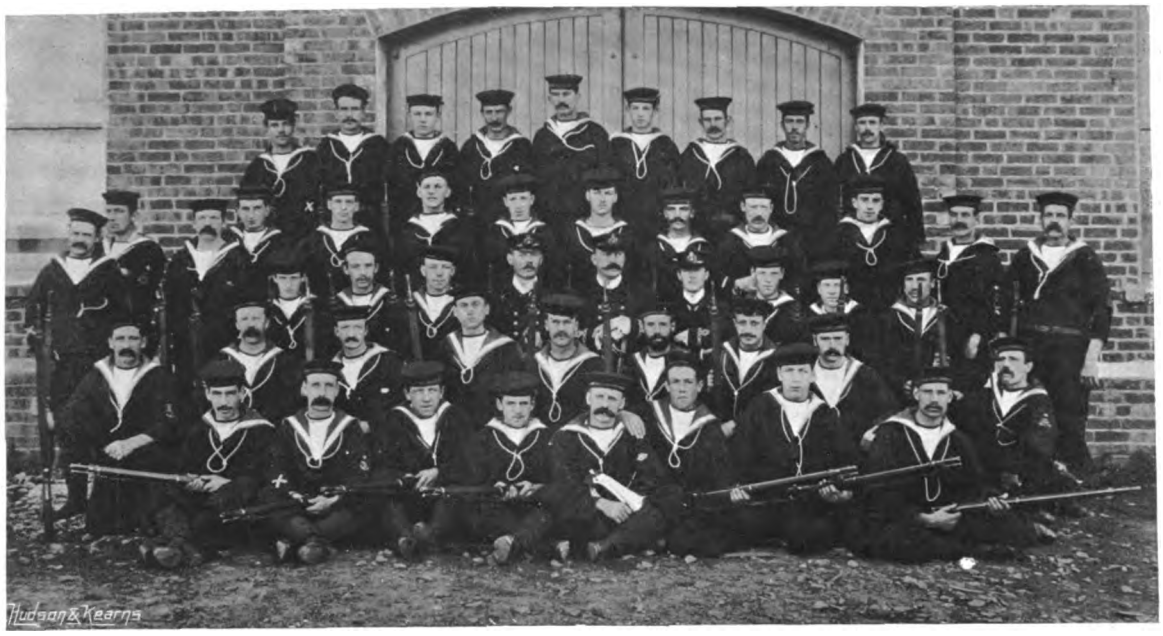
THE locality alluded to in the above title may not be familiar to some of our readers, except in connection with Edinburgh; but the map of Scotland will not afford them any assistance in this instance, for these pictures take them about as far from Great Britain as it is possible to get. If they will get an atlas, and turn to the map of New Zealand, they will find Dunedin near the south-east point of South Island, and here this little corps of artillery volunteers has been maintained for a good many years past, being, in fact, nearly the oldest in the colony.

The strength is eighty all told, and the officers are Lieutenant James Allen, commanding, and Lieutenants W. J. Strong, W. J. S. Dunlop, and C. A. Patterson.

Though small in numbers, the members of the corps are determined that they shall not fail in efficiency, whatever emergency they may be called upon to meet. The principal work is that of garrison artillery, in which they would supplement the permanent artillery for coast defence; and from this point of view the title of Naval Artillery would at first sight appear somewhat inappropriate; but they do not stop here—battalion drill, semaphore and lamp signalling, ambulance work, knotting and splicing, and the handling of boats, are all included in their course of instruction, so that they may justly claim to possess that all-round handiness by which bluejackets are characterised, and to be quite justified in assuming the easy and becoming dress of the man-of-war's man.

The corps has its annual training of fourteen days, and a camp at Easter, extending over five days, in addition, the latter being devoted to target practice, at which good shooting is made.

The first illustration shows a group of about fifty, with three officers in the centre. They appear here in their capacity of infantry, each carrying his rifle—the Martini-Henry; the far-ranging Lee-Metford has not yet been adopted, though no doubt it will be in time.



OFFICERS AND MEN.

OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

The next is an excellent group of the officers and non-commissioned officers, with Lieutenant Allen in the centre. The uniform, with the first and second class petty officers' badges, is, it will be noticed, almost exactly similar to that worn in the Navy; most of the men wear the "crossed cannon," for proficiency as marksmen, and several display the more peaceful, but not less important, badge of the Geneva Cross, the saving of their

From Photos. *THE CAMP OF INSTRUCTION.* By a Naval Officer.

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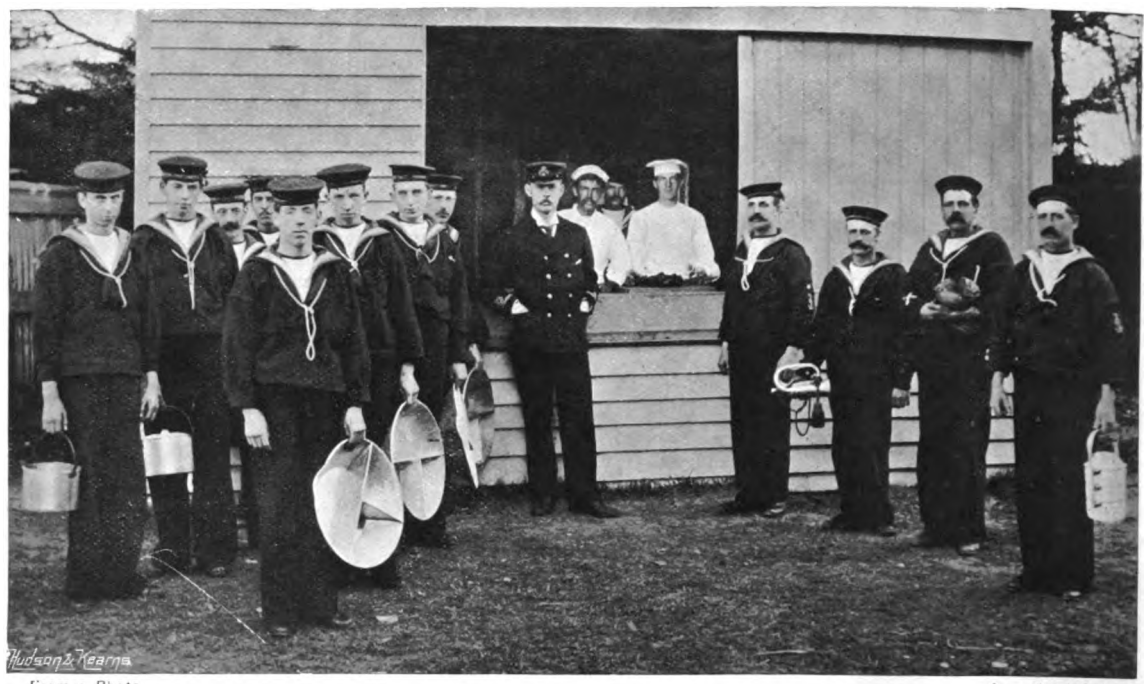
own men being obviously as essential as the disabling of the enemy.

The third picture is of the annual camp of instruction, lasting fourteen days, during which constant exercise takes place in the batteries near by. The camp is held in Forbury Park, Dunedin; the men are here about to parade for evening drill, and are standing about awaiting the bugle call to "fall in."

Another episode in camp life is well shown in the last picture. In the centre of the group is the orderly officer of the day, next on the right the orderly petty officer, then the petty officer in charge of stores, and, lastly, the officers' orderly. On the other side stand the men from each section; the front rank man takes the meat and vegetables, the rear rank man the tea and coffee, etc.

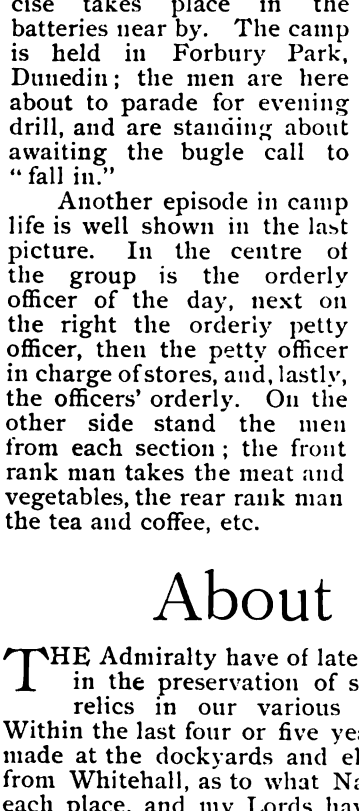


From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

MESS ORDERLY PARADE.

About Some Old Figure-head Relics.

THE Admiralty have of late begun to show interest in the preservation of some of the old Naval relics in our various Naval establishments. Within the last four or five years enquiries have been made at the dockyards and elsewhere, under orders from Whitehall, as to what Naval relics there are at each place, and my Lords have ordered them to be catalogued and preserved as conveniently as may be. Among these are to be included henceforth the old figure-heads of bygone men-of-war, of which there are still a number about at our dockyards and in other Naval establishments. The future preservation of the old figure-heads left us is the latest effort of my Lords in this direction, and it is, indeed, only just in time. For, as a fact, there are but few remaining that have associations attaching to them or are worth preserving. Most of those that exist have only survived destruction or sale for firewood through the personal interest, in each case, of certain Naval officers at one time or another connected with the ships that bore the heads, who had also sufficient influence to ensure their preservation. The most noteworthy instances of this are the cases of the head of the old "Billy Ruff'n," on whose quarter-deck Napoleon surrendered in 1815, and of the famous "Shannon." The old "Billy Ruff'n's" figure-head was saved at the last moment by Sir Frederick Maitland, Admiral-Superintendent at Portsmouth in 1834, when the "Billy Ruff'n" was broken up. Maitland was, of course, captain of the "Bellerophon" in 1815, and through his influence he had his old ship's figure-head and stern ornaments set up in the Mould Loft at Portsmouth, with a commemorative inscription. The "Bellerophon" memorial is at Portsmouth to this day. The figure-head of the "Shannon," which is also in existence, and was shown at the Naval Exhibition of 1891, was preserved through her captain, Sir Philip Broke. In 1816, at the close of the great war, when the "Shannon" came into dockyard hands for a large repair, the ship's figure-head was applied for by Captain Broke and handed over to him. It has ever since remained at the family residence of the Brokes (or Broke-Middletons) in Suffolk.

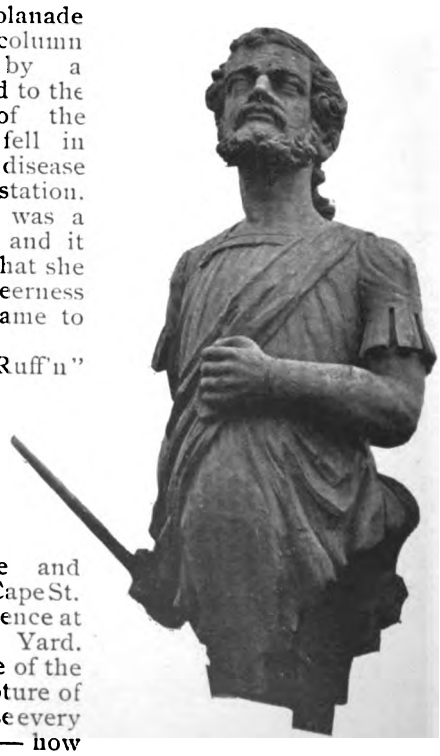


The "Princess Royal" of 1853.

The "Edinburgh," 1811.

We give here a picture of the "Chesapeake's" figure-head now preserved at Sheerness Dockyard. It is, however, not that of the "Shannon's" famous antagonist and prize, but belonged to a later "Chesapeake," built at Chatham in 1855, and named after the Yankee ship. The original figure-head of the "Chesapeake" captured by the "Shannon" was until recently (and, indeed, may be still) in existence down in Hampshire. There, until a few years ago, when I saw it myself, it was preserved as the adornment of the front of a summer-house at Arford House, Headley, on the outskirts of Wolmer Forest, and not far from Liphook. When the "Chesapeake" was broken up at Portsmouth and sold in 1820, while part of her timbers went to build some new houses in Portsmouth, and part to build a flour mill near Fareham, the figure-head passed into the possession of a Mr. Eustace or Eustis, and he took it away to Headley, where he was at that time building his villa, Arford House. The "Chesapeake" figure-head at Sheerness is that of the ship whose commission in the Far East as flag-ship between 1857 and 1861 is commemorated on Southsea Esplanade by a granite column surmounted by a Naval crown, inscribed to the officers and men of the "Chesapeake" who fell in action or died of disease while on the China station. This "Chesapeake" was a 51-gun screw frigate, and it is owing to the fact that she was broken up at Sheerness that our figure-head came to be there.

Next to the "Billy Ruff'n" and "Shannon" figure-heads in interest comes perhaps the still existing "San Josef" figure-head, at one time belonging to Nelson's great prize and trophy of the battle of Cape St. Vincent. It is in existence at Deptford Victualling Yard. That thrilling romance of the sea, the story of the capture of the "San Josef," of course every Englishman knows — how Nelson ran his little shattered 74-gun ship, the "Captain,"



The "Orion" of 1854.

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alongside the Spanish "San Nicolas," of eighty guns, and, after boarding her and taking her with a handful of men, pressed on and took the huge, over-towering "San Josef," of 110 guns, with a crew of 1,000 and more, that was lying foul of her. The exploit is unparalleled in history, and never to be forgotten while the red cross of St. George flies on British man-of-war.

STERN CARVING FROM "PRINCE CONSORT" OF 1861.

The two most interesting figure-heads that we could possibly have had have unfortunately by sheer neglect not been preserved. The two are that of Anson's old "Centurion" and that of the "Victory" at Trafalgar. The "Centurion's" figure-head, a gigantic carved lion rampant, 16-ft. high, was in existence five-and-twenty years ago at Greenwich Hospital, in the Anson Ward there. By a piece of criminal stupidity the grand old relic, which had been preserved since 1745, first by the Duke of Richmond near Goodwood, and then by King William IV. in Windsor Castle, was turned out into the open, into the boys' playground of the Greenwich Naval School. There wind and weather speedily effected its ruin. The figure-head simply dropped to pieces. Some of its fragments are at present in the possession of the Earl of Lichfield, to whose family Anson belonged.

What became of the "Victory's" figure-head when she was in the battle of Trafalgar is unknown, but that it was very much like her present figure-head, only greatly enlarged, is now certain.

The best existing collection of figure-head trophies after that at Plymouth Dockyard is indisputably the private collection of Messrs. Castle and Sons, the Admiralty ship-breakers, of Charlton and Vauxhall Bridge. The collection is extensive, but practically entirely confined to modern vessels. The most notable of Messrs. Castle's relics are two figures from the quarter galleons of the "'Fighting' Temeraire," broken up in 1838 by the firm from whom Messrs. Castle took over the business, and the figure-head of the Duke of Edinburgh's "Galatea."

THE "LEANDER" OF 1848.

Our illustrations show some of the figure-heads of Messrs. Castle's collection, belonging to old men-of-war built in the fifties, during the last decade of our old wooden walls, and iron-clads built in the early sixties. As these vessels one by one came into the hands of Messrs. Castle to break up, the figure-heads were carefully removed and stowed away, some in different parts of the yard and at the gates, others under cover in the business offices of the firm, where access to inspect them is always readily and courteously given to visitors, and all necessary information supplied to the intelligently curious.

Of the figure-heads that we reproduce, the oldest is that of the "Edinburgh," a seventy-four, built in 1811, which saw blockade service at the close of the Napoleonic war, was at the bombardment of Acre in 1840, and closed her long career as one of the ships of the Baltic fleet in the Russian War of 1855. The head shows a Highlander in the uniform worn under Wellington in the Peninsula. The head of the "Cressy" belonged to an 80-gun two-decker, built in 1853, which took part in the Russian War, and served with Sir Charles Napier in the Baltic.

The figure-head of the "Colossus" belonged to an 80-gun ship, built in 1848, which also saw fighting in the Russian War. That of the "Leander" was on the 50-gun frigate, built in 1848, a cruiser with Sir Edmund Lyons in the Black Sea fleet, and that of the "Princess Royal" on a 91-gun ship, built in 1853, which was in 1855 also one of the Black Sea fleet.

The "Imperieuse's" figure-head was on a 51-gun frigate, built in 1851, and distinguished in the Baltic.

The "Orion's" figure-head in like manner belonged to another ship that took part in the Russian War, a 91-gun ship, built in 1854.

Last come a carved figure from the stern ornamentation of the "Prince Consort," and two pieces of carved work from the bows of the "Ocean," the ships in question being two of the wooden framed men-of-war converted into broadside iron-clads to meet the necessities of the moment in 1861.

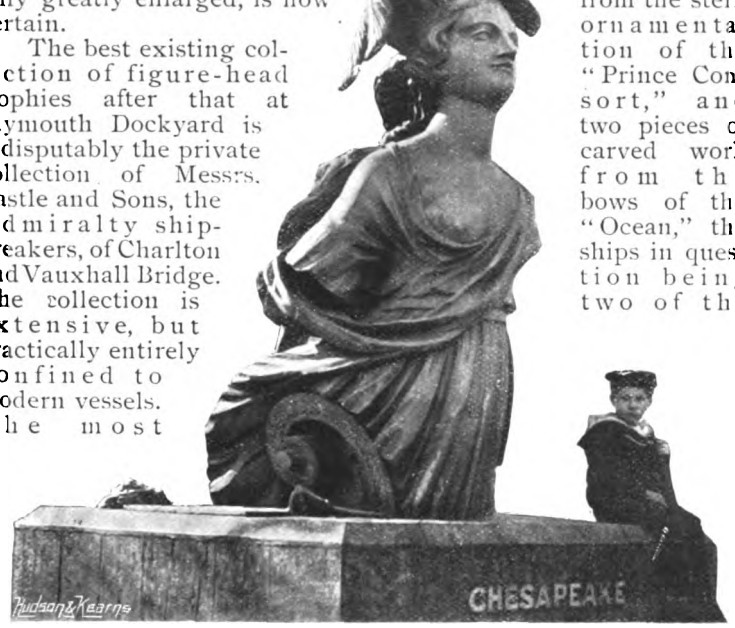

Photo. Wade. *THE "CHESAPEAKE" OF 1855.* Copyright.

THE "IMPERIEUSE" OF 1851.

CARVINGS FROM BOWS OF THE "OCEAN" OF 1861.

In our dockyards of the present time there are really very few figure-heads left, and those of poor interest. Plymouth has undoubtedly the best collection, started in the thirties of the present century by Captain-Superintendent Ross. The great dockyard fire, however, of 1841, in which "Adelaide Row" was destroyed, robbed the Plymouth collection of all of fighting interest.

Such a holocaust of battle relics was, of course, an irreparable loss, and ever since the Plymouth collection has had to rely on the figure-heads of comparatively modern vessels of much less interest.

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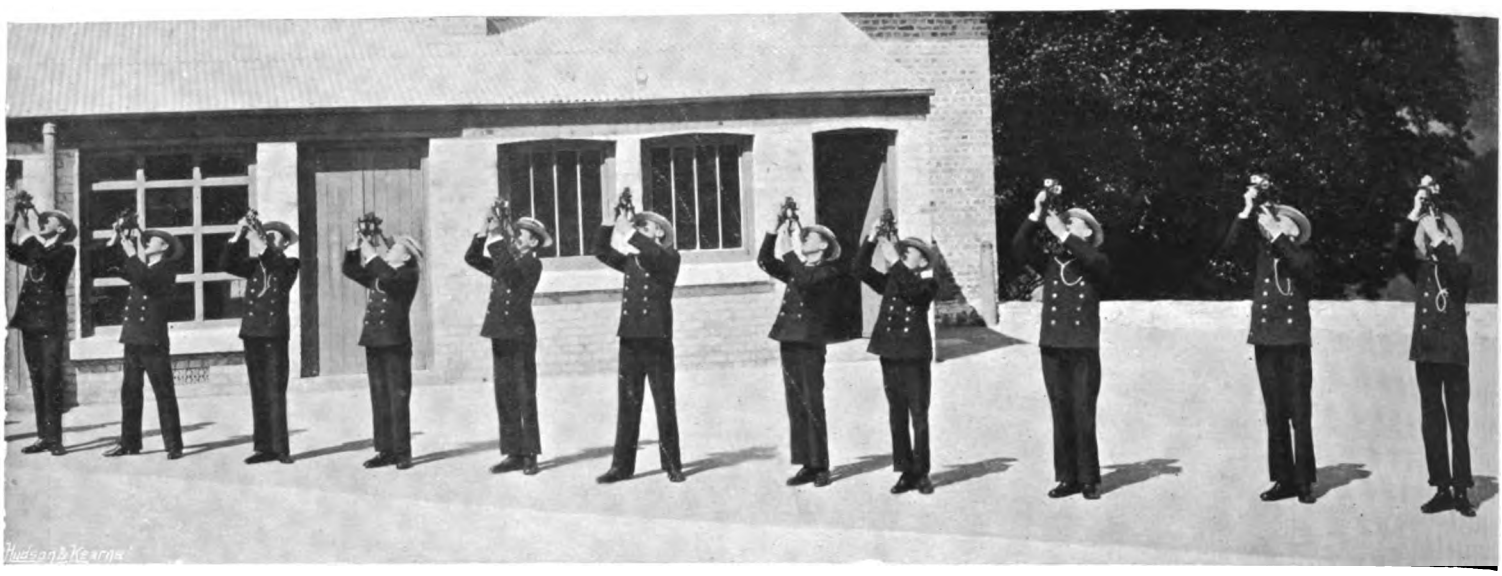
"Shooting the Sun."



"BRITANNIA" CADETS "SHOOTING THE SUN."

THE occupation of these youngsters, gazing assiduously at the sun through a small but complicated instrument, may appear to the uninitiated a somewhat unprofitable amusement. They are not here for recreation, however, but are engaged in the process of mastering one of the earliest lessons in the use of the sextant. This invaluable instrument, without which seamen would nowadays be very much "at sea," is used for measuring the altitude of the sun, for the purpose of ascertaining the position of the ship. It is made in great perfection, but there is, nevertheless, a certain structural defect, from which few are entirely free, known as the "index error," which is ascertained by bringing the reflected image of the sun into exact contact with the real sun on either side. The sextant is provided with coloured glass shades of varying intensity; and here, judging by the deep shadows, the darkest glass will be in use.

The Musketry Training of the Royal Marines.

EACH of the Royal Marine Divisions has for the past few years been provided with a Morris Tube Gallery, to assist in musketry training, the Plymouth one being represented in the illustration below.

This particular gallery is also utilised as a greenhouse, for horticulture does not interfere with this branch of military training, and the appearance of the bare white walls is improved by the presence of the plants.

Besides the few rounds fired in the compulsory musketry course, the men are allowed to practise in the gallery in their own time, under proper supervision, but paying for their ammunition—one penny for eight rounds. So important is this practice, as conducive to good shooting, that everything is done to encourage the men to take it up as one of their regular recreations.

It is even of special importance at Plymouth, as up to the present no Lee-Metford musketry range has been provided for the Marines at the Western Port.

Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright

THE MORRIS TUBE GALLERY, ROYAL MARINE LIGHT INFANTRY BARRACKS, STONEHOUSE.

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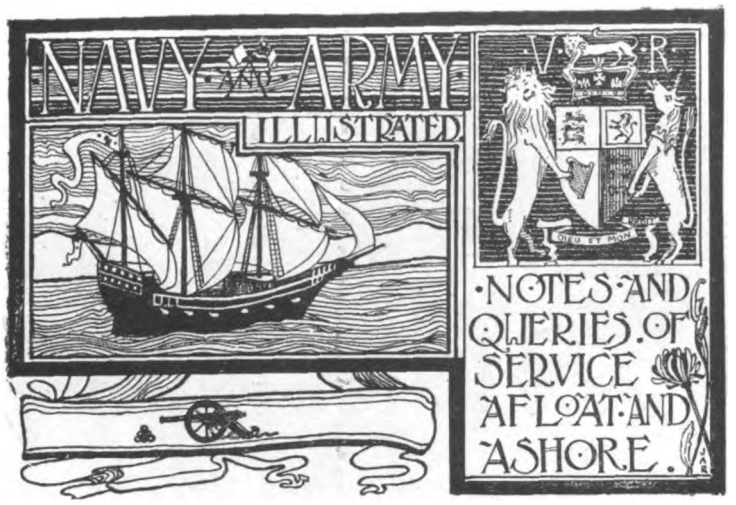

THE moustache, which nowadays is almost as much an attribute of the military officer as the sword, was only begun to be worn in the Army at the beginning of the century. It first came into wear in the cavalry, on the introduction of Hussars as part of our military establishment. Foreign Hussars, from whom the dress and equipment of our Hussars were copied, wore moustaches, and the authorities directed by order that all ranks of our new Hussar regiments should follow their models. Ten years later, on Lancers being instituted in the British Army, similarly in imitation of the Lancer regiments of the Continent, particularly Napoleon's Polish Lancers whom we met in the Peninsula, moustaches were ordered for our Lancers—the Continentals wearing moustaches—and after that our remaining Light Dragoon regiments, in due course, all adopted the moustache.

* * * *

IN the infantry the custom of wearing the moustache came in much later—not until the beginning of the Russian War. Our troops were at Varna, and after suffering considerably from cholera, were preparing for the invasion of the Crimea, when on July 31, 1854, Lord Hardinge, the Commander-in-Chief at the Horse Guards, issued the following Army memorandum: "A large part of the Army being employed in Turkey, where it has been found beneficial to keep the upper lip unshaven and allow the moustache to grow, the general commanding-in-chief is pleased to authorise that practice in the Army generally." The permission was, however, limited by a proviso which required "a clear space of two inches between the corner of the mouth and the whiskers (if any), the chin and underlip, and two inches of the throat to be kept shaven." Whiskers went after 1870, and nowadays the moustache has come under the Queen's Regulations for all branches of the Service. So much so indeed that only a year ago the authorities at the Horse Guards learned with indignation that young officers in certain regiments did not sufficiently cultivate the growth of moustaches by omitting to shave the upper lip, in consequence of which general officers commanding have now instructions to suppress such irregularities by any means that they "may think necessary."

* * * *

"W. R. H."—Torpedo-boats, in the sense the word is generally used, do not go under water. You are thinking of submarine boats, which are torpedo-boats in the sense that the torpedo is their weapon of offence. There are none in the Royal Navy, but other Powers have adopted them, though as yet they may be said to be entirely in the experimental stage. France has three, as has also Italy. The United States and Turkey each have two. Russia, Portugal, and Spain have each got one. The French "Gustave Zede" is a good specimen of this type. She is built of bronze, displaces 266 tons, and is 131-ft. long. Her speed is derived from electrical accumulators, and she can travel at the rate of fourteen knots on the surface, and eight knots when under water. She can descend to 65-ft., and remain under water for many hours. A boat recently built remained under water for eight hours without her crew suffering the slightest inconvenience. It takes nine men to navigate and fight her, and her armament is one torpedo-tube.

* * * *

IN the bad old days of flogging, this undesirable duty fell upon the drummers and trumpeters, who received a penny per diem extra in consequence. When flogging was finally abolished, it seemed as if this additional penny would be lost to these useful though noisy individuals, but the difficulty was got over by making them pay for damaged drum-heads and broken trumpet and bugle cords. These had previously been charged against the captain's contingent fund, a small sum allowed for making good losses in detailed payments, provision of stationery, and so forth. All funeral expenses had formerly to be defrayed out of the contingent, but the State now allows a sum of £1 15s. for this purpose. In the days of the old East India Company the first charge which appeared in a recruit's accounts was the value of his coffin, a cheerful little reminder of what he had to look forward to, eminently calculated to raise his spirits and make him rejoice that his good fortune was taking him to the shiny East. *Nous avons change tout cela*, and India is now as healthy as England for the man who looks after himself.

* * * *

CURIOUSLY enough, there is only one nation that has a military force exactly analogous to our own Royal Marines, and that is the Marine Corps of the United States. Like our own corps, they have won for themselves the highest reputation during their long existence, for they are the oldest force that the great Republic possesses, having been originally constituted in 1775. Like our regiment, they constitute a perfect Military, as apart from Naval, force, and their administration, organisation, and equipment is exactly similar to that of soldiers of the Line. Wherever and whenever the United States has had to employ military force the Marine Corps has always been well to the front both afloat and ashore. It was they who for the first time planted the "Star-spangled Banner" in the eastern hemisphere, and they record their exploits in North Africa, in 1803, by the legend "Tripoli" on their colours. The marine force then landed was organised as a camel corps, and so they were before our own Marines in developing into cavalry. I think, however, that they have never blossomed into police, as have our Royal Marines, and that with such brilliant success. A proposal to amalgamate them into the Army after the Civil War was universally condemned, and Farragut—the American Nelson—declared that "the marine guard is one of the great essentials of a 'man-of-war.'" Nineteen times have this fine old corps received the thanks of Congress. The "Globe and Laurel" badge of our marines is as well known to the man in the street as any in the Service, and that of the American Marine Corps is evidently derived from it, it consisting of a globe resting on an anchor and surmounted by an eagle.

* * * *

"E. A. V."—Regimental officers of the Guards are not permitted to hold commissions in other regular regiments, nor are officers of the Line. There are cases of officers of the Regular Army holding commissions in the Reserve Forces, but it will not be allowed in future. Sir S. Lockhart, Bart., lieutenant-colonel 1st Life Guards, appears as a lieutenant-colonel in the Lanarkshire Yeomanry. According to the regulations now in force, "officers who already hold double commissions are allowed to retain them." Officers are not allowed while serving on full pay of the Regular Forces to hold any commission in the Militia or Volunteers, except that of honorary colonel, adjutant, or quartermaster. Field-Marshal Lord Roberts is honorary colonel of the 3rd Battalion Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. As regards the order of precedence of the several counties in the Volunteer Rifle Force, the first five are Devonshire, Middlesex, Lancashire, Surrey, and Pembrokeshire.

* * * *

IN answer to an enquiry from a correspondent, I, omniscient as I am supposed to be, really can give no opinion as to why the names of officers of ships in the Navy List are arranged in so haphazard a manner, except that they have gradually got into a tangle from which it is nobody's business to get them straight. My correspondent writes, quoting apparently from an old list: "I open my Navy List at random, and the first ship to meet my eye is the 'Orlando,' on passage home from Australia. In her, after the admiral's staff, I find the captain, two commanders, and five lieutenants, in regular order, then the major of marines and his subaltern. Now what on earth does the lieutenant of marines do in that position? It cannot be for the sake of keeping all of one line together, for in that case the two sub-lieutenants would have followed the lieutenants, Royal Navy. Then in the seniority lists in the Navy List the engineers come next after the executive officers, but here the fleet-engineer follows the fleet-paymaster." Perhaps some of my readers can solve the riddle.

* * * *

"VOLUNTEER."—The cost to Government of the Lee-Metford rifle, according to the "Priced Vocabulary of Stores," is £4 10s. 2d., to which must be added 10s. 7d. for the bayonet and 3s. 1d. for the scabbard. These figures do not include either the indirect expense incurred or the *six per cent.* for inspection in the Government factories, and so they may be taken to represent pretty nearly the bare cost of manufacture. There is no monopoly in the matter. Any company that chooses to erect the necessary plant can make the rifle, and already two or three small-arm companies do so on a large scale. A very interesting and complete account of the rifle is to be found in the "Journal of the Royal United Service Institution" for January, 1895. It is entitled "Notes on the Lee-Metford Rifle (Mark II.), by Major C. B. Mayne, R.E., and Captain C. F. Close, R.E."

* * * *

"IN a newspaper review of one of the many 'Lives' of Nelson now in the book market," writes "T. L. R.," "I came across a statement in the following words:—'Nelson, as usual, hoisted his favourite battle flag, that known in the Signal Book as the flag for Close Action.' Was there such a flag?" No; there never was any flag for "Close Action." The signal was always for "Closer Action," and it was, furthermore, in Nelson's time a two-flag signal known as "No. 16." This was the signal hoisted in the "Vanguard" at the Nile, in the "Elephant" at Copenhagen, and in the "Victory" at Trafalgar. So much for that point. There was another admiral who, on a certain memorable occasion, did not hoist the signal for "Closer Action" when he should have done so, and came to disaster in consequence. I refer to Admiral Byng. Byng's fleet, as we know, in bearing down to attack the enemy, broke into two owing to the centre ship of the line meeting with an accident, which blocked the ships in rear, while the van half of the fleet went on, got alongside the enemy, and attacked them. Byng's Rear-Admiral, Temple West, hoisted as he attacked the signal for "Closer Action," and one of the strongest points that tended to prejudice Byng when before the court-martial was the contrast between his action and that of his rear-admiral over this matter of hoisting the signal for "Closer Action."

* * * *

THERE was no signal for "Close Action" at any time in old days, because, simply, none was wanted. The signal for battle, the old historic "Bloody Flag," the red flag at the fore topmast head, meant close action. On the hoisting of the "Bloody Flag," every ship of the British line was, by the Standing Fighting Instructions, expected to head at once directly for the ship corresponding to her and immediately opposite her in the enemy's line, and without further ado bring that ship as closely to action as the circumstances of the weather would permit. The "Closer Action" signal in such circumstances was rather, as it were, a spur to incite a willing horse to further exertion than anything else.

* * * *

"RIFLEMAN" will find his question answered in the following note: There are in Germany some twenty manœuvre-grounds or camps of exercise, where drill and shooting proceed during the summer, preparatory to the Imperial manœuvres. The latter are carried out in the open country in autumn, under reasonable regulations as to damage and compensation, but the summer drills and the ball practice take place on those large spaces which have been set apart, at a heavy cost, for the training of the cavalry and infantry. So convinced is Germany that elbow-room is an essential element in field training, just as ranges are in shooting, that she has spent, since 1881, upwards of four millions sterling on these drill grounds. They are, as a rule, several square miles in extent, and are occupied in succession by the various regiments belonging to their district. The newest of these places is Hammelsburg, for the Bavarian Army, and the largest is Coburg, covering about thirty square miles of land. With all this accommodation, the German Army is beginning to ask for more.

THE EDITOR.

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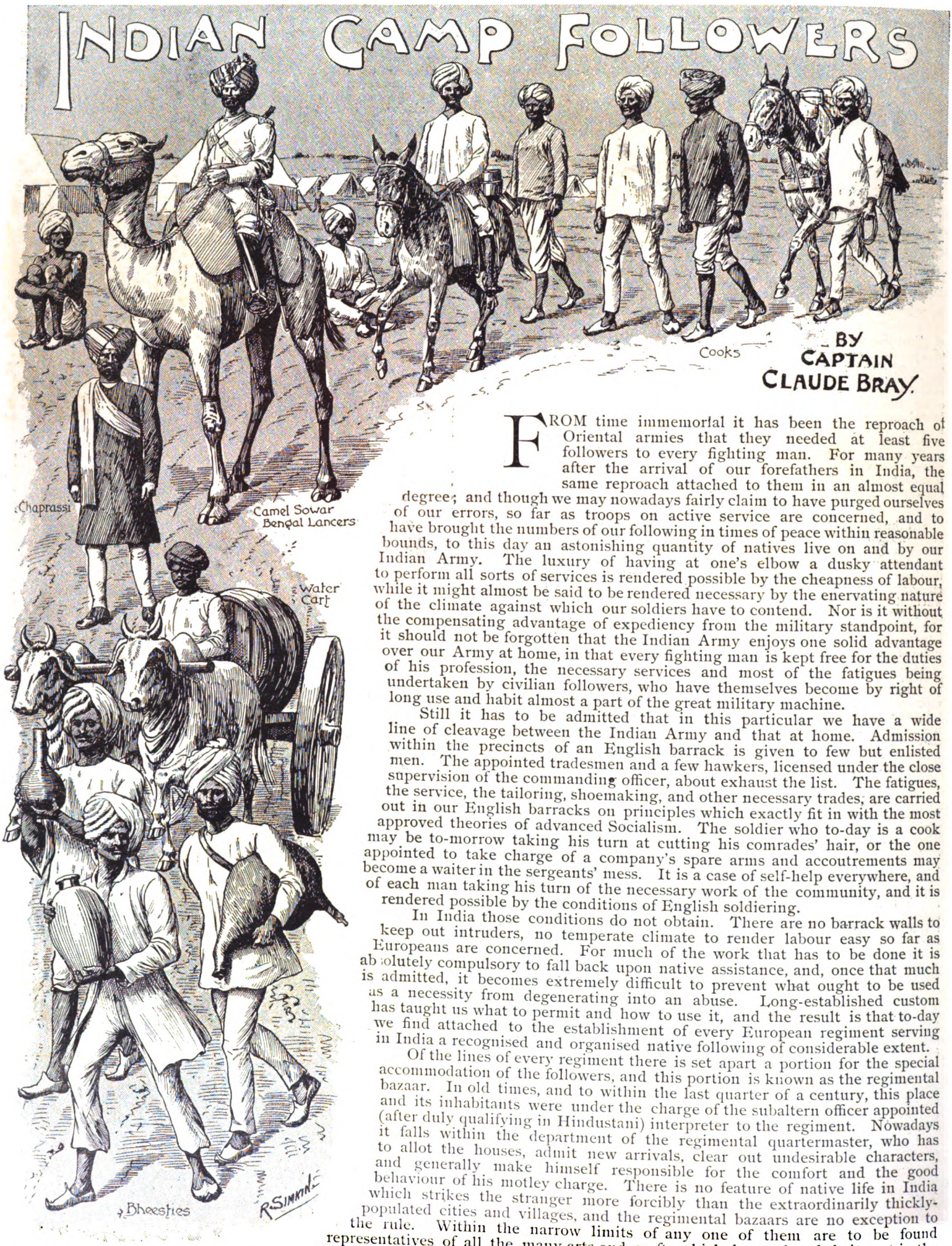
INDIAN CAMP FOLLOWERS

BY CAPTAIN CLAUDE BRAY.



FROM time immemorial it has been the reproach of Oriental armies that they needed at least five followers to every fighting man. For many years after the arrival of our forefathers in India, the same reproach attached to them in an almost equal degree; and though we may nowadays fairly claim to have purged ourselves of our errors, so far as troops on active service are concerned, and to have brought the numbers of our following in times of peace within reasonable bounds, to this day an astonishing quantity of natives live on and by our Indian Army. The luxury of having at one's elbow a dusky attendant to perform all sorts of services is rendered possible by the cheapness of labour, while it might almost be said to be rendered necessary by the enervating nature of the climate against which our soldiers have to contend. Nor is it without the compensating advantage of expediency from the military standpoint, for it should not be forgotten that the Indian Army enjoys one solid advantage over our Army at home, in that every fighting man is kept free for the duties of his profession, the necessary services and most of the fatigues being undertaken by civilian followers, who have themselves become by right of long use and habit almost a part of the great military machine.

Still it has to be admitted that in this particular we have a wide line of cleavage between the Indian Army and that at home. Admission within the precincts of an English barrack is given to few but enlisted men. The appointed tradesmen and a few hawkers, licensed under the close supervision of the commanding officer, about exhaust the list. The fatigues, the service, the tailoring, shoemaking, and other necessary trades, are carried out in our English barracks on principles which exactly fit in with the most approved theories of advanced Socialism. The soldier who to-day is a cook may be to-morrow taking his turn at cutting his comrades' hair, or the one appointed to take charge of a company's spare arms and accoutrements may become a waiter in the sergeants' mess. It is a case of self-help everywhere, and of each man taking his turn of the necessary work of the community, and it is rendered possible by the conditions of English soldiering.

In India those conditions do not obtain. There are no barrack walls to keep out intruders, no temperate climate to render labour easy so far as Europeans are concerned. For much of the work that has to be done it is absolutely compulsory to fall back upon native assistance, and, once that much is admitted, it becomes extremely difficult to prevent what ought to be used as a necessity from degenerating into an abuse. Long-established custom has taught us what to permit and how to use it, and the result is that to-day we find attached to the establishment of every European regiment serving in India a recognised and organised native following of considerable extent.

Of the lines of every regiment there is set apart a portion for the special accommodation of the followers, and this portion is known as the regimental bazaar. In old times, and to within the last quarter of a century, this place and its inhabitants were under the charge of the subaltern officer appointed (after duly qualifying in Hindustani) interpreter to the regiment. Nowadays it falls within the department of the regimental quartermaster, who has to allot the houses, admit new arrivals, clear out undesirable characters, and generally make himself responsible for the comfort and the good behaviour of his motley charge. There is no feature of native life in India which strikes the stranger more forcibly than the extraordinarily thickly-populated cities and villages, and the regimental bazaars are no exception to the rule. Within the narrow limits of any one of them are to be found representatives of all the many arts and crafts which have played their part in the creation of that other Indian anomaly, the caste system, and it is not too much to say that pretty well every trade that can make a living out of the soldier will be represented in force. To attempt to detail them all would be a matter of time, but it is possible to run over a few of the more salient features of this queer community.

The most important person in the bazaar is the *Kotwal*. He is the mayor of the bazaar, the head of the police, the mouthpiece of the commanding officer on the one side, and the representative of the followers on the other. If anything is wanted, it is the *Kotwal* who is sent for to arrange the matter. His principal assistants are the various *chuprassis*, maintained as part of the regimental establishment—"wearers of the badge," as the name signifies—who are to be found in every branch of official Indian life, and who are anything in reason from mere messengers to a sort of police.

Next in importance to the *Kotwal* ranks the *Munshi*, whose office has been made familiar to English folk by Her Majesty's servant the Munshi Abdul Karim. This official has to perform the double office of interpreter and teacher of Hindustani to the soldiers. In many regiments, especially if he happen to have a spice of the native taste for intrigue, he is a good

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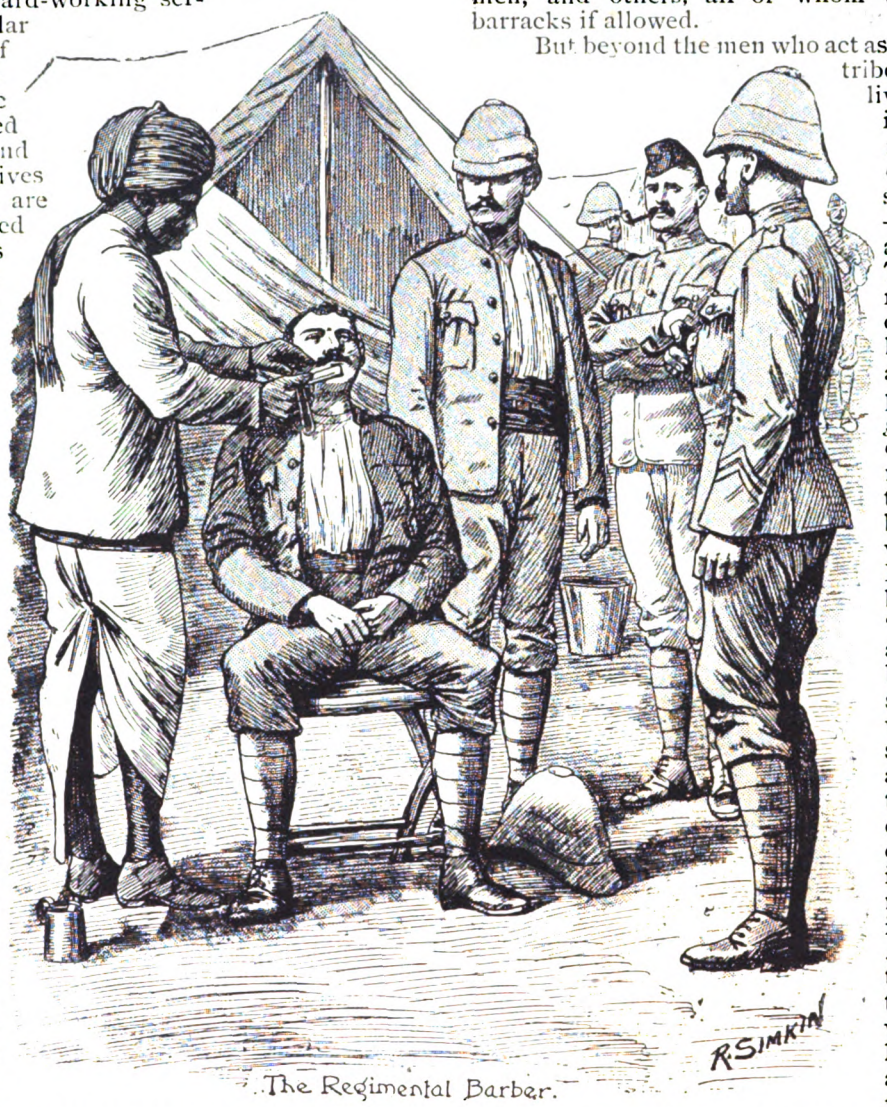
deal more, and in virtue of the opportunities created by his intercourse with the officers, who are his pupils, he manages to become a great power in the bazaar.

Next in order come the men appointed to look after the regimental establishment of camp equipage, whose distinctive uniform of blue with red facings is a feature of Indian barrack life. Their duties are nominally to keep the tents free from the ravages of the white ants and generally in repair, but in practice their services are many and varied, and they rank among the most useful followers that the quartermaster Sahib has at his disposal.

The most numerous (as they are the most important) classes of Government followers in an Indian barrack are those which perform the twin services of scavenging and carrying water. The *mehter* and the *bheesti* are ubiquitous, for it has to be remembered that in India there is neither water laid on nor drainage in the fashion usual at home. For both those essential services the country has to depend on manual labour, with the result that the sweeper with his broom and the *bheesti* with his *mussick*, which is simply a goat's skin sewn up so as to form a bag, are to be met at every turn. It is illustrative of the ways of the country that, whereas the former is always a low-caste Hindu, the latter is a Mahomedan. Both are most useful and hard-working servants, the latter in particular enjoying the reputation of being the most handy all-round man in domestic service. It may be added that these two classes, and indeed all the other natives employed about barracks, are generally to be found arrayed in the cast-off habiliments of Thomas Atkins, patched and altered, it is true, to an extent that would clear them of any risk of trouble under the Uniforms Act. The *bheesti* is a very important man among the troops, accompanying them on the line of march and even under fire. It is on record that one of the greatest disasters that has ever befallen our arms in the country was in no small measure brought about by the failure of the *bheesties* to find water for the native troops in the fighting line. Thirst proved a deadly assistant to our enemies on that occasion.



The Regimental Barber.

The above about exhausts the list of those who are maintained as part of the Government servants of a regiment on the Indian establishment, but it is among the less regularly appointed followers that the most curious variety exists. First among the unofficial following of a company come the cooks, for all the cooking in India is done by natives under the very nominal supervision of a soldier told off as the cook-house orderly. The ration stand of a regiment in India is very different indeed from the similar institution at home. The place of the orderly fatigue party with their clean meat trays is taken by a whole tribe of chattering natives provided with baskets, beside which they squat on the ground by companies till their turn comes to carry off their share of the commissariat beef or mutton, of which the former is hardly heavier than the carcase of a big English sheep, and the latter provokes from the young soldier recently imported from home the indignant query as to whether "it is not rabbits that they are serving out?' But the meat is good enough in its way, and the native cooks, according to their lights, are skilful to contrive a steak for their master's breakfast, and yet leave enough to serve up a savoury dinner, and doubtless reserve sufficient for the hungry mouths in their own homes as well. Each man of the company contributes a small sum each month to pay these worthy servants, among whom, in true native fashion, the head man does as little as he can, and draws the lion's share of the pay.

Next in importance among the company's servants is the barber, who not only cuts hair as required, but shaves as well. By some means only known to themselves these barbers can shave fifty or sixty of their clients between réveille and the seven o'clock parade, for there is seldom more than one of them to each company, and Indian companies are strong. They are so skilful, however, that they can shave a man while he is half asleep, and it is possibly owing to their starting before the bugle sounds that so few men appear on parade unshaved. Next may be taken that most useful and often most unjustly abused public servant, the punkah-coolie. The punkah-coolie makes his appearance and disappears at times varying in the different parts of the country. His existence each year lasts for perhaps four months, and is coincident with the days of fierce dry heat. He is not a man of any distinctive caste or calling, but is merely an unfortunate at extreme low water, which fact tempts him to accept the wage the contractor offers, and so to hurry his movements at muster times as to be able to answer in three or more places as required. When every other soul is recruiting exhausted nature with sleep, he has to manage somehow to keep awake. Besides these regular servants of the soldier in India, there are the men who make a living by tying the puggarees which are worn on the Indian helmets. Then there are tailors to sew on buttons, boot-blacks, washermen, and others, all of whom will come swarming into barracks if allowed.

But beyond the men who act as servants, there are a whole tribe of others who make their living by doing a good trade in various articles of commerce. There are three cries at least that are seldom silent in an Indian barrack—cries which once heard are not easy to forget. There is first of all the man with his basketful of carefully-corked bottles on his head, who as he shuffles along carefully sings in piercing accents, "Pop—*good* pop." His bottles contain a species of home-made ginger-beer, sometimes palatable enough, but often, it is to be feared, very much the reverse. Not far behind him will be his very ditto selling "Eggs—good eggs," and another with milk and butter. These are only specimens of the hawkers who infest every barrack, sometimes under due authority, often surreptitiously till they are cast out by the police. Whenever a regiment has to move in relief, the whole of this motley crew accompanies it either by road or by rail. As regards the last-mentioned mode of journeying, there are few more wonderful sights than the loading of the carriages appropriated to the regimental bazaar. The railway companies, having apparently made up their minds that even in India time has its value as well as money, merely provide the authorised accommodation, and leave the bazaar to sort itself as best it may. The regimental authorities for their part are content to satisfy themselves that the essential followers—such as the cooks—are in the train, and for the rest they, with their families, are free to scramble in as best they may, and get a free ride to the new station if they like to put up with the discomforts *en route*.

It may be well understood that all these irresponsible beings floating about a barrack constitute a serious danger to health, and that it requires great care and vigilance to keep them within bounds. Yet in cantonments it is, as a rule, successfully accomplished. It is on the line of march that the great danger exists. There the native is free to do as he likes. When it is added that his sense of responsibility is so slight that the bacon-seller can see no difference between the flesh of a village pig purchased *en route*, and prepared beyond the outskirts of the camp in an old kerosene oil tin, and best Wiltshire bacon, it is easy to understand that the task of the medical officers in charge of the sanitation is not always an easy one.

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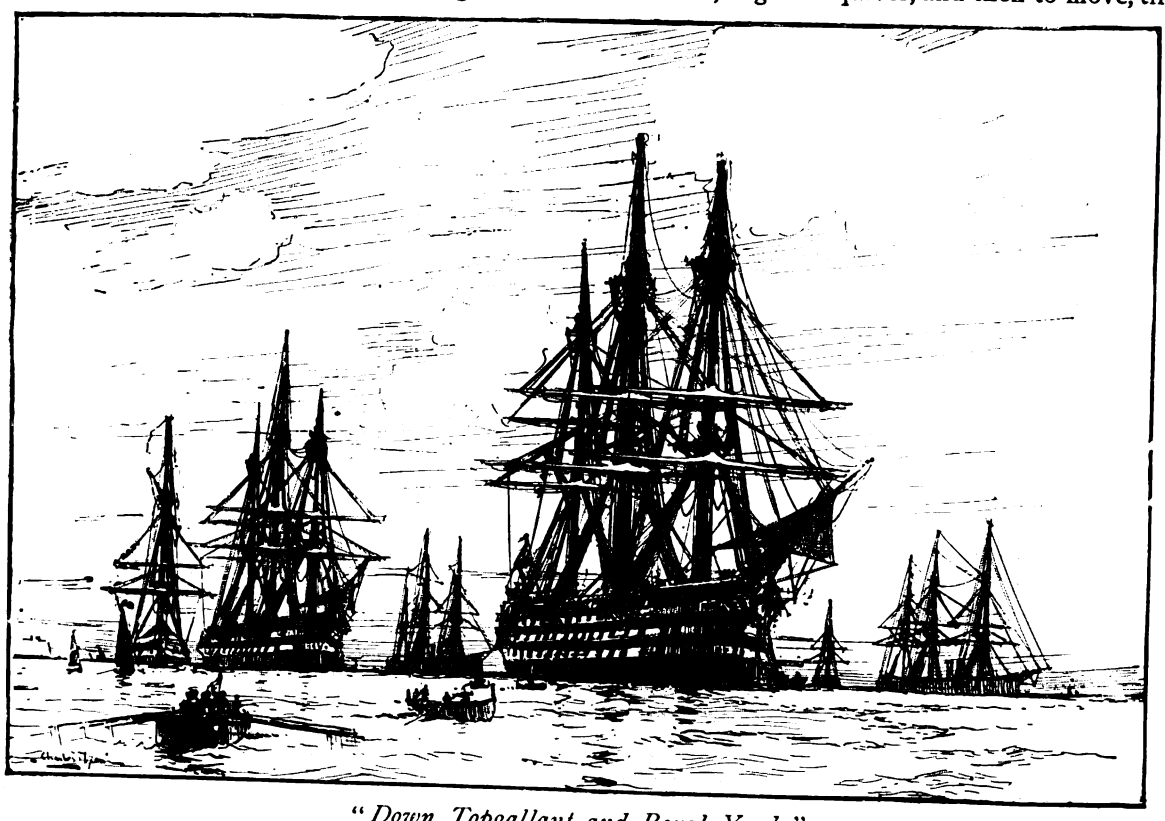
THE LAST SEA-GOING THREE-DECKER.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN, late R.N.

THE memory of certain events that happened some thirty years ago, when I was a proud little middy on board the "Victoria," the last three-decker that ever left harbour as a sea-going ship, is very clear to me.

The "Victoria"—what a beautiful spectacle she presented, to be sure, with her spotless shining black and white sides, that towered some 60-ft. above the water-line; her guns, 120 in all, 32's and 64's, peeping out from her port-holes, three tiers on either side, one above the other. Her men compo-ed those guns till they shone so that you could have seen your face in them; the most perfectly treed and boned pair of boots that a faithful valet ever prepared for his master's feet never shone like those guns. All the bright work on the gun-carriages shining, too, like silver on the best appointed table. And the gun-carriages—the wood-work was spotless; no spot of grease or stain of dirt marred the whiteness of the wood. Her lower booms projected at right angles from her sides, from which her launches, gigs, and cutters floated free, and as clean as the big ship herself. Her rigging (if I remember right, our masts and yards were the largest that ever did service) with no rope out of place, as taut as the strings of a violin; her yards, not an eighth of an inch out of the square. What infinite pains the boatswain took to square those yards.

On the flag-staff at the taffrail, her white ensign now hung listless, now was blown straight out, according to the mood of the wind; the pennant, her emblem of active service, attached to the main truck, streaming thin, long and clear; and the admiral's badge of authority flying at the fore. Two funnels, yellow painted—in harbour telescoped with the utmost snugness—betokened that the grand old ship was supplied with power which was eventually to supersede Nature's gift and make sailoring an almost forgotten art.



"Down Topgallant and Royal Yards."

Our commander made an impression upon me never to be forgotten. I can see him now as distinctly as I saw him in life, and most of us, I can assure you, saw, heard, and trembled in those days. He was a splendid-looking man, with a great big rich voice, that could be heard not only in every part of his own ship but all over Malta Harbour. He was a man of few words, but these few words summed a vast deal, and went straight home. I have seen a watch of 300 men, who did not *know the use of fear* in other things, jump like a lot of frightened children as they heard his clear-cut decisive words of reproach or sarcasm.

As we lay in Malta Harbour, with some eight other full-rigged ships—as far as my memory serves, these were the "Gibraltar," a two-decker; "Orlando" and "Arethusa," wooden frigates; "Prince Consort," "Royal Oak," "Lord Clyde," "Bellerophon," and "Caledonia," armour-plated ships—how we used to drill one against the other. A signal midshipman recorded the time that each ship took in executing a manœuvre, reporting it to the flag-lieutenant, who in his turn reported it to the admiral. How terribly keen was the desire to be the first ship. And as for the last ship, "Oh, she is slack and dummy!" and these words of reproach throughout the fleet were a sufficient punishment.

"Down topgallant and royal yards" was usually the manœuvre just before sunset, but every evening the royal yards were sent on deck. As the signal went up with the flags furled together, the telescope of each signal-officer and signal-man was fixed on those closely-sealed knots of bunting. The answering pennant from each ship fluttered to the dip, a sign that each ship saw the signal, but had not yet read it. Then the signal broke, the three flags waved clear, and the answering pennants, hoisted at the full, made haste to say, "We understand." Then over the whole fleet were heard the decisive words of command, which were interpreted by the shrill boatswains' mates' whistles. In a very few seconds the men were in their places, below the hammock nettings, like hounds in leash. On the hauling down of the signal by the admiral the manœuvre began. By Jove, what an anxiety there was who should do it first. How those naked-footed men ran aloft. I remember we had a few men who, without exaggeration, went up that rigging so fast that you could hardly see their feet move—no land-lubber could move up stairs so fast—up over the futtocks, along the top-gallant and royal yards, to make fast the necessary ropes, and on again. And then the men on deck topped the yards, from sky-line to water-line, and lowered them at a prodigious rate, till they reached the decks. Then the fid that supported the topgallant-mast was knocked out of its hole, and the thin, tapering topgallant-mast, with the truck on its head, began to quiver, and then to move, till it disappeared on its passage towards the deck, leaving its truck and mass of rigging hanging in bights on the topgallant cross-trees, which gave the masts a headless appearance.

Next morning the topgallant-masts had to be run up a few moments before eight to allow the topgallant and royal yards to be crossed at the moment the eight bells struck (8 a.m.), while the bands of each ship played "God Save the Queen," and the colours were hoisted and cleared. Sending up a top-gallant-mast in the morning was a ticklish job. A man had to stand on the topgallant cross-trees many feet above the water-line to direct the mast, and to fit the truck on to the topgallant-mast-head, as it was being raced upwards by the men on deck. The fitting of the truck accurately on to the head of the topgallant-mast was the work of an instant (a smart man would fit it without the pace being slackened), requiring the most accurate eye, the steadiest head, and the most iron nerve. If the truck was fitted accurately (which was not always the case), up raced the topgallant-mast, tightening in its ascent all the hanging rigging, till it reached the point to allow the man to push in the fid, and thus make steady and secure the mast.

Woe betide the luckless man who got entangled in the mass of hanging rigging, that was now fast tautening. How I did respect some of those brave fellows, and many of them were hard-swearing, and when they went ashore hard-drinking, men. Of many of the Ten Commandments they took little heed. But they did their duty, and sacrificed their lives, in order that England's fleet might be the smartest afloat; and so I think that when the scales are held in the balance, and all allowances cast therein and all conditions weighed, the recorder will give a verdict in favour of these brave, reckless seamen. To make the British Empire what it is to-day, we have indeed—

> "Straw'd their best to the weed's unrest,
> To the shark and the sheering gull."

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The Gates of Portsmouth Dockyard.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE stream of life that flows through these gates at "opening" and "closing" is a sight to behold. Our largest and central Naval dockyard was first established by Henry VIII. The older it grows the larger it becomes. It has passed through several crises, and narrowly escaped destruction by fire when a dastardly attempt was made, towards the end of the last century, by Jack the Painter, who was hanged for his crime on a gallows erected close to the main gates, and whose corpse was afterwards gibbeted in chains on Block-house Point. From a very small piece of ground, the dockyard now comprises 300 acres of basins, docks, slips, factories, workshops, and store-houses. The extension works, made from ground reclaimed from the harbour, contain three large basins, which have a depth of water sufficient to float any ship now in existence, with an area of 53 acres. There is a tidal basin of 10 acres, and a steam basin of 7 acres. There are 13 large docks and 5 slips. Two new docks lately constructed are capable of taking the largest ships. The dockyard employs to-day 8,900 hands.

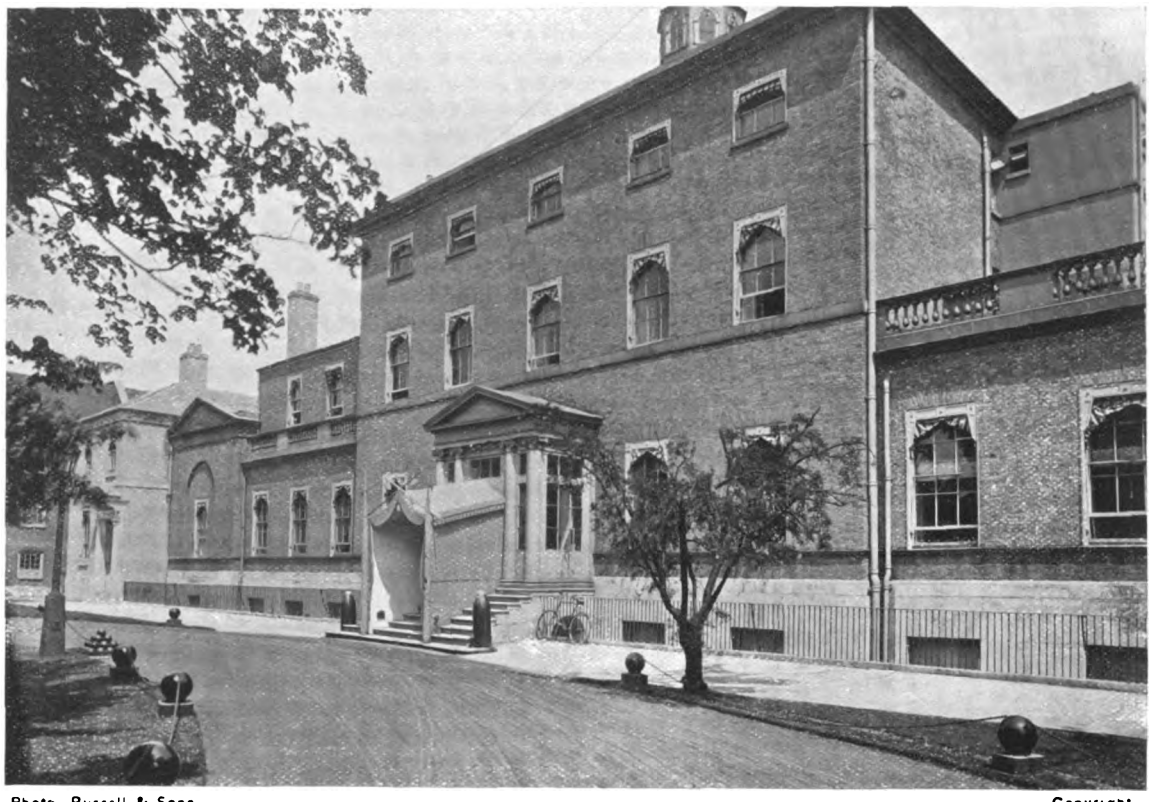

Photo. Russell & Sons

ADMIRALTY HOUSE.

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On the right of the illustration of the Main Gate, situate on the Hard, Portsea, is the house of the Superintendent of Police—his force is an excellent body of men drawn from the Metropolitan Police Force; then the flagstaff, surmounted by a golden fox, in memory of Fox, Prime Minister; next the bell and its pole, originally made from the main topmast of a French prize—so the yarn goes. Some thousands enter this gate every day except Sunday. The Hard, too! What a change since the days when Mrs. Jimmy Ducks enticed Lieutenant Vanslyperkyn into the Old Wheatsheaf, now an up-to-date restaurant.

The Marlborough Gate, far less pretentious, is situate in Marlborough Row, Portsea, and is still convenient for several

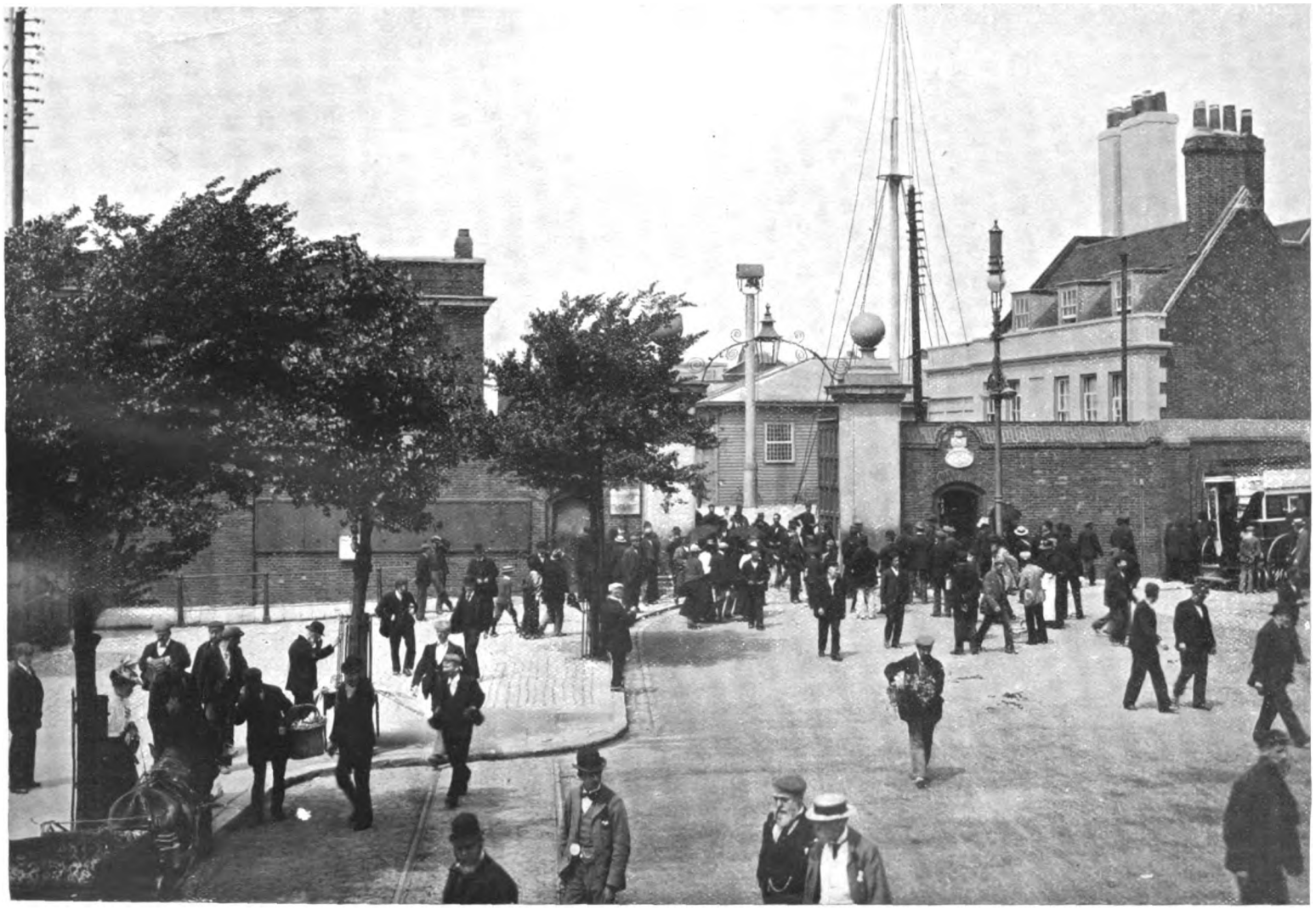

Photo. Cribb.

THE MAIN GATE.

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THE UNICORN GATE.

hundred "maties" who pass through daily. The Unicorn Gate as a piece of architecture is well worth seeing. The unicorn surmounting the archway is a fine bit of sculpture. This gate is passed by a far greater number of workmen than either of the others. It is situated in the Unicorn Road, Landport, and is in reality the main artery of the dockyard, for by inclining to the left on coming out, and going up Charlotte Street, you are in the heart of Landport in five minutes.

Admiralty House, in the dockyard, is occupied by the Commander-in-Chief, and our picture shows the new entrance and alterations to the Admiral's office.

Photos. Cribb. Copyright

THE MARLBOROUGH GATE.

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Greenwich Hospital School.—II.

IN a previous article we showed that, as far as educational qualifications go, the boys of the Royal Hospital School at Greenwich are admirably trained for their duties as seamen. That their physical and material well-being is equally well looked after will be very evident when the daily life of the lads is portrayed. At a quarter to six in the morning the boys rise and file down to the lavatories, where each boy has his own basin, towel, and soap. Then the dormitories are cleaned and tidied, and by a quarter to seven the lads are ready for the substantial breakfast prepared for them. We may note here that each company has its own dormitory, each being distinguished by the name of some celebrated admiral. All, however, are not of the same size. The smaller ones provide accommodation for some seventy boys; the largest, the Rodney, accommodates 123. Fifty of the lads sleep in the ship illustrated in our previous article. These are last term lads, who are soon to leave for the training ships, and these lads sling their hammocks and berth exactly as they will have to do when they join Her Majesty's Navy. Breakfast time arrived, the companies, each of which is under the charge of a Naval pensioner, repair to the huge refectory where meals are served. This room is well worthy of notice. Around the walls are panels, each with a portrait commemorative of a British Naval hero, and his name and achievements and date of birth and death are also recorded. The ceiling panels of the great room are also painted illustrative of the trades taught in the school, and the centre of each panel records the date and name of some great victory won by the Royal Navy. We have already seen how, in the class-rooms, pictorial representations constantly impress on the boys facts necessary and useful to them throughout their career, and in the same manner in their dormitories and refectory they insensibly learn something of the prestige and glorious history of the Service that they are about to enter. If there is any Service in which *esprit de corps* has attained to the highest degree, it is the Royal Navy, and these boys embark on their career impregnated with it. For breakfast the meal served consists of bread, butter, and cocoa, the allowance for each lad being 8-oz. bread, ½-oz. butter, ½-oz. cocoa, ½-oz. sugar, and ¼-gill of milk. Three times a week in winter oatmeal porridge with sugar and milk is substituted for the cocoa. From eight to twelve school and instruction in seamanship, trades, etc., is carried on. Boys over fourteen and a-half drill till nine. For drill and rifle instruction purposes there are provided 100 light Martini-Henry carbines

CRICKET ON THE ASPHALTE.

"HI-COCKALORUM, JIG! JIG!! JIG!!!"

Photos. W. S Campbell. *THE NOBLE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.* Copyright.

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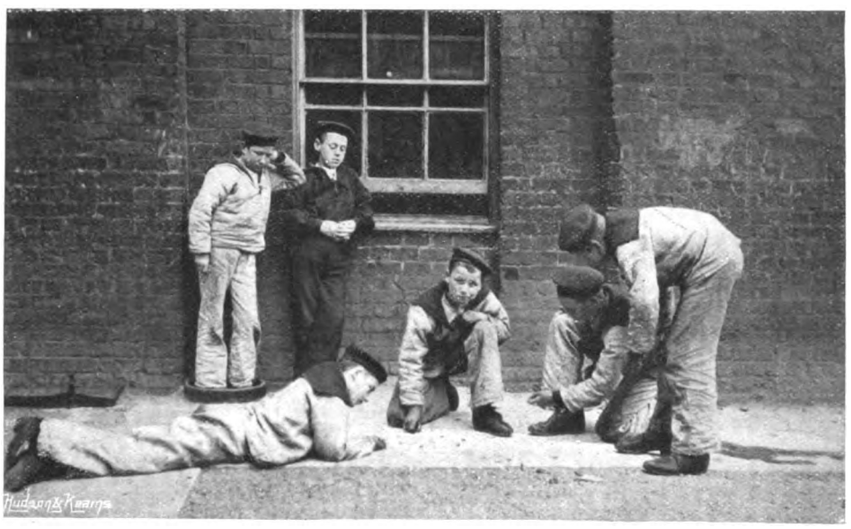
and cutlasses, and so when occasion requires the boys of the Royal Hospital School can turn out a very smart guard of honour. Drill aloft goes on in the ship, and with the exception of a stand easy at ten for a quarter of an hour, there is not an idle moment. At twelve half the complement, or 500 boys, are told off to bathe, the others recreating. The bath, which is shown in one of our illustrations, is a magnificent structure. In the centre the flooring is raised and railed round, so that boys unable to swim can pass over the bridge and bathe in shallow water. Round the raised portion is deep water, where the swimmer can dive and disport himself. There is also another smaller bath, fitted with appliances for instruction in swimming, and here on entry the boys are instructed in what, curiously enough, was, not so many years ago, an unknown accomplishment to many whose life's calling was on the bosom of mother ocean. Dinner, which is excellent in quality and abundant in quantity, is served at half-past twelve. Beef, mutton, corned beef, and that most succulent dish, "sea-pie," alternate in the menu, and plum-pudding is served on Sundays. Three times a year, viz., on the Queen's Birthday, Founder's Day, and Christmas Day, what is known as a "festival pudding" is indulged in. This is indeed a Gargantuan feast, and opens up a limitless vista of indigestion, for its constituents comprise 370-lb. flour, 120-lb. raisins, 60-lb. currants, 180 eggs, 60-qt. milk, 50-lb. sugar, 120-lb. suet, 12-lb. peel, and 7-lb. spice. From two till half-past four school and instruction are again the order of the day. At a quarter to five tea, which consists of tea, bread, and butter or treacle, is served, and at 5.20 the 500 who did not bathe in the morning have their turn at the swimming bath. At seven a bread and cheese supper awaits the voracious appetite of youth, and at eight the day's work and play are finished, and half-an-hour later the silence of the long dormitories is only broken by the light breathing of its child occupants. A well-spent and busy day, but, as our illustrations show, time is found for that recreation without which Jack would in truth be a dull boy. To play cricket is part of an English boy's birthright, and though asphalte forms rather a hard wicket, the lads in our illustration seem to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. What in our schoolboy days we knew as "Hi-cockalorum" the Greenwich Hospital schoolboy dubs "Jumpback," and it would seem to be a popular method of working off the superfluous energy of youth. We are glad also to see that the old English fashion of settling a difference of opinion still prevails amongst the youths who are being trained and taught to man Great Britain's Navy. To clamber up a wall and obtain entry to his domicile through a window is to the average boy an ideal method of getting inside a house, and, as another of our illustrations shows, the Greenwich Hospital schoolboy is neither more nor less than an average British boy. In short, both at work and in play he is being adequately fitted, physically and mentally, for the career on which he is to embark. No better training could be given to embryo bluejackets than that which these boys receive. This enormous establishment is under the control of a superintendent, a post at present held by Commander George Huntingford. Fleet-Paymaster E. M. Roe is cashier and store-keeper, and when we remember that the school is to a great extent self-sustaining, we can form some idea of the onerous duties of the post which Mr. Roe has filled for many years. The establishment maintains its own laundry and bakery, and has also its own plumbers', blacksmiths', painters', and carpenters' shops. Mr. Roe has a distinguished war record, having served in the Baltic during the war of 1854-55, and in Chinese waters from 1857 to 1861.

A SWIMMING LESSON.



THE ANCIENT GAME OF MARBLES.

Photos. W. S. Campbell. Copyright.

"STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE."

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

Vol. VI.—No. 85.] *SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17th, 1898.*

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A WAR-SHIP'S "CABINET":
THE CAPTAIN, COMMANDERS, AND FIRST LIEUTENANT OF THE "MARS."

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A FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP.

NO more important development of our Naval policy has ever taken place than that which has caused the Channel Squadron to gradually grow into what it to-day undoubtedly is—the most mobile, powerful, and homogeneous battle-ship squadron in the world. Of the eight splendid ships which to-day compose it, the "Mars" is an excellent sample. These vessels comprise the "Mars" and five of her sisters, and two sister ships of the "Royal Sovereign" class, which immediately preceded the "Mars" class. And the squadron is in its present constitution very illustrative of five years of development in battle-ship construction. The "Repulse," the oldest ship, was laid down in 1889, the "Mars," the latest, in 1894. She can, if necessary, stow 2,200 tons of coal, as against the 1,450 tons of the "Repulse."

THE PRIDE OF THE SECOND BARGE.

By the standard of thickness of inches, the "Mars" is a lighter-armoured ship than the "Repulse," but owing to the improvements made in the manufacture of steel for armour protection, and re-arrangement in the method of distribution of this armour protection, the "Mars" is on the whole a better protected ship than is the "Repulse."

At 2,000-yds. range, the guns of the "Repulse" can put a projectile of 1,250-lb. weight through 27½-in. of wrought iron. The "Mars" can only annoy our friends the enemy with a little bitter reminder 400-lb. less in weight, but, owing to improvements in gun construction, it can get through 2-in. more of iron, at the same range, and once it is in, the slight difference in weight will make very little odds. No better illustration has ever appeared in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED than that we here give of the after barbette of the "Mars." We feel sure that it cannot fail to give the reader the sense of stupendous power that fills the mind immediately

Photos. Russell & Sons

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THE MEN IN AUTHORITY.

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one puts foot on the quarter-deck of a first-class battle-ship. Our other illustrations represent the human ingenuity that controls the whole mighty mechanism. That on the first page represents what we might call the "Cabinet" of a war-ship. It differs, however, from its prototypes in the political world by the fact that there is never any weak-kneedness about it. On the right, seated, is Captain Francis Powell, C.B., the man who is responsible for a million of the nation's money, and the lives of 750 of her choicest sons. Seated on his right is Commander Thursby, his chief executive officer. Immediately behind the captain is Commander Fawckner, who is responsible for the navigation of the ship, with, on his right, Lieutenant Culme-Seymour, who combines the onerous duties of first and gunnery lieutenant. All have seen considerable war service, while Commander Thursby holds in addition the Royal Humane Society's testimonial for a gallant rescue of a drowning man.

In another illustration the officers of all branches are shown, grouped on the quarter-deck, and a fourth gives an excellent sample of the bluejackets that compose her crew, the boat's crew of the second barge grouped round a handsome cup won at the last Channel Squadron Regatta.

Photo. Russell & Sons. . Copyright

MIGHT PERSONIFIED.

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A HOSPITAL AFLOAT.

THERE is a very vast difference between the ghastly cock-pit in which Nelson's brave tars had to submit to the torture of amputations, and other, perhaps, more painful operations, without the sweet oblivion afforded by

GOING TO HAVE A BAD TIME.

anæsthetics, and the roomy, well-ventilated, and supplied with every up-to-date appliance sick bay of the modern man-of-war. No more excellent example of the sick bay of a large war ship could be shown than that afforded by that of the "Powerful," which we here illustrate. It is probably as large, if not larger, than that of any ship afloat. And this is not to be wondered at, for the "Powerful" is the largest cruiser afloat, and carries the largest complement

NOT SO BAD, AFTER ALL.

borne in Her Majesty's or any other Navy, her crew mustering all told some 900 men.

In the "Powerful" and her sister ship, the "Terrible," the sick bay is situated right forward, in the most airy, cool, and well-ventilated part of the ship. It has, however, the defect of being in a part of the ship where the vibration is pretty bad when travelling at high speed. The writer remembers that in the "Terrible" at the manœuvres of last year the cots had to be lashed to keep them from jumping off the hooks when the ship was travelling at her worst vibration. Luckily there were only one or two cots filled, and those with men suffering from slight ailments.

One illustration depicts the doctor and sick bay attendant ministering to a man whose foot has been injured. He has had the misfortune to drop on it the projectile of one of the 6-in. quick-firers with which the "Powerful" is armed. As this handsome little paper-weight weighs a trifle of 100-lb., it is probable that he will for some time to come remember the incident.

The other two illustrations speak for themselves. All together give a good idea of the ordinary work of a ship's doctor. Accidents and slight ailments crop up frequently, but—and this more especially in the tropics—the doctor, himself perhaps ailing, has to battle and fight with the direst diseases to which mankind is heir. No profession is nobler or produces finer men than that of medicine, and it is not exaggerating to say that no better representatives of the profession could be found than those who wear the red velvet badge that distinguishes the medical officers of the Royal Navy.

Photos. H. Sharp. Copyright.

SICK BAY OF THE "POWERFUL."

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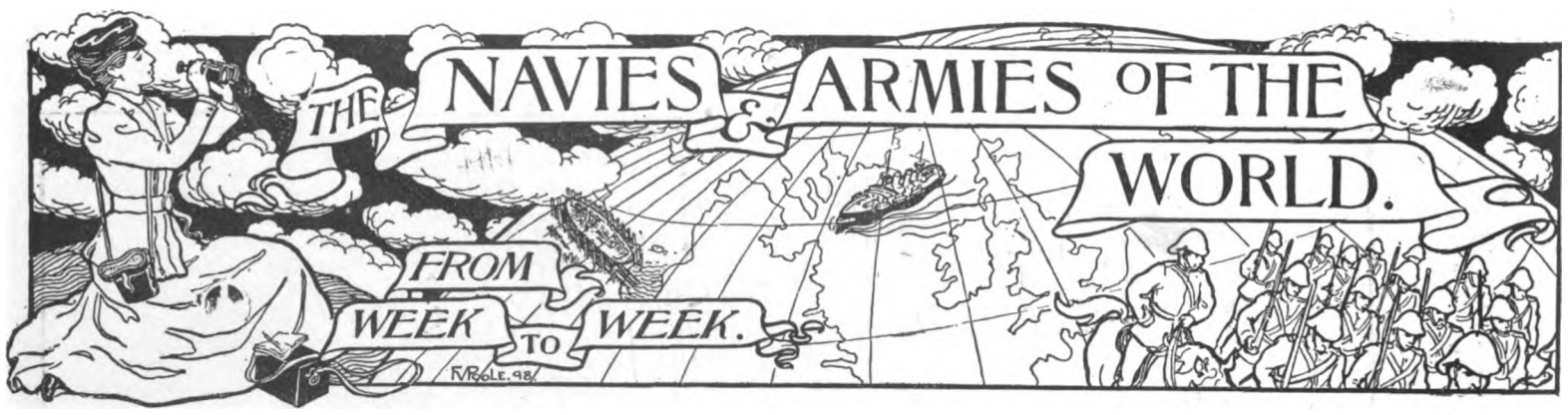

THERE is something which one can understand is a little irritating in the part which the Navy has taken in the late advance on Omdurman. The irritation falls to the share of the Navy, and it comes in this way. Supposing you have an essential share in the doing of a piece of work, but that all the more showy parts fall to somebody else, is not that very trying? It must be, because in this case you know that a great part of the credit is yours, but that others will reap the glory. Now this has more or less happened on the Nile. Without the gunboats the advance of the Army would have been, if not impossible, at any rate infinitely more difficult. Yet the floating force met no enemy against whom the brilliant work which tells in newspaper reports could be done. Therefore it appears altogether subordinate, though as a matter of fact it was most essential. This is peculiarly the fate of a Navy. Take, for example, the great fight for independence made by Holland under the leadership of William the Silent, and his successors of the family of Orange Nassau, the predecessors and ancestors of Queen Wilhelmina. It was superiority at sea which decided the struggle. The first real blow struck at the Spaniards was the capture of Brill by the Beggars of the Sea. During all the rest of the first and most heroic period of the struggle there is one condition which never fails. The Spaniards were always beaten when they had to fight on water, or when it was possible by piercing the dykes to bring the German Ocean, with the boats of La Marck or Justin of Nassau, to the relief of a besieged town. It is recorded that Julian Romero, having been beaten by the Beggars of the Sea, and driven to swim on shore, said as he shook the water out of himself, "I told your Excellency what would happen. Fighting on water is not my business." The moral of the whole story is in that. The Spaniards were admirable soldiers in those days, but soldiering alone could not do the work, and they had no fleet, so they failed.

* * * *

YET the glory has fallen mainly to the men who fought on land. When we speak now of those who vindicated the freedom of the United Netherlands, it is of the defenders of Alkmaar and of Leyden, of Maurice of Nassau, and of Count Hohenlohe, whom our ancestors called Count Hollock. When we speak of La Marck it is "to acquit our consciences," as the French would say. In the procession which represented the history of Holland, one poor little car alone represented the Navy, without which the United Netherlands would never have come into existence. Yet La Marck, Justin of Nassau, Piet Hein of the wooden leg, Tasman, Tromp, and De Ruyter were each entitled to a car to themselves, not to mention others. As everybody is full of admiration for the sailor "in the abstract," it seems at first strange that it should be thus. Perhaps the fact that the individual seaman has fewer opportunities of distinguishing himself in battle than the soldier accounts for the comparatively little memory there is of his doings. Such a feat, for instance, as the charge of the Lancers at Omdurman could hardly happen in a Naval battle. The famous encounter of the "Brunswick" and the "Vengeur" on June 1 is a rare exception in sea battles. As a rule the fleet acts in the mass, and the individual working at his gun in the batteries is lost. It is a proof of the tact of Marryat, as well as a result of his experience, that he avoids the great battles and keeps to the skirmishes of Naval war, the frigate actions, and the cuttings out, where the single man has more play. Then the chances are better for the Army than the Navy in another way. It is quite possible that one side should have an overwhelming superiority at sea, and yet be compelled to fight hard on land. That has happened continually. The reverse of the position, that is to say, where one has an overwhelming superiority on land and yet is compelled to fight at sea, is necessarily much rarer. It can only arise where the war is between an island and a continental Power. Of course exceptions occur, as in the war of 1866, when the Austrian Navy made an opportunity for a brilliant stroke. But as a rule the tendency is to make the Navy look like an auxiliary force. Not to be one, observe, for even in this Soudan Campaign it is of primary importance. Without the Navy we should not be in Egypt at all. Still, as there is nobody to meet it on the water, it is out of the fighting.

* * * *

LIEUTENANT WELLS'S demonstration that the American squadron at Santiago was not so superior to the Spanish as people suppose is very natural. So Sir Charles Douglas proved by figures, which, as everybody knows, will prove anything, that the fleet of the Comte de Grasse was, properly considered, about as strong as Rodney's, on April 12, in the battle of the Saints. Why anybody should want to prove this kind of proposition is not very obvious to the eye of pure reason. The greater the American superiority at Santiago, the clearer is it that the United States knew what they were about, and the larger is the share of credit due to their intelligence. But, after all, the world will apparently never be thoroughly persuaded that war is a matter of intelligence, and not of valour. Even in our scientific age the first thing an army is praised for is courage. Nobody likes to have it said that his victory was "a hollow affair." Yet if the scientific teachers are right, if preparation, superiority of armament, and so on, are so much more important than mere valour that is what he ought to desire to have said. It shows his superiority that he could manage to give the enemy no chance. Yet put the scientific soldier or sailor to the test, and he at once begins to make the most of the enemy's strength. It is a very natural feeling, and a very proper one, since if war really could be made a business in which one side had no chance, it would become a mere butchery, in which no man who was not a brute would wish to take a share; what redeems the business of killing is that you incur the danger of being killed.

* * * *

Now that the United States and Spain have done the fighting, they appear to be both intent upon washing their dirty linen with the greatest possible amount of publicity and noise. What is really odd is that there appears to be much more real desire to do the work in America than in Spain. Yet the States have won, have made an immense score, and have made it cheaply. No doubt it might be maintained with much truth that their success has been less due to their own merits than to the exceeding badness of the other side. That is very true; still they have won—and yet they are apparently as discontented as if they had been beaten. If all the stories which are sent over to the papers are true, an appreciable section of the people of these States must be longing for the head of Mr. Alger on a charger. There is to be an enquiry, and everybody is on the alert to see what effect it will have on the coming autumn elections. Perhaps this approaching event may be taken as explaining a good deal. Most things get into politics in the States, and the majority of Americans have a taste for strong language. The mismanagement of the War Office is useful to a great many writing and talking citizens as a cry. That there has been mismanagement is obvious, but in the long run the Americans, who generally act with sound sense, will probably come round to the view that it has not been as great as it well might, considering the inexperience of everybody, and the want of preparation. On the whole, they have once more proved that they can do work uncommonly well. If they come to the conclusion that now they have taken up with an Imperial policy they will do wisely to be more serious with their War Office, they will again show good sense. Meanwhile some of their officers seem to be in need of learning what the Duke of Wellington meant when he explained that he had put up once with bad usage because he was "nimookwallan," had eaten the King's salt, and did not think it any part of his duty to embarrass the State. There is something not wholesome for America in the zeal shown in certain quarters to get into politics, and share in an agitation.

* * * *

As for the other side of the Atlantic, the spectacle presented in that quarter beggars description. The true inwardness of Spain's management of her affairs is shown by a delightful story which came out in the debates in the Cortes. Admiral Cervera having asked for ammunition and instructions, the Minister of the Colonies replied, with pious philosophy, "God help you." So when Cromwell's old uncle, "The Golden Knight" of Hinchinbrook, was presented by his son with a long schedule of debts, he shook his head gently, and said, "I wish they were paid." The good old gentleman had to end by selling his estates and retiring to obscurity.

* * * *

IT has been said that they are blessed who expect little, for they will not be disappointed. The truth of this maxim has, one trusts, been verified in the case of those prophets of evil who predicted all sorts of troubles and failure to do any good by the manœuvres. They have attracted comparatively little attention, owing to other and more exciting events. It is hard to fix the attention on mere manœuvres when a real campaign on the scale of the advance to Khartoum is in progress. Now, too, what we all want to know is who is at Fashoda, and what is he doing there? But it is very far from certain that more public excitement about them would have done the manœuvres any good. It is quite enough to learn that they have apparently been very successful, and have shown the value of the Military Manœuvres Act. The farmers of the district have not put obstacles in the way, and there have been no disputes of importance between the military and the civil authorities. Bicyclists have not charged madly into batteries, and regiments have not been compelled to struggle with difficulty through dense mobs of ginger-beer sellers—horrors which were predicted as probable only a few weeks ago. There has been grumbling, as there always is. It will be a different world when Englishmen can get through any kind of work without a growl about something. Mr. *Punch's* farmer of the other day, who, on being congratulated on a fine harvest and good prices, snarled out that it was a bad year for mushrooms, was a very typical person. It is possible that everything has not been perfect, since it is human to err. But on the whole the manœuvres in their way have been as successful as the Khartoum Campaign. If in continental armies everybody who was perfectly satisfied was free to say so, it would probably be found that all was not perfect there—not even in the manœuvres which are made in Germany.

DAVID HANNAY.

A CONDUCTOR in the Army Ordnance Corps is a warrant officer. He is addressed by non-commissioned officers and men as though he were an officer, but is not saluted. When off duty, he is permitted to wear plain clothes. His pay is 6s. per diem. A staff-quartermaster-sergeant aide-de-camp is paid 4s. 3d. daily, a staff-sergeant 3s. 9d., a sergeant 2s. 7d., a corporal 2s., a 2nd corporal 1s. 9d., and a private 1s. 2d. Corps pay is issued to effective non-commissioned officers and men at the following rates:—First rate 1s. 2d., 2nd rate 11d., 3rd rate 8d., 4th rate 6d., and 5th rate 3d. Twelve men are paid at the 1st rate, 131 at the 2nd, 226 at the 3rd, 156 at the 4th, and 201 at the 5th. When required, conductors supply the places of subaltern officers, but do not sit as members of courts of enquiry or on regimental boards.

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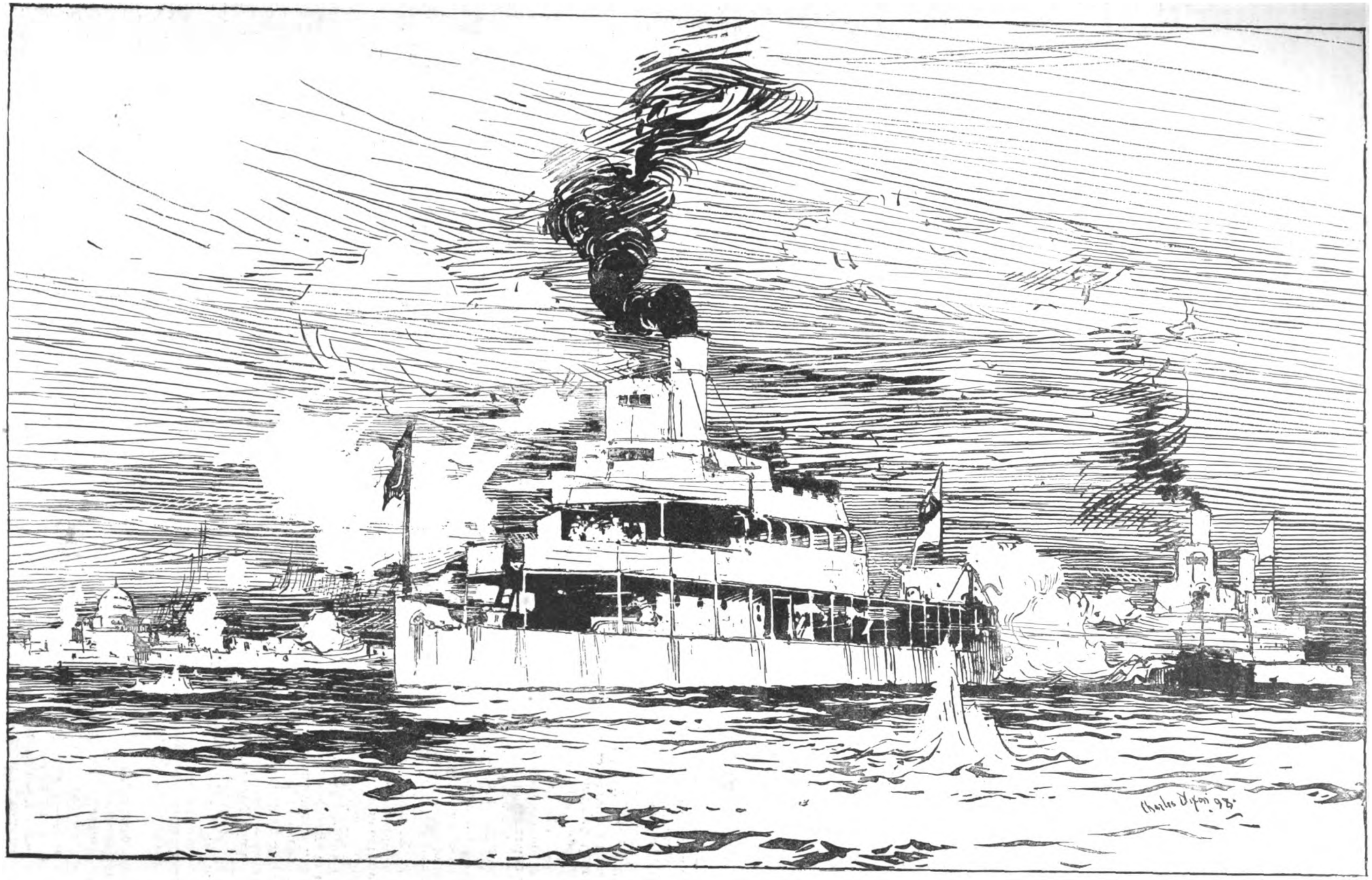

THE BOMBARDMENT OF OMDURMAN.

The overwhelming character of the victory at Omdurman was due in part to the action of the gun-boats, which, being sent by the Sirdar up the river, effectually bombarded the town, and forced the Khalifa to take his stand in the open. So effectual was the fire of the gun-boats that, we are told, not one embrasure in the forts at Omdurman was left intact, while the Mahdi's tomb was completely destroyed.

From a Description by an Eye-witness.

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At the Sign of "The Great Powers."

By Captain W. P. Drury, R.M.L.I.

ALONG the lath and plaster front wall of Giacomo's store, in tottering italicised capitals that are suggestive of the strong waters sold within, sprawls the high-sounding legend, "Aux Grandes Puissances." House painters and decorators are plainly at a discount in the little mushroom township that is springing up on the edge of the bay; indeed, it is an open secret that both wall and inscription are the handiwork of the versatile proprietor. Sky-blue tables and rush-bottomed chairs are set invitingly on the newly-levelled ground without; rows of coloured bottles gleam temptingly from the shelves within; while on the threshold, like one of the trap-door spiders in the neighbouring road-bank, lurks the ever-watchful Giacomo himself.

Not long has he to wait for his prey this mellow, sleepy autumn afternoon. The Italian, Maltese, and Sicilian musicians who form the string band of Her Britannic Majesty's barbette battle-ship "Camperdown" have already set up their music-stands among the drooping, lately-planted oleanders of the "square"; and from the International Squadron in the bay, cutters and whalers, steamboats and galleys are fast converging on the tiny ramshackle pier that serves Giacomo for a lading wharf. The sky-blue tables are quickly surrounded by posturing, volatile officers of Southern Europe; the rush-bottomed chairs creak beneath the weight of stolid Muscovites and Britons; and Giacomo darts hither and thither spiderwise, securing his victims in their places with subtle suggestions of iced Pilsener, and with cunning blandishments in many tongues. Yesterday 'twas the band of the Russian flag-ship which contributed to the gaiety of nations; the day before the Italian minstrels played; while to-morrow, to quote the quaintly rendered signal of our friends, the French Admiral's band will "execute."

And so, in the shortening autumn evenings, we pipe to each other on the Cretan village green, leaving our respective employers at home to think out the moves of the great *Kriegspiel*. Whether we—the employés—shall ultimately disperse (with politely-expressed regrets) "upon our lawful occasions," or whether, over the division of the spoil, we shall presently be instructed to fly at one another's throats—who can tell? As an Italian officer, with a shrug of his shoulders, piously observes—"*Dio Sa!*"

But, for the present at all events, *l'entente cordiale* is the order of the day. At first each group of arrivals, with much punctilious clicking of heels and touching of cap-peaks to its predecessors, sits stiffly apart; yet on none does the shadow of the Tower of Babel fall so lightly as on the great brotherhood of the sea. Slav or Latin, Christian or Moslem, Monarchist or Republican—a fig for these tiresome differences when Lieutenant de Vaisseau Jacques Bassompierre is burning to hear from Achmet Effendi yonder how he came out of that detestable *bora* which caught their respective gun-boats in the Adriatic; or when Petinka Popoff, of the Imperial Guard, must needs learn from his friend of the British Marines (who shall be nameless) how he fared the morning after they twain painted the town of Yokohama red!

But hark! Signor Frendo, with a final tap on the conductor's score, raises his bâton; and the martial strains of "Austria" reverberate from the lath and plaster wall. Behind the crashing counterpoint of drum and brass and wood-wind the mellow horns are chanting Haydn's Hymn; and the Austrian officers, turning towards our table, smilingly acknowledge the compliment. The best of good fellows are these sailors of the "Emperor Joseph"; indeed, of all the alien Naval officers with whom I have foregathered on the great highways and in the remote backwaters of the world, I like best the Austrians—and the Dutch. To the grim squadron in the bay, however, Holland has sent no representative. As far as she is concerned the Cretan Question may go hang. There is but one topic of interest for the happy Dutchmen to-day, and that is the coronation of their charming Queen.

A barge, with a blue-crossed white ensign trailing over her stern, has pulled in to the gimcrack pier, and the Russian Admiral, attended by his flag-captain and his flag-lieutenant, strolls into our cosmopolitan midst. Then—oh! What a general uprising from the rush-bottomed chairs, what a squaring of heels and fingering of gold-laced caps, what a frantic darting hither and thither and dusting of sky-blue tables by the obsequious Giacomo. The Admiral draws a cigarette-case from his pocket; Giacomo is at his elbow on the instant with a lighted match. The Admiral, "for the good of the house," will take a *petit verre de cognac;* Giacomo has already divined his distinguished patron's wish, and the *petit verre*, along with a lump of sugar in a saucer, and a tumbler of water, lies ready to his hand on yon oleander-shaded table. Yet never for one moment does that past-master of diplomacy appear to neglect his other clients. "All things to all men," is a leading article of Giacomo's creed; and not only is he advertised interpreter in English, French, Italian, German, Greek, Roumanian, and Russian, but he can, chameleon-like, become a colourable imitation of the nationalist with whom he chances at the moment to be in contact.

On the outskirts of the official circle, beyond the boundary line of stones laid down by the autocratic founder of "Aux Grandes Puissances," move the people of the baser sort—an ever-shifting kaleidoscope of Oriental colour. The crimson fezzes of a Turkish patrol, the light blue collars of the tars of many nations, the ample indigo breeks and knee-high yellow boots of the Cretans artistically mingle in the middle distance. Here the evening sunlight burnishes the helmet-spike of a British marine, and re-dyes the shabby citron robe of a passing Dervish; there it glints in the dark green cock's feathers of a Bersegliere, and deepens the red in the cheek of the Highland Light Infantry recruit, a brother mountaineer, with whom he is hobnobbing.

'Tis on sultry evenings such as this the waggish sun loves to suggest in window-panes the glow of ruddy firelight within, and to imitate on distant mountain peaks the bloom of the purple grape. The new red tiles of the mushroom houses, clear-cut against their background of sombre cypress trees and violet mountain shadows, are washed vermilion by the flood of brilliant light; the western surface of the bay is sheathed with burnished copper; and the row of boats' ensigns, blown stiffly out from the staves by the sunset breeze, suggests a line cut from a newly-printed sheet of the "Flags of all Nations."

A stir goes round the little tumbler-littered tables, and again much sword-clanking, and making of legs, and touching of ornate caps. No gold-laced admiral is it this time; indeed, that gallant officer himself is on his feet, and bowing with the youngest of his subordinates. For through the square, escorted by her husband, and smiling graciously upon her envied countrymen, passes the beautiful bride of a young Russian officer; and *raræ aves*, indeed, are ladies in benighted Suda. Hovering on the fringe of the crowd are other women, it is true—dishevelled, painted fallen sisters of Cosmopolis; and as she passes through their midst, the fair Russian daintily draws her virtuous skirts closer about her very shapely form. For who so pitiless to the starving Magdalene as she who has never been driven to sin for her daily bread.

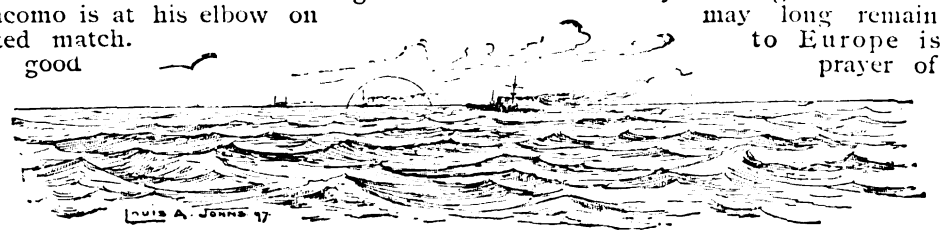
The phantom fires within the jerry-built, still untenanted houses, have died away, and the burnished copper in the sea has been transmuted by the rising mist into a dull steel. Once more the hazy rim of the western horizon has been reached by the big crimson fireball—the blood-red full-stop stamped upon the sky at the close of the day's history; and to-night, poised upon a jagged purple peak of the White Mountains, the silver crescent makes her first appearance for the month. Hard by her is an early evening star—a combination which suggests the symbol of misrule under which this most distressful emerald isle has struggled for so long. Yet signs are, happily, not wanting that brighter days are in store for poor romantic Crete.

The sunset gun! Like the red spark of a candlewick after the flame has been blown out, the last ruby gleam in the West seems to expire with a jump. It is seven o'clock, and with what a clanging of bells and banging of fire-arms and braying of trumpets does the International Squadron put the poor sun to bed! The ships' and boats' ensigns simultaneously flutter out of sight, as though shaken from peak and staff by a passing gust of wind, and then everyone stands up.

For Signor Frendo has come to the end of his tactfully-chosen programme; Europe has signified its approval, and the band is now playing what Pierre Loti — gallant Naval officer and creator of charming "Madame Chrysanthème"—so far forgets himself as to call our dismal "God Save!"

Then this pleasant daily Pentecost, where each man speaks with other tongues, breaks up, and we all stroll jestingly adown the gimcrack pier to our respective boats.

The Great Powers gone, Giacomo sits complacently in his doorway counting the afternoon's takings. That Crete may long remain a bone of contention to Europe is doubtless the daily prayer of this shrewd citizen of the world. It is assuredly no prayer of mine. Nevertheless, Giacomo, brother vagabond, I look towards you and drink "Aux Grandes Puissances!"



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I SHALL be forgiven for dwelling a little upon Major Arthur Griffiths' "Wellington and Waterloo" (Newnes, 10s. 6d.), the opening volume of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED Library, which has just been published in book form. It will be agreed that Lord Wolseley, who contributes a valuable introduction to the work, sets the right value upon its sterling merits when he says that Major Griffiths gives a lucid and interesting account of Wellington's great work, that the story is admirably told, and that it is not only instructive to the soldier, but intensely interesting to the general reader. The book, indeed, is not merely a life of Wellington; it is the story of the great soldier in his work, and in the circumstances and surroundings amid which he lived. It gives, in short, the picture of Wellington as the empire-builder, as the leader whose life-work was the long grapple with the Power that menaced Europe, and whose downfall was necessary for our safety, and for the laying down of the broad foundation of our prosperity and Imperial state. These are things that do appeal to the general reader.

One great merit of the book shines upon the surface of it. It is most richly, even elaborately, illustrated. Nothing seems to have been omitted that could lend attraction to it; the pictorial treasures of the Wellington age have been sought out with manifest zeal, and it cannot be doubted that here is the most complete illustration of the military history of the period that has ever been issued from the press. Every known portrait of Wellington seems to have been included, and there are several here with which the public are unfamiliar. Then I find excellent portraits of the great Duke's comrades-in-arms, of the good soldiers whose names figure so largely in the military annals of the time, Britons and their allies, as well as of the famous chiefs of the *grande armee*, and of statesmen, politicians, and writers who played their part in the great drama. Nor is this all. There are besides very many portraits of Wellington's family and friends—his mother, wife, sister, and many more. But to many, I think, the long series of illustrations of the military life of the Duke's days, as seen by the painters and satirists of that time, will prove even more interesting. The broad humour and inimitable skill of the caricaturists indicate a life and spirit which can scarcely be found elsewhere, and the many sketches of troops on the march, in the bivouac, and in the field are most interesting. Other pictures of battle scenes and of localities with which the hero is associated give completeness to a series of illustrations which numbers considerably over four hundred. Strong light, indeed, as Lord Wolseley says, is thus thrown upon the military and social life of the period.

Major Griffiths, whose competence as a staff officer of high professional attainments is well known to the Army, carries his reader forward from Wellington's boyhood and early service through many campaigns from Assaye to Waterloo. Wellington himself rightly estimated the qualities that gave him military pre-eminence. In speaking, many years afterwards, to Lady Salisbury, he said of his early Indian despatches, "They are as good as I could write now; they show the same attention to details, to the pursuit of all the means, however small, that could promote success." At that time he had had barely ten years' service, and was a young man of twenty-eight; but he had mastered the whole business of soldiering, in its highest and broadest lines. His orders dealt clearly with the most minute points; he omitted nothing; he could tell the pickets what to do; he could maintain a firm hand in the enforcing of discipline; and his military conceptions, his combinations, and the completeness of his preparations were extraordinary. "He was, in fact," says Major Griffiths, "born to command, and even in those early days fully proved it."

Lord Wolseley, in his introduction, institutes a profoundly interesting comparison between Marlborough and Wellington. The former always took the offensive, the latter usually waited to be attacked, though not always, be it observed, through choice. Nevertheless, Waterloo is the great type of a defensive battle. The tactics had been foreshadowed in the Peninsula; but it is at Waterloo that we most mark the dogged strength for which our countrymen have been distinguished in all ages. "What English-speaking man or woman," Lord Wolseley asks, "can read, without pardonable pride, of how our men that day stood unflinching whilst the enemy's round shot tore through their ranks, and of how they mocked as the famous horsemen of France charged down upon them?"

Trafalgar and Waterloo remain the most interesting battles of all history. In both the plans of a colossal genius were thwarted by men of like calibre. The name of Nelson will ever have fascination for us islanders, though, as Lord Wolesley acutely points out, it did not require Trafalgar to defeat Napoleon's projects of invasion. But it was Trafalgar that stamped out any chance of their being ever revived, and that made possible Waterloo. And Waterloo may fairly be described as the great battle of the century, for upon its issue depended the interests of most European dynasties and the independence of their subjects. I think there will be general agreement that Major Griffiths has done justice to his inspiring theme. He presents Wellington as the exemplar of English love of truth and justice, of great achievements, and of unselfish loyalty and patriotism, and he leaves no doubt on his readers' minds as to the inestimable service the great Duke rendered to the Empire. It is from this point of view largely that the book appeals to me, as I believe it will to many, for we have been too much inclined to regard Wellington as a fighter only. He was a fighter, indeed, but the very nature of his work made him a great deal more.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

"FOR VALOUR."

By A. B. TUCKER.

THERE has been much discussion lately as to the provision that ought to be made for recipients of that much-coveted decoration, the Victoria Cross. It may therefore be of interest to enquire into the origin of the award, more especially as the 20th inst. is the anniversary of the glorious battle of the Alma, when some of the first Victoria Crosses were won. The first announcement of the institution of the Victoria Cross appeared in the *London Gazette* of February 5, 1856. It was pointed out at the time that up till then there had been no adequate means of rewarding officers of the lower grades of both Services, non-commissioned officers of the Army, warrant or petty officers of the Navy, and the men of both Services. The Queen therefore instituted the Victoria Cross, which might be won by anyone in either Service without distinction of rank. The hope which Her Majesty expressed then that the decoration would be eagerly sought after and highly prized has been fully realised. Even in this age, when there is so much to make people sordid and mercenary, the Victoria Cross is regarded with the greatest respect by civilians, as well as by sailors and soldiers. It will, indeed, be an evil day for us when we cease to be thrilled by the stories of the deeds of heroism, unflinching devotion to duty, and fearless facing of death which have won the Victoria Cross. The cross is of bronze, with the Royal crest in the centre, and underneath an escrol bearing the inscription "For Valour." The decoration is worn on the left breast, suspended by a blue riband in the case of Naval recipients, and by a red riband in that of the Military. If a winner of the Victoria Cross should again perform an act of bravery which, if he had not already received the decoration, would entitle him to it, this further act is recorded by a bar attached to the riband, and for every additional act an additional bar is awarded. The Victoria Cross can only be won in the face of the enemy. In the case of conspicuous bravery on the part of a body of men where no special selection can fairly be made, the officers concerned are given the privilege of selecting one of their number for the honour. The same rule applies to the petty or non-commissioned officers, while two seamen or privates, as the case may be, may be chosen by their comrades.

The Victoria Cross is above suspicion. It can only be won by a deed of conspicuous bravery, well authenticated. So anxious were the authorities to keep the decoration free from taint, that it was ordained on the institution of the Order that anyone who had received the Victoria Cross, being subsequently convicted of treason, cowardice, felony, or any infamous crime, was to have his pension stopped, and his name erased from the Register of Honour, in which are recorded the names of recipients of the decoration and the deeds for which they gained it.

The inauguration of the Order took place on June 26, 1857, when the Queen distributed the decoration to sixty-two recipients in Hyde Park. The event was made the occasion for a magnificent military display. The Queen, who was on horseback, dressed in a military costume, with red tunic and blue skirt, rode between the Prince Consort and Prince Frederick William. Riding behind and mounted on ponies were the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred (Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha). Those entitled to the Victoria Cross came up one by one, and Her Majesty pinned the decoration to each man's breast. Among the gallant sixty-two recipients of the Victoria Cross were Brevet-Major Robert James Lindsay (now Lord Wantage), Sergeant James McKechnie, and Private William Reynolds, all of the Scots Fusilier Guards; they won the honour at the battle of the Alma.

In that splendid engagement, the Scots Fusilier Guards were hurrying to the relief of General Codrington's Brigade. The light division in front were being borne backward by the fierce onslaught of the enemy, and an order intended for the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, "Retire, Fusiliers," was heard, and was believed by many of the Scots Fusilier Guards to be meant for them. The leading companies wavered. It was a critical moment, and two or three companies were swept away in the rush of retreating troops, hard pressed by the enemy, in spite of the efforts of their officers to rally them. The remainder of the battalion halted, opened fire, and gallantly held their ground. Then in the nick of time the two other Guards' battalions came up, and though there was an ugly gap in the brigade, the three battalions continued to advance in lines absolutely unbroken. Thus what threatened to be a serious disaster was averted and a glorious victory was won. The Victoria Cross was subsequently awarded to Major Lindsay, Sergeant McKechnie, and Private Reynolds for their intrepid conduct in rallying the men at the critical moment and saving the colours when the rush came.

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Notes from the Manœuvres.

From a Photo. By a Military Officer.
COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF IN CONSULTATION.

OWING to the necessary absence of bullets in the recent campaign on Salisbury Plain, it was, of course, impossible to say with certainty how each engagement would have terminated in actual warfare. A logical decision could only be made by weighing the *pros* and *cons*. For this purpose a staff of umpires was employed, under the supreme command of Lord Wolseley, who acted as director of the manœuvres. The senior umpires were, of course, officers of experience, men who had already made their mark in the particular branch to which they belonged. They were, therefore, well qualified to judge of the probable results of each day's work, and to this end were aided by a number of assistant umpires occupied in different parts of the field. When the hostilities were daily brought to a close, reports were collected from the various assistants, and on these, as well as on their own personal observation, the umpires based their decision. As director of the whole affair, Lord Wolseley acted as umpire-in-chief.

When operations were about to commence the Commander-in-Chief was always to be seen with his staff occupying some prominence or commanding position from which he could with ease watch the movements of the two rival armies as they came in contact. The position taken up by Lord Wolseley, being chosen on strategical grounds, was naturally sought out by critics and spectators who were anxious not to report the doings of either army in particular, but to watch the development of the "war." If any doubt arose as to the whereabouts of the Commander-in-Chief, his place on the field could always be identified by the presence of the Union Jack carried on a lance by an orderly. The staff of umpires, though mainly composed of experienced officers, was hardly large enough to meet the requirements of the case. In cavalry combat especially there often resulted some wordy warfare between two small units at close quarters owing to the fact that no umpire was at the time in the vicinity to give his opinion on the situation.

From a Photo. By a Military Officer.
THE CHIEF AND THE "TIMES."

Photo Cummings. Copyright.
THE DUKE IS SATISFIED.

Lord Roberts had no duties to perform during the manœuvres, but as an interested spectator he was often to be seen reviewing the development of the battle through his field-glasses, or discussing with the Commander-in-Chief the moves of the commanders of the Northern and Southern Armies.

From a Photo. By a Military Officer.
WHERE ARE THE WHITE CAPS?

As mentioned in a former number, before the commencement of actual hostilities between the Northern and Southern Armies the cavalry was exercised under the supervision of General Sir George Luck. That this preliminary training did much to improve the condition both of the men and horses is certain. There may be room for improvement as regards the efficiency of our cavalry, but the men are good, the horses are good, and the amount of proficiency to which the force may attain depends chiefly upon the ability of those who are entrusted with its training. Sir George Luck was the right man in the right place, and there is no doubt that those regiments which have recently been employed in the manœuvres are more fitted to take the field against a foreign foe than they were, let us say, a year ago. They amassed considerable knowledge during their preliminary training, and when "war" commenced were able to apply the lessons learnt under their able commander. Sir George will leave next month for India, and by his departure the home Army, especially the cavalry, will be the poorer. Cavalry leaders are said to be born, not made. Be that as it may, Sir George is a past-master of the art, or, as it may be more strictly termed, the science, of cavalry leading. He has all the energy and dash which must always characterise the cavalry commander, and he is possessed

Photo. R. C. Ryan. Copyright.
DISTINGUISHED MILITARY CRITICS.

From a Photo. By a Military Officer.
SIR EVELYN WOOD MANŒUVRING.

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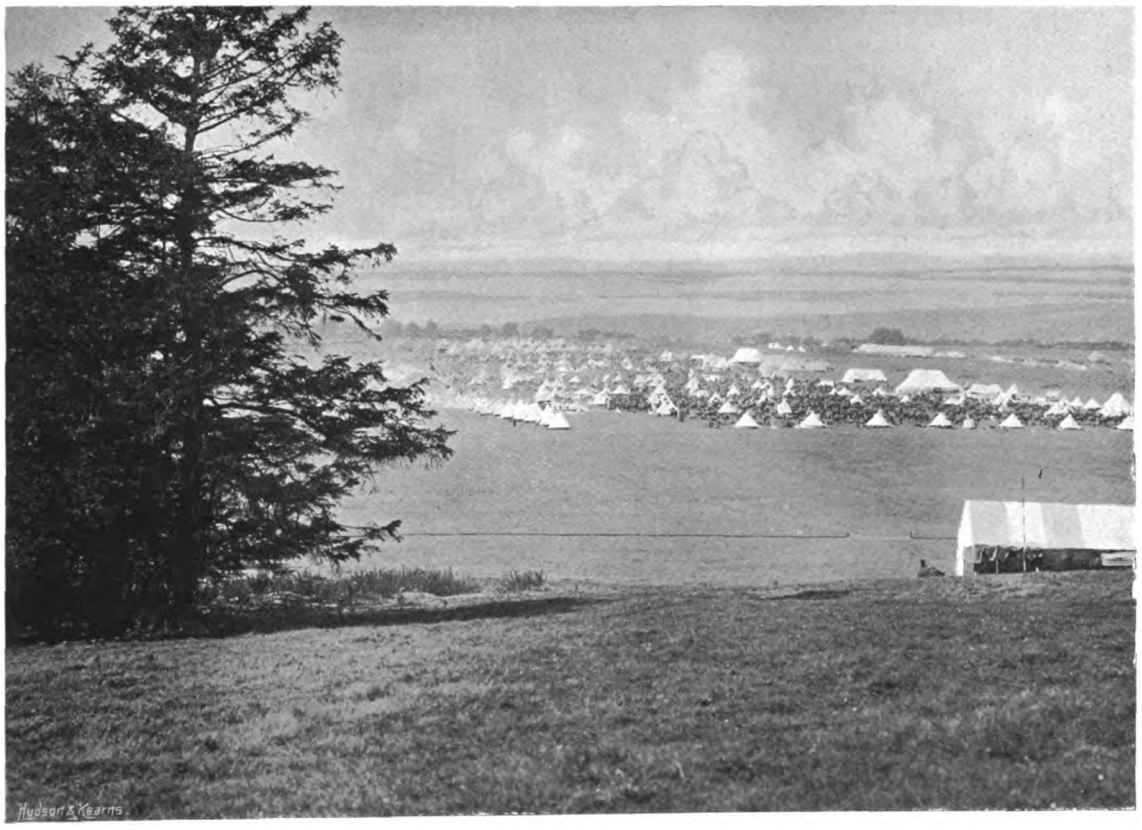
of that priceless intuition that prompts a man to launch his cavalry on an opposing foe at the very moment when the best effect will result from its action. A minute one way or another in the delivery of a charge may completely alter the fortunes of the day. Authorities on the subject differ considerably in their views concerning the employment of cavalry on the battle-field, but all are agreed that if it is in any way to continue its accustomed rôle, its leaders must be capable of determining when and where it can be brought into action most effectually.

It is not our intention here to discuss the merits and demerits of cavalry when actually within range of the enemy's rifles or exposed to the fire of his guns. For the present the question may be put aside, and it must be remembered that mounted troops are invaluable in covering an army advancing in a hostile country, in gaining information of the enemy's movements, and in endeavouring to conceal the dispositions of the force which they are detailed to cover. Whatever, then, may be their duty against troops armed with the modern magazine rifle, there is every reason to believe that, until the Czar has succeeded in inducing all civilised nations to "turn their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks," cavalry will continue to be known as the "eyes and ears of the Army." From an anatomical standpoint, such a statement may appear as startling as it is weird, but without a fair proportion of cavalry an army will always be deprived of valuable information, which must primarily be amassed through the organs with which soldiers as well as civilians are accustomed to see and hear. In short, then, cavalry are first employed during hostilities in pushing on to the front in order to gain intelligence of the enemy's doings, and in this capacity they are possibly of no less value than when ordered to fall on the flanks of a battalion deprived of ammunition, and with sabre or lance to deal death in its ranks. Nothing short of a shower of shrapnel can be more demoralising, nothing can be more paralysing in its effect, than the onslaught of cavalry well organised and well led against infantry taken at a disadvantage.



BULFORD CAMP.

The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava—from a tactical point of view, a miserable failure; in a sentimental sense a bereavement from which the British nation has not yet recovered—has been handed down as a noble deed to the present generation. Most certainly it testified more plainly than words could tell to the bravery of our cavalry in those days, but it pales in glory before that brilliant masterpiece of war, the charge of the Heavy Brigade, which, on account, it may be, of its success has failed to live in the hearts of the English people.

We hear continually of the death in the workhouse of one of the "Six Hundred," but there are few indeed not students of military history who have ever heard of the charge of the Heavy Brigade. Several of the accompanying pictures illustrate the work of cavalry in the field. In cultivated countries the work of cavalry when reconnoitring is chiefly confined to the roads, but in open stretches of land there is little to restrict their movement over hill and dale. The mounted arm is obviously of more value for scouting purposes than the infantry—gravel crushers, as the cavalry dub them—for many reasons. Mounted troops are, in the first place, enabled to cover ground speedily and transmit intelligence quickly, and even the mere fact of their being on horseback often gives

"HORSE, AND AWAY."

Photos. Copyright. *AFTER THE BATTLE.* H. & K.

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them an advantage over their dismounted comrades when a hedge or wall intervenes.

It is a pleasure to witness well-trained cavalry reconnoitring. How cautiously they proceed! What use they make of every natural or artificial feature in gaining information of the foe! For their province on such duty is not to fight, but to see, if possible, without being seen. In one of the accompanying pictures is seen a small patrol at work at the side of a wood, evidently in observation of the enemy. In positions such as this, a feeling of security often results from the assumption that the patrol is invisible to the enemy; but that the British cavalryman is too often tempted to under-rate the cunning of his opponent has been exemplified by numbers of incidents during the recent manœuvres.

For instance, during an affair of outposts on September 1, three cavalrymen of the Southern Army were lying in wait for the enemy, hoping to carry back some information of his movements to their main body. Intent as they were on looking to their front, the three troopers were oblivious to the fact that an officer's patrol from the enemy's cavalry was quietly watching them from behind a hedge. When opportunity offered, the officer made known his presence, and the men of the Southern Army surrendered to their more stealthy opponents. On the same day two troopers of the Carabineers were noticed in the act of observing a body of the enemy's cavalry from behind some trees. The War Office may not consider the shining helmet an unsuitable head-dress for a scout, but these troopers showed that they held ideas on the subject at variance with those of the authorities, probably gathered from practical experience. Before taking up a position of vantage they carefully covered their helmets, thus minimising the chances of their being discovered. Of course cavalry are not at all times on the move; sometimes they are employed on outpost duty as sentries, or vedettes as they are called. In such cases they are placed in positions that admit of their seeing the surrounding country, but their duty is not to pursue the enemy, but to observe.

It may be mentioned, for the benefit of our readers not conversant with the movement of troops, that bodies of cavalry about to charge are concealed when possible behind some object such as a wood or house. A regiment is here depicted drawn up behind some hayricks, ready to move off when the order is given. Cavalry charges must be sudden and unexpected, and it is only by thus concealing themselves that mounted troops are able to swoop down upon and surprise an adversary. When cavalry are observed in such a position as they are here shown, one may be sure that in the vicinity are one or two scouts skilfully hidden, but busily taking stock of the enemy's movements for the information of the officer commanding.

A cavalryman ceases to become efficient as such as soon as his horse is killed or disabled; and although individual intelligence is invaluable on the part of a trooper, he

GUNNERS AT WORK.

BOUND FOR WAREHAM.

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cannot make adequate use of the faculties with which Nature has endowed him unless his steed is equal to its task. The welfare of man and beast is thus of the greatest moment. We have already touched on the soldiers' beef and mutton, but there are horses to be fed and watered. In barracks "stables" is sounded with tolerable regularity. "Come to

THE COOK-HOUSE.

your stable, all ye that are able, and water your horses and give them some corn." So says the trumpet before morning and evening stables, but a stable on service (even when no blood is shed) exists, like the "cook-house," only in the imagination of the brain. The horses are not much better off for luxuries than their riders. The watering has, alas! too

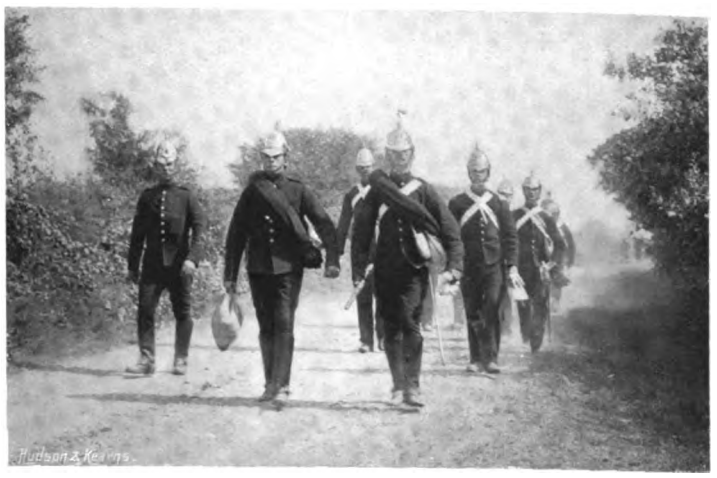
THE SOLDIER'S BROUGHAM.

often to be carried out a mile or two from camp, and chargers, like troopers, must feed when the uncertainty of war permits.

In mimic warfare even a number of sick horses furnish employment for veterinary officers, but in the recent campaign

Photos. Copyright. *ON THE LOOKOUT* H & K.

the percentage of "casuals" has not been great; nor are sick horses the only impediment to an army in the field. This is proved by the presence of ambulance waggons for the conveyance of the soldier when he is unable to walk. Such is the temper of Tommy Atkins, however, that, as a rule, he con-



DISMOUNTED CAVALRY.

trives to "stick it" in preference to being driven in a vehicle marked with the sign of the cross, and afterwards chaffed roundly by his comrades for his weakness in giving in.

We refer here, of course, to those who from laziness, or on account of some slight injury, betake themselves to the

Photo. R. C. Ryan. Copyright.

AWAITING AN OPPORTUNITY.

ambulance waggon whenever opportunity offers, but at the same time there are always to be found a few soldiers who are at least for the time being unfit to undergo the rigours of a campaign, even when carried out on Salisbury Plain.

So much has not been written this year as on former occasions of men falling out on the march in large numbers, nor of marked physical incapacity on the part of young soldiers. The result must be in great measure due to the progressive way in which men have been trained during the last year throughout the British Isles, and especially at Aldershot,

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"LINES OF COMMUNICATION."

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under H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

It was realised that young soldiers of eighteen years or so could not be expected to undertake, at the commencement of their training, marches such as older men could perform with ease. Consequently the authorities saw the wisdom of the course which they have since pursued of training the recruit gradually, and imposing upon him no task beyond his physical strength.

The preliminaries before a fight call for the use of artillery as well as cavalry. The Horse Artillery, from its superior mobility, is more suited for action with cavalry, and is used in conjunction with it whenever possible; but although the "horse gunner" thinks himself the flower of the Army, his first cousin (we might even say brother), the field artilleryman, has worked well in the recent operations.

The infantryman has to clean his clothing and equipment, the cavalryman has, in addition, his horse to groom and feed, but here the labours of the gunner do not cease. The gun must be kept scrupulously clean, or it will not be equal to throwing its shower of shrapnel shell into the columns of the foe. Naturally the gunner is attached to his gun in more senses than one, and he cleans it with a will. He knows that, unlike the men of an infantry machine-gun detachment, he will not on the morrow be called upon to draw it along the dusty road; at one time straining every nerve to ascend a hill, at another pulling the guy-ropes with all his might and main lest the refractory "lead-pumper" should run down the other side.

The combined action of cavalry and Horse Artillery often proves deadly to an enemy taken by surprise. The guns are, in fact, employed to create confusion among bodies of the enemy that allow themselves to come within range in close formation. Then when a shower of shell has created a panic among the hostile force, the opportunity is taken by the officer commanding the cavalry to fall on it and complete its discomfiture. An incident took place on September 3 at Horder's Farm which shows how advantageously the two arms may be used in combination.

Col. French, commanding the Southern Cavalry Brigade, placed a battery of Horse Artillery in a strong position behind a thick hedge, while his cavalry remained concealed in the shelter of the neighbouring plantation.

The guns opened fire, and for an hour poured case and shrapnel into a Northern Division retiring. When it is

A DIFFICULT BIT.

HORSES ABOUT TO BE WATERED.

Photos. Copyright. *RETURNING REFRESHED.* H. & K.

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considered that the range was only about 500-yds., the disaster that must have resulted in actual warfare is evident, for the cavalry, leaving its place of concealment, would have swept down upon the retiring force and thrown it into utter confusion.

Although there are no killed and wounded after incidents

Photo. Eldridge. Copyright

HIRED TRANSPORT.

such as this when carried out during manœuvres, it is only by lessons like these that the art of war is learned.

The water supply, after all, did not prove to be inadequate. It was provided for by wells sunk into the plain, and by pumping it from the Ebble. The water was pumped up from

Photo. Eldridge. Copyright.

HOW WATER IS OBTAINED.

an altitude of as much as 150-ft., and was contained in a number of shallow canvas tanks constructed by direction of Colonel Sir A. Mackworth, R.E. The supply was estimated at 80,000 gallons a day—not too much, certainly, for such a large force, but sufficient for necessary purposes.

Items such as the water and food supply are always

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Copyright. *THE PIONEERS BUSY.* H. & K.

calculated to arrest the attention of the wily "war correspondent," provided he is not occupied in recording events of more weighty importance, or in sketching a "brother of the brush," not, of course, "for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."

In a former number we referred to the telegraph lines

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constructed within the area of operations. The duty of constructing lines falls to the lot of the Telegraph Battalion Royal Engineers. A detachment of this useful branch of the scientific corps is depicted in two of our illustrations

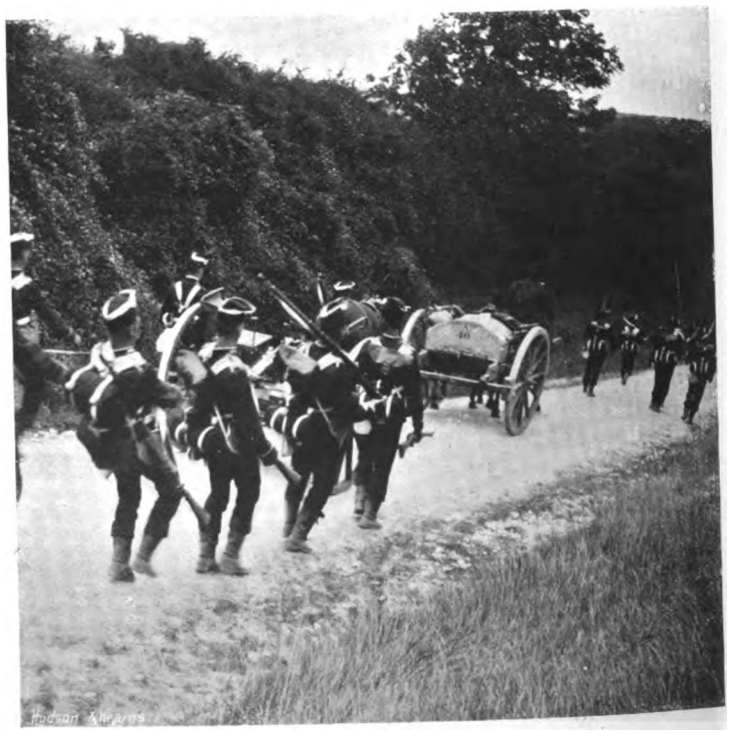

Photo R. C. Ryan. Copyright.

HOLD ON.

engaged in laying a field telegraph. The rapidity with which these specialists can establish communication between units is little short of marvellous, but neither Northern nor Southern Army relied entirely on telegraphic communication. Visual

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signalling, both with flag and heliograph, was largely employed. Signallers are generally men of superior intelligence, but it is to be feared that zeal for the work with which they are specially entrusted often blinds them to the desirability of taking precautions for their own safety. The signaller's aim is to find a good "station" where he can command an extensive view of the surrounding country.

During an engagement in the late campaign some cavalry signallers pitched upon the tower of Shaftesbury Church as being an ideal spot from which to send forth intelligence; so, leaving their horses below, they ascended the tower, and soon the spectators could see the flags continually wagging.

Photo. Copyright. H. & K.

ENGLISH DUST AND FOREIGN FOES

There were, however, other spectators who were not there to criticise, in the shape of a signalling party of the enemy.

Seeing their opportunity, they dashed through the streets, locked the door of the church, and decamped with the horses, leaving the party of "steeplejacks" no means of retreat.

By-and-bye the officer in charge of the signallers arrived and enquired what they were doing on the tower, but the only answer he could obtain (which was logical, if nothing else) was that they remained "up" because they were unable to get down.

No doubt the imprisoned signallers took this lesson to heart, and we may expect to find them benefiting from their experience when next they take the field.

The Bridging Battalion has acquitted itself creditably by its extreme smartness in establishing connection between the opposite banks of various rivers and streams.

Before the actual commencement of the "war," or just as preparations were being made for it, a portion of the battalion astonished the natives of Blandford by throwing a pontoon bridge over the Stour in a very short time. Nor was this means of crossing the river, unnecessary though it was, intended for ornament. No sooner had the roadway been laid than the artillery crossed the bridge at full gallop, showing it to be capable of bearing any strain that was likely to be brought to bear on it. In one of our illustrations the Bridging Battalion is shown on its way to the front.

Photo. Cummings. *THE DEVONSHIRE ADVANCE TO MEET THE INVADERS.* Copyright.

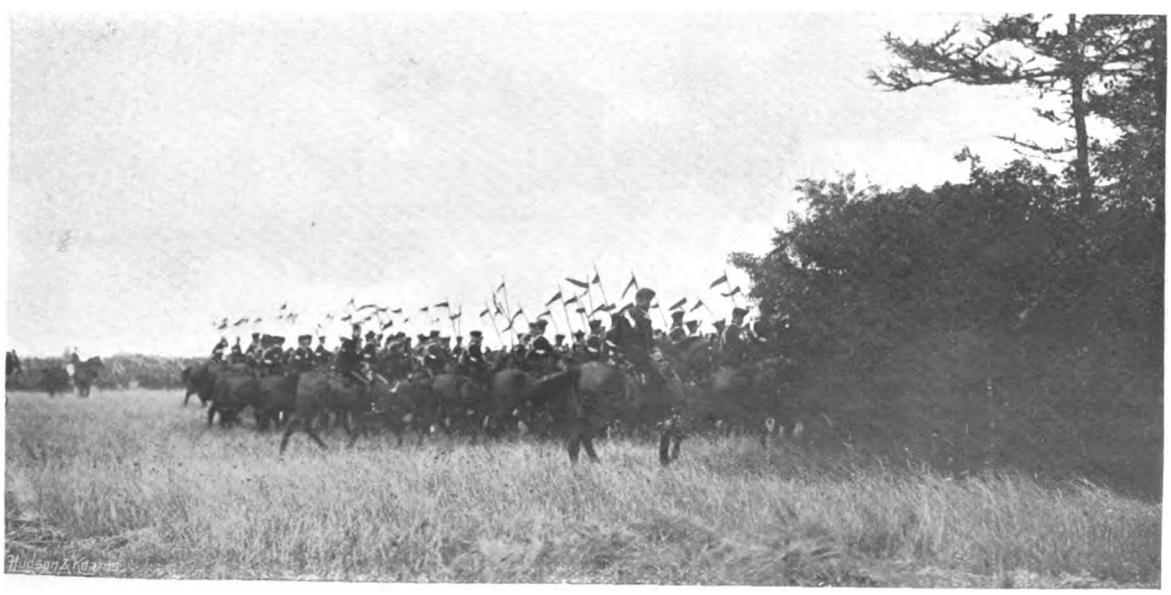
We hear on all sides of the unpopularity of Tommy Atkins in time of peace—of publicans refusing to supply him with refreshments; of civilians holding aloof from his company; of insults hurled at him as he walks abroad.

In great cities, the soldier may encounter treatment such as has been described, but there has been no show of hostility towards the armies that have lately been "at war" on Salisbury Plain.

On the contrary, the inhabitants have shown themselves only too anxious to extend what hospitality they could offer to the troops within the area of operations, and there have been numerous instances of a wholesale distribution by the country people of fruit, cakes, and other refreshment.

The recent "war" has done much to popularise the old constitutional force. The excellence of their physique and their conduct both in the field and in camp have called forth nothing but praise from the onlookers.

The 3rd Battalion Cameron Highlanders, recruited as they mainly are from genuine Gaelic-speaking inhabitants of the North of Scotland, descendants of the men who fought our battles when the kilt was not the sole means of identifying a Highland regiment, have been compared with the Line,



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THE "BLUES" PREPARE AN AMBUSH.

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AN ADVANCE GUARD OF THE INVADERS.

to the disadvantage of the latter. No town-bred men are they, reared in the lap of luxury, but hardy and well-developed warriors of material equal to that of any troops in Europe. Nor can it be gainsaid that it is greatly owing to the characteristic disregard for creature comforts on the part of the Scots that has made them renowned for stubbornness before an enemy, and for indomitable courage in the hour of battle.

The representatives of the Sister Isle, too, must not be forgotten. It would be impossible to imagine a better body of men than the 5th Battalion Leinster Regiment, or rather that portion of it that took part in the hostilities. They were well set up, well seasoned, and at the end of the operations little inferior to their brethren of the Line, as far as their ability to work in battle formation was concerned. Other militia

GOOD FUN FOR THE SMALL BOYS.

regiments of good metal were the 3rd Battalion Gloucestershire, 3rd Battalion Liverpool, 4th Battalion Essex, 3rd Battalion North Lancashire, and the 3rd and 4th East Surrey.

Battalions such as those we have mentioned can well be relied on in time of need, for ere they had been long within the area of operations they settled down to the hard work before them, and worked with a will. Be it said in praise of the authorities, however, that the militia were on every possible occasion put in the van, that they might there have every facility for acquiring a knowledge of their duties in the field.

ONE OF THE "BLUES" LOSES HIS WAY.

Photos. Copyright. *THE BRIDGING BATTALION TO THE FRONT.*

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NOTICE.—With this number the sixth volume of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *terminates, and we take the opportunity of thanking our readers for the unmistakable way in which they have signified their entire accordance with the change which has been made in the paper. The* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *although it has been converted into a weekly paper, continues to have the largest circulation of any illustrated journal of its size and price published in the world. A few correspondents appear to have mistaken the scope of the change which has been brought about. The* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *still has for its major purpose the illustration of life in the Armies and Navies of the nations. But with its representatives and photographic artists in every Naval and Military centre, and wherever anything stirring is happening, it is thoroughly up-to-date, and covers almost as much ground as any other pictorial, while remaining, what it has always been, essentially popular in tone. Once more, too, we have to thank our readers of both Services for their kind co-operation. We are always glad to have photographs, letters, or copies of local newspapers which contain items of news to illustrate. There can scarcely be any important event occurring in the world in which seamen or soldiers have no part, and therefore there can be few which do not come within the scope of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

* * * *

NOTICE.—In the first number of the seventh volume, which appears next week, the opening chapters will be given of the new serial by Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton, entitled "Forlune's My Foe." The work of this brilliant novelist and word painter is already familiar to most of our readers, and in this new tale the interest is maintained throughout. Mr. Burton has chosen an exceedingly exciting period of our history for his adventure story, and, as is his wont, he pilots us over land and sea with the best of companions, albeit some of them are rogues, deeply dyed.

* * * *

THE "Lapérouse," which we depict, was an old wooden vessel of the French Navy, lost on the night of July 31 at Fort Dauphin, Madagascar. She was at anchor, as all supposed in safety, when a tidal wave, accompanied by a heavy wind, suddenly, with a violent lurch, caused both her cables to part, and she was driven upon the shore, where she became a total wreck. Happily, excellent discipline prevailed, and her company, numbering 275 all told, were saved, with her fifteen 5·5-in. guns, and part of her stores. Old as the "Lapérouse" was—for she was launched in 1877 at Brest, and displaced 2,372 tons—she was the flag-ship of Captain Huguet, commodore of the division in the Indian Ocean, who has come home to justify himself for the loss of the cruiser by the customary legal forms. The name of the "Lapérouse" commemorates the old French explorer of the South Seas, who, like another famous French seaman, D'Entrecasteaux, has given a designation to a place in Southern Tasmania. The "D'Estaing," another old cruiser of the same class, is to replace the unfortunate vessel. These are just the type of ships that M. Lockroy hopes to relieve by modern cruisers of steel. Though bearing much of the picturesqueness of the old Navy, they are, in effect, valueless for any hostile purpose, and could not fail to suffer the fate that befel Admiral Montojo's unlucky cruisers at Cavite. *(See page 622.)*

* * * *

I HAVE been asked by a correspondent if there is any personal description anywhere of Admiral Cornwallis, the famous "Billy Blue" of the sailors of Nelson's day, who commanded the Channel Fleet blockading Brest at the time of Trafalgar. Here is one from the reminiscences of a Naval officer who served on board ship with Cornwallis in 1805:—"There was nothing in the outward and visible appearance of Admiral Cornwallis which could lead one to suppose that he was the man who, with such admirable skill, courage, and unshaken resolution effected the ever-memorable retreat in 1795, braving and baffling with five sail of the line the French fleet of fifteen. At this time it was that, in a short and energetic exhortation to the crew of his flag-ship, he is said to have used these brief but bold and expressive words: 'Remember, men, the "Sovereign's" flag and ensign are never to be struck to any enemy—she goes down with them flying.' He seemed quiet and reserved in his deportment—elderly, and rather short and stout in person—and, if habited in a suit of brown and a round hat, instead of blue with a three-cornered hat, would have looked more like a sober citizen or simple country gentleman than one of England's Naval demi-gods. He was particularly abstemious, both in meat and drink, scarcely touching wine, and living for the most part on pulse and vegetables."

* * * *

THE same officer, a few months after Trafalgar, had the good fortune to meet Collingwood off Cadiz. He gives the following description of the Admiral, and it is the best personal portrait I know of: "Being provided with a letter of recommendation to Lord Collingwood, the commander-in-chief, I took an early opportunity to wait on his lordship. At the time I write of, Lord Collingwood was between fifty and sixty, thin and spare in person. He was then slightly bent, and in height about 5-ft. 10-in. His head was small, with a pale, smooth, round face, the features of which would pass without notice were it not for the eyes, which were blue, clear, and penetrating, and the mouth, the lips of which were thin and compressed, indicating firmness and decision of character. He wore his hair powdered and tied in a queue, in the style of the officers of his age at that time, and his clothes were squared and fashioned after the strictest rules of the good old sea school. To his very ample coat, which had a stiff, stand-up collar, were appended broad and very long skirts. The deep flaps of a single-breasted white waistcoat, descending far below his middle, covered a portion of his thighs, and blue knee-breeches, with white stockings and buckles to his shoes, completed his attire. My interview with the chief was short. On entering his presence he took a rapid searching survey of me from head to foot. Then, asking kindly for Sir John Colpoys, the gentleman to whom I was indebted for the letter to his lordship, in a quiet tone, amounting almost to gentleness, he put a few questions to me in nautics, which, I believe, I answered to his satisfaction. He then enquired in what ship I came out, and learning her name, he simply added, 'Very well, for the present you will remain in the "Royal George."' Thus ended my five minutes' audience."

* * * *

THESE two descriptions of Cornwallis and Collingwood are from the "Reminiscences of a Naval Officer during the Late War," by Captain Abraham Crawford, R.N., published in 1851. Captain Crawford entered the Navy in May, 1800, as a midshipman in the "Diamond" frigate. While in that ship, in March, 1802, on peace being signed with France, he brought Cornwallis round from Torbay to Lymington, and it is while talking of the voyage that the author gives his description of the Admiral. The interview with Cornwallis took place in the last week of October, 1806, when the "Royal George," in which young Crawford was serving as a passed midshipman, joined Collingwood's flag off Cadiz. Crawford had a letter of special recommendation to Lord Collingwood, and his interview took place on board the flag-ship "Ocean" on the young officer going on board to present his letter to the Admiral.

* * * *

THE equipment of the British linesman at the present time is still the Slade-Wallace pattern, which has been in use for some time past. Its points are these: The valise—holding clothing, brushes, and necessaries—can be detached if required, without disturbing the remainder of the equipment. It sits behind the shoulder-blades, suspended by "braces" from the belt and pouches. The great-coat is rolled and attached to the braces and back of the belt. The mess-tin (which forms the soldier's eating and drinking utensil) is strapped above it. The cape of the great-coat is folded flat, and carried under the flap of the valise. The pouches in front contain the ammunition, and over the left one is carried a case containing a spare magazine. At his left side, suspended from his right shoulder, hangs the canvas haversack, in which are carried such food and articles as are required for immediate use. When empty the haversack is worn neatly rolled. The water-bottle (of block steel, enclosed in felt) is suspended from the left shoulder and hangs at the right side. The "Wallace" entrenching spade is attached to the waist-belt on the left side, and the bayonet from a frog just behind it.

* * * *

THE post of captain of the fleet, with regard to which a correspondent seeks information, is a very old institution in the Naval Service, and is quite distinct from the post of "flag-captain," the colloquial designation of the captain in actual command of an admiral's flag-ship. As to the antiquity of the post, without going further back we find a captain of the fleet under the Duke of York in 1665 in the person of Sir W. Penn. The Duke had his flag in the "Royal Charles" with Penn as "Gt. Capt. Com." (as an MS. list in the British Museum puts it), and with Captain John Harman as captain of the ship. Penn's duties were to advise the Duke and conduct the ordinary business of the fleet under him, leaving Harman to carry on duty in the "Royal Charles" in the ordinary business way. In like manner Russell in the "Britannia" at La Hogue had Sir David Mitchell as captain of the fleet, or "first captain" (as the post was at that period styled), to conduct the routine duties of the fleet as a whole under the admiral, and Captain John Fletcher as captain in charge of the "Britannia." Similarly Nelson off Toulon in 1803-5 had Captain George Murray as "captain of the fleet," with Hardy as flag-captain to look after things in the "Victory." The post was always held by a senior officer, and with often the titular, if not the actual, rank of rear-admiral.

* * * *

THE post exists to-day, though there is no officer on the list bearing the title of captain of the fleet serving on any station. The Queen's regulations define the post as follows:—"When the Admiralty shall deem it expedient to appoint a captain of the fleet, he shall be a flag officer or captain of such seniority as the Admiralty may think fit; if a captain, he shall be constituted a commodore of the first class, and be given an appointment as additional captain of the ship in which the flag officer or commodore with whom he is serving is borne." The nearest existing position to that of captain of the fleet is that held by the present captain of the flag-ship of the Mediterranean Fleet, who has the official title of "captain and chief of the staff."

* * * *

IN the Armies of the principal Continental States the military code prescribes that every court-martial shall include a certain number of members of the same rank as the accused. Thus in the case of a sergeant being brought to trial, two non-commissioned officers of that grade would form part of the court. Probably this provision is intended to guard against any feeling in the lower ranks of injustice being perpetrated through class distinction, but it is doubtful whether the practice has much to recommend it. In the British Service the court is invariably composed entirely of officers. The interests of the accused are safe-guarded in every possible way. The case is first thoroughly sifted by the prisoner's commanding officer; then the evidence is taken down in writing in presence of the prisoner, who may cross-examine the witnesses. On this statement of evidence the general decides whether the case shall be sent for trial. The prisoner must receive forty-eight hours' notice of the date of the trial, after which notice no fresh evidence for the prosecution can be brought forward. Further, he may "challenge" any member of the court whom he may conceive to be prejudiced against him.

THE EDITOR.

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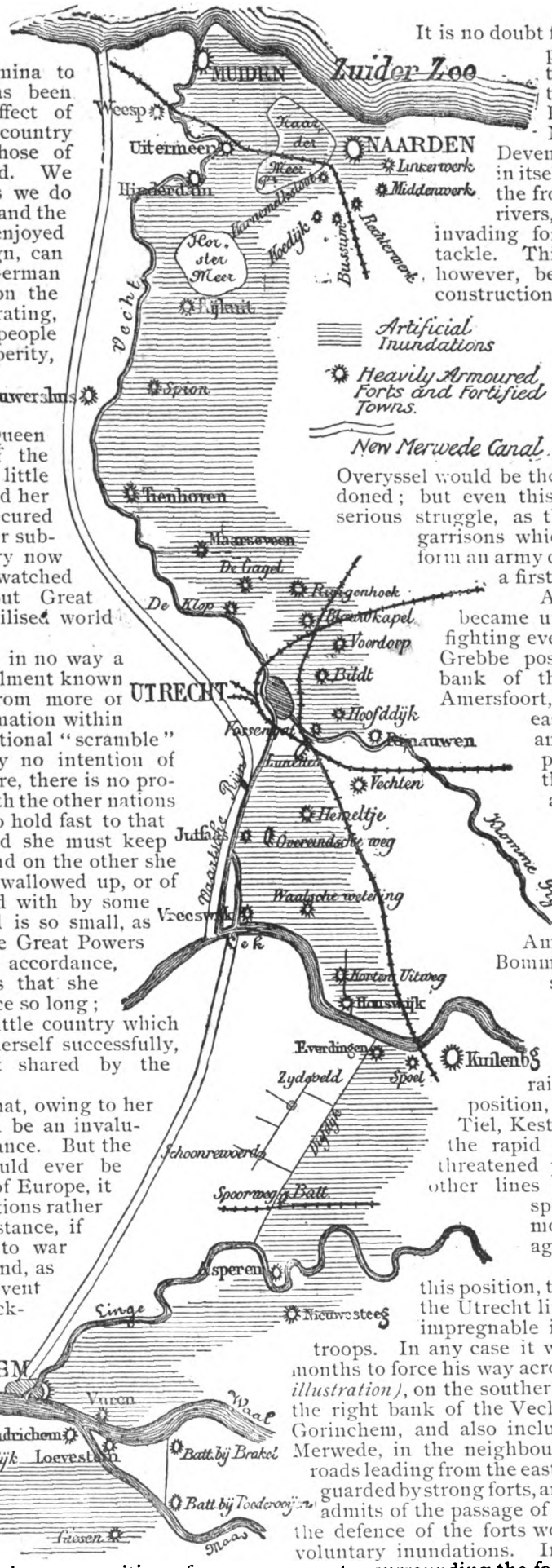
The Defence of Holland.

THE festivities and rejoicings with which the formal accession of Queen Wilhelmina to the throne of Holland has been celebrated will have the effect of attracting wide-spread attention to a country for which no other feelings than those of profound sympathy can be entertained. We British people especially, knowing as we do by practical experience the tranquillity and the perfect personal freedom that may be enjoyed under the rule of a woman Sovereign, can offer to our neigbours across the German Ocean our heartiest congratulations on the happy occasion they are now celebrating, and we can only wish to the Dutch people the same degree of national peace, prosperity, and freedom from domestic anxieties, under the benignant sway of Queen Wilhelmina, which we ourselves have enjoyed under that of Queen Victoria. Already the youngest of the Queens has, by her gentle ways, her little touches of an amiable individuality, and her great devotion to all things Dutch, secured for herself the profound affection of her subjects, and the new era in their history now about to open is one that will be watched with sympathetic interest throughout Great Britain, and by the nations of the civilised world in general.

Happily, Holland as a country is in no way a victim to the now somewhat common ailment known as "earth-hunger"—apart, that is, from more or less ambitious schemes for land-reclamation within her existing domains. In the international "scramble" for fresh territories she has evidently no intention of taking part, and to this extent, therefore, there is no probability of her coming into collision with the other nations of the world. Her concern is rather to hold fast to that which she has got. On the one hand she must keep from being swallowed up by the sea, and on the other she has no idea of allowing herself to be swallowed up, or of having her national rights interfered with by some other country. The area of Holland is so small, as compared with the possessions of the Great Powers of Europe, that it is not quite in accordance, perhaps, with present-day tendencies that she should have retained her independence so long; but the idea that Holland is a weak little country which could not possibly hope to defend herself successfully, should the occasion arise, is not shared by the Hollanders themselves.

A glance at the map will show that, owing to her geographical position, Holland would be an invaluable acquisition by Germany, for instance. But the probability is that if Holland should ever be annexed by one of the other Powers of Europe, it will be the result of political complications rather than of deliberate design. For instance, if Germany and France were to go to war again, it would be the duty of Holland, as it would also be that of Belgium, to prevent either of the belligerents from attacking the other across the intervening territories. In one word, Holland would have to assert her neutrality; and the only way for her to do this effectually would be to have a sufficiently strong army occupying a position from which it could not easily be dislodged. Such an army, in a strongly entrenched position, on the flank of an army invading Belgium and France, across Dutch territory, would necessitate the detachment of a much more powerful body of troops for the simple purpose of keeping it in check, and would thus constitute a permanent menace and a source of weakness to the invader. A quarrel with Germany would probably arise from an attempt to violate Dutch territory, and such attempt, if made at all, would, it is anticipated, take place somewhere in the vicinity of Maastricht, in the province of Limburg.



It is no doubt for this reason that the strongest permanent Dutch garrisons are to be found in the towns near the frontier, such as Maastricht, Roermond, Venlo, Grave, Nymegen, Arnheim, Zutphen, Deventer, Zwolle, Kampen, etc. This in itself is a strong strategical position, the front of which is protected by wide rivers, which, if properly defended, an invading force would find it difficult to tackle. This so-called Yssel position has, however, been somewhat vitiated by the construction of the railway between Kampen and Zutphen on the right instead of on the left side of the river. Still, the position would be held as long as possible, if only to allow of the complete mobilisation of the army. Groningen, Friesland, and a great portion of the Overyssel would be the first parts of the country abandoned; but even this would not take place without a serious struggle, as the large towns all have strong garrisons which, in the event of war, would form an army corps strong enough to withstand a first rush.

As soon as the Yssel position became untenable the army would retire, fighting every inch of the way, to the Eem-Grebbe position, which follows the right bank of the river Eem, passes through Amersfoort, and, proceeding in a south-easterly direction, crosses the Rhine and terminates at the Waal. This position would be much stronger than the Yssel position, inasmuch as it could be inundated over the whole extent of its front, although some parts of the inundated zone would not be very wide. This line is also fortified to some extent, and the keys of the position are Amersfoort, Wageningen, and Zalt Bommel on the Waal (formerly a strongly-fortified place which was unsuccessfully besieged by the Spaniards in 1599, and taken by Turenne, in 1672, after a gallant defence). A strategical railway runs behind nearly the whole position, viz., Zalt Bommel, Geldermalsen, Tiel, Kesteren, and Amersfoort, facilitating the rapid concentration of troops at any threatened point. The rivers in this, as in other lines of defence, would be held by specially constructed gun-boats, mounting heavy guns, and armoured against the heaviest field ordnance.

Should the invading army force this position, the next stand would be made along the Utrecht line of defence, which is considered impregnable if held by a sufficient number of troops. In any case it would take the strongest assailant months to force his way across. The line starts at Muiden *(see illustration)*, on the southern shores of the Zuider Zee, follows the right bank of the Vecht to Utrecht, thence proceeds to Gorinchem, and also includes part of the left bank of the Merwede, in the neighbourhood of the Biesbosch. All the roads leading from the eastward to this position are effectually guarded by strong forts, and the width of the roads themselves admits of the passage of only one vehicle at a time. Then the defence of the forts would be greatly aided by means of voluntary inundations. In case of need the whole of the country surrounding the forts would be flooded with water by means of sluices in the banks of the canals and rivers alongside of which the forts are constructed. A great depth of water would not be required—a foot and a-half would be quite sufficient. It would convert the entire line of defence into a vast lake, under which the canals and water-ways that cover the district like a vast network would be obscured, thus presenting a formidable obstacle to the invading troops. Then, on the western side of this line of defence, there is the New Merwede Canal, which, communicating direct with the Y near Amsterdam, has been constructed to provide a suitable communication between Amsterdam and the Rhine *via*

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Gorinchem. The strategical importance of this canal is obvious if one considers that it runs parallel with the Vecht, and that its capacity permits of the passage between Amsterdam and Gorinchem of the whole river fleet, and also of the smaller sea-going monitors intended for harbour defence. The position to the south is unassailable, unless the invader should have at his disposal a very large fleet of vessels suitable for the undertaking to contend against those of the Dutch, which, of course, have been specially constructed for the purpose of defence. Such a fleet does not exist in Germany, and could not be provided at short notice.

When the Dutch Army was compelled to retire behind this third line of defence, the provinces of South and North Holland would become, as it were, one vast entrenched position, of sufficient area and resource to render the defenders independent of any outside supplies excepting coal and iron. For coal a substitute could be found in the limitless quantities of peat obtainable, but for iron the Hollanders would be dependent on the accumulations within the lines.

Throughout the areas of inundation referred to there is not a single growing tree that is not indicated on the maps of the Dutch War Department, and in the event of hostilities these would at once be cut down. This would be done partly in order that there should be fewer obstructions in the way of the marksmen in the forts or on board the war-ships which would promenade the canals, and partly in order that there should be fewer landmarks for the enemy, to whose gaze there would, as far as possible, be presented a dreary expanse of inundated country, with little or nothing to show the location of the ordinary canals and water-ways.

Another item of interest lies in the fact that all privately-owned Dutch vessels which might serve for the transport of troops, or otherwise assist in the defence of the country, are registered with the War Department, so that practically the complete water transport facilities of the country could be requisitioned by the authorities in case of need. This is the more important when one considers the extreme ease with which all parts of Holland can be reached by the inland water-ways. There is scarcely a single town of any importance in Holland which could not be visited by small steamers and barges of not too deep draught. The movement of troops could thus be effected with much greater ease in Holland than would be the case in a country that had to depend mainly on its railways.

Besides the stragetical positions already mentioned, there is still another—that of Amsterdam. This, in case of the successful invasion of the country, would be the last redoubt. It is of quite recent organisation, and is, in fact, not yet quite finished, though every year further funds are voted for its completion. Here, again, the principle adopted is one of powerful forts in combination with facilities for inundations. One of the worst things which could happen if the Amsterdam redoubt were occupied as a last stand is that an invader, backed by a sufficiently strong Navy, could cut off communication with the outer world by effectually blockading Ymuiden, Nieuwe Diep (the harbour at the mouth of the North Holland Canal), and the approaches to the Zuider Zee. It would, however, take a very long time to starve such a position into submission, equipped as it is with every resource that modern science can suggest for its maintenance.

The most vulnerable point in the so-called citadel of Holland is the sea-coast. Everyone, however, can appreciate the immense difficulty of landing an army sufficiently strong to invade such a country as Holland; while, even if the enemy succeeded in so doing, every polder and every embankment in the country could be converted into an almost impregnable position by means of inundations. The sacrifice would be tremendous, but the water appliances are now under such perfect control that the defenders would no longer be dependent on a favourable wind and tide, as in the days of the struggles with Spain.

It will thus be seen that what may be called the inanimate means for the defence of Holland are altogether unique in character; and they are certainly as powerful and as perfect as science and money can make them. If there is anything left to be desired, it is a properly-organised army to man these defences. As the Army is raised by conscription, it can be made as strong, numerically, as is required, for the Dutch Parliament has simply to vote the number of men required each year, subject to certain limitations.

It might be, after all, that Holland's most powerful ally, in the event of political complications arising, would be the mutual jealousies of the Great Powers themselves. But in any case she has wisely provided, as far as possible, against all emergencies, and would clearly be able to give a good account of herself should the need arise. We sincerely trust, however, that the scheme of defence will never require to be anything more than a scheme, and that, under the rule of the gracious young lady who has now assumed the cares of State, Holland will be endowed with all the blessings of a perfect and lasting peace.

Coaling Under Difficulties.

A FACT. By R. R. R.

CAPTAIN TOWERS was in command of the gun-boat "Smart," which vessel was on the China station, and detailed for duty in the river Chu-chu. He had just carried out the usual routine work which kept the vessel going for the previous ten months; and, feeling confident his services would not be required for some weeks, had given consideration to the chief engineer's representations that several repairs ought to be carried out, and agreed to a partial dislocation of the machinery. On the third evening after his arrival at the mouth of the Chu-chu, the captain sat on deck after dinner, enjoying a fairly-earned repose, and looked with satisfaction on the charming scenery which presented itself to north and south and west. To the north, rugged cliffs rose almost perpendicularly from the water, studded here and there with clusters of verdure, which had taken root in the numerous crevices. In the opposite direction the slope was more gradual, but rising in the distance to a mountainous height, and covered with woods, which stretched from the edge of the shore away up the sides of the mountains as far as the eye could distinguish. Near the water's edge were clustered a number of light bamboo structures, which gave shelter to the few inhabitants of the nearest village. The river could be traced for some two miles, flowing down slowly between the forests on the one side and the cliffs on the other; and at the time in question its surface was smooth, and enhanced the beauty of the spectacle by reflecting, with an almost perfect imitation, the various objects above. Occasionally a fish would rise to the surface and start a circle of ripples which brightened up the darker shadows beneath the overhanging trees with a temporary glimpse of the sky.

"After work comes pleasure," thought the captain, and he remained long gazing at the prospect before him through the thin clouds of smoke which rose from his cigar.

Delight is, however, liable to sudden termination, and the captain's cigar had scarcely been reduced to three-quarters its length, when he observed a boat suddenly shoot out from the shore and pulled hurriedly in the direction of the "Smart." A few minutes elapsed, and then a large official-looking envelope with the seal of the Consul was placed in his hands. He opened it, and read an urgent request for him to proceed at once to Hung-hi, a small village about 300 miles up the river, where the European residents were threatened by the natives with a general massacre.

"At once!" he exclaimed, and bitterly he regretted he could not start away immediately, and thought of the old Navy watchword, "Ready, aye ready," and of the humiliation he must experience in acknowledging he was not ready.

He was soon in communication with Sparkes, the chief engineer, to know what was to be done before the vessel could get under way, although he knew pretty well beforehand. Crank bearings and link gear had to be jointed up, manhole doors had to be placed on the boilers, and coal had to be obtained from the shore, as the bunkers had been almost emptied to make the periodical examination of the compartments.

"I never expected," he said, "to have been caught napping like this, especially under the circumstances."

"But you are ready," the chief engineer suggested in reply. "You may not be in a position to start the vessel directly an order is received, but you and all of us are ready to start preparing her for sea. We can't start before to-morrow at daylight, and I'll have my staff below, who will have the engines and boilers ready in time, and who are prepared to work all night if necessary. We must start at once to make arrangements about the coal, but the merchants here have plenty, and I dare say will be glad to let us have it."

"Well," said the captain, "you go on shore and see one of them, and in the meantime I will send plenty of hands and all the boats to the wharf ready to bring off the coal."

Sparkes was soon on shore, but getting the coal was not so easy a matter as he expected. Three stores were visited, and in each case the coal was evidently not much better than refuse, and incapable of driving the ship 300 miles against the strong current which ran higher up the river.

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At the third visit the Chinese proprietor attempted to excite the cupidity of Sparkes, suggesting, "What matter to you good coal?—you take this, give receipt, and I give you five, ten, twenty per centee in silver dollars—no man ever know." Sparkes knew his man too well to waste any words of indignation on him, and had no time to pitch him into his store and pile a heap of his rubbish over him, and so left abruptly.

One man he knew, Ah-bah-dun, had a presentable stock, but he had a glaring reputation for dishonesty, hated Europeans, and was suspected of being in league with the natives at Hung-hi. Anxious not to leave a stone unturned, Sparkes made for the dwelling of Ah-bah-dun, whom he found sitting smoking under his verandah. Here he met with a flat refusal, in fact, it might almost be termed a rude rebuff. This treatment put Sparkes upon his mettle, and as he had managed to obtain a glimpse of the coal in the store, and had formed a good opinion of it, he determined to use pressure.

In a short time he reappeared with the Consul, who, after a heated altercation with Ah-bah-dun, managed to obtain from him a promise to supply all the coal required.

The ship's boats and the major part of the crew had arrived at the shore, and were anxiously awaiting the appearance of the chief engineer. As soon as he explained, all hands available ran up the main street of the village, much to the surprise of the Chinese, who could not imagine why people should hurry in hot weather, and carry shovels instead of fans after working hours. They were soon at the store, and digging away at the coal with all the energy that British seamen can exert in time of need.

It was not long before the coal was on board, most of it in the bunkers, and part sent directly down to the stokehold. Everything was ready soon after daylight, and the captain proceeded to get up the anchor. The cable was barely taut when a loud explosion was heard in the stokehold; a second occurred soon after, which was followed immediately by a third. The stokers then cleared out from the stokehold through the hatch to the upper deck.

Sparkes in the engine-room heard the noise, and went to the boilers to see what had occurred. When he got there, he found the compartment filled with smoke, dust, and ashes, and nobody at the boilers. He remained there a short time until the atmosphere got clearer, then opened each furnace door, found nothing apparently wrong, and then went on deck to search for the stokers, who had left their work. They were all near the hatch, and Captain Towers with them making enquiries. These brought to light that the explosions occurred in the furnaces shortly after firing. Although loud, they were not severe, but blew out ashes from the ash-pits into the stokehold, which almost blinded the men, who, ignorant of the cause and fearful that there were more severe explosions to come, ran out of the stokehold.

The chief engineer could offer very little explanation. He knew something of Ah-bah-dun, and his first thought was that the Chinaman was implicated in the matter. He went below again and examined the coal, found that it was part of the supply just received, and, on a closer survey, discovered a few small lumps of a substance which was evidently not coal. The captain had followed him into the stokehold, and, looking at the suspicious material, pronounced it to be gunpowder. The gunner was sent for, and he expressed himself of the same opinion. What was to be done? It would mean great delay to unship the whole of the coal, and more still in getting a new supply. Still, stokers could not stoke with gunpowder. How much gunpowder was there? and could the gunner and his staff undertake to examine the coal as it was taken from the bunkers, and clear it from all doubtful matter?

Sparkes' opinion was that there could not be much of the explosive; and that the explanation was that the powder was placed among the coal in the short time that elapsed between his departure from the store and the arrival there of the coaling party. Further, that Ah-bah-dun was quite capable of doing this out of mere spite.

"If this is the case," said the captain, "he ought to be punished; but there is no clear proof which we could bring against him, and we cannot possibly spare the time."

"He was made to stand in front of the open door." R. R. R.

"It would be a good thing if we could get the creature off here," replied Sparkes; "his presence below to examine the coal himself would give the stokers greater confidence, and he would get the treatment he deserves."

The captain thought a moment, and came to the conclusion that Ah-bah-dun must be got on board; but how to get him was the difficulty. If he employed force he would give offence to the Chinese Government, which was to be avoided if possible.

"Tell him we've found some pieces of gold among his coal; that will fetch him, if anything will," said Sparkes.

"I doubt if he will be simple enough to take that bait; but we can try."

A polite message was sent on shore with Captain Towers' compliments to Ah-bah-dun, and the messenger was instructed to excite his greed as much as possible, and to use as much force as appeared to be expedient.

The messenger had a delicate task to perform, but he had address, was an athlete, and managed to carry it out successfully. In less than an hour he returned with his victim to the "Smart."

Sparkes took him below to see the gold. The captain went on the bridge, and had the anchor hoisted. The senior engineer stood by the engines, and the vessel was under way before Ah-bah-dun could realise the situation.

When he did, he attempted to rush out of the stokehold, but met with a couple of armed marines at the mouth of the hatch, who barred his escape. He shouted from the hatch, and swore and appealed alternately in rich Chinese and poor English. This did not last long, for the leading stoker on duty, a big, muscular fellow, every particle of him burning with indignation, seized Ah-bah-dun by the tail of his coat and swept him below, where he fell, dragging with him a whole collection of heavy fire-irons. When he had been extricated, he saw there the chief engineer, the gunner, and a number of swarthy stokers, evidently in no mood to be played with, and soon resigned himself to his fate.

He plodded carefully over each bucket of coal as it was emptied on the floor plates, and conscientiously extracted from the pile every particle of suspicious material. Every time fresh fuel was placed in a furnace he was made to stand in front of the open door, an arrangement which made him very zealous in his work. He was not allowed to leave the stokehold until the vessel reached her destination. They brought his food below, but at first he would not touch it. He fasted so long that the watch began to have compassion upon him, but they could not afford to let him relax his efforts, and so tried to excite his appetite by artifice. A pork chop was brought below and roasted over an airing stove, and the chop was so placed that the smell could reach the Chinaman. He resisted for a while, but the appetising odour of the pork overpowered him, and he made a fair meal off the pork and some rice which he prepared himself.

His work was well done, for nothing occurred beyond an occasional spluttering, due to some of the finer particles of powder which could not readily be detected. These were not of sufficient force to disorganise the staff, but were quite enough to keep the zeal of Ah-bah-dun up to high-water mark, who, from his position in front of the fire, received the worst of the back draught.

At the end of his long watch his face was so blackened and his garments so discoloured and torn that no one would have recognised him as the sleek, wealthy merchant he was.

Hung-hi was, fortunately, reached in good time, no harm having been actually done to the European residents, and our arrival at once checked the demonstrations that were being made against them.

Ah-bah-dun, after a short spell, was set to work again on deck to inspect the remainder of the coal, which was taken out of the bunkers for the purpose. When this had been done to the satisfaction of the chief engineer and the gunner, he was allowed to leave and make the best of his way back. We afterwards heard he made a complaint to his Government, but no notice appeared to have been taken of it; and it soon got abroad that all his discomforts were voluntary and due to his anxiety to prospect for gold in the bunkers of a war-ship.

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The Channel Squadron Coaling Record.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

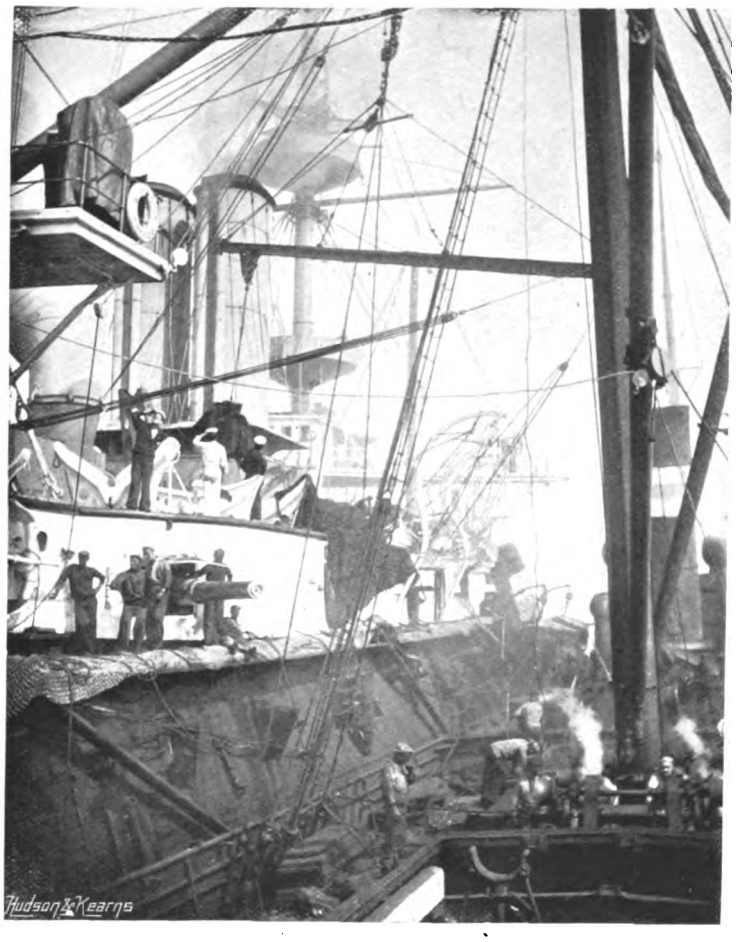
IT is only a matter of a year or so ago that getting in 800 or 900 tons of coal at the rate of about 120 tons an hour was looked upon as almost impossible, but constant competition, in the Channel Squadron chiefly, has modified the idea considerably.

The following table, giving the record of half-a-dozen ships in the recent coaling at Milford Haven, shows this very plainly:—

Ship.	Amt. Recd.	Max. in one Hr.	Avge. per Hr.
"Majestic"	1,268	190	162
"Jupiter"	1,100	135	115
"Hannibal"	886	113	91
"Magnificent"	1,150	141	128
"Mars"	1,115	140	124
"Repulse"	1,028	95	80

By this table it will be seen that four ships averaged about 120 tons an hour, while the "Majestic" maintained the extraordinary record of over 160 tons an hour for eight hours.

Such a result is due to keen competition and the modern mania for "making records," almost even more than to improved methods and appliances. It must be remembered,

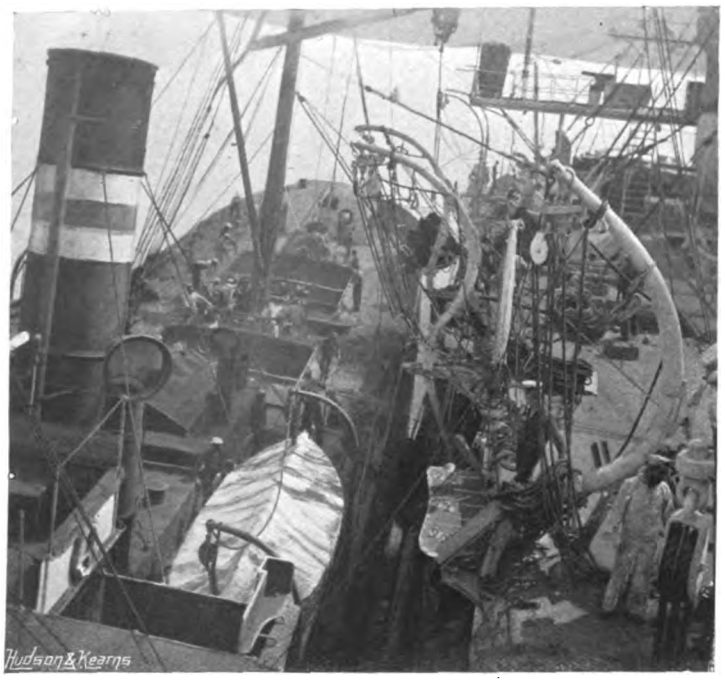


LOOKING AFT FROM SHIP'S FORE BRIDGE.

however, that much depends upon the collier herself; though these vessels have improved in quality considerably of late, some of them still are very inferior, having small holds, old ramshackle winches, and gear that breaks down without the slightest provocation. With such a collier, record breaking is out of the question, of course, and it is equally out of the question, with even the best collier, when the holds are nearly empty.

To these reasons, without wishing for a moment to detract from their excellent performances, is partly due the fact that, as Naval readers will have noticed, the flag-ships "Majestic" and "Magnificent" are always at the top of the list. They, very naturally, have the best colliers told off to them, and they never have to literally scrape up the odd tons of coal remaining at the bottom of the holds.

Let us take a typical coaling, such as the last, and describe it. The collier comes alongside the evening before, her hatches are opened up, and the coaling whips, derricks, and Temperly transporter got ready; the ideal collier has four holds, three of which are worked by derricks and whips, and the fourth by the Temperly. The paintwork is covered up with canvas screens, and the trollies, coal bags, and shovels are placed ready. If the commander is sufficiently unscrupulous, he will have a party told off to go on filling all the coal bags in readiness for the next morning. Every little helps when it comes to making a record.



LOOKING FORWARD FROM STERN OF COLLIER.

The hands turn out the next morning about five, "clean" in coaling rig, and get their breakfasts. Very fearful and wonderful are the costumes that some of the sailors appear in—old straw hats, pot hats, cap covers, all sorts of old clothes, or rigs made for the occasion; there is generally some sort of fashion even in coaling rig, in common with all other forms of personal adornment. Some tie their feet up in bundles of old rag, which protects them while it spares their boots.

At 5.45 "hands" fall in, and are told off for their various jobs—some to work in the holds filling bags, some to tend the whips and winches, others to receive the bags on board and run them on trollies to where the stokers tip them down into the bunkers.

By 6 a.m. everything is in full swing and the air is thick with coal dust, while the hoarse shouts of the men at work and the shrill screams of the boatswains' whistles form a fitting accompaniment to the roar of the trollies over the iron *flash plates*, the rattle of the winches, and the crash as each load of bags falls heavily on the deck.

As much licence as possible is allowed the men. They may smoke, sing, or even shout, if they feel so inclined, while at frequent intervals huge mess kettles of oatmeal water or condensed milk are passed round.

Virtue, however, seems as usual to bring its own reward, and the men are rarely so cheerful and convivial as after a good heavy coaling. Many a good song is sung and story told on these occasions before Jack retires to his virtuous couch and takes a well-earned repose.

From Photos. By a Naval Officer

THE QUARTER-DECK HOIST FROM COLLIER.

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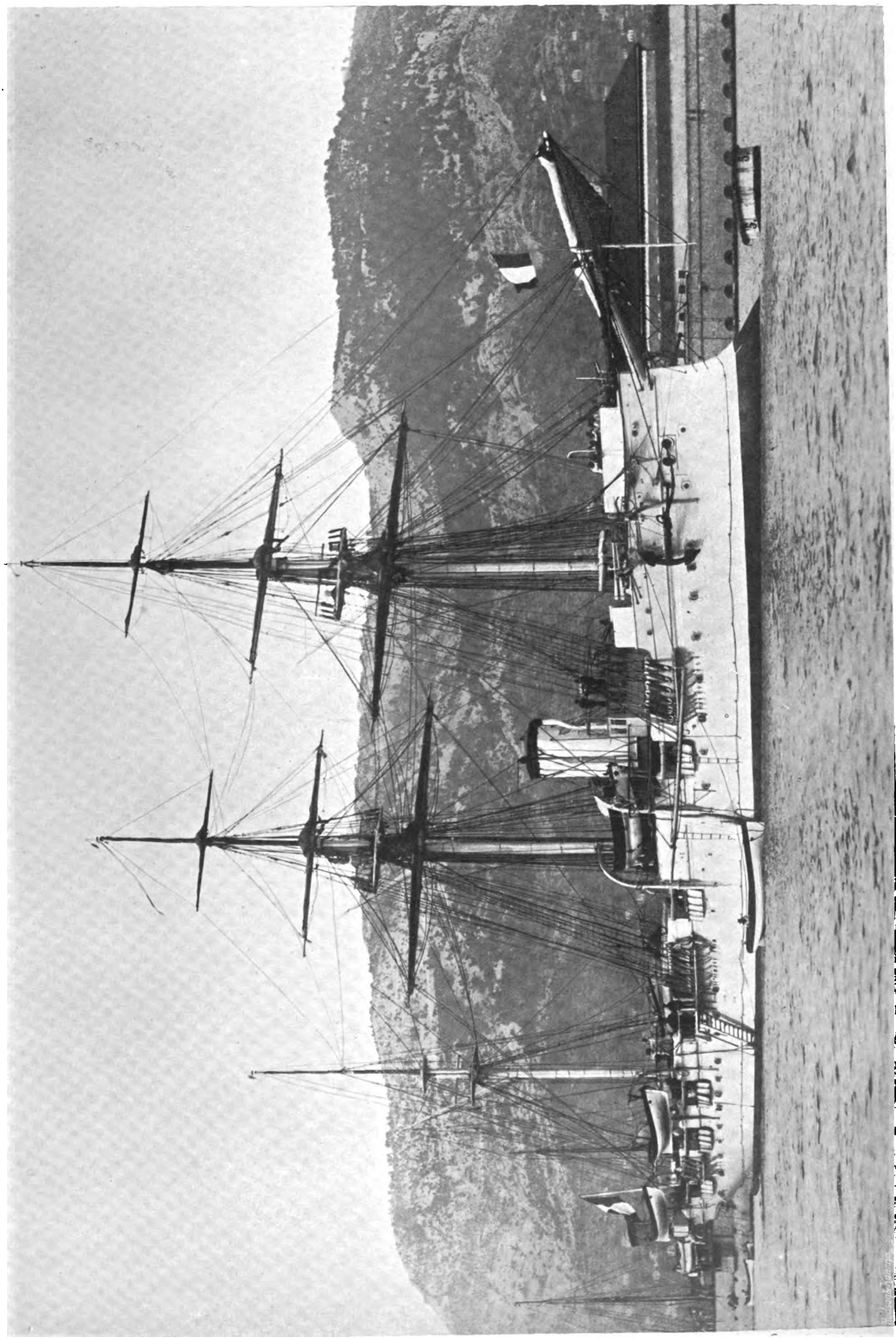

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THE FRENCH CRUISER "LAPEROUSE," RECENTLY LOST IN THE EAST INDIES.
(See "Notes and Queries.")

Photo, M. Bat.

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With the Spanish Troops at Manila.

[By One of the Besieged.]

Manila, August 1.

BY this mail I send you some pictures of the defenders of Manila. It will be seen that they are a mixed lot. Perhaps history will not give them their due. Historians may inform posterity that Admiral Dewey could have taken Manila at his ease, but preferred to wait for General Merritt. General Merritt has arrived this week, but the walls of Jericho stand where they did. In spite of hardship and privation, in spite of bad food or no food at all, and in spite of their being bamboozled with stories from Madrid that Admiral Camara has put out to sea with a squadron which is coming East to wipe the Americans out of the Philippine Islands, the defending forces will not hear of surrender. Still, there is no forward policy about them. There are 5,000 Spanish troops in Manila, with a swarm of unreliable native recruits; and, on the other side, there are 4,800 Americans at Malate, within an hour's march, plus an unknown horde of Aguinaldo's soldiers, 12,000 to 15,000, in the immediate vicinity of the town. It seems to be the object of both sides to avoid unnecessary collisions. Aguinaldo, it is true, presses hard, but his men are undisciplined. They worry the Spaniards, but cannot strike a heavy blow.

INFANTERIA MARINA AT THE FRONT.

AN "ALL-AGED" VOLUNTEER CORPS.

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent.

NATIVE OFFICERS OF THE VETERANA IN MANILA.

The Spanish officers spend much of their time loafing about the town. Occasionally the troops march out of their barracks in the Intramuros (the old walled city) in full dress uniform, with bands playing, to Santiago Fort, or elsewhere in the vicinity of the town.

One of the best-looking bodies of men among the Spanish regulars are the Infanteria Marina, and they are also more active than many of their brethren. As will be seen from the accompanying illustration, they are pretty youthful. They are not what would be called in England Marine Infantry, as might be supposed. They are, in fact, purely a land force, the "Marina" in their title having no other significance than that the regiment is supposed to come from the maritime provinces of Spain.

I must not overlook the volunteers. They are called "La Guerrilla." Some of them are Spaniards, some natives; some speak Spanish and some the Tagalu tongue; some wear boots and some don't.

In the illustration, those who are shod have been placed in the front rank for the sake of appearances. The

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Guerrillerôs range from schoolboys to grandfathers. The little girl in white dress shown in the illustration is not, however, a Guerrillero. When once they get to work there is no sign among either Spaniards or natives of any fear of the enemy, though they sometimes fear each other. In the outposts I have visited, Europeans and natives are sandwiched together, and a roll-call is a strange spectacle, the black man and the white man alternating all along the line, each watching his neighbour furtively through his eye-corners, as if calculating the chances of a bayonet stab in the back, from the respective standpoint of the one who gives and the one who takes. There are, of course, a good many native troops, such as the Veterana, in Manila, who are perfectly loyal, and there would be more had it not been for the centuries of Spanish mismanagement of the islands.

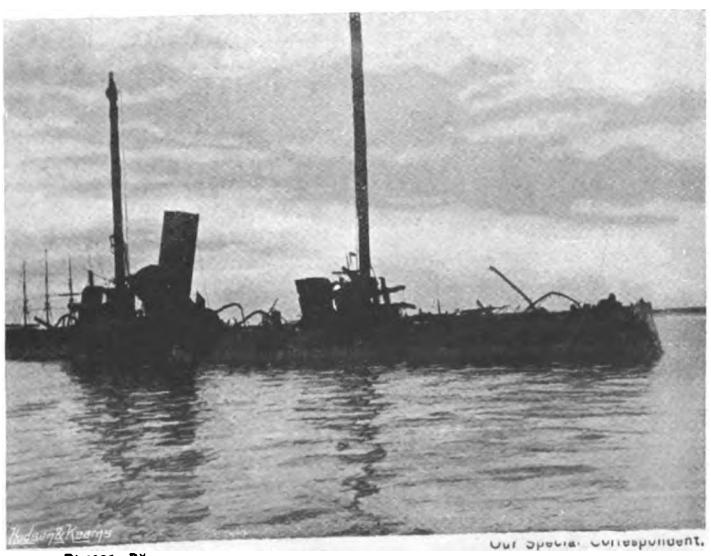
SPANISH GARRISON ARTILLERY MARCHING OUT OF BARRACKS.

No more pitiable spectacle can meet the eye of man than that of a war-ship pulverised and pounded out of shape by the enemy's guns. Here is an illustration of the Spanish flag-ship "Reina Cristina," taken at low tide, just where she sank at Cavite. At high tide she is submerged, except her funnels. The bridge has been blown to bits, the funnels shot through and through hundreds of times, the engines are a mangled chaotic mass.

And through all the gaping rents in the sides of the ship, as the tide comes up, the fishes pass in and out of the poor old coffin-ship, in and out of the loathsome banquet-

ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE SPANISH FLAG-SHIP "REINA CRISTINA."

hall that they have found. Near the flag-ship lies the "Castilla," a fitting companion, burnt and sunk. The only signs of life about her are marine animals and reptiles which have founded a flourishing colony in the rotting beams and planks under water, to batten on human flesh. Two more

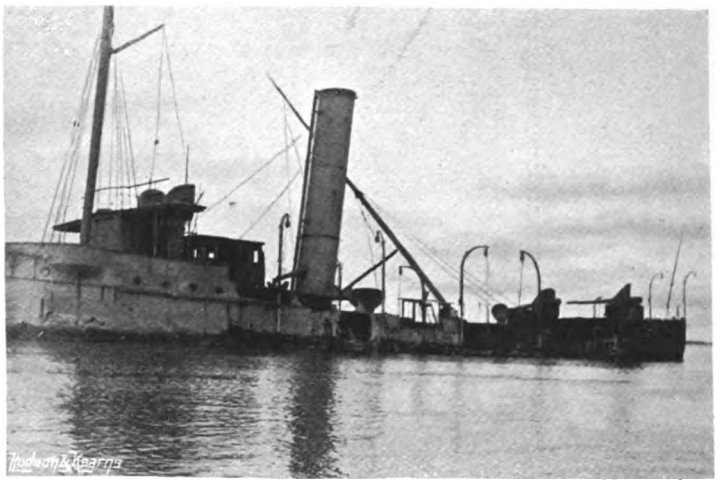


From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent.

THE "CASTILLA," BATTERED BEYOND RECOGNITION.

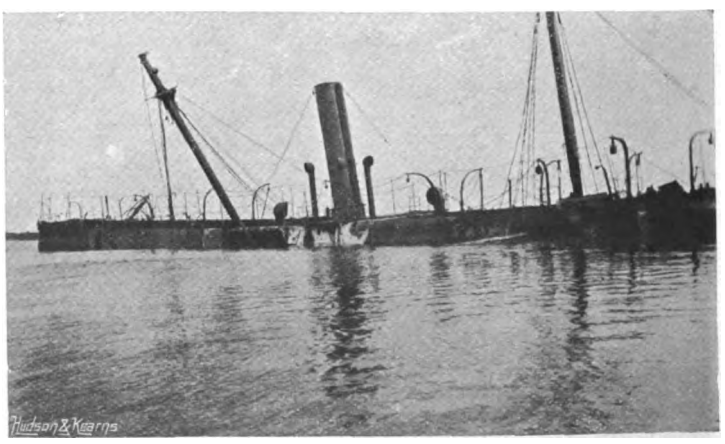
ships, the cruiser "Isla de Cuba," and her sister ship, the "Isla de Luzon," both carrying splendid guns, lie side by side, visible at low water.

Contrast with these once formidable cruisers the gun-



WRECKED SISTER SHIPS—THE "ISLA DE CUBA" AND "ISLA DE LUZON."

boat "Don Juan de Austria," lying, like the rest, under water at every tide, but with how much finer a funeral! This craft made a gallant fight till a big shot dropped on her water-line amidships, breaking her keel and knocking over her mainmast, which swings with the swell and groans disconsolately for the dead. She has not even been left with her small guns



THE "DON JUAN DE AUSTRIA," WHICH FOUGHT TO THE LAST.

in position, for the rebels came out and stripped her at low tide. Dewey did his work well—no man better. As for his opponent, the gallant Admiral Montojo, he had his own carriage and pair waiting at Cavite during the battle to take him home, and he was the first man to reach Manila when the fight was over.

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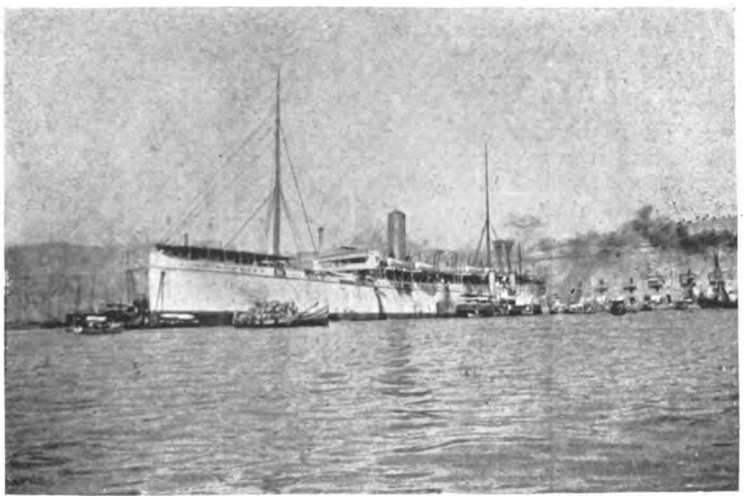
KHARTOUM AT LAST.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

THE arrival at Wad Hamed of the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade completed in its entirety the mighty fighting machine with which Sir Herbert Kitchener has now successfully crushed the ruthless tyranny that has for so many weary years held under thrall and desolated the Upper Nile Valley.

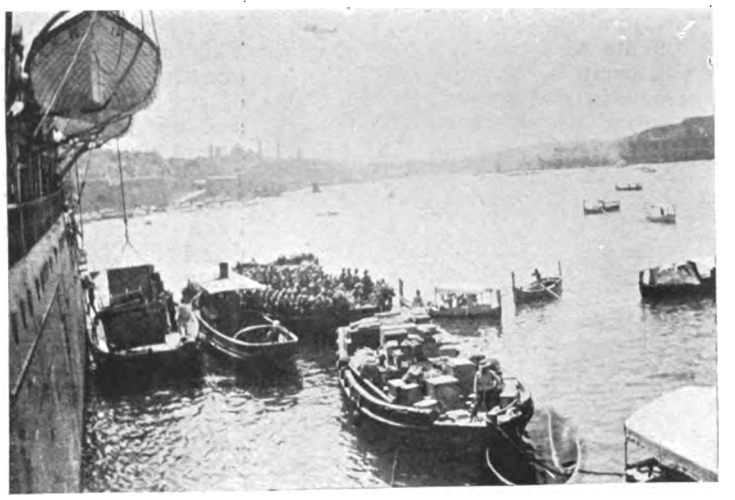
Some of the illustrations sent herewith depict scenes in the transit of this fine battalion from Malta to Cairo, where they were incorporated into Kitchener's army. In one of the pictures we see the baggage loading in the barrack square of the Vardala Barracks at Malta. The white tents, the muddy Nile, the sandy heat-stricken desert, and now the shell-shattered tomb of the Mahdi and the mud huts of Omdurman.



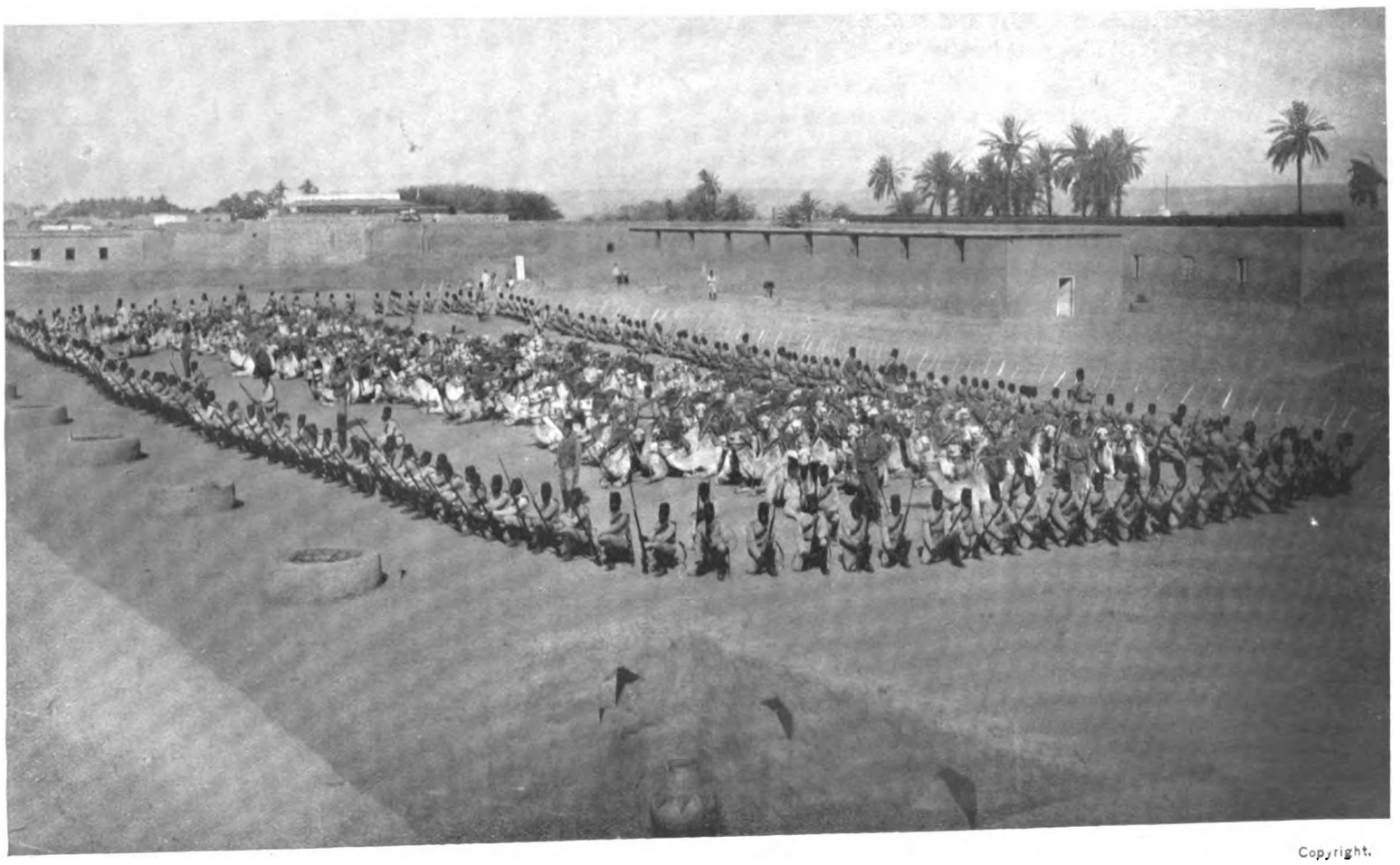
THE TRANSPORT "NUBIA" IN MALTA HARBOUR.

have taken the place of the two-storied, flat-roofed, cool-looking buildings seen in the picture. Two of the other illustrations depict scenes at Malta, and show us, in one, the great white transport, the "Nubia," lying in the harbour ready to take on board her living cargo, and, in the other, the baggage and advance party of the battalion being taken on board a huge lighter towed by a tug. Two of the other pictures illustrate the arrival of the regiment in Egypt, and show the disembarkation of the battalion at Alexandria, and a halt during the long and hot train journey between Alexandria and Cairo. This splendid battalion is the first of the four battalions of the Rifle Brigade that will add Nile and Soudan honours to the already long roll of the brigade, for none of its battalions were before employed in any of the campaigns in this region. As William IV. once said of them, wherever

TAKING THE BAGGAGE TO THE SHIP.



MEN AND BAGGAGE GOING ON BOARD.



Photos by an Officer at the Front

THE CAMEL CORPS PRACTISING SQUARE FORMATION.

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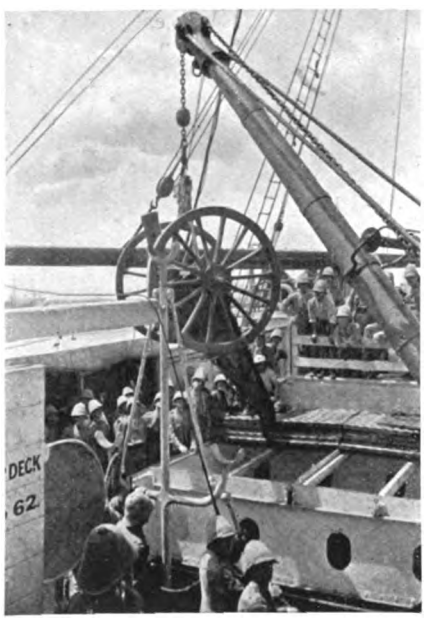
DISEMBARKING AT ALEXANDRIA.

there was fighting the Riflemen were to be found, and wherever they were to be found they were distinguishing themselves. In the battle outside Omdurman they were the battalion on the extreme left of Lyttelton's Brigade. This brigade was the one that was the left of the Sirdar's line, and on it the first attack by the Dervishes was made, only to be swept back by a withering and destructive fire. Brave as are the Dervishes, flesh and blood could not stand the hail of bullets that was poured into them, for the "Sweeps," as the Rifle Brigade are termed, used their Lee-Metfords with deadly accuracy. Joined with them were the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, and the 1st Grenadier Guards, in the order named, the four regiments forming the 2nd Brigade of the British Division of the Sirdar's force—a picked body of as fine troops as the finest army in the world possesses.



UNSHIPPING A 5-in. HOWITZER.

Two other pictures are of very great interest, as they show, being slung in and out of board ship, those 5-in. Howitzers which poured in their dreadful Lyddite shells on the devoted city of Omdurman. Lyddite is the very latest thing in the way of high explosives, and is a picric compound somewhat similar to melinite, the high explosive which the French have adopted. The battery—the 37th Field Battery Royal Artillery—armed with these guns was

SAFELY OVER THE SIDE.

A HALT ON THE WAY TO CAIRO.

Photos. by an Officer at the Front. Copyright.

THE OFFICERS OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS AT THE FRONT.

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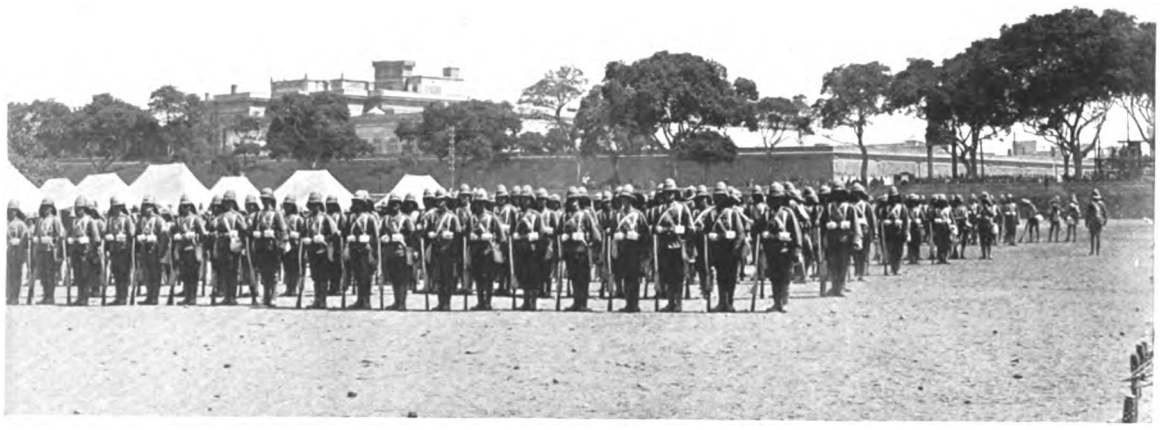
embarked on barges and towed up the Nile, from the final position taken up before the battle, by the gun-boats. A landing was effected, the guns brought into position, and a heavy shelling of the town and the forts on the river front was made by them. Thus they were of the most inestimable service. The Khalifa had nothing for it but to give battle in the open and the terrible fire directed on Omdurman by these guns and the gun-boats undoubtedly led to this result. As a matter of fact, artillery experts assert that the concussion of the explosion of the Lyddite 50-lb. shell fired from these guns, whose calibre is only 5-in., affects an area extending 600-yds. to the front and 300-yds. to the rear from the point of the explosion.



READY TO LEAVE FOR OMDURMAN.

No more important and useful troops does the Sirdar possess than those which form the Camel Corps. They are here represented in the square formation ready to meet a Dervish rush. Originally there was but one camel corps in the Egyptian Army, known as the Khedive's Camel Corps, which consisted of seven companies, two being fellaheen, *i.e.*, natives of Egypt, and five Soudanese. Another corps of six companies has more recently been added, and this comprises two companies of fellaheen and four of Soudanese, and one of the latter is here shown. Splendid troops are these camel men, and by them all the desert reconnoitring and the flanking of the advance have been carried on.

AMMUNITION FOR THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.

Photos. by an Officer at the Front. Copyright.

THE GUARDS RECEIVE THEIR AMMUNITION.

All the companies are composed of picked men and officers Steadily and systematically from the day his troops joined him has Sir Herbert been drilling them and shaping them with a view to making their ultimate success an absolute certainty. Every formation of desert fighting has been unceasingly practised, and the men have even been taught to fire independently from the shoulder at the walk. And the result has proved to the hilt that in him we possess one of our greatest generals. Ireland should in truth be proud of him, for like Roberts, Wolseley, and White, he is an Irishman. Our remaining pictures illustrate other of the regiments of Lyttelton's Brigade. One is a group of the colonel and officers of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, which is commanded by Colonel Villiers Hatton. In another we see the left half battalion falling in preparatory to leaving Cairo, the standing camp they there occupied being seen in the background. All the men are in the field khaki kit, and look a bit different from the scarlet-coated Guardsmen who are the idols of the nursemaids' hearts in London. Two other illustrations show the Lancashire Fusiliers and the Grenadier Guards being served out with ammunition. How they used it on the eventful second of September was amply testified by the wide plain strewn with Dervish dead. The particular company of the Guards is the 1st, or "Queen's Company." The giant on the left flank, seen on the right of the picture, stands 6-ft. 5-in., and the company average 6-ft. 2-in. Another man in the company, David St. John, is the champion prize-fighter of Wales. That the Queen's Company of the Grenadiers impressed the Dervishes at Omdurman is distinctly more than probable.

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THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN.

THE British Brigades occupied the left of the line, the two Soudanese Brigades of the Egyptian Army the right. The first Dervish attack was on the left, mainly borne by the Rifle Brigade. Repulsed there, a fresh attack was made on the centre, and the brunt of it fell on the Cameron and Seaforth Highlanders. Finally there was the last mad rush, shown in our illustration, to endeavour to turn our right flank, which was foiled by Maxwell's and Macdonald's Soudanese, aided by the Lincolns, who were on the extreme right of the British line. Opposite these corps the dead lay thickest.

From a Description by an Eye-witness.

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